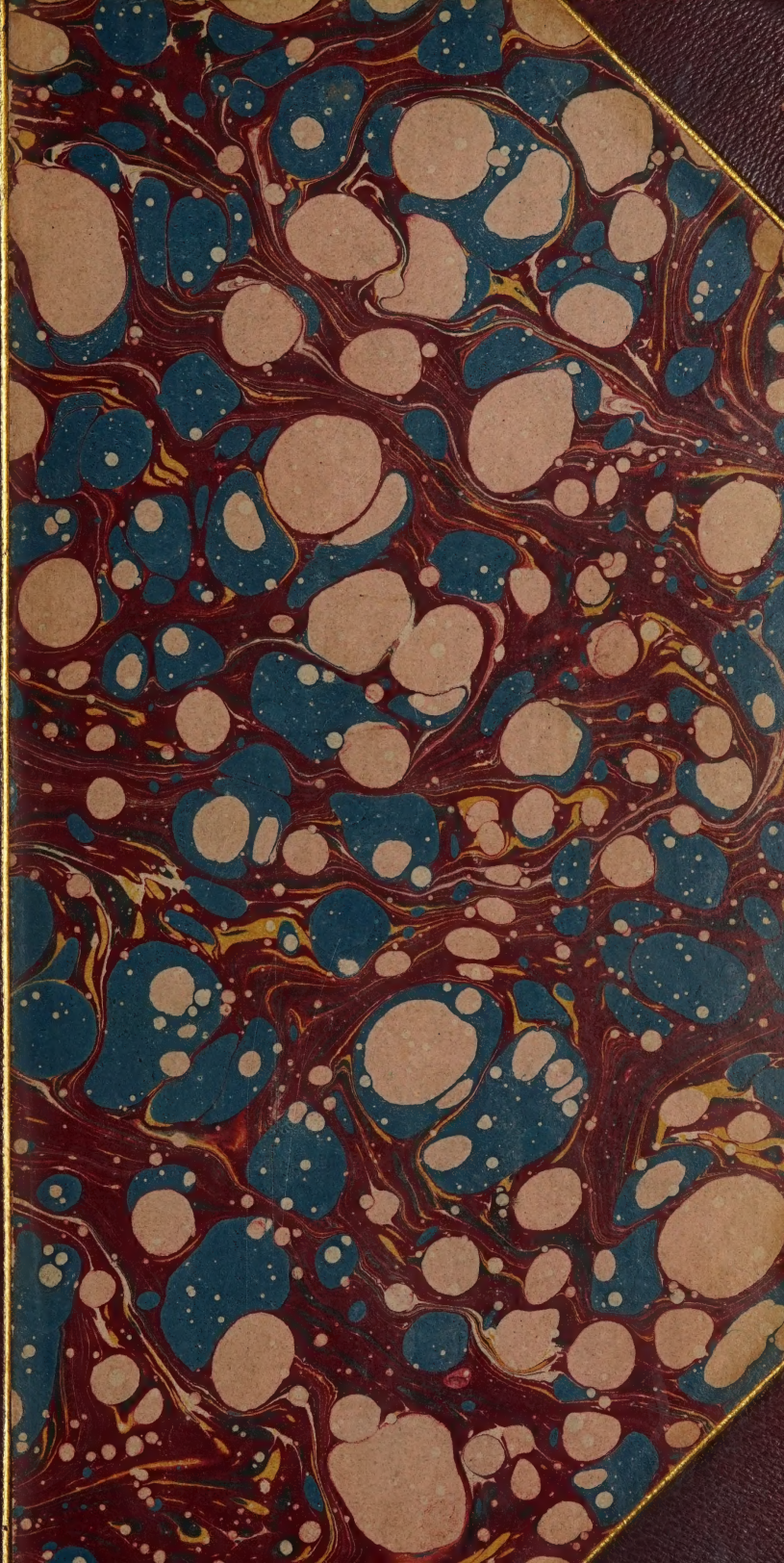
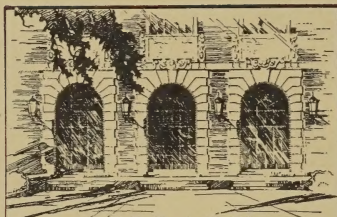


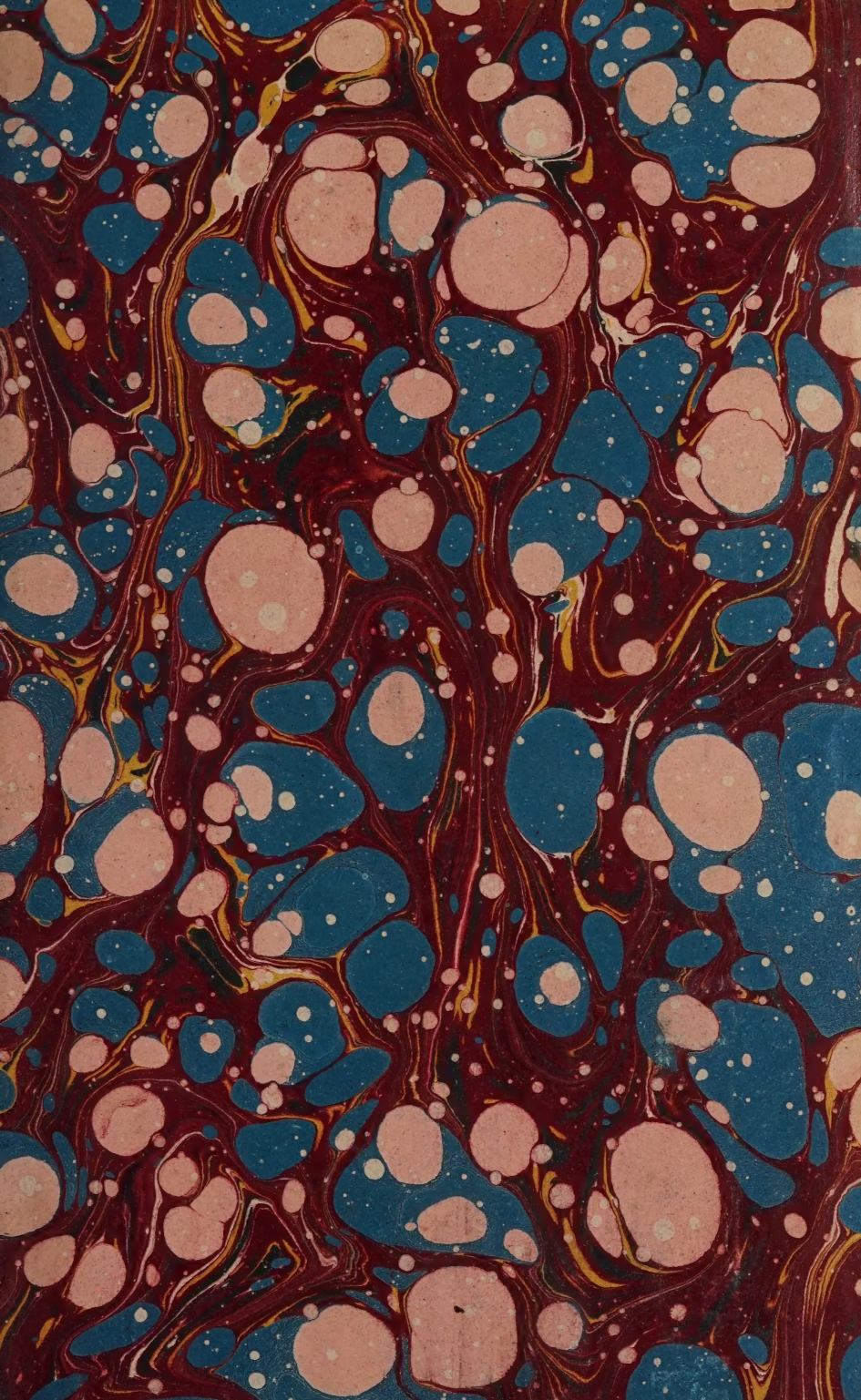
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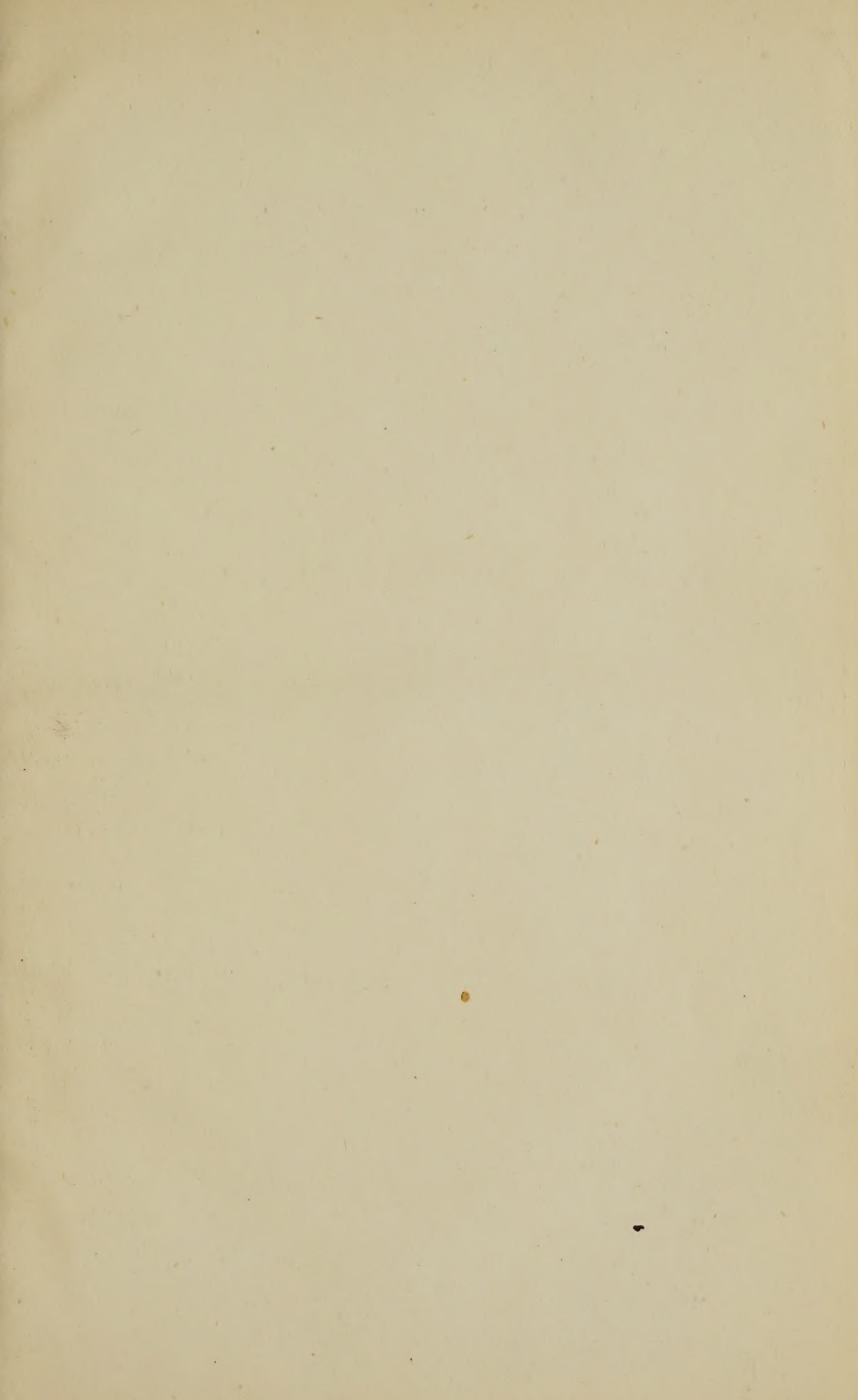


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W. H. LAVERTON,
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Drawn by J. D. Watson.]

BRINGING HOME THE MAY.

[See the Poem.]

LONDON SOCIETY.

An Illustrated Magazine

OF

LIGHT AND AMUSING LITERATURE

FOR

THE HOURS OF RELAXATION.

VOLUME XV.

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LONDON SOCIETY.

JANUARY, 1869.



SEE 'RAWDON'S RAID'—P. 40.

M. OR N.

'Similia similibus curantur.'

By G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'CERISE,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

'SMALL AND EARLY.'

A WILD wet night in the Channel, the white waves leaping, lashing, and tumbling together in that confusion of troubled waters, which nautical men call a 'cross-sea.' A dreary, dismal night on Calais sands: faint

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moonshine struggling through a low driving scud, the harbour-lights quenched and blurred in mist. Such a night as bids the trim French sentry hug himself in his watch-coat, calmly cursing the weather,

B

while he hums the chorus of a comic opera, driving his thoughts by force of contrast to the lustrous glow of the wine-shop, the sparkling eyes and gold ear-rings of Mademoiselle Thérèse, who presides over Love and Bacchus therein. Such a night as gives the travelers in the mail-packet some notion of those ups and downs in life which landsmen may bless themselves to ignore, as hints to the Queen's Messenger, seasoned though he be, that ten minutes more of that heaving, pitching, tremulous motion would lay him alongside those poor sick neophytes whom he pities and condemns; reminding him how even *he* has cause to be thankful when he reflects that, save for an occasional Levanter, the Mediterranean is a mill-pond compared to La Manche. Such a night as makes the hardy fisherman running for the Havre or St. Valérie growl his 'Babord' and 'Tribord' in harsher tones than usual to his mate, because he cannot keep his thoughts off Marie and the little ones ashore; his dark-eyed Marie, praying her heart out to the Virgin on her knees, feeling, as the fierce wind howls and blusters round their hut, that not on her wedding-morning, not on that summer eve when he won her down by the sea, did she love her Pierre so dearly, as now in this dark boisterous weather, that causes her very flesh to creep while she listens to its roar. Nobody who could help it would be abroad on Calais sands. 'Pas même un Anglais!' mutters the sentry, ordering his firelock with a ring, and wishing it was time for the Relief. But an Englishman *is* out nevertheless, wandering aimlessly to and fro on the beach; turning his face to windward against the driving rain; trying to think the wet on his cheek is all from *without*; vainly hoping to stifle grief, remorse, anxiety, by exposure, and active bodily exercise.

'How could I stay in that cursed room?' he mutters, striding wildly among the sandhills. 'The very tick of the clock was enough to drive one mad in those long fearful pauses—solemn and silent as death! Can't the fools do anything for her?

What is the use of nurses and doctors, and all the humbug of medicine and science?' My darling! my darling! It was too cruel to hear you wailing and crying, and to know I could do you no good! What a coward I am! to have fled into the wilderness like a murderer! I couldn't have stayed there, I feel I couldn't! I wish I hadn't listened at the door! Only yesterday you seemed so well and in such good spirits, with your dark eyes looking so patiently and fondly into mine! And now, if she should die!—if she should die!

Then he stands stock-still, turning instinctively from the wind like one of the brutes, while the past comes back in a waking dream so akin to reality, that even in his pre-occupation he seems to live the last year of his life over again. Once more he is at the old place in Cheshire, whither he has gone like any other young dandy, an agreeable addition to a country shooting-party because of his chestnut locks, his blue eyes, his handsome person, and general recklessness of character: agreeable, he reflects, to elderly *roués* and established married women, but a scarecrow to mothers, and a stumblingblock to daughters, as being utterly penniless and rather good-for-nothing. Once more he comes down late for dinner, to find a vacant place by that beautiful girl, with her delicate features, her wealth of raven hair, above all, with the soft, sad, dreamy eyes, that look so loving, so trustful, and so good. In such characters as theirs these things are soon accomplished. A walk or two, a waltz, a skein of silk to wind, a drive in a pony carriage, an afternoon church, and behold them in the memorable summer-house, where he won her heart—completely and unreservedly, while flinging down his own! Then came all the sweet excitement, all the fascinating mystery of mutual understanding, of stolen glances, of hidden meanings in the common phrases and daily courtesies of social life. It was so delightful for each to feel that other existence bound up in its own, to look down from their enchanted mountain,

with pity not devoid of contempt on the commonplace dwellers on the plain, undeterred by proofs more numerous perhaps on the hills of Paphos than in any other airy region, that

‘Great clymbers fall unsoft;’

to know that come sorrow, suffering, disgrace, or misfortune, there was refuge and safety for the poor broken-winged bird, though its plumage were torn by the fowler’s cruelty or even soiled in the storm of shame. Alas! that the latter should arrive too soon!

Perhaps of this young couple, the girl, in her perfect faith and entire self-sacrifice, may have been less aghast than her lover at the imminence of discovery, reprobation, and scorn. When no other course was left open, she eloped willingly enough with the man she had trusted—shutting her eyes to consequences, in that recklessness of devotion which, lead though it may to much unhappiness in life, constitutes not the least lovable trait of the female character, so ready to burst into extremes of right and wrong.

Besides, who cares for consequences at nineteen, with the sun glinting on the waves of the Channel, the sea-air freshening cheek and brow, the coast of Picardy rising bright and glistening, in smiles of welcome, and the dear fond face looking down so proudly and wistfully on its treasure? Consequences indeed! They have been left with the heavy baggage at London Bridge, to reach their proper owner possibly hereafter in Paris; but meantime, with this fresh breeze blowing—on the blue sea—under the blue sky—they do not exist—there are no such things!

These young people were very foolish, very wicked, but they loved each other very dearly. Mr. Bruce was none of those heartless, unscrupulous Lovelaces, oftener met with in fiction than in real life, who can forget they are *men* as well as gentlemen; and when he crossed the Channel with Miss Algernon, it was from sheer want of forethought, from mismanagement, no doubt, but still

more from misfortune, that she was Miss Algernon still.

To marry, was to be disinherited, that he knew well enough; but neither he nor his Nina, as he called her, would have paused for this consideration. There were other difficulties, trivial in appearance, harassing, vexatious, insurmountable in reality, that yet seemed from day to day about to vanish; so they waited, and temporized, and hesitated, till the opportunity came of escaping together, and they availed themselves of it without delay.

Now they had reached French ground and were free, but it was too late! That was why Mr. Bruce roamed so wildly to-night over the Calais sands, tortured by a cruel fear that he might lose the treasure of his heart for ever, exaggerating, in that supreme moment of anxiety, her sufferings, her danger, perhaps even her priceless value to himself.

To do him justice he did not think for an instant of the many galling annoyances to which both must be subjected hereafter in the event of her coming safely through her trial. He found no time to reflect on a censorious world, an outraged circle of friends, an infuriated family; on the cold shoulder Mrs. Grundy would turn upon his darling, and the fair mark he would himself be bound to offer that grim old father who had served under Wellington, or that soft-spoken dandy brother in the Guards, unerring at ‘rocketers,’ and deadly for all ground game, neither of whom would probably shoot the wider, under the circumstances that he, the offender, felt in honour he must stand at least one discharge without retaliation, an arrangement which makes twelve paces uncomfortably close quarters for the passive and immovable target. He scarcely dwelt a moment on the bitter scorn with which his own great-uncle, whose natural heir he was, would calmly and deliberately curse this piece of childish folly, while he disinherited its perpetrator without scruple or remorse. He never even considered the disadvantage under which a life that ought to be very dear to him was now opening on the world: a life

that might be blighted through its whole course by his own folly, punished, a score of years hence, for unwittingly arriving a few weeks too soon. No! He could think of nothing but Nina's anguish and Nina's danger; could only wander helplessly backwards and forwards, stupefied by the continuous gusts of that boisterous sea-wind, stunned by the dull wash of the incoming tide, feeling for minutes at a time, a numbed, apathetic impotency; till, roused and stung by a rush of recurring apprehensions, he hastened back to his hotel, white, agitated, dripping wet, moving with wavering gestures and swift irregular strides, like a man in a trance.

At the foot of the staircase he ran into the arms of a dapper French doctor, young, yet experienced, a man of science, a man of pleasure, an anatomist, a dancer, a philosopher, and a dandy—who put both hands on his shoulders, and looked in his face with so comical an expression of congratulation, sympathy, pity, and amusement, that Mr. Bruce's fears vanished on the instant, and he found voice to ask in husky accents 'If it was over?'

'Over!' repeated the doctor. 'Pardon, my good sir. For our interesting young friend it is only just begun. A young lady, monsieur, a veritable little aristocrat, with a delicate nose, and, my faith, sound and powerful lungs! I make you my compliment, monsieur. I am happy to be the first to advertise you of good news. It is late. Let madame be kept tranquil. You will permit me to wish you good-night. I will return again in the morning.'

'And she is safe?' exclaimed Bruce, crushing the doctor's hand in a grasp like a vice.

'Safe!' answered the little man. 'Parbleu—yes—for the present, safe as the mole in the harbour, and likely to remain so if you will only keep out of the room. Come, you shall see her for one quite little moment. She desires it so much. And when I scratch at the door thus, you will come out. Agreed? Enter then. You shall embrace your child.'

So the good-natured man turned

into the hotel again, to conduct Mr. Bruce back to the door from which he had fled in anguish an hour or two ago, and was thus five minutes too late for another professional engagement, which could not be postponed but went on indeed very well without him, the expectant lady being a person of experience, the wife of a Calais fisherman, and now employed for the thirteenth time in her yearly occupation. But this has nothing to do with Mr. Bruce.

That gentleman stole on tiptoe through the darkened room, catching a glimpse as he passed the tawdry mirror on the chimney-piece, of a very pale and anxious face strangely unlike his own, while from behind the half-drawn bed-curtains he heard a quiet placid breathing, and a weak faint voice with its tender whisper, 'Charlie, are you there? My darling, I begged so hard to see you for one minute, and—Charlie, dear, to—to show you *this*.'

This was a morsel of something swathed up in wrappings, round which the young mother's arm was folded with proud, protecting love; but I think he had been too anxious about the woman to feel a proper elation in his new position as father to the child. The tears came thick to his eyes once more, while he caught the pale fragile hand that lay so weary and listless on the counterpane, to press it against his lips, his cheeks, his forehead, murmuring broken words of endearment and gratitude and joy.

She would have kept him there all night: she would have talked to him for an hour, feeble as she was, of that little being, in so short a time promoted to its sovereignty of Baby (with a capital B), in which she had already discovered instincts, qualities, high reasoning powers, noble moral characteristics: but the doctor's tap was heard, 'scratching' as he called it, at the door, and Bruce, too happy not to be docile, had the good sense to obey his summons without delay.

'Let them sleep, monsieur,' said the Frenchman, struggling into his great-coat, and hurrying down-

stairs. 'It will do them more good than all your prevision, and all my experience. I will return in the morning, to inquire after madame and to renew my acquaintance with mademoiselle—I should say with "your charming mees." Monsieur, you are now father of a family—you should keep early hours. Good-night then—till to-morrow.'

Bruce looked after him with a blessing on his lips, and a fervent thanksgiving in his heart to the Providence that had spared him his treasure. For the moment, I believe, he completely forgot that important personage with whom originated all their anxiety and discomfort. To men, indeed, there is so little individuality about a Baby, that, I fear it has to be weaned and vaccinated, and to go through many other processes, before it ceases to be a thing, and rather an inconvenient one. No; Bruce went to his own sitting-room, with his heart so full of his Nina, there was scarcely place for other considerations; therefore, instead of going to bed, he kicked off his wet boots, turned on a brilliant illumination of gas, and threw himself into an arm-chair—to smoke. After the excitement he had lately passed through, the first few whiffs of his cigar were soothing and consolatory in the extreme, but reflection comes with tobacco, not less surely than warmth comes with fire; and soon he began to see the crowd of fresh difficulties which the events of to-night would bring swarming round his devoted head. How he cursed his foolish calculations, his ill-judged caution, his cowardly scruples, thus to have postponed the ceremony of marriage till too late. How impossible it would be now, to throw dust in the eyes of society as to dates and circumstances! how fruitless the reparation which should certainly be put off no longer, no, not a day! It seemed so hard that he, of all the world, should have injured the woman who loved him, the woman whom he so devotedly loved in return. He almost hated the innocent baby for its inopportune arrival; but remembering how that poor little creature too must

bear the punishment of his crime, he flung the end of his cigar against the stove with a curse, and for one moment, only one bitter, painful moment, found himself wishing he had never met, never loved, his darling; had left the lamb at peace in its fold, the rose ungathered on its stalk.

The clock did not tick twice before there came a reaction. It seemed so impossible that they should be independent of each other. He would not be himself without Nina! and the flow of his affection, like the back-water of a mill-stream, returned only the stronger for its momentary interruption. After all, Nina was everything, Nina was the first consideration. Something must be done at once. As soon as she could bear it, that ceremony must be gone through which should have been performed long ago. He was young, he was impatient, he would fain be at work without delay; so he turned to his writing-table, and began opening certain letters that had already followed him into France, but that he had laid aside without examination, in the excitement of the last few hours.

They were not calculated to afford him much distraction. A circular from a coal company, a couple of invitations to dinner, a tailor's bill, and a manifesto from the firm, calling attention to the powers of endurance with which their little account had 'made running' for a considerable period, while promising a 'lawyer's letter' to enforce payment of the same. Next this hostile protocol lay a business-like missive bearing a Lincoln's Inn look about it not to be mistaken, and which Bruce determined he would leave unopened till the morning, when, if Nina had slept, and was doing well, he felt nothing in the world could make him unhappy.

'Serves me right, though,' he yawned, 'for deserting Poole. He wouldn't have bothered me for a miserable pony at such a time as this;' and flinging off his clothes, in less than five minutes he was as fast asleep as if he had never known an anxiety in the world, but was lulled by the soothing considerations of a

well-spent past, an untroubled conscience, and a balance at his banker's!

So he slept, and dreamed not as those sleep who are thoroughly outworn in body and mind, waking only when the sun had been up more than an hour, and the stormy night had given place to a clear, unclouded day.

The Channel was all blue and white now; the rollers, as they subsided into a long heaving groundswell, bringing in with them a freight of health and freshness to the shore. The gulls were soaring and screaming round the harbour, edging their wings with gold as they dipped and wheeled in the morning light. Everything spoke of hope and happiness and vitality. Bruce opened his window, drew in long breaths of the keen, reviving air, and stole to listen at Nina's door.

How his heart went up in gratitude to heaven! Mother and child were sleeping—so peacefully, so soundly. Mother and child! At that early period the dearest, the sweetest, the holiest link of human love—the gold without the dross, the flower without the insect, the wine without the headache, the full fruition of the feelings without the wear and tear of the heart.

He could have kissed the antiquated French chambermaid, dressed like a Sister of Mercy, who met him in the passage, and wishing 'Monsieur' good-morning, congratulated him with tears of honest sympathy in her glittering, bold black eyes. He *did* give a five-franc piece to the alert and well-dressed waiter, who looked as if he had never been in bed, and never required to go. It may be this impulse of generosity reminded him that five-franc pieces were likely to be scarce with him in future, and an unpleasant association of ideas brought the lawyer's letter to his mind. There it lay, square and uncompromising, between his watch and his cigar-case. He opened it, I am afraid, with a truly British oath.

He turned quite white when he read it the first time, but the blood rushed to his temples on a second

perusal, and he flung himself down on his knees at the window-sill, thanking Providence, somewhat inconsiderately, for the benefits that only came to him through another man's death.

This letter, indeed, though the composition of a lawyer, had not been written at the instance of his long-suffering tailor, but was from the solicitor who conducted the business of his family. It advised him, in very concise language, of his great-uncle's sudden 'demise,' as it was worded, 'intestate,' informing him that he thus became heir, as next of kin, to the whole personal and real property of the deceased, and concluded with sincere congratulations on his accession to a fine fortune, not without a hope that their firm might continue to manage his affairs, and afford him the same satisfaction that had always been expressed by his late lamented relative, &c.

The surprise staggered him like a blow. From such blows, however, we soon 'come to time,' willing to take any amount of similar punishment. He gave himself credit for self-denial in not waking Nina on the instant to tell her of their good fortune. Still more, he plumed himself on his forethought in resolving to ask her doctor's leave before he entered on so exciting a topic with the invalid. He longed to tell somebody. He was so happy, so elated, so thankful! and yet, amidst all his joy, there rankled an uncomfortable sensation of remorse and self-reproach when he thought of the little blighted life, the little injured helpless creature nestling to its young mother's side in the next room.

CHAPTER II.

'NIGHTFALL.'

It is more than twenty years ago, and yet how vividly it all comes back to him to-night.

The sun has gone down in streaks of orange and crimson over the old oaks that crown the deer park sloping upward to the rear of Ecclesfield Manor. Mr. Bruce walks across a

darkened room to throw the window open for a gasp of fresh evening air, laden with the perfume of pinks, carnations, and moss-roses in the garden below. *Her garden!* Is it possible? Something in the action reminds him of that bright, hopeful morning at Calais. Something in the scent of the flowers steals to his brain half torpid and benumbed; his heart contracts with an agony of physical suffering. 'My darling! my darling!' he murmurs, 'shall I never see you tying those flowers again?' and turning from the window, he falls on his knees by the bedside with a passionate burst of weeping that, like blood-letting to the body, restores the unwelcome faculty of consciousness to his mind. When he raises his head again he knows well enough that the one great misfortune has arrived at last—that henceforth for *him* there may come, in the lapse of long years, resignation, even repose, but hope and happiness no more.

Even now, though he wonders at his own callousness, he can bear to look on the bed, through a mist of tears, and so looking, feels his intellect failing in its effort to grasp the calamity that has befallen him.

There she lies, like a dead lily, his own, his treasure, his beloved; the sweet face, calm and placid, with its chiselled ivory features, its smooth and gentle brow, has already borrowed a higher, a more perfect beauty from the immortality on which it has entered. Not fairer, not lovelier, did she look that well-remembered evening when he first knew her pure and priceless heart was his own, though she has borne him a daughter—nay, two daughters (and he winces with a fresh and different pain)—the younger as old as she was then. Her raven hair is parted soft and silky off those pale, delicate temples; her long black lashes rest upon the waxen cheek. No; she never looked as beautiful, not in the calm sleep he used to watch so lovingly; and now the deep, fond eyes must open on his own no more. She was so gentle, too, so patient, so sweet-tempered, and oh! so true. He had been a man of the world, neither better nor worse than others:

he knew women well; knew how rare are the good ones; knew the prize he had won, and valued it—yes, he was sure he always valued it as it deserved. What was the use? Had she not far better have been like the others—petulant, wilful, capricious, covetous of admiration, careless of affection, weak-headed, shallow-hearted, and desirous only of that which could not possibly be her own? Such were most of the women amongst whom he had been thrown in his youth; but oh! how unlike her who was lying dead there before his eyes.

'For men at most differ as heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.'

He felt so keenly now that she had been his better angel for more than twenty years; that but for her he might long ago have deteriorated to selfishness and cynicism, or sunk into that careless philosophy which believes only in the tangible, the material, and the present.

A good woman's lot may be linked to that of a bad man; she may even love him very dearly, and yet retain much of her purer, better nature amidst all the mire in which she is steeped; but it is not so with us. To care for a bad woman is to be dragged down to her level, inch by inch, till the intellect itself becomes sapped in a daily degradation of the heart. From such slavery emancipation is cheap under any suffering, at any sacrifice. The lopping of a limb is a painful process, but above a gangrened wound experienced surgeons amputate without scruple or remorse.

On the other hand, a true woman's affection is of all earthly influences the noblest and most elevating. It encourages the highest and gentlest qualities of man's nature—his enterprise, courage, patience, sympathy, above all, his trust. Happy the pilgrim on whose life such a beacon-star has shone out to guide him in the right way; thrice happy if it sets not until it has lured him so far that he will never again turn aside from the path.

Such reflections as these, while they added to his sense of loss and

loneliness, yet took so much of the sting out of Mr. Bruce's great sorrow, that he could realize it for minutes at a time without being goaded to madness, or stunned to apathy by the pain.

There had been no warning—no preparation. He had left her that morning as usual, after smoking a cigar in her society on the lawn, while she tied, and snipped, and gathered the flowers of her pretty garden. He had visited the stable, ordered the pony-carriage, seen the keeper, and been to look at an Alderney cow. It was one of his idle days, yet, after twenty years of marriage, such days he still liked to spend, if possible, in the company of his wife. So he strolled back to write his letters in her boudoir, and entered it at the garden door, expecting to find her, as usual, busied in some graceful feminine employment.

Her work was heaped on the sofa; a book she had been reading lay open on the table; the very flowers she gathered an hour ago had the dew on them still. He could not finish his first letter without consulting her, for she kept his memory, his conscience, and his money, just as she kept his heart, so he ran upstairs to her bedroom door and knocked.

There was no answer, and he went in. At the first glance he thought she must have fainted, for she had fallen on her knees against a high-backed chair, her face buried in its cushions, and one hand touching the carpet. He had a quick eye, and the turn of that grey rigid hand warned him with a stab of something he refused persistently to believe. Then he lifted her on the bed where she lay now, and sent for every doctor within reach.

He had no recollection of the interval that elapsed before the nearest could arrive, nor distinct notion of any part of that long sunny afternoon while he sat by his Nina in the death-chamber. Once he got up to stop the ticking of a clock on the chimneypiece, moving mechanically with stealthy footfall across the room lest she should be disturbed. The doctors came and

went, agreeing, as they left the house, that he had answered their questions with wonderful precision and presence of mind; nay, that he was less prostrated by the blow than they should have expected. 'Disease of the heart,' said they—I believe they called it '*the pericardium*;' and after paying a tribute of admiration to the loveliness of the dead lady, discussed the leading article of that day's '*Times*' with perfect equanimity. What would you have? There can be but one person in the world to whom another is more than all the world beside.

This person was sitting by Nina's bed, except for a few brief minutes at a time, utterly stupefied and immovable. Even Maud—his cherished daughter Maud—whose smile had hitherto been welcome in his eyes as the light of morning, could not rouse his attention by the depth of her own uncontrolled grief. He sat like an idiot or an opium eater, till something prompted him to open the window and gasp for a breath of fresh evening air. Then it all came back to him, and he awoke to the full consciousness of his misery.

There are men, though not many, and these, perhaps, the least inclined to prate about it, who have one attachment in their lives, to which every other sentiment is but an accessory and a satellite. Such natures are often very bold to dare, very strong to endure, very difficult to assail, save in their single vulnerable point. Force that, and the man's whole vitality seems to collapse. He does not even make a fight of it, but fails, gives in, and goes down without an effort. Such was the character of Mr. Bruce, and to-day he had gotten his death-blow.

The stars twinkled out faintly one by one, the harvest-moon rose broad and ruddy behind the wooded hill, and still he sat, stupefied, at the bedside. The door opened gently to admit a beautiful girl, strangely, startlingly like her dead mother, who came in with a cup of tea and a candle. Setting these on the chimney-piece, she moved softly round to where he sat, and pressed



Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

NEVERMORE!

'There had been no warning—no preparation.'

[See 'M. or N.'



his head, with both hands, against her breast.

'Dearest father,' said she, 'I have brought you some tea. Try and rouse yourself, papa, dear papa, for my sake. You love me too.'

The appeal was well chosen; once more the tears came to his eyes, and he woke up as from a dream.

'You are a good girl, Maud,' he answered, with a vague, distracted air. 'I have my children left—I have my children left! But all the world cannot make up to me for what I have lost!'

She thought his mind was wandering, and tried to recall him to himself.

'We must bear our sorrow as best we may, papa,' she answered, very gently. 'We must help each other. You and I are alone now in the world.'

A contraction, as of some fresh pain, came over his livid face. He raised his head to speak, but stopping himself with an obvious effort, looked long and scrutinisingly in his daughter's face.

Maud Bruce was a very beautiful girl even now, in the extremity of her sorrow. She had been crying heartily, no wonder, but her delicate features were not swollen, nor her dark eyes dimmed. The silky hair shone smooth and trim, the muslin dress was not rumpled nor disarranged, and the white hands, with which she still caressed her father's sorrow-laden head, neither shook nor wavered in their office.

With her mother's beauty, Miss Bruce had inherited but little of her mother's character; on the contrary, her nature, like that of her father's ancestors rather than his own, was bold, firm, and self-reliant to an unusual degree. She was hard, and that is the only epithet properly to describe her—manner, voice, appearance, all were lady-like, feminine, and exceedingly attractive; but the self-possession she never seemed to lose, would have warned an experienced admirer, that beneath the white bosom beat a heart not to be reduced by stratagem, nor carried by assault; that he must not hope to see the beautiful dark eyes veil themselves in the dreamy soft-

ness which so confesses all it means to hide; that the raven tresses clinging coquetishly to that faultless head were most unlikely to be severed as a tribute of affection for any one whose conquest would not be a question of pride and profit to their owner. Tenderness was the one quality Maud lacked, the one quality, which, like the zone of Venus, completed all her mother's attractions, with an indefinable and irresistible charm.

There is a wild German legend which describes how a certain woodman, a widower, gave shelter to a strangely fascinating dame, and falling in love with her, incontinently made his guest lawful mistress of hearth and home; how, notwithstanding his infatuated passion, and intense admiration for her beauty, there was yet in it a fierceness which chilled and repelled him, while he worshipped; how his children could never be brought to look in the fair face of their stepmother without crying aloud for fear; and how at last he discovered, to his horror and dismay, that he had wedded a fearful creature, half wolf, half woman, combining the seductions of the syren with the cruel voracity of the brute. There was something about Maud Bruce to remind one of that horrible myth, even now, now at her gentlest and softest, while she clung round a sorrowing father, by the death-bed of one, whom in their different ways, both had very dearly loved.

It was well that the young lady preserved her presence of mind, for Bruce seemed incapable of connected thought or action. He roused himself, indeed, at his daughter's call, but gazed stupidly about him, stammered in his speech, and faltered in his step when he crossed the room. The shock of grief had evidently overmastered his faculties—something, too, besides affliction, seemed to worry and distress him—something of which he wished to unbosom himself, but that yet he could not make up his mind to reveal. Maud, whose quickness of perception was seldom at fault, did not fail to observe this, and reviewing the position with her accustomed

coolness, drew her father gently to the writing-table, and sat down.

'Papa,' said she, 'there is much to be done. We must exert ourselves. It will do us both good. Bargrave can be down by the middle of the day, to-morrow. Let me write for him at once.'

Bargrave and Co. were Mr. Bruce's solicitors, as they had been his great-uncle's: it was the same firm, indeed, that had apprized him of his inheritance at Calais twenty years ago. How he rejoiced in their intelligence then! What was the use of an inheritance now?

A weary lassitude had come over him; he seemed incapable of exertion, and shook his head in answer to Maud's appeal; but again some hidden motive stung him into action, and taking his seat at the writing-table, he seized a pen, only to let it slip helplessly through his fingers, while he looked in his daughter's face with a vacant stare.

Maud was equal to the occasion. Obviously something more than sorrow had reduced her father to this state. She sat down opposite, scribbled off a note hastily enough, but in the clear unwavering hand, affirmed by her correspondents to be so characteristic of the writer's disposition, and ringing the bell, desired it should be despatched on the instant. 'Let Thomas take the brougham with the ponies; the doctor is sure to be at home. He can bring him back at once.'

Then she looked at her father, and stopped the ladies'-maid who, tearful and hysterical, had answered the familiar summons, which but this morning was 'missis's bell.'

'While they are putting to,' said she, calmly, 'I will write a telegraphic message and a letter. Tell him to send word when he is ready. I shall give him exactly ten minutes.'

Once more she glanced uneasily at Mr. Bruce; what she saw decided her. In half a dozen words she penned a concise message to her father's solicitor, desiring him to come himself or send a confidential person to Ecclesfield Manor, by the very first train, on urgent business; and wrote a letter as well to the same address, explaining her need of

immediate assistance, for Mr. Bargrave to receive the following morning, in case that gentleman should not obey her telegram in person, a contingency Miss Bruce considered highly probable.

The ten minutes conceded to Thomas had stretched to twenty before he was ready, for so strong is the force of habit amongst stablemen, that even in a case of life and death, horses cannot be allowed to start till their manes are straightened and their hoofs blacked. In the interval, Miss Bruce became more and more concerned to observe no signs of attention on her father's part—no inquiries as to her motives—apparently no consciousness of what she was doing. When the brougham was heard to roll away at a gallop, she came round and put her arm about his neck, where he sat in his chair at the writing-table.

'Papa, dear,' she said, 'I have told them to get your dressing-room ready. You are ill, very ill. I can see it. You must go to bed.'

He nodded, and smiled. Such a weary, silly smile, letting her lead him away like a little child. He would even have passed the bed where his wife lay without a look, but that his daughter stopped him at the door.

'Papa,' said she—and the girl deserved credit for the courage with which she kept her tears back—'won't you kiss her before you go?'

It may be some instinct warned her that not in the body was he to look on the face he loved again—that those material lips were never more to touch the gentle brow which in a whole life-time he had not seen to frown—that their next greeting, freed from earthly anxieties, released from earthly troubles, must be exchanged, at no distant period, in heaven.

He obeyed unhesitatingly, imprinting a caress on his dead wife's forehead, with no kind of emotion, and so left the room, muttering vaguely certain indistinct and incoherent syllables, in which the words 'Nina' and 'Bargrave' were alone intelligible.

Maud saw her father to his room,

and consigned him to the hands of his valet, to be put to bed without delay. Then she went to the dining-room, and forced herself to eat a crust of bread, to drink a single glass of sherry. 'I shall need all my strength to-night,' thought the girl, 'to take care of poor papa, and arrange about the funeral, and such matters, as he cannot attend to—the funeral! Oh, mother, dear, kind mother! I wasn't half good enough to you while you were with us, and now—but I won't cry—I won't cry. There'll be time enough for all that by-and-by. The first thing to think of is about papa. He hasn't borne it well. Men have very little courage when they come to trial, and I fear—I fear, there is something sadly wrong with him. Let me see. Three-quarters of an hour to get to Bragford—five minutes' stoppage at the turnpike, for that stupid man is sure to have gone to bed—five minutes more for Doctor Skilton to put on his great-coat, forty minutes for coming back, those ponies always go faster towards home. No, he can't be here under another hour. Another hour! It's a long time in a case like this. Suppose papa should have a paralytic stroke! And I haven't a notion what to do—the proper remedies, the best treatment. Women ought to know everything, and be ready for everything.'

'Then there's the lawyer to-morrow. I don't suppose papa will be able to see him. I must think of all the business—all the arrangements. He can't be here till ten o'clock at the earliest, even if he starts by the first train. I shall write my directions for *him* in the morning. Meantime, I'll go and sit with poor papa, and see if I can't hush him off to sleep.'

But when Miss Bruce reached her father's room, she found him lying in an alarming state of which she had no experience. Something between sleeping and waking, yet without the repose of the one, the consciousness of the other. So she took her place by his pillow, and watched, listening anxiously for the brougham that was to bring the doctor.

CHAPTER III.

TOM RYFE.

At half-past eight in the morning Mr. Bargrave's office in Gray's Inn was still empty. It had been swept, indeed, and 'straightened,' as he called it, by a young gentleman whose duty it was to be in attendance at all hours from sunrise to sunset, when nobody else was in the way, and who fulfilled that duty by slipping out on such available occasions to join the youth of the quarter in sports of clamour, strength, and skill. Just now he was half a mile off in Holborn, running at full speed, shouting at the top of his voice, with no apparent object but that of exercising his own physical powers and the patience of the general public in his exertions. It was not, therefore, the step of this trusty guardian which fell sharp and quick on the stone stair outside the office, nor was it his hand, nor pass-key, that opened the door to admit Mr. Bargrave's nephew, assistant, and possible successor in the business, Tom Ryfe.

That gentleman entered with the air of a master, looked about him, detected the absence of his young subordinate as one who is disgusted rather than surprised, and lifted two envelopes lying unopened on the table with an oath. 'As usual,' he muttered, 'telegram and letter, same date—same place. Arrive together of course! Chances are, if there is any hurry you get the letter before the telegram. Halloo! here's a business. Bargrave's sure to be an hour late, and that young scamp not within a mile. If I had my way. Hang it! I *will* have my way. At all events I must manage *this* business my way, for it seems there's not a moment to spare, and nobody to help me. Dorothe-a!'

The dirtiest woman to be found, probably, at that hour in the whole of London, appeared from a lower story in answer to his summons. Pushing her hair off a grimy forehead with a grimmer hand, she listened to his directions, staring vacantly, as is the manner of her

kind, but understanding them, nevertheless, and not incapable of remembering their purport: they were short and intelligible enough.

'Tell that young scamp he is to sleep in the office to-night. He mustn't leave it on any consideration while I'm away. I'm going into the country, and I'll break his head when I come back.'

Tom Ryfe then huddled the letter into his pocket for perusal at leisure, hailed a hansom, and in less than a quarter of an hour was in his uncle's breakfast-room, bolting ham, muffins, and green tea, while his clothes were packed.

Mr. Bargrave, a bachelor, who liked his comforts and took care to have them, was reading the newspaper in a silk dressing-gown, and a pair of gold spectacles. He had finished breakfast, such a copious and leisurely repast as is consumed by one who dines at six, drinks a bottle of port every day at dessert, and never smoked a cigar in his life. No earthly consideration would hurry him for the next half-hour. He looked over the top of his newspaper with the placid benignity of a man who, [considering digestion one of the most important functions of nature, values and encourages it accordingly.

'Sudden,' observed Mr. Bargrave, in answer to his nephew's communication. 'Something of a seizure, no doubt. Time is of importance; the young lady's telegram should have come to hand last night. Be so good as to make a note on the back. Three doctors, does she say? Bless me! They'll never let him get over it. Most unfortunate just now, on account of the child—of the young lady. You can take the necessary instructions. I will follow if required. It's twenty-three minutes' drive to the station. Better be off at once, Tom.'

So Tom took the hint, and was off. While he drives to the station we may as well give an account of Tom's position in the firm of Bargrave and Co.

Old Bargrave's sister had chosen to marry a certain Mr. Ryfe, of whom nobody knew more than that he could shoot pigeons, had been

concerned in one or two doubtful turf transactions, and played a good hand at whist. While he lived, though it was a mystery *how* he lived, he kept Mrs. Ryfe 'very comfortable,' to use Bargrave's expression. When he died he left her nothing but the boy Tom, a precocious urchin, inheriting some of his father's sporting propensities, with a certain slang smartness of tone and manner, acquired in those circles where horseflesh is affected as an inducement to speculation.

Mrs. Ryfe did not long survive her husband. She had married a scamp, and was, therefore, very fond of him, so before he had been dead a year, she was laid in the same grave. Then her brother took the boy Tom, and put him into his own business, making him begin by sweeping out the office, and so requiring him to rise grade by grade till he became confidential clerk and head manager of all matters connected with the firm.

At twenty-six years of age Tom Ryfe possessed as much experience as his principal, joined to a cunning and sharpness of intellect peculiarly his own. To take care of number one was doubtless the head clerk's ruling maxim; but while thus attending to his personal welfare, he never failed to affect a keen interest in the affairs of numbers two, three, four, and the rest. Tom Ryfe was a 'friendly fellow,' people declared; 'a deuced friendly fellow, and knew what he was about, mind you, better than most people.'

'Every great man,' said the Emperor Nicholas, 'has a hook in his nose.' In the firmest characters, no doubt, there is a weakness by which they are to be led or driven; and Tom Ryfe, like other notabilities, was not without this crevice in his armour, this breach in his embattled wall. He had shrewdness, knowledge of the world, common sense, and yet the one great object of his efforts was to be admitted into a class of society far above his own, and to find there an ideal lady with whom to pass the rest of his days.

'I'll marry a top-sawyer,' he used to say, whenever his uncle broached the question of his settlement in

life. 'Why, bless ye, it's the same tackle and the same fly that takes the big fish and the little one. It's no more trouble to make up to a duchess than a dairymaid. I'll pick a real white-handed one, you see if I don't. A wife that can *move*, uncle, cool and calm, and lofty, like an air balloon; wearing her dresses as if she was made for them, and her jewels as if she didn't know she'd got them on; looking as much at home in the Queen's drawing-room as she does in her own. That's my sort, and that's the sort I'll choose! Why, there's scores of 'em to be seen any afternoon in the Park. Never tell me I can't go in and take my pick. "Nothing venture, nothing have," they say. I ain't going to venture much. I don't see occasion for it, but I'll *have* what I want, you see if I won't, or I'll know the reason why.'

Whereon Bargrave, who considered womankind in general as an unnecessary evil, would reply—

'Time enough, Tom, time enough. I haven't had much experience with the ladies myself, except as clients, you know. The less I see of 'em, I think, the more I like 'em. Better put it off a little, Tom. It can be done any day, my boy, when you've an hour to spare. I wouldn't be in a hurry if I was you. There's a fresh sample ticketed every year; and they're not like port wine, you must remember, they don't improve with keeping.'

Tom Ryfe had plenty of time to revolve his speculations, matrimonial and otherwise, during his journey to Ecclesfield Manor by one of those mid-day trains so irritating to through-passengers, which stop at intermediate stations, dropping brown-paper parcels, and taking up old women with baskets. He reviewed many little affairs of the heart in which he had lately been engaged, without, however, suffering his affections to involve themselves too deeply for speedy withdrawal. He reflected with great satisfaction on his own fastidious rejection of several 'suitable parties,' as he expressed it, who did not quite reach his standard of aristocratic perfection, remembering how Mrs. Blades,

the well-to-do widow, with fine eyes and a house in Duke Street, had fairly landed him but for that unfortunate dinner at which he detected her eating fish with a knife; how certain grated-looking needle-marks on Miss Glance's left forefinger had checked him just in time while in the act of kissing her hand; and how, on the very eve of a proposal to beautiful Constance De Courcy, whose manner, bearing, and appearance, no less than her name, denoted the extreme of refinement and high birth, he had sustained a shock, galvanic but salutary, from her artless exclamation, 'Oh my! whatever shall I do? If here isn't Pa!'

'No,' thought Tom, as he rolled on into the fair expanse of down country that lay for miles round Ecclesfield, 'I haven't found one yet quite up to the pattern I require. When I do I shall go in and win, that's all. I don't see why my chance shouldn't be as good as another's. I'm not such a bad-looking chap when I'm dressed and my hair's greased. I can do tricks with cards like winking. I can ride a bit, shoot a bit—'specially pigeons—dance a bit, and make love to 'em no end. I've got the gift of the gab, I know, and I stick at nothing. That's what the girls like, and that's what will pull me through when I find the one I want. Another station, and not there yet! What a slow train this is!'

It was a slow train, and Tom arriving at Ecclesfield, saw on the face of the servant who admitted him that he was too late. In addition to the solemn and mysterious hush that pervades a house in which the dead lie yet unburied, a feeling of horror, the result of some unlooked-for and additional calamity, seemed to predominate; and Tom was hardly surprised, however much he might be shocked, when the old butler gasped, in broken sentences, 'Seizure—last night—quite unconscious—all over this morning. Will you take some refreshment, sir, after your journey?'

Mr. Bruce had been dead a few hours—dead without time to set his house in order, without conscious-

ness even to wish his child good-bye.

She came down to see Mr. Bargrave's clerk that afternoon, pale, calm, collected, beautiful, but stern and unbending under the sorrow against which her haughty nature rebelled. In a few words, referring to a memorandum the while, she gave him her directions for the funeral and its ceremonies; desired him to ascertain at once the state of her late father's affairs, the amount of a succession to which she believed herself entitled; begged he would return with full information that day fortnight; ordered luncheon for him in the dining-room; and so dismissed him as a bereaved queen might dismiss the humblest of her subjects.

Tom Ryfe, returning to London by the next train, thought he had never felt so small; and yet, was not this proud, sorrowing, and beautiful young damsel the ideal he had been seeking hitherto in vain? It is not too much to say that for twenty miles he positively *hated* her, striving fiercely against the influence, which yet he could not but acknowledge. In another twenty, his good opinion of his best friend Mr. Ryfe reasserted itself. He had seen something of the world, and possessed, moreover, a certain shallow acquaintance with human nature, not of the highest class, so he argued thus:

'Women like what they are unaccustomed to. The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein makes love to a private soldier simply because she don't know what a private soldier is. This girl must have lived amongst a set of starched and stuck-up people who have not two ideas beyond themselves and their order. She has never so much as seen a smart, business-like, active fellow, ready to take all trouble off her hands, and make up her mind for her before she can turn round—young, too, and not so bad-looking, though I dare say she's used to good-looking chaps enough. The man's game who went in for Miss Bruce would be this: constant attention to her interests, supreme disregard for her feelings, and never to let her have

her own way for a moment. She'd be so utterly taken aback she'd give in without a fight. Why shouldn't I try my chance? It's a good spec. It must be a good spec. And yet, hang it! such a high-handed girl as that would suit *me* without a shilling. It dashed me a little at first; but I like that scornful way of hers I own. What eyes, too! and what hair! I wonder if I'm a fool. No; nothing's impossible; it's only difficult. What! London already? Ah! there's no place like town.'

The familiar gas-lamps, the roll of the cabs, the bustle in the streets, dispelled whatever shadows of mistrust in his own merits remained from Tom's reflections in the railway carriage; and long before he reached his uncle's house, he had made up his mind to 'go in,' as he called it, for Miss Bruce, morally confident of winning, yet troubled with certain chilling misgivings, as fearing that *this* time he had really fallen in love.

Many and long, during the ensuing week, were the consultations between old Bargrave and his nephew as to the future prospects of the lady in question. Her father had died without a will. That fact seemed pretty evident, as he had often expressed his intention of preparing such an instrument, but had hitherto moved no further in the matter.

'Depend upon it, Tom,' said his uncle, that very evening over their port wine, 'he wouldn't go to anybody else. He was never much of a business-man, and he couldn't have disentangled his affairs sufficiently to make 'em clear, except to me. It's a sad pity for many reasons, but I'm just as sure there's no will as I am that my glass is empty. Help yourself, Tom, and pass the wine.'

'Then she takes as next of kin,' said Tom, thinking of Maud's dark eyes, and filling his glass. 'Here's her health!'

'By all means,' assented Bargrave. 'Her very good health, poor girl! But as to the succession I have my doubts; grave doubts. There's a trust, Tom. I looked over the deed while you were down there

to-day. It is so worded that a male heir might advance a prior claim. There *is* a male heir, a parson in Dorsetshire, not a likely man to give in without a fight. We'll look at it again to-morrow. If it reads as I think, I wouldn't give a pinch of snuff for the young lady's chance.'

Tom's face fell. 'Can't we fight it, uncle?' said he, stoutly, applying himself once more to the port; but Bargrave had drawn his silk handkerchief over his face, and was already fast asleep.

So uncle and nephew went into the trust-deed, morning after morning, arriving in its perusal at a conclusion adverse to Miss Bruce's interest; but then, as the younger man observed, 'the beauty of our English law is, that you can always fight a thing, even if you haven't a leg to stand on.'

It was almost time for Tom Ryfe's return journey to Ecclesfield, and a coat ordered for the express purpose of captivating Miss Bruce had actually come home, when the post brought him a little note from that lady, which afforded him, as such notes often do, an absurd and overweening joy. It was bordered with the deepest black, and ran as follows:—

'DEAR SIR ('*dear* sir,' thought Tom, 'ah! that sounds much sweeter than plain sir')—I venture to trouble you with a commission in the nature of business. A packet, containing some diamond ornaments belonging to me, will be left by the jeweller at Mr. Bargrave's office to-morrow. Will you kindly bring it down with you to Ecclesfield? Yours, very obediently, MAUD BRUCE.'

Tom kissed the signature. He was very far gone already, and took care to be at the office in time to receive the diamonds. That boy was out of the way, of course! So Tom summoned the grimy Dorothea to his presence.

'I shall be busy for an hour,' said he; 'don't admit anybody unless he comes by appointment, except it's a man with a packet of jewellery. Take it in yourself, and bring it here at once. I've got to carry it down

with me to-night by the train. Do you understand?'

'Is it a long journey as you're a-goin', sir?' asked Dorothea. 'I should like to clean up a-bit while you was away.'

'Only to Bragford,' answered Tom; 'but I might not be back for a day or two. Mind about the parcel, though,' he added, in the exuberance of his spirits. 'The thing's valuable. It's for a young lady. It's jewels, Dorothea. It's diamonds!'

'Lor!' said Dorothea, going back to her scrubbing forthwith.

The jeweller, being dilatory, Tom had finished his letters before that artificer arrived, thus saving Dorothea all responsibility in the valuable packet confided to his charge, for Mr. Ryfe received it himself in the outer office, whither he had resorted in a fidget to compare a time-table with a railway map of England. He fretted to set off at once. He had finished his business he had nothing to do now but eat an early dinner at his uncle's, and so start by the afternoon train on the path of love, triumph, and success, leaving the boy, coerced by ghastly threats, to take charge of the office in his absence.

We have all seen a bird moulting, dragged, dirty, woe-begone, not to be recognized for the same bird, sleek and glossy in its holiday-suit of feathers, pruning its wing for a flight across the summer-sky. Even so different was the Dorothea of the unkempt hair, the soapy arms, the dingy apron, and the grimy face, from a gaudy damsel who emerged in the afternoon sun out of Mr. Bargrave's chambers, bright with all the colours of the rainbow, and scrupulously dressed, according to the extreme style of the last prevailing fashion but two.

She was a good-looking woman enough now that she had 'cleaned herself,' as she expressed it, but for a certain roughness of hair, coarseness of skin, and general redundancy of outline, despite of which drawbacks, however, she attracted many admiring glances from cab-drivers, omnibus-conductors, a precocious shoeblack, and the policeman on duty, as she tripped into Holborn,

and mingled with the living stream that flows unceasingly down that artery of London.

Dorothea seemed to know where she was going well enough, and yet the coarse, red cheek, turned pale while she approached her goal, though it was but a flashy, dirty-looking gin-shop, standing at a corner where two streets met. Her

colour rose though, higher than before, when a potboy, with a shock of red hair, and his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, thus accosted her.

'You're just in time, miss; he'd 'a been off in a minit, but old Batters, he come in just now, and your young man stopped to take his share of another half-quartern.'

CO-OPERATIVE STORES AND SMALL ECONOMIES.

EVERY married man who has been left for a while by his wife to keep house for himself has found himself in this dilemma:—if he really keeps house, it takes a great deal of time, and if he does not, he wastes a great deal of money. Amidst all the distractions of soap, soda, and sand-paper—things from the grocer to be locked up, and all sorts of things to be given out—we have sometimes thought of the poor prisoner in the Bastille, who found it the most trying of punishments to be compelled to answer one call every quarter of an hour.

The loss of only one penny a day—let our bachelor friends take warning—means that one whole sovereign, and another half-sovereign on the top of it, must be paid away extra at the end of the year.

Now suppose only one penny a day wasted in wood, three pennies a day in coals, two more in needless washing, two in soap, one in candles, two in gas—'But stop! stop! as to bread, meat, perquisites. Oh! horror upon horrors! we can imagine all.' Then, my friend, you will admit that if you tried to keep house after your own device, you would very easily find yourself a loser to the extent of fifty golden sovereigns by Christmas-day; and this you would forfeit as the price and penalty of enjoying your own boasted composure, and perhaps of indulging in reflections on your good wife's fussing and fidgeting, of which you thus learn the value.

Our readers will now be in a fair state of mind to go with us, if we say that the thousand and one little

trifles incident to the varied comforts and luxuries of the present day are something serious; that there is a fret and worry in spending money as well as in getting it; that few persons but from dire necessity have the energy to keep sufficient watch on their shillings and their pence; and that ladies soon find themselves obliged to compound, by attending to the more weighty matters, and leaving the rest to take care of themselves, otherwise a lady's life would be harder than any servant's, 'and bubble, bubble, toil and trouble,' would be the tenour of the day.

Accordingly, tradesmen who 'live to please, and please to live,' have fallen into certain convenient ways of doing business, as if on purpose to save the lady and her household no small part of the distractions aforesaid. So the principle of agency, of division of labour, and of working by deputy has crept into modern household economy—and not before it was wanted—to reduce the detail of family duties to their lowest terms.

But now-a-days we decry a certain retrograde movement. Persons who little know the trouble they have been saved are taking exception to that principle, turning amateur shopkeepers, and think to save money by doing that for themselves which it has been long our custom to have done for us.

In some form or other, most persons have had just a taste and trial of this amateur trading, and will bear us witness that it rarely lasts long; and if we count the full value of time wasted and temper fretted,

we shall see that, extreme necessity alone can recommend it; and agree with Dr. Primrose, the vicar of Wakefield, who silyly observed of his daughters' ingenious schemes of economy, that he never could find that he lived for at all the less.

For instance, once we baked at home, whence fresh difficulties with cooks, extra fuel and barm—bread, sometimes sour and sometimes heavy, and grumbled about up-stairs and down-stairs all the week. After that we brewed at home, and were bound to drink, as well as eat, the faulty produce of our labour with more grumbling as aforesaid; and as to washing at home, with the house full of steam—disgust everywhere and comfort nowhere, exposed to all the peculation of the helps, ever busy at the table, however idle at the tub—all this results from one-sided calculations. We lose one way if we gain another, not considering that those who live by such work can make such employment well worth their while and ours too.

We admit that needy persons may reply, 'If only a little is saved, that little to us happens to be much.' Then you, and you only, are the persons to adopt such plans; so work for yourselves, and earn your own wages. Here lies the joint of the whole question of amateur trading, and of the Co-operative Stores, and the like. No one need pay extra for services or conveniences which he in particular does not want. No one need pay the extra profit of an agent or middleman, or West End dealer to bring City supplies to the very doors of Bayswater, when he does not mind the trouble of fetching and carrying and buying for himself. That a clerk with small salary should step aside with his flag-basket into Leadenhall Market and bargain, buy, and carry home fish, flesh, and fowl, or other City stores at City prices, is reasonable enough; but that a man of fortune should go out of his way to do the same, certainly does some to us to be setting a very small value on his time and comfort.

But what is the difference between the dealing of the ordinary West

End shops and the Co-operative Stores, and what reason is there to prefer the one to the other?

Some think to avoid a monopoly and high prices. But if any one believes that there is any combination or understanding as to prices at West End shops, he little knows the rivalry and the jealousies of money-making man. Think only of the cards and circulars, the application for custom, and even the fees to servants to secure the favours of new comers into a neighbourhood. Think of the many shops of the same kind, and new shops daily springing up, certainly not to combine, but in fierce opposition, to snatch the profits from the older houses. See the prices ticketed, the placards with mighty parade of cheapness, and every device to snap up a customer, or supplant a rival.—How does all this agree with the idea of combination?

We are well informed that the profits of West End shops are low as they can be. Successful tradesmen are ever on the alert to secure an opening to plant a son in business, always beginning with a profession of low prices. We are equally well informed that these sons, without great caution and industry, cannot pay their way, and that a bare ten per cent. on capital, all expenses paid, is the most that ordinary luck and industry can earn.

No one but a tradesman can realize what competition is—how keen the strife, not only from self-interest, but also from jealousy, which Sheridan justly said was the more active principle of the two. As little can we enter into a tradesman's anxiety for his credit sake, and for preserving in his neighbourhood that reputation on which his custom wholly depends. What is called the goodwill of a shop has, perhaps, cost him money, and may turn into ill-will any day merely from the angry gossip of two or three offended customers. A shop, like a bank, depends on the very breath of the public; and if once it gains a name for being dear or exorbitant, its connexion may melt away like snow. Add to this that the loss of only a

few customers is a very serious loss in itself, as well being fraught with the danger of those few losing many more; for the tradesman is painfully conscious that the rent and taxes and standing expenses of his shop remain about the same with (say) ninety customers as with a hundred; so it is always the last on the list—always the customer that is lost—whose account most affects the profits. This is nervous calculation which keeps tradesmen on their guard. It must be a high overcharge indeed which is worth the risk of a customer where a business depends, not on chance custom, but on family accounts. Tradesmen know that the world runs upon cheapness. Men resent a high charge as a reflection on their shrewdness, as well as a damage to their purse. Tradesmen know that nine people out of ten live at the extent of their income—at ‘agony point,’ and slow as they are to meet all fair demands, the least overcharge they pounce upon as a grievous offence, sure to be ventilated at morning calls, where ‘What I pay for this,’ and ‘What you pay for that,’ is the ordinary theme of family people.

This resentment of high prices is limited to no class. It is as rife among persons who draw up in their carriages as among those who step out of ‘busses or of cabs. Man—and yet more woman—is a bargain-loving animal. Persons with elegant conservatories are not above swapping old clothes for geraniums; and in the Confessions of a dealer in cast-off apparel we once read that he was always prepared for the hardest bargains of all when some door in Belgravia was softly opened by a lady, and he was slipped into the side parlour to do a little dealing on the sly.

While we maintain that in the West End, as in the City, competition rules prices, and keeps them down to the lowest remunerative point, we admit that that point still ranges higher in the West End; because there extra expenses fall upon the tradesmen, owing to the extra services and conveniences they render to the customer. Is there no room, then, for economy by

amateur trading, or by the Co-operative principle here?

The truth is, we little know how much our ease and freedom from distraction is secured by these extra services of the West End trade till we try to do without them.

1. We derive no little comfort from the simple fact that the tradesman books our orders.—We say nothing here of the value of credit to men who live on a salary, we allude only to the fret and worry of having to pay small sums perhaps in the midst of our studies or our business nine or ten times a day. The tradesman’s red book, like the banker’s pass-book, virtually keeps our accounts for us, and four payments a year comprise all our trouble.

2. The tradesman sends daily for orders. Now, since the time of our servants is money to us, and comfort too, it is no small economy to be saved sending them out. Indeed, so essential is this convenience felt in poorer neighbourhoods, that truck and barrow men have learnt to earn a livelihood by virtually bringing the shop to every man’s door.

3. The tradesman delivers goods, at the cost of horses and carts.—To dispense with this frequent delivery you must be encumbered with a store in your own house, liable to losses from mould and mice, as well as maids, a loss only to be avoided by locks and keys and weights and scales—too much like a chandler’s shop. No doubt one or two commodities may be bought in the gross, but unless you would have your mind running on petty things and small economies, you will find that the very distance of the ‘Stores’ involves loss in one way as well as gain in another. No doubt many a lady with unremitting care and worry could effect a saving; but had she not better reduce her establishment than sacrifice all her enjoyment of perhaps a thousand pounds a year by hourly fidgeting to save ten?—We quite agree with the remark of the coachman, who was heard to say at the door of the Co-operative Stores, ‘Well, if I were a lady, and could afford to spend 300l.

or 400*l.* a year on a carriage and a pair of horses, I would not turn it into a costermonger's cart to save a shilling.'—We might also observe that the lady who keeps house has always calls and interruptions enough, so to add to their number will be so much lost in the care of her family or the entertainment of her friends.

We speak not without experience of the difficulties and discomforts incidental to all but regular trade. It is the interest of the tradesman to study the whims and ways, and the minutest conveniences of his customers; and all those extra services which he renders originate in his perception of his customers' requirements. Not the least of these services is the promptitude of the supply, and its exact suitability to the demand.

Mr. Babbage, in his 'Economy of Trade and Manufactures,' points out that no fair comparison of prices can be made without taking into consideration the supply ready for the demand. The shopkeeper, like the innkeeper, is obviously at a disadvantage from the fact that he lays in his stores without any certainty of turning them to account.

While residing in London we once congratulated ourselves on finding a dealer who sold game and poultry at twenty per cent. cheaper, and a baker who sold the farmhouse bread cheap also; while fish at Hungerford Market, and fruit and vegetables at Covent Garden were all to be better and cheaper in proportion. But what was the result? A ready supply to meet the emergencies of the hour proved to be essential to our comfort, and after some of our bargains had been well-nigh wasted because ordered for the morrow, when they proved superfluous, and after we had taken two shillings' worth of trouble to save one, we arrived at the conclusion that West End life had West End necessities, and that these the tradesman had learnt to meet far too conveniently to allow us to supply ourselves.

One day last spring, standing by the new Co-operative Store not far

from the Haymarket, we witnessed the following scene:—

A handsome brougham with a pair of horses, and a lady inside, was standing at the shop door, and the master was rushing backwards and forwards from the brougham to his shop, evidently in a state of mind one half part made up of fussy impatience, and the other half of a violent determination, in spite of the apathy of the coachman and footman, to carry out some great principle on which he had set his mind.—Various smaller parcels were first of all handed out by the pampered menial, not without very depreciating looks as to the service not named in his hiring. But last came the great *coup* of all. Yielding to the energy of his master, who was the actuating spirit of the whole performance, the man in livery is seen with heavy groceries, one piled on the other, till the highest is kept tight by his chin, while the master starts forward to hold the carriage door; but—confusion worse confounded—the burthen is too much for the bearer—his foot stumbles in the gutter—and, perhaps by one of those accidents done on purpose, lo! the whole pile of groceries, amidst the gibes of the crowd, falls, covering my lady, into the bottom of the brougham! We could not but reflect that, by the time Teakettle Thomas had handed the same burthens out in Belgravia, and the lady had encountered a second edition of sneers from the man, with some more added by the cook, she would feel that she had spent no very pleasant morning in the pursuit of economy under difficulties.

Such are the inconveniences of living at the West End, and dealing at the East in order to save the difference. Whether, after allowing a little extra for these West End conveniences, we want any new institution to lower prices, seems very doubtful. Can commodities first of all be sold cheaper than amidst the keen competition of City shops, and can we obtain the same any cheaper in the West?

We hear that the quality at the 'Stores' is inferior, and such as

persons not prepossessed with their economical plans would soon detect in the goods of any tradesman. Why; how can you expect any salaried agent to buy as scrupulously as the man who buys for himself, well alive to competition in quality as well as in prices?

We hear, also, that the managers of the 'Stores' make a show of cheapness, just as certain advertising shops cheapen some articles as a boast and a bait to win a name of cheapness. Arrowroot and rice may seem wonderfully cheap, but you can hardly eat enough of either to feel the difference.

But, certain sanguine friends reply: We are virtually our own tradesmen: surely we may expect the profit of other tradesmen, and this profit we propose to share in lower prices.

This brings us to the point at issue. What kind of tradesmen do amateurs make? In what position are we to make a profit in any business which we cannot possibly understand?

Remember 'Co-operative Stores,' and the subscribers thereto, are neither more nor less than a shop-keeping company, just as we have hotel companies, and various other companies, whose shareholders are said to consist of one half parsons and the other half old maids. Not one of these companies—being of a kind to compete with private trade, and to manage all its petty details—has ever yet held its ground for much longer time than was required to eat up the capital and tire out the shareholders.

But first of all, how does a new co-operative store arise in any new locality? Amidst the mechanics of Rochdale such a store originates naturally in an obvious demand and necessity, and 'stores' are connected with the encouragement of prudent and ready-money habits: they are also peculiar in other respects, and afford little precedent as to the 'stores' now spread over London.

The presumption is that one of these 'stores' would originate in some landlord who has a shop to let, in some unemployed tradesman who wants a place, or in some clique of

dealers who aim at a monopoly in the supplies. Economical house-keepers, however readily they fall in with the scheme, are not very likely to be the originators. No; the origin is to be sought in the same jobbery and self-interest, and in the same indifference to the welfare of the shareholders which characterises new railways, monster hotels, and all other stockjobbing associations.

So far we cannot expect a very promising start on the road to economy.

The next step is to form a committee. This, of course, is self-appointed; for, in the early days of a company, there is no one to appoint. And when the said committee begins to act and to choose a manager, any knowledge or qualification for the choice, or even any connections in business to direct us where to look for the right man, on whom all depends, this is of course wholly out of the question—and when this sage committee has made a choice, and they come further to the point of supplies and contracts for stores, it requires little experience in committees to know that nearly every man at the board will have his own favourite trader to commend.—We could name an instance in which a manager was refused because he insisted on buying the best and the cheapest without reference to the dealers who had friends on the board!

When committee men are reminded of the difficulties of amateur trading they always reply: We have only to appoint the right manager and all will go well.—*Only* to appoint the right manager! Why, here is the whole difficulty. Self-multiplication—that is, placing the right man to represent the master mind in places beyond his own personal control—is the one great difficulty of all great administration. *Only* do this and you may do anything in commerce. If the rich dealers with their rural retreats could *only* find the man to take sufficient interest, how gladly would they pay him a salary, and spare their daily labours in the City.

We once suggested to a suc-

cessful tradesman, not altogether to retire as he intended, but to leave his confidential foreman and practised staff, and come in to business one or two days a week. His reply throws no little light on amateur trading or shopkeeping by deputy: 'You are not aware that capital so casually looked after will hardly pay five per cent. The aggregation of little profits, "the pounds made out of pennies" alone make the difference between failure and success.'

Another proof of the same thing is found in this—that the tradesman who tries a second shop generally finds that while the shop within his own personal superintendence answers, the other comparatively fails. The conclusion therefore is, that if amateur shopkeepers do succeed, they accomplish that in which even experienced and practical shopkeepers could expect to fail. To find the man who will feel the same interest as the master is too much to hope for. Some say, Pay your manager in proportion to his success; but you must pay heavily indeed—in short you must give him the profits of a partner before you can expect in him another self. A manager who has proved his fitness by success will hardly serve you for a salary, and without such proof of eligibility what can you expect him to be worth? Besides, if such a manager could be found, your committee are in no mood to find him, for qualification and merit never have and never will be found to outweigh partiality, self-interest, and caprice, when a dozen men in committee come to decide on an appointment.

Now, suppose the manager appointed, can you trust him to buy in the cheapest market? Does not every wholesale dealer offer a commission or some advantage to the agent who gives his firm a preference? So well is this understood, that no sooner does an agent apply for terms of contract, than he commonly receives two letters, one a formal invoice of prices, and the other a private memorandum that there shall be a percentage for himself. Here is at least two and a half

per cent. off the profits of the business; and if we consider that such an agent is in no position to look hard at quality, a loss of five per cent. in all would be a moderate calculation of the first share from amateur profits. Add for waste, deterioration of stock, speculation, and other results of want of interest and neglect—losses which only extreme vigilance can reduce to their lowest terms—and if for the sum total we set down seven per cent. as the dead weight with which every amateur trader starts in the race commercial, we shall be still below the mark.

Some persons, to justify their economical inventions, maintain that tradesmen make good custom pay for bad. They say, Granted that competition rules prices, bad debts being a charge which, like rent and taxes, weighs on all alike, the tradesman adds proportionally to his prices, knowing that his competitor must do the same.

We admit the principle but deny the fact.—If bad debts were a constant amount, and a regular charge on all alike, this conclusion would be true. But the old and cautious tradesman who makes very few bad debts—perhaps not one per cent.—will hardly be ruled by the young and reckless competitor for custom who loses ten. The custom of discount varying from two and a half to ten per cent., according to the nature of the business, is virtually an insurance against bad debts, and one which it is at the customer's option to pay.

Many a retired tradesman has borne his independent witness that a man does not raise his prices in anticipation of bad debts, for the simple reason that he does not mean to make any. He assumes his customer will pay, or he does not deal with him at all. The extra business pays for risk, not the extra prices. When he finds himself committed to a long-suffering account, most persons must have heard of instances where the tradesman indemnifies himself by prices exceptionally high to meet such particular instances. Even Oxford tradesmen in our college days, we remember, had two prices, one for

men who paid every term, the other for the risk and loss of booking, perhaps, till the creditor had taken his degree. The expression of making good business pay for bad, we believe to be a senseless expression. Competition rules the ready-money tradesman and the tradesman who gives long credit both alike. Only each competes with his class, and, as we said of the tradesman of the City and of the West End—the members of each class stop at the same point, though that point ranges higher with the latter than the former. We contend, therefore, that no amateur trading and no co-operative stores are required on these grounds.

There is one point only in which the co-operative principle can be supposed to succeed.—At present custom is so divided, that instead of one shop supplying a thousand families, we have (say) ten shops, with nearly ten times the cost of carts, horses, servants, rent, taxes, and other fixed expenses, and profit on capital—all which must be a charge on the thousand customers. This is one point in which the Rochdale co-operatives are gainers; but there is so much caprice among private families, that we can hardly hope to see any economy effected by supporting only a few shops on the Rochdale principle.



LUCK IN FAMILIES. 3

PART II.

I HAVE before expatiated, brethren, on what a blessed thing it is to be born in a state of luck. The ancient Romans, towards whom I early imbibed a well-sustained feeling of aversion, reckoned good luck among the highest qualifications of a general. To be considered lucky by the world is the highest stroke of luck that can befall a man; for to be considered lucky in commercial circles is tantamount to the possession of vast credit; and through credit there have been vast operations effected, infinite scratchings on mercantile paper, and the construction of splendid fortunes. The history of successful commerce is the history of the marvels of credit, as such a house as Jones, Loyd, and Co., can testify. As I go to and fro on the earth I hear of divers slices of luck, and I wonder when a slice, thick and juicy, of that description of viand, will ever come to my watering mouth.

For one really does hear of extraordinary things which set the most unselfish and carefully-balanced mind into an envious attitude of wishing to 'get something.' The only kind of an El Dorado that suggests itself to me is to take shares in a mine—a Peruvian mine if you like—but instead of stumbling upon golden ore or caves lighted up with precious stones, I have a presentiment that the first dividend would be paid out of capital; that we should fall to one per cent.; and that the shareholders would be placed under most unpleasing contributions towards making good all sorts of defalcations. Whereas there is a man in the West of England—the story is well known there—who took a thousand shares in a mine, and never had to pay more than a pound a piece for them; and on those shares he lived sumptuously, and out of the income of those shares he bought an estate for a hundred thousand pounds, and, finally, he sold those shares for half a million of money. There is a man in Berkshire who

has got a park with a walled frontage of seven miles, and he tells of a beautiful little operation which made a nice little addition to his fortune. He was in Australia when the first discoveries of gold were made. The miners brought in their nuggets, and took them to the local banks. The bankers were a little nervous about the business, uncertain about the quality of the gold, and waiting to see its character established. This man had a taste for natural sciences, and knew something about metallurgy. He tried each test, solid and fluid, satisfied himself of the quality of the gold, and then, with all the money he had, or could borrow, he bought as much gold as might be, and showed a profit of a hundred thousand pounds in the course of a day or two. It is to be observed here that what we call luck is resolvable very often into what is really observation and knowledge, and a happy tact in applying them when a sudden opportunity arises. The late Joseph Hume was a happy instance of this. He went out to India, and while he was still a young man he accumulated a considerable fortune. He saw that hardly any about him knew the native languages, so he applied himself to the hard work of mastering them, and turned the knowledge to most profitable account. On one occasion, when all the gunpowder had failed the British army, he succeeded in scraping together a large amount of the necessary materials, and manufactured it for our troops. When he returned to England he canvassed with so much ability and earnestness for a seat in the East India Directorate, that he might carry out his scheme of reform, that though he failed to get the vote of a certain large proprietor of stock, he won his daughter's heart, and made a prosperous marriage. Ah! marriage is, after all, the luckiest bit of luck when it is all it should be. When Henry Baring, the late Lord Ashburton, travelled in America—not

merely *dilettante* travelling, but like Lord Milton in our days, piercing into untravelled wilds, meeting on'y a stray, enthusiastic naturalist, like Audubon—he made his marriage with Miss Bingham, and so consolidated the American business of the great house of Baring. In an international point of view this was a happy marriage, for in after years it gave him a peculiar facility for concluding the great Ashburton treaty. We have just seen with universal satisfaction a great lady added to the peerage of Great Britain. Mr. Disraeli dedicated one of his works to the 'severest of critics, but a perfect wife;' and at the Edinburgh banquet he told the guests how much he owed to his matchless wife. It is no secret how much of his fortunes he owed to her help, and how greatly he benefited by her sympathy and wisdom. The husband whom she so helped in his youthful struggles for fortune has in return made her a peeress, and we all wish happiness and long life to the Viscountess Beaconsfield. So lucky has Mr. Disraeli been in his wife, that it is hardly worth while alluding to the minor and subordinate circumstance that an old lady, a stranger, some years ago left him a legacy of thirty or forty thousand pounds, through admiration of his public character.

Yet it is hard to know when a man is lucky or when unlucky. If a man is going to lose a fortune in gambling he generally has some strokes of luck at the commencement. If poor Lord Hastings had not made those lucky hits when he first went on the turf, perhaps he would not have verified the family motto in a new, sad sense, and 'scattered his arrows' so freely. What a world of meaning there is in the *Sparsimus tela* motto of the extinct house of Hastings. Oh, hollow glades and bowery loveliness of Castle Donington! what weird, sad whispers will next seem to sound for me when I may revisit those old ancestral haunts! There is a very distinguished nobleman who first tried his luck at sea before he became what men at sea call a land-shark. When young Thesiger gave up the

trade of midshipman I dare say some kind friends pronounced him a failure; but no one would say that of Lord Chancellor Chelmsford. There was another man who became a British peer through circumstances full of luck for the country, but which he doubtless always considered of direst unluck to himself. A quiet, happy country gentleman was Mr. Graham, with abundant means and healthful tastes, a handsome estate and a handsome wife. There is a tale of his prowess related about his wife. They were at Edinburgh, and were going to a great ball, when, to her infinite annoyance, she found that she had left her jewel-case behind her. The distance was sixty or seventy miles, and it was not many hours before the ball was to come off. Graham took a fleet horse, and at the top of his speed rode away homewards in search of the jewel-case. He did his ride of a hundred and fifty miles in marvellously short time, and the ornaments were in time for the ball. When the wife, for whose comfort and pleasure he had so chivalrously acted, died, Mr. Graham was inconsolable. To alleviate his deep-seated melancholy he joined the army as a volunteer. Then commenced his splendid career as a soldier, in which he proved himself one of the most efficient and gallant of Wellington's lieutenants, and fought his way to pension and peerage. Such was the turning point in the history of the late Lord Lynedoch.

It has always struck me that the career of the late Baron Ward, who, from a stable-boy, became Prime Minister of Parma, was a remarkable instance of the union of luck and desert. I abridge an account of him by one who knew him well.

'I cannot tell the exact year in which Ward entered the Duke of Lucca's service—it must have been between 1825 and 1830. He was for some years in the ducal stables, when his cleverness and good conduct attracted the favourable notice of his master. And as he was very fond of the English, he wished to attach Ward more closely to his

immediate service; and notwithstanding his equestrian skill, he decided upon removing him from his stables, and making him his under valet de chambre. Ward owed this promotion entirely to his high character, integrity, and scrupulous English cleanliness. . . . Ward's rise in the service of the Duke of Lucca was extremely gradual, and was the result, not of capricious favour, but of the most well-grounded appreciation of his long-tried worth and his rare intelligence. . . . His extraordinary good sense and practical ability became gradually more and more apparent. The Duke soon began to see that his advice was good in matters far beyond the departments of his stable and of his wardrobe. He accordingly consulted him in many perplexed and difficult cases as they happened to occur; and he invariably found such benefit from the advice of his new counsellor, that he began to regard him as almost infallible. . . . The zeal and address which Ward displayed in the arrangement of some affair procured for him an unbounded influence with his master, who, soon after this, strongly urged him to accept of a portfolio, and to assume the public position of a Minister of State. This proposition Ward refused point blank. . . . The groom was elevated to the post of personal attendant, then of intendant of his stables and household, then of comptroller of his privy purse, then of Minister of State, and, in fact, Prime Minister, with baronial titles and manifold knightly decorations. Such was the elevation to which Ward had ascended at the present epoch of his history. He was the trusted adviser of his master in the knottiest questions of foreign politics, the arbiter of the most difficult points of international policy with other states, and the highest authority in all home affairs. He was one of those men of action who speedily distinguish themselves wherever the game of life is to be played; quick to discern the character of those around him, and prompt to avail himself of their knowledge. Little hampered by the conventionalities which impose

trammels on men born in an elevated station, and refined by elegant breeding, he generally attained his object by a *coup de main* before others had arranged their plans to oppose him. To these qualities, so instrumental to his success, he added a most rugged, unyielding honesty, and a loyal, single-hearted attachment to the person of his prince. Strong in his own conscious rectitude, and in the confiding regard of his sovereign, Ward stood alone and fearless against all the wiles and machinations of his formidable rivals, who, although armed against counter wiles and counter machinations, were quite unprepared against straightforward honesty. . . . One day about this time, when he entered the Duke's room, he found him occupied with a pencil and paper. "Ward," said his Royal Highness, "I am drawing a coat of arms for you. As a mark of the esteem in which you are held by the Duchess as well as myself, you shall have armorial bearings compounded of her arms and my own. I will give you the silver cross of Savoy with the golden fleur de lys of France in dexter chief." With many expressions of gratitude for the honour which was about to be conferred upon him, he asked permission to add something emblematical of his native country; and as he had heard that coats of arms sometimes had supporters, he would like to have the cross of Savoy and the lily of Bourbon supported by English John Bulls. "So be it," said the Duke. "You shall have two bulls regardant for your supporters;" and thus the arms of Baron Ward may be found in "*Burke's Peerage*" among those of Englishmen who have obtained foreign titles:—On a field gules, a cross argent, in the dexter chief, a shield azure, surmounted by a royal crown, and charged with a fleur de lys or; supporters, two bulls regardant proper. . . . In the beginning of the year 1854, Charles III., Duke of Parma, was suddenly removed from this world by a mysterious and violent death. One of the first acts of the Duchess, his widow, forced by its popularity among the subjects of her infant son,

was to depose Baron Ward from his ministry, and send him into banishment. . . . Ward was removed from the evil to come, and was called to exchange this world for a better before the last fatal outburst of ruin upon the family to whom he had devoted the active energies of his virtuous and useful life. After he was so suddenly and so harshly sacrificed by the course of events, and a vain attempt to conciliate popular favour, he entirely retired from public affairs. : Prince Metternich truly characterised him when, after the revolution of 1848, he visited that illustrious minister in his retirement at Brighton, by greeting him as a "Heaven-born diplomatist." . . . He undertook a large farming establishment in the neighbourhood of Vienna, and spent his last few years in the enjoyment of domestic happiness with his wife and children. . . . In 1858 Baron Ward died at the age of forty-nine; and he has left us a memorable example how integrity, talent, and courage can raise a man from the lowest position to ride on the high places of the earth, and to be an honour to his native country.'

The annals of our courts of law are peculiarly affluent in giving instances of luck in families. But here, as elsewhere, what is good luck in one direction, is sure to turn up as bad luck in another. The representatives of the Duke of Kingston, when they obtained the large sum left as a jointure to his widow, famous and handsome Elizabeth Chudleigh, were lucky in proving her former marriage with Lord Bristol: but his Duchess, convicted of bigamy, poor and disgraced, had to retire to Russia, where she lived many years before she died. Earl Talbot was in great luck when, ten years ago, the Shrewsbury titles, which made him Premier Earl of England, were assigned to him, and perhaps in still greater luck when, in the following year, the Shrewsbury estates were also assigned to him. Another remarkable *cause célèbre*, when the vast Bridgewater estates were involved, is one which more directly in-

volved luck. In this case estates to the value of seventy thousand a year were at stake. The Earl of Bridgewater had devised these large estates to Lord Alford, the son of Earl Brownlow, with the proviso that if he died before he had attained the title of Duke or Marquis of Bridgewater, then his heirs should not inherit the estates, but they should pass to the second brother, Charles Henry Cust. Lord Alford died in the life of his father, Earl Brownlow, leaving a son, and without having attained any higher grade in the peerage. Vice-Chancellor Lord Cranworth held that the condition not having been fulfilled, the estates passed away. An appeal was subsequently brought to the House of Lords, that is to say, to those few eminent personages who are known as the law lords, and to whom the House invariably relegates its judicial functions. It is rather interesting and amusing to attend the House of Lords on the occasion of the hearing of an appeal case. Two or three gentlemen in plain clothes are lounging about on the empty seats, paying more or less attention to the monotonous pleading of counsel at the bar, and the vast empty space of the glorious chamber contrasts strongly with the crowded appearance of the narrow section formed by the bar, beyond which none of us dare advance. It must, however, be said that the law lords well earn the five thousand a year pension; and though their body at times rather needs recruiting, and Lord Westbury has a decided tendency to absent himself, its decisions are received with the greatest respect. Their decision in the matter of the Bridgewater estates was decidedly against expectation. The Vice-Chancellor, an eminently sound and careful lawyer, had given it against the child, Lord Alford. The House of Lords submitted a series of questions to their assessors, the judges, and the judges, by a very large preponderance, also gave their voices against the infant. Nevertheless the House of Lords—that is to say Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Truro, and St. Leonards—took a view utterly conflicting with that of the

judges of the land and that of the Vice-Chancellor, who at the time of the appeal had become Lord Chancellor Cranworth. They held that the conditions of the bequest were void, as being against public policy, it being a well-established rule of law that a condition against the public good is illegal and void. All the law lords agreed that the condition was against public policy. They drew pictures, not very flattering, of what ministers might do. A peer of the realm, with seventy thousand a year at stake, might be able to bring mighty inducements and temptations to bear, to which poor human nature must necessarily succumb. Here would be a young nobleman attempting to prescribe to the Crown what should be his exact title, with its conditions and limitations. Such a condition would bring on parties a painful pressure, an irresistible temptation. Lord Alford might be induced to use all kinds of undue means to gain his elevation. A peer was a judge, an adviser of the Crown, a member of the legislature; and conditions such as these, taking men as they were, and human nature as it is, must necessarily have a tendency to fetter a man's free agency. His mind would be bent less upon his duties, and with a less independent bias when his fortunes were at stake upon his promotion. Under these circumstances the four law lords, reversing the opinion of the court below, confirmed Lord Alford in the possession of the estates, by holding those conditions to be void according to the non-fulfilment of which he would incur their forfeiture. A constitutional decision by these great lawyers cannot but be received with respect; and yet Lord Cranworth's argument on the other side is very convincing, and so is the opinion of the judges. The present Earl Brownlow may certainly be considered an extremely lucky man in overthrowing such a body of legal opinions, and through the voice of a legal minority gaining such enormous advantages.

And now let us take another *cause célèbre*. It shall have a stroke of luck in it. One day a man was

lounging about in the grounds of Ashton Hall, the fine old seat of the Smythes. He knew the place well. A near relative of his had been housekeeper there for years. He had made it his business to collect all the information he could respecting the family. The estates attached to the title were very great, producing a rent-roll estimated not far from thirty thousand a year. The lord of these large possessions, in a broken and uncertain state, was ill at the Hall. The day on which this man was prowling about the grounds was destined to be the baronet's last day on earth. The following morning he was found dead in his bed. That this man was in the grounds that day there is no doubt; the fact is proved and is uncontested. A remarkable sort of man, quite middle-aged, with great precision of dress and manner, sallow, iron-grey, dressed in black; one who described himself as a schoolmaster and lecturer, and who looked the character. This was stated—that this eventful evening he sought and obtained an interview with the baronet; that he announced himself as his nephew, the son of his eldest brother by a previous marriage, the rightful heir of the title and estates which he had so long improperly enjoyed. The old man was thrown into such a dreadful state of perturbation, that the visitor added, that his object was to establish his rights for his family, and not to disturb him in possession. The baronet was unable to resist the proofs of relationship, and acknowledged his nephew, giving him a fifty-pound note, and promising to make an arrangement. The shock, however, was too much for him, and he died next morning.

Great doubt was thrown upon the statement whether this man, who called himself Sir Richard Hugh Smythe, and whom his enemies called John Provis, ever had this fatal interview with the baronet. However that may be, at his death the estates passed to his daughter Florence and her issue. The claimant, however, by no means lost sight of his case. He collected a great deal of oral testimony, not forgetting Bible, pictures, seals, rings, certificates calcu-

lated to sustain his cause. He was a poor man, and had no means of pushing his claim. At last lawyers were found who looked favourably on his case, and were willing to stake their money on it. Some mention was made of a bond of twenty thousand pounds; and it was stated that for every pound advanced, there was an annuity to be paid. The case eventually came on for trial at Gloucester, before Mr. Justice Coleridge and a special jury. Mr. Bovill, the present Lord Chief Justice, in the absence of his seniors, Sir F. Kelly and Mr. Keating, conducted the plaintiff's case, and Sir Frederick Thesiger led an army of five counsel for the defendant. The claim was that he was the son of Sir Hugh Smythe, who married Jane, the only daughter of Count Vandenberg, by Jane, daughter of Major Goodkin of Court Macsherry.

Sir Hugh Smythe gave his evidence with the utmost coolness. While his own counsel was examining him there was nothing to check the easy flow of autobiographic narrative. He recounted his earliest impressions: how while under the carpenter's roof of the name of Provis, he was treated like a little lord in the village; how ladies of the highest rank visited him; and how the Marchioness of Bath, when he was only thirteen, gave him fifteen hundred pounds which had belonged to his mother, and various documents necessary to establish his birth. He said that his reputed father, John Provis, of Warminster, a carpenter, gave him a Bible, some jewellery belonging to his mother, his father's portrait, and a brooch marked 'Jane Goodkin.' It was also stated that he was for some time at Winchester School. He gave an account how he had been a lecturer on educational subjects, in this country and abroad, and then turned lecturer on oratory, and actually lectured before the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The truth of this statement was left untested. When, however, the witness got into the hands of Sir Frederick Thesiger, there ensued one of the most memorable and searching cross-examinations known in forensic history. In the first place, the

educational lecturer altogether broke down in his spelling. Asked to spell 'vicissitudes,' he spelt it 'vissicitudes;' and when there was a laugh, he said he could give authority for such spelling in the dictionaries. Asked to spell 'scrutiny,' he spelt it 'screwteny,' and insisted to the judge that many persons spelt it in that way. He spelt 'whom,' 'whome,' and 'set aside,' 'sett asside.' In his speaking he had the curious habit of thus doubling his consonants; and one of the signatures impugned as forgery, was 'Dobbson,' instead of 'Dobson.' This false spelling constantly appeared in the documents, and so impugned their authenticity. He got very restless as Sir Frederick's cross-examination increased in severity. He declared he would say nothing except in answer to a question. He used some insulting expression to counsel. At one time he sat down terrified and exhausted by the process of cross-examination. An anonymous letter was sent to the judge, which he produced in court, urging that he ought not to be unfairly pressed. At six o'clock in the evening the cross-examination was suspended till the following morning.

The next morning a telegraphic despatch reached Sir Frederick Thesiger from town. This was a signal instance of the advantages of publicity in trials and of the facilities afforded by the electric telegraph. It was said that the electric wires hanged John Tawell, and they were almost equally fatal to the cause of the pseudo baronet. A jeweller in Oxford Street sent word that he could give some important information. Messages were interchanged, and Sir Frederick was requested to ask him whether he had not directed the name of Goodkin to be engraved on the brooch. He now completely broke down under examination. He turned very pale, and asked permission to leave the court to recruit himself. Had he done this he might have escaped, and have avoided his coming doom. At last, Sir Frederick put the terrible question whether he had not been in gaol for horse-stealing during some period of eighteen months, of which he had given a

very different account? Then Sir Frederick, taking up the telegraphic message, amid breathless silence, asked him whether he had not directed the name of Goodkin to be engraved on the brooch, by a jeweller in Oxford Street, a short time before? The witness acknowledged that he had. There was the utmost sensation at this avowal. Of course there was an end of the case. There were many more witnesses—about a hundred and thirty, including both sides—to be examined, but this utter failure of the principal witness settled the case. The counsel for the plaintiff threw up their briefs. The unhappy man was immediately ordered into custody by the judge for wilful and corrupt perjury, and was received by a javelin man in a neighbouring apartment. It was stated that there were about eighty witnesses in attendance to disprove every alleged fact in his case; and the Smythe family spent some six thousand pounds in overthrowing this monstrous claim.

He was afterwards tried at Gloucester for forgery, and sentenced to twenty years' transportation. So heavy were the stakes for which he had played—title and fortune on the one hand and transportation on the other. The whole history of this wonderful fabric of deception came out on the criminal trial. The one strange fact was that he certainly had received some education at Winchester College. Otherwise there never was a clearer case of imposture, without even the slenderest basis for the huge superstructure of deceit. His own sister identified him as the plain workman's son. There never had been the least doubt about his name, though he had turned lecturer and assumed another. His career was traced step by step. It was shown that he was a man of bad character, with a large intermixture of the fool, and at one time had been under sentence of death for horse-stealing.

The Shirley family, in the possession of the earldom of Ferrers, and vast estates in Leicestershire and Staffordshire, have made consider-

able contributions to juridical literature. The trial of Lawrence Shirley, the fourth earl, for the murder of his steward, Johnson, is one of the ugliest cases in the ugly literature of murder. My own impression is that Lord Ferrers was mad; but though the plea of insanity is often so successful, yet if a nobleman commits a murder, he is a very unlikely kind of criminal to derive any benefit from it. He appears, like so many other criminals, to have worked himself habitually into fits of passion, in which he hardly was sane. Passion, oftener than anything else, causes murder, and in many more cases it causes death through some sudden access of disease. In this case Lord Ferrers declared that he bore poor Johnson no malice, and did not know what he was doing. He left large legacies, never paid, to the children of his victim, and also made compensation to other persons whom he had injured in fits of passion. The king refused to commute his sentence, but he had the poor satisfaction of going to Tyburn in his own landau, and being hung by a silken rope. His widow became Duchess of Argyll. He was the great-great uncle of the present lord, and it has been stated that a gibbet has been erected in Chartley Wood for the purpose of hanging him in effigy.

A much more pleasing reminiscence of the family of Ferrers is preserved in Mr. T. B. Potter's 'Walks round Loughborough,' and by Sir Bernard Burke, of which we give a *résumé*.

The seventh Earl Ferrers inherited some of that eccentricity of his family, which in the case of one of his line had led to such sad results. Disliking the splendid seat of Staunton Harold, probably from the painful associations connected with it, he erected mansions on other portions of his large estates. Rakedale Hall was one of these, Rateliff Hall was another. He had quarrelled with his only son, the amiable and accomplished Lord Tamworth, and the latter had died without any reconciliation having taken place. One morning a

woman of plebeian appearance came to the Hall, and at first requested, and then being refused, *demande*d an audience of his lordship. She was at last ushered into the study, and she led by the hand a little girl of three years old, for whose support, as the *grandchild* of the earl, she supplicantly pleaded for some assistance. He looked down on the child, and relaxing and relenting, said, "Ay, you have Tamworth's eyes." This likeness to Lord Tamworth, the little one's innocent prattle, and perhaps some compunctious feelings for his late coldness to his son, made a strong impression on the Earl's heart. He took the child on his knee; his stern heart was softened, and from that moment he formed the resolution of adopting her. During his lifetime she never left him, but became the solace of his declining years. He bestowed great pains on her education, and by his will appointed Mr. Charles Godfrey Mundy, of Burton Hall, her sole guardian, with an allowance of three thousand pounds a year for her maintenance during minority, and bequeathed her the beautiful manors of Rakedale, Rateliff, &c., with a large amount of personal property.

'Miss Shirley, as she was always called, was removed to Burton Hall; for she had been entirely separated from her mother, who had married an humble innkeeper of Lyston, receiving a small annuity, on condition that she should not have any intercourse with her daughter.

'One day the mother was brought in by one of the domestics as a visitor; the young ladies pursued their drawing, none of them being at all conscious of any relationship between themselves and the rustic stranger. A picture or two had been described, but the woman's eye could not be diverted; she only saw her daughter, and in her overpowering emotion threw herself on her daughter's neck. The scene need not be described further.

'There was a stipulation in the will of the late Earl, that Miss Shirley should spend three months of every year upon the Continent. During a sojourn in Italy she was

introduced to the young Duke de Sforza, to whom she was afterwards united. The little girl whom I first introduced to the reader in the character of an humble suppliant at the door of Rakedale, is now the Duchess de Sforza, wife of one of the most distinguished men in Europe, and owner of Rakedale Hall itself, and the fine estates that surround it. The Duke and Duchess reside on the Duke's ancestral home in Romagna. They rarely visit England.

'Three or four years ago, a stranger and his wife were observed sketching, for several days in succession, the remarkable ancient manor house of the Shirleys, called Rakedale Old Hall.

'Even the children of the village learned to love the strangers for their gentle manners, and still more, perhaps, for the presents that were bestowed upon them; and there was a universal gloom in the village, when "the artist and his wife announced that they would not return again." The morning after their departure a letter was received by the principal farmer, "conveying grateful thanks to the inhabitants for their kind and hospitable attentions, and enclosing a cheque for a handsome sum for distribution among the cottagers and their children." The letter destroyed the incognito. The artist and his wife were the Duke and Duchess de Sforza. In the summer of 1861, an antiquary rambling in North Leicestershire, was induced to visit this secluded hamlet, a few miles east of Melton Mowbray. He had been attracted to this spot by the fame of the old Hall as a remarkably fine specimen of Jacobean architecture. He was descending the hill that overhangs the village, when groups of well-dressed rustics met his eye. The word welcome, too, affixed in flowers on an arch that spanned the entrance to the Hall, gave sign of rejoicing. "What holiday are you celebrating?" said my antiquarian friend to the civil rustic who opened the gate. "It's the visit of the Duchess," was the reply; "and there she comes," said he, pointing to a carriage descending the hill.

'A loud shout proceeded from the rustics, and the two bells of the little chapel adjoining the Hall at once began to jingle the best peal the dual could produce. The carriage entered the Hall gates, and a lady of middle age was handed out by a soldier-like young man who accompanied her. With bare heads the farmers and labourers made their best bows to the Duchess and her son.'

The last judicial appearance made by any of the Shirley family was that famous Breach of Promise of Marriage case brought by Miss Mary Elizabeth Smith against Washington, Earl Ferrers. There was a great deal of mystery about this case; and although the plaintiff's case entirely broke down, and the Solicitor-General (Sir Fitzroy Kelly) elected to be nonsuited, yet many facts were left unexplained. The plaintiff afterwards published a pamphlet on the subject, which, in the eyes of her friends, would make considerable excuses for her conduct. On the very night before the trial came on she was pressed by the Solicitor-General and her other counsel in the strongest way, and she was told, that if she had any sort of reservation or deception on her mind it would certainly be detected, and she would at once lose her cause; and she was told that the abandonment of proceedings would be infinitely less painful than the consequent degradation. Still she persevered, and her friends supported her with their full credence. There is no doubt that she and Lord Ferrers had known each other when boy and girl in the same village. After they had been separated for years, Lord Ferrers received an anonymous letter, advising him to go to a ball at Tamworth: 'There will, to my knowledge, be a young lady at the ball whom I wish you to see and dance with. She is very beautiful, has dark hair and eyes—in short, she is haughty and graceful as a Spaniard, tall and majestic as a Circassian, beautiful as an Italian;

I can say no more.' Four letters in this strain were produced in court. Sir Frederick Thesiger, in the course of one of his most adroit and successful cross-examinations, showed through the young lady's mother that these letters must have been written by her daughter, the plaintiff. On this point it was that her case broke down. It was also suggested by Sir Frederick that the love-letters, purporting to be Lord Ferrers', but which by no possibility could be his, were forged by the plaintiff. In her pamphlet Miss Smith acknowledged that these four silly romantic letters were written by her, with a view of bringing about a renewal of old acquaintance, but she altogether denies that her confession of this fact involves the rejection of her case. It is a fact worth mentioning that her leading counsel, the Solicitor-General, was absent almost entirely during the progress of the cause. Miss Smith declares that if the individual whom she repeatedly met—and there was some confirmatory evidence of this statement—was not Lord Ferrers, there was some one who was like him, and who assumed his name. It is of course possible that some personation of this kind might have been effected. It was made clearer than sunlight that Lord Ferrers had run the chance of being made the victim of a conspiracy. Possibly she may have been made the dupe of some designing person acquainted with the previous circumstances and her romantic disposition. Perhaps, also, at an age when the judgment is unripe, and the temperament least governed, she may have been influenced by passion and ambition, and that abnormal cunning which under such circumstances is often developed in the young. Let us hope that in either case the errors of youth were atoned for by a useful and well-balanced life. At any rate, this remarkable trial forms a curious chapter in family history, and the vicissitudes of the cause give us some singular illustrations of Luck.

THE PEARL OF THE COURT.

BEAUTY, as the poets sing,
 In the vales of life is found,
 Hidden sweetness, violets hid
 'Twixt the leafage and the ground.

Worthy of divinest song,
 So divinest singers tell,
 Are these Chloes of the plain,¹
 These Dorindas of the dell.

Sunny locks about them float,
 Blue as summer beam their eyes,
 Roses freshen in their cheeks,
 Aromatic are their sighs.

Happy poets, who to song¹
 Can their hearts melodious break,
 For the beauty that they find,
 And the beauty that they make!

Not by unanointed eyes
 Are these sylvan Phrynes seen;
 Humble birth for most implies
 Homely face and awkward mien.

Hidden blossoms there may be,
 Gems of hedgerow and of field;
 But the gem of the parterre
 Only the parterre can yield.

Rosy is the Queen of May,
 While the rustics round her sport;
 But the village Pearl would ill
 Match the Pearl of all the Court.

Look upon her queenly brow,
 Note the wonder of her face,
 Its inimitable lines,
 Its incomparable grace!

Eyes of the Immortals gaze
 From those lids on things of earth,
 With a sadness of the soul,
 Half the heritage of birth.

Perfect beauty such as this
 Centuries alone could give;
 All the charms of all her race
 In herself reflected live.

Latest bloom of longest line;
 Rival beauty there may be,
 But the perfect blossom crowns
 Only the ancestral tree.



Drawn by M. A. Boyd.]

THE PEARL OF THE COURT.

[See the Poem.

RAWDON'S RAID.

A Story of the Snow.

By 'RUY.'

I.

IN THE LOOSE BOX.

THE ancient ostler of 'The Jocelyn Arms' led the way across the hard-frozen stable-yard to the loose-box in the corner; the two men from the Court followed.

'Fyle have gone out, Major,' old Spavin grunted to the elder of the pair; 'but he said 'twere likely you'd be down to see the mare; and so he left the key with me.'

'All right!' the Major nodded between two little blue clouds of Caven-dish. 'Yes; I've brought down Mr. Jocelyn to look at her. Let Fyle know I'm here when he comes back, will you?' he added when the old man had unlocked the creaking door.

Mr. Spavin took the hint, and his departure. The Major and his friend, Dick Jocelyn, passed into the well-warmed and littered loose-box.

'There she is, Dick! the mare's owner remarked when the biting breath of that bitter winter's day had been shut out once more; 'there she is! Worth coming here to look at, ain't she?'

Dick Jocelyn, usually a man of few words, wagged his handsome head affirmatively. The mare was rubbing hers, with a low whining of delight against the Major's shoulder.

'Ah! Lucia, *mia bella*,' Rawdon Daringham apostrophised his pet, patting her glossy neck; 'you'll show them the way to-night, won't you?'

Lucia dropped her ears, and whinnied again for answer. The Hussar looked meaningly in his companion's face as he whistled a bar of 'Young Lochinvar.' Dick Jocelyn seemed to understand, and responded with an eloquent grin.

Then, from sheer habit, the two fell to discussing the mare's points for the next five minutes, offering sacrifice, as it were, to the *genius loci*. For both were thinking about a very different matter all the time. At last they made an end of that; and were standing, the one leaning against the manger, the other against the wall, meeting each other's eyes, very much like a pair of Augurs.

'Well!' Dick Jocelyn said, breaking the silence with rather an injured air at its being left to his taciturn self to

break it; 'you'll have to do it, you know!'

'I think so,' Daringham responded; 'shortest way, and best way, too. She couldn't stand another week of this *tutor's* persecution. And I don't see how else I'm to put a stop to it, unless I have a row with him: which would be a bore, and might do no good after all.'

'Make it all the worse!' Dick affirmed. 'Jeff wouldn't fight *you*, you know; and he'd simply take it out of *her*, the cad!'

Daringham's dark face grew darker, and his teeth closed ominously hard on the thick grey amber between them.

'I know that,' he said; 'I know that, Dick. That's what has made me quiet with the fellow so long. But that was before I knew she hated him, and—you understand?'

Jocelyn nodded. The other went on.

'Now it's different. I've a right now to interfere, if he annoys her; and I mean to, once for all. Only, as you say, the man won't fight; and I shall put it out of his power to revenge himself on her. There's only one way to do it, and that's this.'

Dick signified assent in his favourite fashion.

'Of course,' Daringham continued, 'I'm sorry to cause any annoyance to Lady Hope; to have to upset her plans, and deprive her of her chosen *beautifils*; but, under the circumstances, I don't see what else we're to do, your cousin and I. Lady Hope, you know, does me the honour to hate me very cordially. Natural enough she should when Mr. Marsden is her standard of perfection. I should have, as far as she is concerned, no chance whatever of winning in the usual way. Now, I happen to have set my heart on winning this time, Marsden or no Marsden; and I simply mean to adopt my lady's motto, "Every one for himself," and act accordingly.'

Rawdon pointed his words by a few more bars of 'Young Lochinvar,' while he knocked the tobacco-ash from the brown meerschaum bowl.

'Fancy I see the "puir fulish bride-

groom's" expressive countenance when he discovers you've bolted!" the grinning Dick felt constrained to say. "It was a simply heavenly idea of mine, this!"

He chuckled fondly over the 'heavenly idea,' and the vision he had conjured up, for a minute or two. Then, relapsing into his wonted impassability of demeanour, he inquired—

'To-night, eh?'

'That depends,' the other answered, 'on Fyle's report. I've sent him over to the Ashbridge Station to know if they will try and get the Paris Mail through to-night. The line's blocked heavily between Ashbridge and Dover; but as they've been at work for the last two days, and there has been no wind to-day to make a fresh drift, there *is* just the chance they will manage it. If they do, we're all right: if they don't, *partie remise*, that's all!"

'You're a jolly cool hand, Don!' Dick muttered, admiringly. 'Said anything to *her* yet?"

'Not advisable, till I've seen Fyle. No use in troubling her before her time, poor child! But I've had a little conversation with Mademoiselle Fanchon, who quite understands what she's got to do, and will be only too delighted to do it. The notion of a trip to Paris won her at once.'

'Good girl that,' observed Dick; 'hates old Jeff like poison, too.'

'Most women generally *do* manage to hate Mr. Marsden, somehow,' Rawdon responded. 'Like most men. Well, Fanchon is all right, and will see about the baggage. She'll join us at Ashbridge under Fyle's escort, if the business is to be done to-night.'

'And the way we arranged holds good?"

'Barring accidents, or anything unforeseen in Fyle's report presently—yes. There's some one riding into the yard now. He's come back I dare say.'

The Major pushed open the door and looked out.

'I thought so, Dick,' he said. 'Here he is.'

A man in a groom's undress, with 'soldier' stamped upon him unmistakably, was swinging himself off his horse, and bawling for Mr. Spavin.

'Here, Fyle!' Rawdon called, as the ancient ostler came shivering and shambling out of the warm tap-room, and took the Hussar's bridle. Mr. Fyle turned, made his appearance in Lucia's loose-box the next minute, and, subsequently, his soldier-like report. The line would be clear enough of snow, the Ash-

bridge stationmaster had told him, by an early hour the next morning to admit of an attempt, at all events, being made to get the long-delayed Paris Mail through to Dover, supposing, of course, no fresh fall took place and no wind came on to occasion a fresh drift. The Mail was expected, in such case, to reach Ashbridge about four A.M.: and Mr. Fyle had taken upon himself to secure a compartment for his master. Below Ashbridge the rails were reported free; so that if the train got as far as that station there was no likelihood of its being blocked up again further on.

On this Mr. Fyle had certain orders given him; and then Rawdon Daringham, Major of 'Ours,' and his friend, Dick Jocelyn the Guardsman, walked, talking rather earnestly together, through the straggling street of the little Kentish village where the last red rays of the wintry afternoon sun were gleaming on frosted window-panes, and so through the lower lodge-gates and the long avenue of snow-draped elms back to Dane Court.

Ex-private John Fyle watched them a brief while, stroking his moustache as he had seen his master stroke his.

'Ah!' he thought aloud, as he turned away; 'that's the Major's little game, is it? And a very pretty little game too!'

II.

SEULE À SEULE.

'Hilda! You love him?"

'Oh! Helen.'

Miss Jocelyn's confession in two words, made with such a piteous little sigh, such a tell-tale hiding of a blush-rose face in her confessor's lap! The said confessor looked grave, but stroked the penitent's fair hair fondly and forgivingly enough, notwithstanding.

Then there was silence for a space in that little chamber where the cousins sat that wintry gloaming over the log-fire. Cousin Helen's room, they called it at Dane Court. It looked over the lawn upon the park, and the great elms of the Long Avenue; up which Dick Jocelyn and his friend were walking just then, after their visit to Lucia's loose-box.

It was of one of those two out there in the snow that Helen Carew and Hilda Jocelyn had been talking for the last half-hour. Till their talk had ended in that last question and answer we have overheard. It began again, of course, in a minute or two. Naturally it couldn't be let to die there.

'My poor darling!' Helen said, bend-

ing over the golden head nestling in the folds of her dress. 'Since when?'

'Always, I think. Always, since that first night I saw him. Oh! Nell, I couldn't help it!' As though the child anticipated rebuke, and were trying to deprecate it.

But the other hadn't, apparently, the heart to be hard with the criminal. Nay, she bent over her pet closer, and put her hands under the criminal's cheek and chin, and lifted up the flushed, tear-stained little face, and kissed it. That kiss was absolution in full. Hilda felt that; so the tears fell faster. Helen let them have their way a while before she said—

'That was six months ago, Mignonne. I remember; at that ball at Princes Gate. Dick brought him there. Just after you had let them tie you to the other it must have been. Oh! Hilda, why did you ever let them?'

As if Mignonne had ever had a chance against mamma! That match between her daughter and Jeffery Marsden, the City banker, had been a pet project of Lady Hope's always; it was so likely any objection on the child's part to the arrangement would have carried weight! My lady's word, as she proclaimed to all the world, was law; Hilda had never in all her life dared dream of disobedience. As she told her confessor now.

'What could I do?' she pleaded. 'Mamma said I was to take him; and he asked me—oh! Nell, his cold hard voice made me shiver!—and I did as I was told. And then he came—Rawdon. And then I knew what I had done. We went away to Homburg, mamma and I; and I tried not to think about him. It was no use, Nell. He came to Homburg, too, with Dick. Mamma was terribly angry with me because he did. And I deserved it, for I was so happy! He never said a word to me anybody mightn't have heard; but I thought—but I *knew* he cared for me before we went away. I don't know whether Mr. Marsden fancied anything; but in his icy way I know he hated him. Mamma said cruel things to me about him. I didn't mind; I was so happy—happy in such a strange painful way, dear!—to think he cared for me, my brave, strong Rawdon! Then we came home. Oh! Nell, I thought I should have died that night I said good-bye to him; the last night I should ever see him, perhaps! We came home. I think if I hadn't got ill, and you hadn't come down here to nurse me and fight for me, mamma would have had me married to Mr. Marsden in the autumn. As

it was, I got a respite till now. And now I can't do it! I won't do it!' poor Hilda sobbed out.

The elder girl's soft voice and loving hands soothed her tenderly.

'I begin to think you mustn't, Mignonne,' Helen said. 'And if you mustn't, you shan't! But let me hear the end of it. How came Major Daringham down here this Christmas?'

Mignonne smiled through her tears.

'Dick brought him again,' she answered. 'Dear old Dick! He's been so good to me, in his quiet, cool fashion, all through. I think he and Rawdon are bosom-friends, you know, like you and me; they've no secrets from each other; and——'

'I see!' Helen nodded. 'And, moreover, Dick detests the Cæsus. Yes; I quite understand.'

'And you know,' Hilda went on, 'Mamma never quarrels with him, somehow; and Dane Court really belongs to him; so when she found Rawdon in the drawing-room one day, just before you came back, dressed for dinner, and Dick told her he'd brought him down for the shooting, why, she had to accept the situation. Only she wrote off to Mr. Marsden, I think, to come down too, a fortnight sooner than had been arranged. And before he came——'

Mignonne made pause here. The fair little face paled and flushed; the golden head began to droop again. It was clear enough to Miss Carew what had happened before Jeff Marsden came.

'He spoke to you? You let him, Mignonne?'

'Let him! Do you think I could stop him, Helen? I hadn't the power—nor the will, perhaps. Yes, he did speak to me; he did tell me he loved me! And I listened to him.'

She lifted her head up, with a sudden, proud little gesture, and looked her questioner fairly in the eyes.

'I listened to him,' she went on; 'listened to every word that made me thrill, and shiver, and grow faint—to every low passionate word he spoke, as you would never think his voice could speak. He loved me, my own! His own lips were telling me so; how could I not listen? I was his, he said; no other man's. His own—was it not so? Ah! he had no need to ask. I *was* his! I *am* his; not this other man's.'

Passion transformed the child's face so that there was upon it something of my lady's 'determined' look while she spoke those last words.

'You never can be the other man's now, Mignonne,' Helen said, presently, when the Major's wooing had been cir-

cumstantially described, and there were no more questions to be asked. 'But you must tell Aunt Hope what has happened.'

'Tell mamma? I daren't, Helen. She's set her heart on my marrying her Cœsus. And, besides, she can't bear Rawdon.'

'For all that, if you don't tell her, Rawdon must. Or I. I'm not afraid of her.'

'But Rawdon says she mustn't be told yet. Nor Mr. Marsden.'

'Yet? Have you forgotten what this day fortnight was to have been?' Mignonne gave a little shudder. 'You would have been Mrs. Marsden by this time, poor child! He thinks you are to be, still. He's a right to think so, Hilda, till you tell him you've changed your mind. And you must tell him.'

Hilda shook her head.

'Don says no!' she replied, dutifully. 'He says Mamma is too strong against us as it is.'

'What are you going to do, then?' Miss Carew asked, rather impatiently.

'Whatever Don tells me, dear,' Mignonne said. 'I leave it all to him.'

'I must have a little talk with this autocratic Don,' Helen said to herself.

There came a knock at the door.

'May I come in, Helen?' Dick Jocelyn's voice asked.

'Of course,' Helen answered; and Dick entered.

He went straight up to the log-fire and stirred it into a blaze. Then he leaned tranquilly against the low mantelpiece and warmed himself.

'Cold, ain't it?' he said. 'Come in to tell you we've arranged about the sledges for to-night. Don will drive one of you; and I the other. I've told my lady about it.'

'What did she say?' questioned Helen, glancing at Hilda.

'Objected, of course. She always objects, you know. However, I managed to convince her that she couldn't get more than four people into the carriage—herself, old Jeff, and the two Pierrepont women. She couldn't very well offer to send *them* in a sledge; besides Don and I wouldn't have 'em at any price. We don't mind driving you two. I told my lady so.'

'On n'est plus flatteur, Monsieur!'

'No, is one? Well; my lady suggested the carriage should come back for you. I said she might think herself lucky if it got her to the Boodles' on a night like this, with the snow drifted a dozen feet deep, at all. Then she wouldn't go. Needn't I told her; but *we* meant to go—you should have

seen old Jeff's face, when I said that Hilda!—for the fun of the thing. And, besides, what would the Boodles think if she stopped away, when they came to her with four horses and a snow-plough? At last she dropped into my plan. You and Hilda are to be sleighed over. Old Jeff, it seems, has more confidence in my skill than in Don's, so I'm to take Mignonne, and you'll have to trust yourself to him.'

'Oh!' remarked Helen, seeing an opportunity for her little tale.

'Yes,' Dick returned. 'Crumple your ball-dresses a bit the buffalo-robies will; but it's the only way of getting there to-night, I do believe. Suppose you want to go?'

'Yes, of course!' both girls cried, quickly.

'All right, then. Start at ten. Don's had a mare he had in Canada sent over from the Barracks expressly for the occasion; and it's a splendid night.'

Dick moved away from the mantelpiece as if he were going. Instead of that, however, he dropped into a chair, as though the unwonted eloquence he had indulged in had knocked him up. He smoothed Hilda's golden hair rather more fondly than usual, too, as he said:

'Go and get me a rosebud for my coat out of the conservatory, Mignonne, will you?'

She looked up at him inquiringly. He drew her head closer, and whispered in her ear. A stage whisper, though; Helen heard what he said.

'Don's there, darling! My lady's dressing; so are the other women; and old Jeff's writing in the library for his life to save the post. Don wants to speak to you.'

She gave a little cry, and ran out of the room.

'Dick!' Helen said, reproachfully.

'Pooh!' returned that individual. 'Hasn't she been telling you all about it? Thought so. And you don't suppose I'm going to let her marry that grey old icicle, Jeff Marsden, do you? I'd have stopped that little game of my lady's at first if I'd been on the spot. I'm going to stop it now. Awful fun, it'll be!'

'What do you mean?'

'Going to tell you. You're a sensible girl, Helen, and worth the trouble. Sit down and listen.'

Miss Carew sat down, and did listen. Dick began to unfold a conspiracy. When the dressing-bell rang Mignonne hadn't come back, and Dick was talking away still.

III.

‘THE BOODLES’ BALL.

‘I think it a most objectionable proceeding, and I repeat that it is my wish that you do not go!’

He who spoke was a grim, gaunt, grizzled personage, with a voice that grated on your nerves like a handsaw; with thin, bloodless lips and freezing, steel-blue eyes; clothed in severe evening-dress; in a choking collar and a creaking cravat, and a decidedly bad temper. He was Jeffrey Marsden, banker, of Lombard Street and Rotherhampton; and, having managed to catch her alone for five minutes in the Dane Court drawing-room before the expedition started for the Boodles’ ball, he was haranguing the fair-haired child whom he counted on having in another fortnight undisputed right to harangue for the rest of her natural life, in his most autocratic manner, though with hardly the same effect as usual.

Hilda stood where he had stopped her, rather pale, and with her little gloved hands clasped tight upon each other; but neither trembling nor submissive.

‘My wish, my request, that you give up this ball, under the circumstances!’ enunciated the Croesus, after an emphatic pause, and setting down his empty coffee cup.

‘Give up this ball?’ Hilda repeated—and he was vaguely conscious that she spoke in a different way somehow, to her usual one towards himself—‘Why?’

Marsden looked at her over the creaking cravat as one who finds a difficulty in understanding what he hears; or fancies he can scarcely hear aright.

‘I beg your pardon,’ he said in his most icily-rasping tone; ‘you asked me—?’

‘I asked you why I should give up this ball?’

She met his hard eyes quite steadily. He looked at her in real surprise.

‘Did you not hear me say it was my wish, my request? You can require no better reason.’

‘A plainer one, at all events.’

‘Hilda!’

He had never called her by her name half a dozen times in his life; he was only startled into doing so now. What had come to her that she dared speak in this way; dared meet his rebuking glance so—yes, so defiantly? He must put an end to this once for all.

His thin lips shut close together once

or twice. Then he said, with his most offensively authoritative air:

‘You oblige me to lay my commands upon you not to go.’

He was preparing to stalk gravely to a chair, or out of the room, when she spoke again, still in that same changed voice.

‘You have no right to do that!’ Hilda said.

‘No right?’ he repeated, mechanically.

‘No. No right to “command” me not to go. No right to “command” me at all. No right to speak to me as you do speak. No right to tell me at the last moment that I am not to go to-night, for no better reason than to parade your authority over me—an authority to which you have no right either.’

He turned very white, but stood speechless. She went on.

‘An authority you claim, I know; but which you have done nothing to gain. What have you ever been at the pains to win from me? And now you “command” me! It is too late!’

Flat rebellion this, beyond question. Fool that he was to try and crush it with the heavy hand as he thought he could do!

‘Enough, if you please!’ he said, with what he flattered himself was irresistible severity; ‘I can listen to no more of this. Once more, and for the last time, I distinctly and formally forbid your going to this ball to-night. Be good enough to let that suffice.’

How little he knew what he was really doing at that moment! Couldn’t he almost see, though, in the face she turned towards him?

‘It shall suffice!’ she said. ‘Distinctly and formally I refuse to be forbidden. For the last time, as you say.’

Before he could find his voice again, there came a sound of other voices from beyond the *portières*. The other women had come down. This pleasant little *tête-à-tête* was going to be interrupted. And she had defied him! This penniless child he thought he had broken so thoroughly to his hand had defied him, Jeffrey Marsden, the millionaire, who had actually condescended to ask her to be his wife! What did it mean? What could have come to her? And what was he to do? She had set his express commands at naught; she evidently was determined to have her own way and go.

His cold blood ran almost warm under the sense of his defeat. But he was so utterly taken by surprise that he could only mutter awkwardly enough

something about 'Lady Hope,' and 'to-morrow,' before the others were in the room. To-morrow! He remembered afterwards the smile that crossed the girl's pale face when he talked of that.

'What's been the matter, Mignonne?' Helen whispered as she came up to Hilda by the fire, and Marsden stalked away stridently in his varnished boots.

'Have you told him?'

Hilda shook her head.

'He has been telling me that I wasn't to go to-night, that's all,' she answered. 'Ordered me not to go. And, as he said, for the last time!'

'Now then!' Dick Jocelyn broke in; 'come and be wrapped up, you two. Lady Jocelyn's carriage stops the way. Perhaps you'll give my lady your arm, Marsden. Don and I will see after the girls.'

'Really, Richard,' began that 'faded beauty of the baths,' Lady Hope, 'I think they'd better let the carriage come back for them!'

'Wait till it gets there, first, *chère tante!* You don't know what the roads are like to-night. Better let us come back for you. But don't keep the horses standing, if you mean to go, I advise you. Now, Marsden, look alive, will you?' the irreverent youth went on. 'Ah! here's Don, in his Canadian get up.'

Rawdon came in with a fur pelisse over his ball dress, and another over his arm.

'I think this won't crush you very much, Miss Jocelyn,' he said, in his tranquil way, going straight up to Hilda; 'it's very warm, and very light. Let me put it on for you.' He wrapped the glossy seal skins about her tenderly, under Marsden's hostile eyes and my lady's.

The Lombard Street plutocrat cared as much, I verily believe, for the girl as he could care for anything but himself; though to 'form' her for his wife he had, in his eternal self-assertion, tyrannized over her till she simply hated him; and, seeing another perform what should have been his duty—watching her face when she met Rawdon's look—a feeling of simple dislike he had always been conscious of for the Sabreur grew sharply into a stronger, and to him a very strange one—jealousy. Yes; Jeffrey Marsden hated the man jealously now. Was it he who had undermined his authority over his future wife? Did he actually dare to—

He tries to stifle that half-formed thought his overweening pride revolted at so angrily.

'But there shall be no more of this!' he said to himself as he led Lady Hope out to the carriage. The Pierrepont women and the other four followed.

Dick was right about the night; it was splendid. Clear, calm, moonlit; with the thermometer down a dozen degrees below zero. A sparkling snow mantle covered the deer-park and the hills beyond; feather flakes of snow draped every tree. Just the night for a sleigh drive, as Dick remarked.

The two sleighs were waiting just behind my lady's family ark of a carriage. Lucia's silver collar-bells rang out musically as the mare tossed her head and snorted, hearing her master's voice.

'Keep close to us, Richard,' my lady said, as she settled herself in her corner; 'and take care of Hilda, mind!' The family ark moved on a little and then waited till the others were ready.

Dick Jocelyn lifted his charge in his strong arms and carried her down the steps to her place in his own sleigh, and rolled the great buffalo-robe round her. Miss Carew followed, on the foot-cloth, under Don's escort.

'All right?' Dick inquired, taking his reins.

'All right!' came from the rear.

'Go on, Johnson!' And the expedition started.

The great ark lumbered along, with a tortoise-like deliberation; the two sleighs slid smoothly after. Down the Long Avenue, through the Lodge gates, out into the iron-bound road, with a wall of snow a dozen feet high on either side, stretching and winding away yonder like a narrow white riband.

In the ark, the Pierrepont women did all the talking; my lady was sulky with cold, and Marsden sulky with wrath.

'Well, Mignonne!' Dick said presently to his silent companion; 'it's all settled, ain't it?'

'Oh! Dick,' she whispered out of her furs, 'how can I?'

'You will, though!' was the wise youth's mental reply.

'And so, my dear Miss Carew,' was how Don finished a long answer to certain objections—urged, half of them, it must be confessed, merely *pro forma*—which Helen had raised. 'And so, I really don't see what else we are to do. Do you now? Hilda's no chance with my lady if she stays here; nor have I. They'll marry her to this—this man, Marsden. Think what that would be for both of us! My plan saves us both. Everything's arranged. If she says yes, you won't say no?'

I don't think Miss Carew did.
In due time the Dane Court expedition arrived at Boodle Park.

IV.

'NUMBER NINETEEN.'

Three A.M. The Boodles' ball began to manifest symptoms of dissolution. Paterfamilias, with a ten or fifteen-mile drive before him through cross-country roads where the snow was up to his horses' withers in places, began to growl and look at his watch; Materfamilias, supped and sleepy, began to cluck impatiently to gather her brood round her out of the *mêlée*. The circle was getting freer, and the pace too. The band of the 'County Crushers,' rather wild and uncertain in its *tempo*, had just commenced attacking the last valse, number nineteen.

Rawdon and Dick Jocelyn were standing together near the doorway. Marsden had that moment stalked out between them. They could hear him asking about Lady Hope's carriage in the hall; my lady was going.

'Ain't much time to lose, Don,' Dick said in the other's ear; 'my lady'll carry her off directly. Better go and get your valse, hadn't you? She's looking for you, you know.'

Hilda was looking for him, as, pale with some unusual excitement, she stood beside my lady, with her trembling little hand clinging secretly to Helen's. The three were at the upper end of the room, where Marsden had left them to order up the ark; and couldn't see Don in the doorway.

'Time enough,' the latter replied, coolly, to Dick's suggestion; 'I'm waiting for—ah! here it is—a despatch from Fyle.'

A servant gave him an envelope, sealed, and with his name scrawled upon it in pencil.

'Boy's just brought this for you from Ashbridge, sir,' George explained: 'You were to have it immediate, he said.'

'All right.'

Don tore open the missive, glanced at the single line in Fyle's writing it contained, and passed it to Dick.

'Baggage and us is here,' wrote Mr. Fyle; 'line clear,—Mail expected at four.'

'Admirable!' Dick ejaculated, grinning. "'Us' means Fanchon and himself, I suppose. But you must look sharp, old man. It's three now.'

'I know. But Lucia will do the five miles in less than twenty minutes; and I

don't want to have to wait at Ashbridge, you understand. Now, look here—you have the sleigh all ready at the half-hour. At five-and-twenty past, just show yourself here in this doorway. I shall be waltzing with her, and looking out for you. When I see you I'll stop, and get her out of the room in the general scrimmage without being noticed. Then on with those sealskin swaddling-clothes; into the sleigh; and—*fouette cocher!* We ought to be half-way to Calais before any one but you and Miss Carew's the wiser. Understand?'

'All right!' Dick nodded. 'But, I say, Don, she won't hang back at the last moment, eh? It's now or never for you, you know. You won't get a chance like this again. And women are queer cattle.'

'I don't think she will,' Rawdon said, looking up the room towards her. 'She might under other circumstances, perhaps; but not now. Marsden has managed matters too well for that. The pompous bully would drive a woman to anything. He was hectoring her about coming here to-night before we started, just as if she didn't hate him already! The man's been playing my game all through; my last move will checkmate him. It's time to play it. You've ten minutes to see to the sleigh; and I to dance number nineteen. Go along, old boy!'

'Now tread me a measure, quoth young Lochinvar,'" hummed Dick, as he turned to go. 'Wonder whether he's ever heard of that song, old —? Ah! beg your pardon, Marsden,' he ejaculated with unwonted civility, as he ran against the Croesus, returning from his hunt for Lady Hope's carriage. 'Hope I didn't hurt you? All right, Don!'

And the Guardsman moved off to fulfil his part in the plot, chuckling at intervals over old Jeff's approaching discomfiture. Rawdon went straight towards Hilda. Marsden followed.

'Well, dear,' Helen whispered in her cousin's ear rather anxiously, 'will you?'

A pressure of the hand she clung to was all the other's answer. Then Helen felt her start nervously, and saw her turn pale, and then flush feverishly. She had caught sight of Don making his way round the outside of the circle to where they three were still standing. Miss Carew's own pulse quickened sharply. The decisive moment was all but come.

'Where can Mr. Marsden be?' snapped Lady Hope, querulously. 'What a time he is, seeing about the carriage! Ah! there he is, at last.'

There he was, close behind Rawdon; whom Lady Hope overlooked till she heard him speaking to Hilda.

'Number nineteen,' Don was saying; 'our valise, you know, Miss Jocelyn.'

Poor child! How much those quiet, commonplace words meant to her! The crisis had arrived. If she took his arm now she gave consent to that plan for saving her he had proposed. If she refused it—what was left to her?

'You had better let me take you to the cloak-room, I think,' rasped Marsden's saw of a voice, wonderfully *à propos*; 'the carriage will be ready directly, I believe,' it added, as the speaker turned to my lady.

'Then we had better go,' Lady Hope assented. 'Will you take Hilda?'

This was pointedly at Rawdon, who showed no signs of giving way. Marsden advanced a little. It was with his most insufferable air of proprietorship that he thought fit to say—

'Excuse me, Major Daringham. Now, Hilda, come!' And he put his arm out stiffly for her to take.

As Don had said, the man couldn't help playing his opponent's game. That *tête-à-tête* in the drawing-room at Dane Court just now, even, hadn't taught him better than to take this tone to the girl a second time that night. He fancied, perhaps, that with my lady to back him, she must submit to him this time, and give him a pleasant triumph over the man he hated. So his tone and manner towards her were simply unbearable. If she ever had hesitated, hesitation was past now. If he ever could have kept her, he had lost her in that moment. She lifted her head; her eyes met Don's; and Don read her decision plainly in them.

A light came suddenly into his; but it was in his usual impassible fashion that he struck in, sure of winning now.

'Afraid I can't forego my engagement, and lose number nineteen, if Miss Jocelyn decides for me,' he said. 'I don't think the carriage can get up for ten minutes or so, you know, Lady Hope,' he added, blandly; 'and so—'

'Excuse me,' Marsden said, with his severest, iciest hauteur; 'but Miss Jocelyn really cannot—'

Hilda put her hand on Rawdon's arm at the 'cannot.'

'I decide for number nineteen, at all events,' she answered, just in the way she had answered him before the ball. The child's blue eyes looked at him again in that defiant way that had so angered him then. Marsden bit his thin lips, and looked at my lady. My lady looked fairly astonished for once.

'Really, Hilda——' she was beginning in her 'punishment' tone.

Hilda shook her head.

'I have promised, mamma. It is too late.'

Then a quick whisper in Helen's ear: 'Good-bye, darling Nell!' And before the others could speak again Rawdon had carried her off.

'My own Hilda now?' he said to her when his arms were round her in that last valise. 'You will trust yourself to me, darling?'

'Oh! Don, take me away!' she answered, passionately. 'Take me away from him. Anywhere with you!'

He made no reply, in words; and she had no more to tell him after that.

Round and round they swept; past my lady's angry eyes, and Marsden's scowling face, again and again. Each time they went by the doorway, Rawdon looked for Dick Jocelyn's signal that all was ready for the raid. At last, Dick appeared.

'Now for it!' muttered Don. He checked his partner, and brought her up close to where Jocelyn was waiting. It was a trying moment; fortunately it was *but* a moment. All passed so quickly that poor trembling little Hilda had no time to break down.

Rawdon got her through the little crowd near the door without notice. Then she was in the hall, and Dick was wrapping the furs about her.

'Good-bye, my pet!' he said to her, rather touched at the sight of her white, wistful face: 'Good-bye, Mignonne! Take care of her, Don!'

Then she was going down the steps into the icy air, holding Don's arm. Out of the ruck of carriages, the sleigh and Lucia were waiting. Then Don, muffled in his pelisse, was lifting her into her seat; then Lucia (without her silver *grelots* this time) was whirling her swiftly down the frozen drive; and Daringham of 'Ours' had fairly carried off old Marsden's *fiancée*. Dick, on the steps, turned to his own man, who, suspecting nothing, was watching Rawdon's raid, mechanically.

'You'd better get my sleigh up, Tom,' he remarked; 'we shall all be starting directly. Well! it's done,' he soliloquized, as the man went off on his errand; 'I'm devilish glad of it. She'll be now happy with Don; and old Jeff will be——'

'Richard!' my lady's voice said sharply behind him, as he crossed the hall. 'Where's Hilda?'

There stood my lady and Marsden; Helen, looking about her anxiously, a little in the rear.



Drawn by A. W. Cooper.]

RAWDON'S RAID.

[See the Story.]

'Miss Jocelyn passed through the hall this moment,' Marsden added. 'You must have seen her; and—and—Major Daringham.'

The last words seemed to choke him. 'Yes,' Dick nodded; 'I saw 'em all right.'

'Where are they, then?' Lady Hope snapped. 'I can't find Hilda in the cloak-room. They say she's not been there. Where can they be?'

Dick faced the two, stroking his moustache calmly, but with an odd twinkle in his eyes.

V.

'YOUNG LOCHINVAR.'

'Gone!'

The same word from all three, but in very different keys.

'Really——' began Marsden with a portentous severity that hugely amused Dick. The plutocrat didn't understand. My lady, with the *clairvoyance* of a woman of the world, and out of certain half-formed suspicions of her own, understood everything in a moment. She glanced round her first to see that no one was within hearing; then she said in savage *staccato* to her nephew—

'I'll never forgive you for this, sir, as long as I live.'

'Dear me, *chère tante*! What have I done?' returned the guileless youth, not quite certain whether, as he expressed it, 'my lady was fly to all the little game yet.'

She wasted no time on him. Her hand grasped Marsden's arm with an energy that startled that emotionless man. Emotionless, though, no longer; for her words startled him even more.

'Don't you see?' my lady was whispering impatiently. 'She's gone—with him. They've eloped! Now listen!—for he stared at her as though she had suddenly gone mad. He really thought she had. What! His promised wife dare so far forget what was due to *him* as to elope!'

'Listen!' Lady Hope repeated, actually shaking him in her impatience. 'This must be prevented. They must be overtaken, stopped! At any risk; at once! You must do it.'

'I?' Jeffery Marsden gasped.

'You. Who else is there? Richard is in the plot. In another hour it may be too late. Quick, man! quick!'

He was beginning, electrified by this languid woman's fierce, unwonted energy, to understand now. He had been robbed; and by the man he hated most. For the second or third time

that night the snow-water in his veins ran almost warm. She saw his face change.

'Will you go? To save her—to defeat him, remember! There may be time yet.'

'Yes!' he muttered between his blanched, lean lips; 'you're right. There may be time yet; and if I overtake him——! I'll go! But, how—where?'

She had thought of everything, this clever Lady Hope, omniscient almost in her self-interest.

'The other sledge!' she answered; 'it's ready down there, by this time. Didn't you hear him order it? Follow the track. They have gone to Ash-bridge, I am nearly sure. There is no train yet; you *must* prevent this! But don't waste time! You have your coat and hat! Quick!'

'Never fear!' he returned; and the blanched lips were actually guilty of an oath; 'I'll do it!'

He flung his coat about him and hurried through the inner glass doors out on to the steps.

Dick, explaining matters to Helen *sotto voce*, had kept an eye on him all the time.

'Let me see about the carriage, Aunt Hope!' he observed. 'Poor dear old Jeff will catch his death of cold if you trot him about on a night like this.'

He moved away in pursuit; though rather wondering what Jeff could possibly do, you know, after all.

Lady Hope caught him just as he was pushing open the doors that Marsden had just swung back. Through them he saw the latter rush down the steps, and leap (actually leap!) into his (Jocelyn's) sleigh, in readiness, as my lady had foreseen, below; saw the horse plunge and spring forward under the whip; saw his man get knocked backwards and loose his hold on the reins, and Jeffery Marsden drive furiously off and disappear.

'Oh! by Jove! you know——' Dick began.

Lady Hope stopped him.

'Silence, sir!' she said; 'do you want all the world to know this? I sent him to stop them. And he will.'

'Will he?' thought Dick; 'he'll probably break his own neck in the first five minutes, that's all!' Then the thought of Jeffery Marsden driving a sleigh about the country in the dead of night, and coming to frightful grief against a gate-post or in a side-drift, caused Ensign and Lieutenant Richard Jocelyn to laugh aloud.

'Take us to the carriage, sir!' his

relative said majestically; 'whatever happens, we had better not stay here.'

They were all back again at Dane Court when they heard what had happened.

Swiftly and smoothly, flinging up a little shower of snow spray and leaving a straight track behind it that did credit to Don's steering; faster and faster, as Lucia warmed to her work, between the high snow walls on either hand, the sleigh that carried La Mignonne and her Lochinvar whirled along the white solitary road that led straight to the Ashbridge station, four or five miles off.

Muffled in her furs, and with the great buffalo-robe over all, Hilda lay back, only answering her lover's attempts to reassure her by a little sob now and then. The excitement of the last hour or two had been a little too much for the child.

'But it's all right now, darling!' Rawdon said presently, taking a pull at the mare as he topped the one long hill that lay between Boodle Park and Ashbridge—'it's all right, now. We shall be at the D'Arbleys by dinner-time, comfortably. I've telegraphed to her to meet us at the Nord terminus. She's about the only relation I've got left; and, as she's fond of me, she'll simply worship you, you know! We've managed beautifully, haven't we? Got away and no one that matters the wiser! Jove! though, I should like to see the City man's face to-morrow—or rather *this* morning, when he discovers— Eh? what's that?'

He checked Lucia a moment and turned his head to listen. The ringing of *grelots* behind, plain enough. Round a slight bend came something dark against the snowy roadway at a furious rate after them. Another sleigh.

'Dick, perhaps!' Don muttered; 'but no, he wouldn't come after us. Besides, he wouldn't yaw about so frightfully. That fellow's never driven a sleigh before, I should say!'

'Oh, Don!' Hilda suggested, nervously; 'suppose it should be——?'

'Marsden? By Jove, it is! My lady's found us out and sent him, I suppose, to bring us back dead or alive! What a joke, isn't it?'

Mignonne didn't seem to see it in that light at all. 'For heaven's sake, Don, don't let him overtake us! I couldn't bear to see him again,' she said.

'No chance of his overtaking us, Mignonne!' Don laughed. 'Is there, Lucia?'

The mare tossed her head, and sprang away like an arrow, as the reins dropped

on her back again. A hoarse cry came from the pursuing sledge. It was so close behind them now that they could see its occupant gesticulating vehemently; could hear him calling to them to stop—Marsden's voice, they both said.

'He'll break his neck directly!' Rawdon observed with a grim sort of smile; 'and we must leave him to it, I'm afraid!' He looked at his watch as he spoke. 'Yes; we've no time to waste. *Allons!*'

The mare laid herself out fairly now. The speed at which they tore along almost took Hilda's breath away. They left the other sleigh as if it had been standing still.

They were on the high ground now. Straight before them, yonder, where the lights were twinkling, lay the Ashbridge station; right and left the snow-mantled country could be seen for miles. Rawdon's eye ran along a thread-like dark track he knew where to look for—the line of rails down which the Paris mail was coming.

'She ought to be in sight, if they told Fyle the truth!' he muttered; 'awkward if she's been blocked anywhere, now we've got this fellow behind us!'

Again his eye ran along the line of the embankment. It stood out well against the white background; nothing was visible on it.

All this time Lucia's speed never slackened; they were close on the station now. Where was the Mail?

He caught sight of something at last. A red light: a gleam of other lights, dull through frosty window panes. Then the shriek of a whistle reached them. It was the Dover Mail running into Ashbridge. Other eyes beside Don's had caught sight of it. Again that cry to them to stop came from the other sleigh behind. Don laughed.

'Rather a sell for him, you know! He'll come up just in time to see us start!' he remarked.

So it seemed, for they were passing through the gate of the station yard almost as he spoke. It was a tall, heavy gate, usually held open by a catch, but on this occasion by a man muffled up to the eyes—Mr. Fyle.

'All right, sir!' that individual reported, as Don pulled up a moment. 'The Frenchwoman is here with the baggage and the tickets; Mail's signalled. You're just in time, sir.'

Don leaned forward and said a brief word in the man's ear. Mr. Fyle grinned.

'I'll take care, sir,' he returned.

The sleigh moved on up the little incline to the station entrance. Mr. Fyle hurried the next moment up after it. Mademoiselle Fauchon rushed out to meet her mistress. The Dover Mail ran alongside the platform.

Just at that moment the pursuing sleigh reached the gate of the yard. The pursuer shouted for some one to open it in vain. With an oath, he leaped out and fumbled with frostbitten fingers at the latch. In vain, too; the latch was immovable; Mr. Fyle perhaps best knew why. The pursuer saw the train run in, heard the doors slam as its passengers took their seats, heard the whistle sound for its departure. And this infernal gate wouldn't open! At last the undignified notion of climbing over struck him. He put it into immediate practice, slightly incommoded by the severely-strapped evening nether garments. It was a sight to see that tall, gaunt figure *à cheval* upon a gate-bar!

Just as it got there the train began to move slowly off.

'I'll telegraph though!' the figure

muttered aloud with a vicious expletive, and preparing to descend on the other side. Not carefully enough, unfortunately. His foot slipped and turned awkwardly on the middle bar, and Jeffrey Marsden, Esq., came heavily to the ground with a badly-sprained ankle. Where Mr. Fyle presently found him.

The Paris Mail reached its destination without mishap, and Don and his Mignonne got to the Avenue de l'Impératrice in capital time for dinner, as he had prophesied.

Two days afterwards my lady—she has managed to survive her disappointment—read her daughter's marriage in the 'Times.' So did Marsden, in bed with incipient rheumatic fever, and a sprained ankle. So did Dick Jocelyn and Helen, lingering over their *tête-à-tête* breakfast in the Oak Parlour at Dane Court.

It was in that very room, by-the-by, that, in the snow-time last year, I heard from those same two people the story of

RAWDON'S RAID!

THE INTELLECT OF ANIMALS.

'ARE animals intelligent beings?' is an interesting question which is often asked and variously answered. Nevertheless, those who ask it (supposing they have lived much in animal society) remind us of the persons who hunt for their spectacles all the while they are on their nose. That animals do possess intelligence is clear to those who know them; the only debatable point would seem to be the amount and range of that intelligence.

Buffon's eminence as a literary artist—which remains indisputable, although his *science* has fallen into low esteem—gave prominence to the inquiry. An animal, according to him, is simply a material creature which neither thinks nor reflects, although it acts, and seems to form resolutions. He has no doubt that the determining principle of an animal's actions is purely mechanical. A beast is a thing, an automaton; nothing more. And yet he says that the elephant, knowing by the tone of his master's voice whether he be pleased or angry, *acts in con-*

sequence. He also calls him 'at the same time a miracle of intelligence, and a monstrous mass of matter.'

These contradictions are the result of the great naturalist's having started from a false notion—the automatism of animals—which he will not give up, although obliged to admit that on many occasions they do manifest undeniable signs of intellect.

Others, sceptical of animals' mental faculties, find an easy escape in attributing them to Instinct; as if that solved the difficulty. On the contrary, it at once raises the much vexed question, 'What is Instinct?'

Without incurring dangerous risks on the ticklish subject of instinctive faculties, we will notwithstanding venture to surmise that Instinct may be, after all, only a strong and at the same time a narrow manifestation of Hereditary Intelligence. That not merely intellectual ability is hereditary, but that talent, taking a peculiar direction—inclining to music, astronomy, mathematics, or natural history—is likewise heredi-

tary, is proved by the family names of Darwin, Herschel, and others, as well as by a reference to the Cambridge Triposes, in which fathers and sons—sometimes two brothers—are found to have taken identically the same degree. If instinct can be proved occasionally to modify its actions in obedience to circumstances, what have we then but individual intelligence brought to bear upon hereditary intelligence?

The most recent treatise on this interesting subject is 'L'Intelligence des Animaux,* full both of anecdotes and inferences, and illustrated by fifty-eight clever woodcuts, given to the world by M. Ernest Menault. That gentleman agrees with Réaumur, Lafontaine, and a goodly host of writers, in attributing intelligence to animals; and he holds with Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe, that there is an intimate connection between the organization and the intellectual faculties.

Old animals are more cunning than young ones. A bird's first nest is often injudiciously placed, and badly made. Little by little the work improves, and the feathered artist attains his ideal. By the exercise of memory combined with reflection, the creature modifies its faculties, and therefore is, within its limits, most certainly perfectible. Our author fairly makes out his case by illustrative instances.

The bird of prey teaches its young ones to launch into air, to glide, to hover, and to measure the distance at which a victim is to be struck. Young swallows, who have never effected a migration, are trained by repeated evolutions performed in troops. After a sufficient number of trial trips, the united army takes its departure under the guidance of experienced leaders. The wolf, in spite of his keen appetite for flesh, requires a long apprenticeship to become a skilful hunter.

M. Menault begins his book with the clever manœuvres of ants and bees, which are too notorious as facts to be dwelt on here: he records the teachability of fleas—known also.

* Paris: Hachette and Co.

The acmé of insect acuteness is attained by the bug; he is a sharp customer. Valmont de Bomare tells a tale of one who, not being able to reach his man in any other way, climbed up the wall, crawled along the ceiling to the spot exactly vertical to the patient's nose, and then trusting to the force of gravity, let go his hold, dropping precisely on the juicy tissue he wished to tap. Was that particular cimex an idiot, or was he not?

The present writer can confirm the anecdote, having himself experienced the same mode of attack by the same assailant; apropos to whom he remarks that a man may become acquainted with strange bedfellows without being introduced to them by misfortune. Once, after a restless night in Paris, he discovered between the sheets a phenomenal insect. So stout and shining a specimen is rarely seen. What would others have done in such a case? Destroy it instantly? He did nothing of the kind. Remembering Uncle Toby's treatment of the bluebottle fly, 'Thou hast bitten me to thy heart's content,' he said; 'Survive to bite my successors here. Men patiently bear the stings that others feel. Thou art so fine and fair, 'tis a pity to kill thee. The world is wide enough for thee and me; and may the next occupant of this luxurious bed treat thee with equal magnanimity!'

In M. Menault's sketch of carnivorous animals, he makes no mention of the feline races; but whoever has been thrown much in the way of cats, must have observed in them the perfection of selfishness carried out and concealed with considerable art. We had a cat, called Wissey, as full of wilful ways as an egg is full of meat, who died of her confinement at the age of thirteen. It had long been time for her to give up babies; but have them she would, in spite of our advice. It was impossible to make her keep indoors at night. As a punishment she was sometimes turned out of the house when it suited her convenience to remain within. In that case she often did get in, frightening us at first by the way in which she

managed it. Our womankind heard attempts at the garden doors (two), as if a thief were trying to effect his entrance. It was Mrs. Wissey jumping up at the latch, which she endeavoured to lift with a stroke of her paw; and if the door was not barred inside, she often succeeded in opening it. Then, hiding till we went to bed, she had the run of the house all to herself.

On one occasion she was smitten with a sudden affection for our servant, while he was busy plucking pigeons for a pie. With her tail stuck up as stiff as a poker, she rubbed herself against his legs. She sang him the sweetest of songs without words, in the feline key of Purr sharp, major. She amused him with a variety of impromptu tricks; and as soon as he was off his guard, and his attention diverted from the task in hand, she seized a pigeon ready plucked, bolted with it through a hornbeam hedge, and enjoyed it at leisure in our neighbour's garden.

Paying us the compliment of believing our intellect equal to her own, she never attempted to repeat the trick, but when she felt inclined to steal, set about it in a less barefaced manner. Many of her thefts were committed, not for the gratification of her own appetite—she was too well fed to need that—but to regale a vagabond Tom, whom she would plaintively summon, and then present with a delicate sweetbread or any other ill-gotten tit-bit.

Another cat has fastened herself inside a garden kiosk. She had one kitten left her out of a litter, while those of a sister cat were all destroyed. The kittenless cat tried to steal her rival's kitten, and several severe fights were the consequence. As the kidnapper still continued to prowl about, the anxious mother (the door being merely shut) jumped at the inside bolt and pushed it into the staple. The door being latticed on the upper half, we were able to open it from the outside by means of a crook, without having to wait for pussy's unbolting it.

The ass is one of M. Menault's favourites: he won't hear of a word against him. The ass is not a

slovenly water-carrier, nor a coarse peasant, nor a blockhead, nor a low-minded creature. On the contrary, he is excessively neat in his person, and grumbles at his master's not grooming him better. See how he rolls himself upon the grass; note the care he takes to avoid wetting his feet; and, in spite of his shaggy coat, you never find him troubled with vermin.

The ass *is* intelligent; here is the proof. A Chartres ass often went to the Château de Guerville, whose occupants were musical people. The lady of the house had a splendid voice. As soon as she began to sing, the ass went close to the windows to listen. One day, when she was practising a bravura alone, her performance so delighted him that he walked up the steps, crossed the entrance hall, and stole into the drawing-room unperceived. In the midst of a brilliant passage he expressed his approval by braying with all his might and main.

Erasmus, therefore, was wrong in saying that the cruciferous animal has small taste for music: although he admits, as an extenuating circumstance, that his skin is excellent for kettledrums, and that his tibias make the best of clarionets.

The excellence of the donkey's memory is proved by an anecdote of English origin. In March, 1816, a donkey, the property of Captain Dundas, was put on board the frigate 'Ister,' at Gibraltar, to be taken to Malta. The vessel, when off Cape Gata, grounded on a sandbank not far from the shore. A part of the cargo was discharged. To give the donkey a chance of his life, he was gently dropped into the sea to sink or swim.

Some days afterwards, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, in walked the donkey, proceeding straight to the stable of a Mr. Weeks, where he had previously lodged. That gentleman imagined that, for some reason or another, the donkey had not been put on board the 'Ister.' When the vessel returned the mystery was explained. Not only had the donkey (Valiant by name) swum to shore, but, without guide, compass, or

travelling map, had found his way from Cape Gata to Gibraltar, a distance of more than two hundred miles, which he had never traversed before, through a hilly country cut up by watercourses. The short time in which he performed the journey proved that he must have taken the direct road, keeping to it without ever going out of his way.

Notwithstanding which, we hold that for egotism persevered in with dogged and yet reasoning obstinacy, there is no more striking example than the donkey. Human waywardness is nothing to it. And animals have human faults of character, although they have not every human virtue. Even in fish, the brain has no organ which has not its homologue in the brain of superior animals. Benevolent but mistaken attempts have been made to raise the donkey in public esteem. Labour in vain; washing blackamoors white. If the donkey had the horse's good qualities, he would be, in fact, a little horse. But as there will always be poor in the land, so will donkeys ever exist as such.

The donkey can no more be persuaded to do what he doesn't choose by kindness than he can by blows. Ill-usage and good-usage are equally thrown away upon him. He affects stupidity to indulge his laziness, as monkeys are said to pretend ignorance of human speech to avoid being set to work. Why does he behave worse in a gaping village or a crowded street or a busy market-place, where people are looking on, than he does on a solitary road, except to annoy you by shame at his conduct? He selects a thorny bush in preference to a thornless one, into which to rush, to dislodge his rider. He knows the height of a branch that will hit your head; he is aware that a wall will grate your leg; and when he intends to give you a fall, he selects the sharpest heap of stones or the filthiest puddle in which to deposit you.

A gentleman fond of hunting gave his boy a donkey to begin with. The donkey disliked carrying the boy, and the boy was afraid of riding the donkey. One day, on

his refusing to mount the brute, the father had the son tied on its back. At which the beast threw himself on the ground, and rolling, crushed the child before the parent's face. It was a horribly vicious and wicked action, but also an intelligent mode of avoiding further trouble quite consistent with donkey character.

Creatures rejoicing in a backbone take higher rank than those that have none; nevertheless, many articulate insects display greater abilities than many of their vertebrate superiors. For instance, when you look a fish full in the face, 'What a stupid creature!' you exclaim; 'What glassy eyes, void of all speculation, like a dotard's, under incipient softening of the brain.'

Certain fishes—eels, for example—cross the world's stage under a feminine disguise. You may know them by their serpentine length and slimness. They live mostly in dirty mud, making frequent changes of residence, dependent on the scarcity or abundance of prey. They are not particular in their choice of watering-places. Being very voracious, all is fish that comes to their net. Their movements are graceful, their integuments smooth and silky. They exhibit singular turnings and windings of an elegance peculiar to themselves. In unsettled weather they are restless, excited, fussy. A thunderstorm sours their temper and upsets their nerves.

Still, you must not always be led by appearances, nor jump from particulars to generals. There are fishes capable of rising above their station and mounting to a higher sphere. The Fathers of the Church compared the human soul to a flying-fish. 'If it desires to soar and hover above the waves of material existence, it must plunge from time to time in the ocean of the infinite—in the contemplation of God—if only to moisten and refresh its wings.'

Other fishes, such as the salmon, inhabit fresh and saline waters alternately. They are great folk who have their winter retreat and their summer residence, their Mediterranean chateau and their Highland castle. The salmon aristocratically

passes his spring and summer in the river, his autumn and winter in the sea. Others, again, belie the charge of egotism. When the welfare of their offspring is in question, they are capable of labours and sacrifices all the more praiseworthy because they are disinterested. With birds and quadrupeds, parental cares are recompensed by the delights of parental love. They behold, they caress, they fondle their young, and are caressed and fondled in return. But fishes, like the majority of insects, devote themselves to the welfare of a progeny whom they are never to know. This affection, not for individuals, but for the race, not for their children, but for their posterity, is so potent with fish that it impels them, at least once a year, to change their habits, their haunts, and their mode of life.

Water is the domain of fishes, as air is that of birds and winged insects. From water are derived the soft organisation, the mucous texture, the gliding flexibility, and the continual movement which are their characteristics. Their brain, less dense, is less energetic than that of land animals. The flaccidity of their flesh reacts on their sensibility and their intellectual manifestations. But if their mental powers are less developed, their term of existence is more extended. They gain in longevity what they lose in warmth of temperament. 'Short and sweet' is never their motto of life. They are excellent examples of the utility of baths as a means of attaining length of days. They prove that death, with vertebrate animals, is hastened by fast living, by the rapid condensation of life. Fishes, on the other hand, solidify slowly; their ossification is sluggish in its progress. They are always cartilaginous, more or less; that is, always young. They do not, like ourselves, prematurely attain the rigidity of mind and body, the hardness of heart and feeling, which make us good for nothing but to return to earth, to feed vegetables convertible into flesh good to eat.

Fish may be considered the birds of the sea, and birds the fish of the atmosphere; the wings of the one are represented by the fins of the

other, the feathers by the scales. If there are water-fowl, there are also aërial or flying-fish. If birds are full of air to render them lighter, most fish are furnished with an air-bladder. The fish flies in water, as the bird swims in air. Winds baffle the flight of weak-winged birds, and marine currents impede the progress of the feeble-finned fish; while robuster species boldly brave both oceanic gales and atmospheric currents. As there are birds which cannot fly, so are there fish which hardly swim. The migrations of fishes from the great deeps and back again are not less regular and astonishing than those performed by the swallow and the crane.

The olfactory nerves in fish are highly developed. Mr. Jesse's experiments with perfumed food have proved the acuteness of their sense of smell. But who knows if their limited intelligence be not consequent on the dulness of their taste and touch? What can you expect of creatures who know nothing of savours? Fishes, in fact, do not eat; they only swallow. It requires talent, say gastronomes, to understand the art of eating. Their deficient tact is no great loss to them. They get their living without much diplomacy, having only to drift down the stream of existence. Their want of sensibility cannot be denied; never has a fish been seen to shed a tear.

There is no creature, however stupid, which does not modify its habits according to circumstances. The finny tribes are specially intelligent in selecting their diet according to the season of the year. The most tempting fly offered to a fish when out of season will fail to excite its appetite, and a bait which is effectual at one time of the day will have lost all its attractions a few hours later. Are turbot and soles devoid of intelligence, when they use their tails as a shovel, and cover themselves with sand all except their eyes and mouth? Are eels stupid when they leave the water on dewy nights, and prowls about the meadows in search of worms?

THE FIRST VISIT.

PAPA and mamma he's consulted, we know ;
 His courtship's *en règle* and quite *comme il faut* ;
 Young monsieur is anxious for marriage ;
 And he's come now to pop the sweet question, I'll swear.
 You can see how he's curled and arranged his back hair,
 While his coat has a charming immaculate air
 That betokens a castle and carriage.

But hardly the blushing young lady he's seen
 Since the time she was four, and she's now just nineteen,
 And he's not even told her by letter
 He loves, he adores ; and he's ne'er had a chance
 Of catching at croquet a casual glance ;
 For courtship is one of those things that in France
 They boast that they manage far better.

It's awkward, you see ; this unhappy young man
 Has arrang'd, ere his mild conversation began,
 His hat on his knees, and mistaking
 His words, how he stutters, and looks up and down,
 While the lady is plainly beginning to frown.
 'Is this a young beau,' so she thinks, 'from the town ?
Parbleu! how he's nervously shaking.'

Just picture the meeting in England, and see
 How pleasant an interview like this might be,
 Papa having promised his blessing ;
 What smiles and what laughter, what silence more sweet
 Than all words, e'en that word which all lovers repeat,
 With diminutive darlings, dears, ducks, and complete
 With the usual amount of caressing.

Our poor Gallic couple perchance in a while
 They will venture to talk like two lovers, and smile,
 And the air with '*Je t'aime*' will be laden :
 In fancy will bells of a wedding be rung,
 Our exquisite friend will at last find a tongue,
 And the girl know the glories the poets have sung
 Of love in the ears of a maiden.



THE FIRST VISIT.

Love, a cough, smoke, and money, cannot long be hid.'—*French Proverb.* [See the Verses.]

The Present Day.

Words by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP).

Musie by ELIZABETH PHILP.

Allegretto.

mf

V. 1. "Old days are best, they sing" . . . In rip - pling Eng - lish
V. 2. The by - gone has a spell, . . . We bu - ry not its

verse, . . . But we who dwell in these . . . Re - fuse to
dead, . . . Our heart wails o'er the past, . . . Un - sanc - tion'd

deem them worse. . . . Old days are good in rhyme, . . . But
by our head. . . . The joy - ance that we sing Was

The Present Day.

rall. *a tempo.*

they have pass'd a - way; . . . We love the mo - dern time, . . .
rough - er then than gay; . . . So let our prais - es ring, . . .

rall. *a tempo.*

cres.

We prize the pre - sent day, . . . We love the mo - dern
. . . For this the pre - sent day, . . . So let our prais - es

forte

time, . . . We prize the pre - sent day. . . .
ring, . . . For this the pre - sent day. . . .

mf

NOTES PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT ON LONDON SOCIETY.

The Temple Church.

IS it because of the beauty of the church, the beauty of the service, the associations connected with the place, or is it merely because it is the fashion, that people are induced to go up to the Beautiful Gate of the Temple on Sundays to pray? Beautiful Gate! Ay, beautiful indeed since the brick and mortar screens that erewhile hid it were removed, and disclosed not only the Beautiful Gate but the little chapel of St. Anne and the venerable walls of the Temple Church itself. Time was when utilitarianism ruled supreme over art within the Temple precincts—when church, and college, and garden suffered alike because 'there was no use' in developing beauties, natural or artificial—when groined roofs with costly paintings on them were painted stone colour to save the expense of redecorating them—when loveliest pillars of serpentine marble were whitewashed to save the expense of polishing—and when the tombs of those whose

'Souls are with the saints, we trust,'

were left to moulder and decay—in some cases even their ruins perishing—because no one was found to declare the *use* they would be if preserved.

Nous avons changé tout cela. The spirit of art, and of appreciation for the beauties of it, has succeeded the spirit of Vandalism, and among other improvements effected by the change has been the restoration of the church, with its beautiful gate, and the demolition of the buildings which concealed the view of them.

It can scarcely be fashion only that induces people to go, for the practice has endured much longer than fashions last. For years the Temple has been filled on Sundays with an admiring congregation, even in the days before the

'Singing boys, dear little souls,

With nice clean faces and nice white stoles,'

and the voices of the choristers, whose business it is to 'worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,' pre-

sented an attraction that of itself would draw a multitude. No; it is not fashion, neither is it solely the beauty of the service—plain cathedral service it is, such as our fathers have told us of, steering a middle course between that of the extreme church parties on either hand, inviting all men to come, and forbidding none of them, either by word or deed. The only stumbling-block—it can hardly be called a rock of offence—which the conductors of it oppose to the public is in the shape of a regulation that none may be admitted to the inner sanctum, or the church proper, before the beginning of the psalms for the day, unless they be provided with the order of a bencher (one of the executive council of the Temple) or the personal escort of a member. This regulation—the effect of which we shall have occasion to notice presently—is designed to prevent the crowding out by the general public of those for whom the church is specially intended, the members of the Inn and their friends. At the first word of the psalms, however, the restraint on admission is thrown aside, and whoso can may get a seat, Jews or proselytes, Cretes or Arabians, it does not matter a rush, all for whom there are vacant seats are admitted.

The beauty of the Temple cannot fail to attract. Those who have seen it tell those who have not, and so a perpetual stream of visitors is kept up. He who would know it should see it, should stand outside the porch-railings when the door is open and look upon the interior in its most elegant perspective aspect, its rich, ungorgeous nave, its chastely splendid aisles, its magnificent east window. He should stay on the threshold and see the ancient round chapel, its arcades, its perfect windows, its beautiful glass, and the treasures committed to its special charge, the tombs of the knights. A flood of recollections will come across his mind as he stands beside

the tombs of those who fought in Holy Land. Things present will fade away, and in their stead will come up visions of the great past, wherein soldier monks, both of the Temple and of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, will figure with the forms of those who overthrew their respective rules. There will be views of the time when King John held a parliament in the place, and there will come visions of

‘Those brick towers,
The which on Thames’ broad aged back do
ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their
bowers,
There whilom wont the Templar knights to
bide,
Till they decayed through pride.’

Then he will see how among those same ‘brick towers’ what time the Commons rose against the poll-tax, ‘the rascal many ran, heaped together in rude rabblement;’ he will almost feel the breath of the destroying angel which then smote all the learned in the law, and burned the books that stood in hutches in that same round tower in which he now stands. Then, like Ingoldsby’s visitor to Netley, he will hear ‘the sacrilegious cry of Henry and his ministers, “Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly!”’ and perhaps, like that same visitor, he will be warned by rude means that now is not then, that he must not block up the way, where, instead of knights, and kings, and parliament men, and Wat Tyler’s avengers, and other the insubstantial forms with which his fancy has peopled the Temple, the weekly congregation of ‘miserable sinners,’ gathered out of all sections of London Society, is pressing forward in earnest quest of the chief seats of the synagogue.

Let us stand aside for a few minutes, while the organ is pouring forth in richest stream the full notes of the voluntary, and the vergers are marshalling the numerous worshippers and settling them into their stalls.

‘You must really stand back, ladies. The gangway must be kept clear.’

‘But there’s plenty of room; why shouldn’t we go in?’

‘You have no order, madam. You *must* stand back, please. Allow these gentlemen to pass.’

‘Gentlemen indeed! Do you mean to say ladies are not accommodated before the gentlemen?’

The courtly, sorely-tried porter vouchsafes no reply. He gently restrains the onward movement of the ladies and contrives a lane in the crowd for the passage of the ‘gentlemen,’ who pass in, quite unconscious of the heartburning their admission has produced.

‘That’s Sir Frederick Flinter, the eminent Q.C., and the other is the Solicitor-General,’ whispers some one in the throng as the brass bar which guards the entrance to the sanctum closes behind the last two, and the necks of the multitude stretch out like those of certain birds, in hope of their owners getting a view of them.

Other people, notable and otherwise, arrive, and are passed in or retained at the side entrances according as they have or have not orders of admission. The ladies who were clamorous for admittance are reinforced, and the urbanity of the porter, to say nothing of the strength of the brass rod, is tested to the uttermost. Ladies who come with members of the Inn enter along with them, to the disgust and dissatisfaction of the ladies who do not, and whose only comfort is derived from a sight of the confusion into which their more fortunate sisters are thrown after getting in by the separation, so far as sittings are concerned, of man and wife, of brother and sister, and of the young lady from

‘A nearer one
Still, and a dearer one
Yet than all other.’

Money, that persuasive silver hammer, is tried upon the door of the porter’s duty, but fails to elicit any encouraging sound. The man has not an ‘itching palm,’ and even if he had, he has been a soldier, and knows that duty requires him literally to carry out his orders. ‘Too soon, too soon, ye cannot enter now;’ this is the burden of his song, which he explains again and again to mean that until the beginning of the

psalms the 'casuals' cannot be admitted.

Now the choristers, men and boys, stream in from the vestry, not exactly 'in order due,' but straggling wise, some here some there, and walk up to their places. The venerable master, with a head like Mont Blanc, takes his seat by the communion-table, and the reader goes to his desk. From the recess in which lies the organ bursts forth a full volume of sweet sounds, each one plainly articulated yet blended with its neighbour, till the whole church is full of music, that seems to sanctify each pillar and stone, and to attune the minds of the listeners to the service which is now to commence.

But it is doubtful if the music pervades the souls of all. 'Behold yon simpering dame,' is she not absorbed in a sort of unholy triumph at having a pleasant place among the benchers' ladies, while her cousin—who is always boasting of her friend—who can at any time get an order,' is standing without, in the position of the man who was told to sit under the footstool of his rich neighbour? Mr. Quiller, regardless of the music, is signaling to his friend Tompkins on the other side of the church; recognitions of a less demonstrative kind are going on all around; and I fear that young Mr. Salt, grand-nephew of Mr. Salt, the Benchers, who was immortalized by Charles Lamb in his essay on the Benchers of the Inner Temple—who came up from Norfolk last night, in order to spend Sunday quietly with his family, is discussing with an unbriefed colleague the merits of 'the great case of the circuit' in which he is engaged.

It is difficult to find a full and satisfactory reason for the separation of men and women in churches. Authorities in ecclesiastical matters will tell you that the practice was common in a certain century far away back in the history of the church; others will tell you substantially that the practice exists because it does exist, while others will support it on the ground of expediency, averring that unprotected women can come in and out and

find their own special pasture, without being incommoded by the attention or neglect of men. There are some men who refer to the separation of the sheep and the goats, and suggest that this practice is founded upon that promise, forgetting apparently that their place as one enters a church is to be found on the left. Finally, there are others who will have it that the reason is because men and women, especially young men and young women, are possessed by nature with an irresistible tendency to laugh, and joke, and talk when seated together, which they have not when separated, and that it is with the object of insuring a more devout and more decent behaviour that the separation is enforced during divine service. Cross-examination has not been directed with the view to ascertaining whether married people fall into the same condemnation, or whether the conduct of the unmarried is so intolerable as to render personal sacrifice necessary on the part of the married in order to check them. Neither has it been shown how many of those unmarried who would have behaved ill if allowed to sit together have behaved better now they are separated; how many glances, inattentions to service, &c., which erewhile were confined to the pew, now flaunt themselves over the whole church. But the inquiry, however interesting, is foreign to the subject of this paper; indeed, it would never have been mooted but for the fact that at this Temple Church, whereof we are writing, the separation system is in force. Is it? Yes; but let not any upholder of the system elsewhere think to quote the example as a precedent. The reason for the separation is a historical one, differing entirely from any of the reasons suggested above. The church or chapel was built for the use of military monks, who of course had no womankind to bring, and after these 'decayed through pride' there came successors who preserved the traditions of the place, and made provision for men to the exclusion of women. Students of law were not supposed to have any female relations, and those 'serjeants of the law

ware and wise,' who might be supposed to have them were known not to have them living on the spot, even in early Temple days, so accommodation for ladies was not provided. Tradition and custom, founded on these bases, have caused lady Templars to be somewhat scantily treated. In that block of seats next the entrance, to which the eyes of Mr. Wynn of the Southern circuit, and the eyes of many more are turned, behold the ladies of barristers and students, and yonder, in the best block of seats in the church, are the fair belongings of the elder brethren, the Benchers of the Inn.

'Does this lady belong to you, sir?' said the porter to Gaff, when Gaff took his friend Wallis and Wallis's bride to the morning service.

'Yes,' said Gaff, white lie like, to the dismay of poor Mrs. Wallis, and that lady was forthwith conducted to a seat of honour, while Wallis, ignorant of the rules of the place, was hurried away from her with whom he had a week before sworn to abide till death them should part.

'Did Judge Jeffreys really choose the organ?'

'Tis said so, and that he was selected to decide between this and one almost equally good which is now at Wolverhampton.'

'But the Judge Jeffreys, the "western campaign" man?'

'The same, sir; he of the "Bloody Assize."'

'Then I don't believe he could have been the bad fellow Lord Campbell and others make him out to have been. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;" and I can't believe that the man who could appreciate that organ could have sentenced Lady Lisle to be burnt.'

'Both are reported of him nevertheless.'

'Then I almost pardon him the one for the sake of the other. Hark how it pours out its music! Charmed organist ever so wisely? Even the solemn marble busts up there seem to feel it, and the eyes of the little lamb who bears his flag on the groined arches of the roof seem to twinkle with pleasure. The men

of law, the stern administrators of it, the visitors, male and female, everything that hath breath, seems perforce, unconsciously almost, to praise the Lord to those delicious sounds.

'There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes!'

An anthem book? No, thank you. Offer it to the lady sitting there under my footstool. What do I want with an anthem book? Are not they singing that same sweet song which I remember among my earliest recollections, as being sung on High Sundays at Kiteaster Cathedral? Are not the words known to me, every syllable? Is not the music scored in 'the book and volume of my brain, unmixed with baser matter?' By your leave, sir, your offer is an impertinence.

Where are your manners, my friend? Stand up, not sit, while the bidding prayer is said before the sermon. Hear, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the precepts of the preacher, who exhorts you yet once more to pray for 'the Queen's most excellent majesty,' 'for the great Council of the nation,' 'for all schools and seminaries of sound learning,' 'for the prosperity of all institutions set apart for the study and practice of the law,' and, 'especially for the two honourable and learned societies of this House,' 'for the clergy,' and 'for all the commons of the realm.' Listen attentively, and by no means look too often during the delivery to those attractive benches, neither say you to yourself that the bidding prayer is merely a recapitulation of what has been prayed for in the morning service; and do not go away with the notion that it is only introduced because lawyers being accustomed to summings up, cannot dispense with them even in their prayers.

For your guidance during the sermon I can offer you no suggestions—of course you know how to behave—but as a friend I would warn you that the side seats are more comfortable than those in the

nave for certain purposes, and that you may have to guard your mind, if you want to attend to the preacher, from the magnetic influence the place has to draw your thoughts historically backward, through long vistas of years when other men attended here, and other

men preached, and sang, and prayed, until the chances are you are drawn so far away from things present as to require the full force of that grand organ's grand 'Voluntary' to bring you back again from the land of Nod.

FRANCIS W. ROWSELL.

TRUTH IN WINE.

WHEN the history of civilisation as illustrated by the use of beverages comes to be written, it will be difficult to assign a very definite place to England during the middle of the nineteenth century. We seem to be in this, as well as in some other respects, in a transition state, partly brought about by altered modes of living, by changes in physical constitution resulting from the new conditions imposed on those who strive to leave their mark upon society, and still more by a wider range of experience, and the freedom of commercial intercourse which has been the great aim of recent legislation.

From the time when Bishop Still wrote in praise of ale, and the glories of John Barleycorn were supposed to be betrayed by the introduction of hops, and especially of sulphur-cured hops into the malt wine of the old Saxon period, even England has possessed a literature in relation to beverages. Of course in the old classical times the praise of wine was the continual theme of the poets; and though, in all probability, nobody would now be found to relish any but the choicest Falernian, and would perhaps object to pay even a guinea for a dozen amphoræ filled with the drink that inspired some of the best Anacreontics, there is still a popular notion that the wines of the old world were rare and delicious extracts, the method of making which is now lost; while the vines themselves that bore the purple and golden cluster perished somehow in the age of barbarism, and have never been cultivated since.

It may be taken for granted, how-

ever, that we could not relish those rough, cloying, sweetened potations, any more than we could enjoy deep draughts of that new, clammy ale, which, in conjunction with a feast of peaches, undermined the robust constitution of one of our early English monarchs. Ale itself only kept its place through the improvements brought about by the introduction of the once detested hops; and the importation of that strange flower nearly brought about a revolution, for it was an un-English and unconstitutional innovation, not to be tolerated by the brewing monopolists. Ale would have gone, as mead went, but that it changed its character in accordance with the habits of the people. The wines of France, and even one or two of the wines of Greece, were brought into more common use, until claret became an ordinary beverage, and held the place of honour with sack and ale, in those days of England's history, to which we mostly refer with pride and satisfaction, when we speak of 'Old England.' There may be people even now who are hardly aware, or will not bring themselves to believe, that our Elizabethan heroes often put sugar or honey into their claret, and that sack, or, at all events, Sherris sack, was only sherry negus, that is to say, warm wine and water sweetened. Canary has ceased to be a favourite, or at least a common wine, long ago. The greater relish of the people of that day for wine, and especially for the lighter wine, or a strong wine well diluted with water, arose from the fact that so little ardent spirits were in use. It was only on the importation of the Dutch

schiedam from Holland, and the discovery of usquebaugh during the rebellion in Ireland, that the Elizabethans began to make much use of spirits, even as frequent stimulants, and then their progress in popular favour was comparatively slow. It would have been well for us, and for the generation that is to succeed us, if that progress had never been accelerated.

There can be no doubt, however, that the craving for alcoholic stimulus was greatly promoted by the introduction of port wine, and larger quantities of sherry, and the cultivation of a depraved taste by the government of Queen Anne, which devised the Methuen treaty, and at once put claret beyond the reach of the common people, by saddling it with a prohibitive duty. The declension in the public taste was as rapid as the increase in habits of gross intoxication; and the convivial literature of the period was degraded to the gross sensuality of the confirmed drunkard. It was necessary, too, to provide for the increased demand of these protected beverages; and sherry, as well as port, was prepared for the English market; poor and inferior vintages were alcoholized to a pitch that would conceal their imperfections; and the manufacture of wines became a necessary and a thriving trade, not only at Oporto and Cadiz, but at Certe, where all kinds of wines are still made to order, and on the Elbe, whence we still derive the dreadful compound known but not always detected as Hambro' sherry. The result of the Methuen treaty was that the common people, unable to obtain cheap wine, or to afford to drink even the vile adulterations sold as low-priced port and sherry, found consolation in ardent spirits. In 1700, the average consumption of wine in England was about a gallon per head, and fifty years after it did not exceed a fourth of a gallon, while, although the duty on French wines had been equalized in 1831, they could not regain their former place in the popular estimation. They were still out of the reach of ordinary consumers, and a gallon to every sixty people represented the

demand for what had once shared the place of ale, as a common beverage. There is no need to refer to the habits of the period represented by port and sherry, succeeded by arrack and punch. The caricatures of Gilray, the pictures of Hogarth, the plays, and poems, and novels; the very court records and state history of that time, are filled with the savour of low debauch, and the fumes of the fiery orgies may be detected in parliamentary debates and national councils. The only real safety was in beer,—we trust total abstainers will not misunderstand us. Ale was the family beverage; ale and the newly-devised brown-coloured beer, called porter. The decanters containing the red and white wine, as conscientious people called port and sherry, were only brought out on state occasions, and dispensed in small glasses, or were turned into bishop, or negus, by means of hot water, lemon-peel, and sugar. The celebrated port at one and nine, alluded to by Mr. Dickens, and the sherry which the late Mr. Albert Smith made one of his characters call 'Cape of Good Hope, because he hoped it would be better some day,' were the last resource of gentility, which was too poor to pay for the genuine 'black strap,' and yet too grand to make the household beer into 'egg-flip,' or 'purl,' or 'dog's-nose.'

It is the wide experience of the drugged and adulterated wines of that period which has given some impetus to the reaction of a large class of people against any but wines of known vintages and high price. There was so much vile stuff in the market that the genuine article would always command a handsome profit, and the wine trade was so limited that collusion was more profitable than competition, so that the excessive charges were maintained at the expense of the few who could afford to pay a heavy rate for clarets and hocks, as well as for the heavier and more alcoholic liquors. Port wine came to be recognised by the medical faculty as a restorative; and although it is now often the fashion to represent port as positively injurious, it

may be doubted whether the genuine article, thin, dryish, and with only the natural or necessary amount of alcohol, is not well suited to the digestion of a convalescent, and calculated to supply the needful stimulus in a form highly beneficial in cases of debility. It was the difficulty of procuring really good wine, and the ignorance even of wine merchants as to what should be the peculiar qualities of a sound and genuine vintage, that led to so much confusion as to the relative acidity of port and sherry, and the value of either as a remedy. A literature of wine was not wanting, however, and these questions were amply discussed, as well as the necessary conditions for the growth and adequate preparation of the grape. M'Culloch, Henderson, in his history of ancient and modern wines; Paguierre, Busby, who visited the vineyards of Spain and France; Sutton, Jullien, Bronner, Schams, Graff, and a dozen others, went into the whole question; and the conclusion necessarily arrived at was that insisted on by Mr. Porter, who, in his 'Progress of the Nation,' stated pathetically enough that there were wines produced in France better adapted to the English taste than the French wines usually drunk here; and that they could be imported at sixpence a bottle without duty. As it was, the duty alone was not less than a shilling a bottle, so no cheap wines were brought into the market except those that were passed off at a price quite above the reach of ordinary consumers. Still the conviction that a return to pure wine as a beverage would be a national benefit was fast gaining ground, and indications were not wanting that the time must soon come for the introduction of at least a few of the many exquisite products of the vine-growing countries of Europe. In 1850 the total imports of wine was 7,970,000 gallons, of which 6,251,862 gallons were retained for home consumption. Of this only 466,000 gallons came from France; while Spain sent 3,310,000, and Portugal over 3,000,000. In 1859, before the long-delayed reduction of the duty, the total quantity for

home consumption had only reached 7,263,000 gallons, though the quantity from France had more than proportionately increased to 695,913 gallons. In the following year, however, a change came o'er the spirit of the dream, and the statesmen who had for above a century endorsed the policy of Methuen awoke to the fact that a whole nation was clamouring with the impatience of unslaked thirst. The duty was reduced from 5s. 9d. to 3s. a gallon, and the result was that 1861 showed an increase to 10,787,000 gallons; and of this quantity 2,228,000 were represented by France alone, which at once rose nearly to a level with Portugal.

In 1862 the prophecy of Mr. Gladstone was fulfilled, and good claret was imported and sold in London at 14s. a dozen; for the enormous advantage was achieved of distinguishing between wines highly alcoholized, and the light wines which contained less than 26 per cent. of proof spirit. The duty on the latter was reduced to a shilling a gallon, or, practically, to twopence a bottle, while the former were charged 2s. 6d. instead of 5s. 9d. a gallon, if they contained less than 42 per cent. of spirit.

Dry as these details are—(in spite of their subject, though even wine may be too dry)—the history of the revolution which is slowly being effected in the national tastes and habits will one day be of no little interest. Even now people who have taken advantage of the provisions made by the treaty, in bringing cheap wine to their very doors, scarcely realize the full meaning of this part of the commercial treaty, and the ultra-Conservative, 'old-fashioned' folks, who 'stick to wholesome port and sherry, and won't have your cheap, wishy-washy stuff,' are not always too ignorant to benefit by the reduced prices of wine very superior in quality to that which they could only afford as an occasional liqueur, until old monopolies were broken up, and the removal of a prohibitive duty at once stimulated competition for popular favour.

For it was not in the light wines of the continent of Europe alone

that the increased consumption was so remarkable. Port and sherry took a share of the general increase; and men whose foresight was already acknowledged had begun to look to other vineyards than those which had for so many years yielded our only supplies. One of the foremost of these gentlemen was Mr. Denman, who, beside carrying out by practical experiments his belief in some of the old classical wines of Greece, has contributed largely and ably to the wine literature of the country. Utterly despairing, as it would appear, of the integrity of port and sherry, and believing that the lighter continental vintages were insufficient to satisfy the requirements of the English palate, too long accustomed to heady and adulterated brewages, Mr. Denman devoted himself to a thorough examination of the Greek wines; and his researches have been so successful that he sees reason to believe that, for natural strength, purity, and capacity for rapidly maturing into great excellence, they are not to be equalled by the wines of Spain or Portugal. That they will successfully compete even with the very finest of the ports and sherries, is maintained from the fact that the latter frequently require the addition of alcohol to prepare them for the market, and that the lower qualities are not only alcoholized, but frequently artificially flavoured, while the vintages of Visante, Santorin, St. Elie, Keffesia, and the rest of the old classical grounds from Mont Hymet to the Commandery, where the Knights of St. John became trading vintners, are distinguished for their natural, and therefore wholesome alcoholic strength derived from their rich saccharine quality, and the consequent chemical change in fermentation. The success with which Mr. Denman has imported these wines, and their increasing consumption, indicate that Greece will rapidly develop its resources as a wine-producing country, and that a market will be found for as much as she can send here; for the variety, as well as the excellent quality of these wines cannot fail to be appreciated. While the lighter

descriptions, such as the red and white Keffesia, are at once cheaper and more generous in tone than some Burgundies or Sauternes; and the Theræ is certainly superior to much of the Madeira sold at more than twice the price; the St. Elie, when it has been only three years in bottle, will bear comparison with Amontillado by those who have not artificially educated their palate to that spurious dryness so repulsive to the unsophisticated taste. The Santorin and the Como may be called Greek ports, and the Visanto (or Bacchus) and Lachryma Christi may be considered unique, and only comparable for exquisite flavour to the Imperial Tokay, of which so little comes to this country. It is strange, indeed, and quite out of the cold calculations of a generation which has only just learned to recognize any more than two wines, port and sherry, to learn that all the wines served with the various courses of a state dinner, from soup to olives and filberts, may be the product of one country; and one is almost obliged to go back to ancient history and the mythical ages to realize that, for a few shillings, we may crown even our humble repast with the nectar of the gods; but events move fast in our day, and the heroes themselves might find some improvement in their old 'favourite wancies,' if they could pay a visit to Piccadilly, and have half an hour's talk with the gentleman who there represents the spirit of enterprise, which includes the acceptance of things both new and old, and their adaptation to modern wants. Even now that the importation of wines and the consumption of the lighter European wines have so greatly increased, however, the public has not fully appreciated the opportunity. A large number of beverages of various estimable qualities are waiting for English acquaintance, and are willing to render themselves, at any moment when their presence is desired. It is surprising that up to the present time, though five years have elapsed, the experiences of light-wine drinkers have not been more enlarged. The soft, mellow, and fragrant produce

of the Burgundian vineyards, the delicate purity and aroma of the Sauterne vintage, the Chablis, and the Chateau Giraud; the velvety softness and rich glow of the great claret families; the Langoa, the Margaux, the Beychevelle, are yet only partially appreciated; while the Rhenish wines are still comparatively confined to a few sagacious connoisseurs, who find in the pure, fresh, and invigorating draught a cheap stimulus as well as a wholesome beverage.

The increase in the consumption is enormous notwithstanding, and those who foresaw in the reduction of the duty on these wines, and their proper adjustment in relation to the heavier spirituous liquors that had for so many years been forced upon us, a complete and gradual reclamation of the national taste, have already vindicated their opinion.

It is true that of the fifteen million gallons of wine consumed in 1868, France sent but five millions out of the hundred million gallons that she produces, but that increase represents an encouraging fact. In the first days of the reduced duty the English market was threatened with an enormous influx of inferior and a great deal of utterly worthless wine. The probability of this result at once operated to check the demand which the promise of a rapid supply had at first produced; and it cannot be denied that the threat was carried into execution to an extent which it required all the sagacity of the promoters of the new order of things to overcome. One of these gentlemen, Mr. H. R. Williams, who may be said to have been the principal pioneer of the present light-wine trade, had already given timely warning of the danger, and he as well as others waited patiently till the first excitement had subsided. His own name had already become identified with the claret, the advent of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had foretold, and he was soon regarded as a representative of the public as against the publican. The business which he re-established on the reformed basis was soon so large as

to require extensive warehouse room, for the remission of the duty brought about, among other changes, increased bulk in proportion to diminished profits: singular enough, the only available place that could be then attained was the ancient palace of Crosby Hall, once the dwelling-place of Richard III., in the grand old banqueting-room of which Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, Raleigh, and Spenser, and even the august Elizabeth herself had quaffed the French wines and drunk toasts in sack. But the old building wanted cellar-room; the claret that had been sold at fourteen shillings had grown into favour and was reduced to twelve; a lower price than that charged for a bottle of Bourdeaux in a Parisian café, and of a purity and excellence not always to be secured in Paris in consequence of the adulteration which the Parisian restaurateur employs to compensate him for the octroi duty; an adulteration beginning, by-the-by, with water, and too often consummated by damson juice, potato spirit, and others of those devil's elixirs which moved the wrath of Longfellow, and led him lyrically to doubt the purity of the low-priced wines of the American refreshment bars.

It was to be expected that the firm which had so patiently and confidently awaited the results of the French treaty should become as much a representative institution as a house of business; and it was in accordance with the principle of importing only wine of known virtue as far as was possible, and securing the natural growths in port and sherries, as well as in the light delicate wines, where blends and sophistications are infinitely more difficult, that H. R. Williams and Co. outgrew Crosby Hall, and had to find room for further extension in the enormous block of building which stands upon the site of the old East India House in Lime Street. This place is justly entitled to be regarded as representing the enormous public advantages already derived from the Commercial Treaty; and foreigners who come to London already connect it with

the inevitable London Docks, in its important significance in relation to our trade in European wines. It is still to the light wines that the greatest space has to be devoted; but the visitor, if he should make the tour of the building, will find that the old order of things has been reversed in more ways than one, and that the port which it was once the fashion to mature amidst the dirt and prolific fungi of a foul cellar occupies a warehouse, to reach which it is necessary to ascend more stone steps than a stout foreigner can count without emotion. There is no need for this violent exercise, however, for a lift, worked by steam and used for the transportation of butts and hogsheads from floor to floor, travels from roof to lower basement; that is to say, from the very topmost warehouse on the seventh floor to the sub cellarage, that being connected by an excavated tramway with the actual basement, goes in a succession of lofty light and airy crypts right under East India Avenue and as far as the quiet quadrangle of Leadenhall Market.

That topmost floor is devoted entirely to the washing of bottles, an operation admirably performed by means of a machine something like an extended lathe, and turned by the steam-engine. In this lathe there revolve a series of spindles, each of which is in fact a bottle-brush, with a tube through its centre; on the revolving brush is placed the bottle, and through the tube runs water supplied by a pipe and falling into a trough beneath. The saving effected by this method of washing, as well as the cleanliness secured, is a very considerable advantage. Having deposited our foreign visitor safely on the lift, which is in waiting for a downward journey through some of the wine countries of Europe, the signal bell is rung, and almost before we have comfortably settled down on the case of champagne placed as a seat, we are in the packing floor, where the sound of hammers, the smell of new deal, and a kind of methodical bustle and composed hurry are signs that the day's orders are not

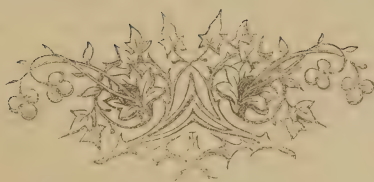
yet delivered to the lower story, where the railway vans are already waiting in a courtyard flanked by a large elevated platform from which they can receive their loads.

The smell of sawdust is penetrated by a more subtle odour, and the voice of the hammers ceases. We are in Nantes, Champagne, Cognac, Schiedam (if there be such a place), Glenlivet, Islay, Jamaica, Cork, Geneva, and we decline to stay in any of them, for, seductive as they are, they are dangerous in a forenoon. This is, in fact, the spirit floor; and though it does not belong emphatically to the representative nature of the house, it is important enough to require a steam-pump of its own to transfer the various liquors from the hogsheads to the casks from which they are bottled.

It is only when we sink away from this department, or rather when it appears to mount slowly above us as we descend that we come to the tranquil solidity of port wine. Here it is, in spite of all its detractors, asserting itself with the dogged and invincible logic of facts, as a good and wholesome supplement to our ordinary beverages—as a kindly medicine, a pleasant cordial, and now, thanks to the reformation, as a moderately economical luxury, even when it is accredited by a genealogy, or guaranteed by the verdict of an experienced judge. Very delicately does the steam-pump here perform its office, transferring the tawny liquid ruby without making it vibrate. It has vibration enough in the great fining-vat, where several pipes at a time are subjected to the judicious action of a revolving flange, which keeps up the necessary agitation till the operation is completed, and the bottlers are waiting to bin the next instalment of the 30,000 gallons represented by the pipes all round us. It is in a very modest office on this floor that Mr. Williams is to be found—an office so crowded with sample phials and cups and tasting-glasses and hygrometers, that it is quite a matter of breakages to reach the table where he is sitting in front of a big map, all spotted with red dots, as

though he had stuck a wafer on every place in the United Kingdom where he has consented to appoint an agent. If you like to taste port you can do so—young wine that arrived as it were but yesterday—and old mellow nectar that has been in hiding somewhere for these fifty years. If you want to peep at Spain, however, the lift is waiting to belie its name by sinking with you again to another great area just like the last, with pump and fining-vat and bottlers busily engaged in extracting streams of dark gold and pale amber from casks that exude a subtle vinous perfume. Here, at all events, some of the natural sherry is to be found, if it exists at all, for it is pale as chablis and dry as the driest hock; and here, too, is that noted *Vino Fino*,—the very perfection of a fish wine, but requiring an even temperature and delicate appreciation before it will reward the unaccustomed palate. In the office which is on this floor there is some of the quaint mediæval-fashioned furniture from the old house at Crosby Hall; but you must keep your seat

on the champagne case if you mean to finish your tour, for we are bound to the first cellar leading from the external courtyard and platform by a flight of steps, and still below that to the real subterranean, to which the intelligent visitor from Champagne and Bordeaux ‘renders himself with effusion.’ In fact, there is nothing like it in any private establishment between this and the wine country, for it is the depôt for millions of bottles of light wine. The great champagne cellars where the choice vintages are stored by the million bottles may be of course compared with it; but they, like this, are representatives of a branch of national commerce, and the lofty gas-lighted and well-aired arches—without a vestige of cobweb; the clean, saw-dusted level asphalte flooring; the great stacks and walls with faces composed of thousands of cylindrical shapes; the cases and casks, the tramways and the easy conveyance into free air and daylight, are all significant of the new truth that has come to us with the restoration of cheap wine.



A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

THE wind is loud this bleak December night,
 And moans, like one forlorn, at door and pane;
 But here within my chamber warm and bright
 All household blessings reign.

And as I sit and smoke, my eager soul
 Somewhat at times from out the Past will win,
 Whilst the light cloud wreathes upwards from the bowl,
 That glows so red within :

And of the Protean shapes that curling rise,
 Fancy, godlike, so moulds and fashions each,
 That dead hands live again, and kindly eyes,
 And even dear human speech.

Often in this dim world two boys I see,
 Of ruddy cheek, and open careless brow;
 And one am I, my fond heart whispers me,
 And one, dear Tom, art thou.

With many a rosy tint the picture glows,—
 Wild sport avenging school's hard tyranny,—
 Bright holidays, with games and fairy shows,
 And shouts of frolic glee;

Till all melts into air. Upon my ears
 Sweet bells sound softly through the summer hours,
 And Oxford, fairest city, slow uprears
 Her glittering spires and towers :

And here by Isis' banks, and Cherwell's stream,
 And haunted Cumnor, and the hundred ways
 Where thou and I, dear friend, were wont to dream,
 My yearning spirit strays.

And now 'neath chestnut avenues we tread,
 Now by gray arch, and lichen-cover'd wall;
 Or on trunc'd ear, in pillar'd fanes, the dread,
 Deep organ-thunderings fall.

And as the witching incense round me climbs,
 I feel those wealthy summer eves once more,
 When from full hearts we read our venturous rhymes,
 Or favourite poet-lore,

And, pausing, saw the still night drawing on,
 And o'er the turret-roofs, serene and clear
 Within their order'd spaces, one by one,
 The solemn stars appear.

So in this odorous cloud full oft I see
 Sweet forms of tender beauty; and a tone
 Steals through the echoing halls of Memory,
 That these are all my own.

Yea,—though, dear Tom, Death's passionless cold hand
 Hath thrust her sable cloud 'tween thee and me,
 And thou art lying in an alien land,
 Beyond the Atlantic sea.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

THE PARLIAMENTARY CONFLICTS OF THE REIGN.

IT will be interesting in the present important political conjuncture, to take a rapid glance at the successive administrations of the present long reign, and those critical parliamentary divisions which have determined the fate of ministers and the character of our public policy. Mr. Disraeli has not waited for a parliamentary vote before resigning. It was manifest that he was to be checkmated, and he has preferred, without going through the dull processes of defeat, to toss up the chessmen and begin another fresh game. Nothing of the kind has ever happened before in the reign, and it is said that Mr. Disraeli has been sinning against the highest etiquette. But Mr. Disraeli is one of those who make etiquette rather than those for whom etiquette is made. He has followed his own bold originality in preferring abdication to expulsion, and in ignoring the last premier by advising the Queen to send at once for the right honourable member for Greenwich.

When her gracious Majesty came to the throne, a generation ago, there existed a variety of political conditions strongly akin to those that now exist, or which may be expected to arise. There had been some years before a Reform Bill passed, the result of which had been to give the Whigs a tremendous majority, a majority counted by hundreds, and almost to annihilate the Tory, or Conservative party. That majority, however, gradually grew less and less, and after the dissolution of parliament, consequent on the demise of the king, it hardly amounted to a dozen votes. This was a majority perilously small. Under the old system, when the third George was king, if the majority had not some five or six times exceeded this, any Ministry, except under very exceptional circumstances, would have resigned. When the Queen came to the throne, her Majesty unconsciously furnished

Lord Melbourne and his ministry with a large amount of political capital. The young Queen, hitherto brought up in strict seclusion, was now brought into sudden intimacy with many of the most brilliant and distinguished men in the country, readily giving them her fullest confidence and favour, and enlisting all her sympathies on their side against their political opponents. The Whigs surrounded the youthful sovereign with ladies of her chamber and court who were altogether devoted to their interests, and thus Her Majesty was made to appear in the unpopular light of a partisan. The Queen herself, in the 'Life of the Prince Consort,' has alluded to the perilous position in which she found herself placed. There were not wanting many persons at the time who protested against the real unkindness which placed the Queen in so unfair a position. Since that time she has fully mastered the theory of the Constitution, and is a most impartial arbitress amid the conflict of parties. The practical results of Lord Melbourne's personal policy towards the sovereign soon became apparent in the famous Bedchamber Plot. Those who fell into what Baron Bunsen speaks of as the mistake of supposing that the sovereign has no power, should see how the will of a young girl was able to thwart the almost absolute power of a statesman with a real majority of parliament and the nation at his back. The parliamentary division which produced the first ministerial crisis of the reign was on the vexed Jamaica question. This left the ministry in a minority of five. In consequence of this they resigned, and Sir Robert Peel was sent for to form an administration. It is said that almost accidentally Sir Robert Peel, on referring to the Blue Book, found how entirely the Queen was surrounded by ladies of a political character. He conceived that while this was the case he could not be

said to possess that entire confidence of her Majesty which he considered necessary for the stability of his ministry. Her Majesty declined to take the course he suggested, and which she declared to be repugnant to her feelings. A good deal of misapprehension existed on the subject of those ladies of the bed-chamber. It was imagined that the Queen was called upon to part with the beloved companions of her youth, whereas those ladies had hardly been in office above a twelve-month. Neither did Sir Robert desire to make a general revolution in the domestic department of the palace, for he only desired two alterations in that department.

This was especially the era of critical parliamentary divisions. At no other period during the reign were these divisions so close, so frequent, and so exciting. The real power lay with the Opposition. They could check, and they could almost carry any measure that they chose. The majority in the upper house was altogether with them. In the lower house they were only nominally in a minority,—a minority which any day might be converted into a majority. The sympathies of the Crown were supposed to be with ministers, but this hardly helped them in the popular estimation. Still, on the resignation of Mr. Abercrombie, the Whigs carried the appointment of Mr. Shaw Lefevre as the new Speaker, in opposition to Mr. Goulburn, who was supported by Sir Robert and his friends. The Tories afterwards abundantly acquiesced in the great merits of this appointment. The following year the subject of the Queen's marriage came before the House of Commons. The ministry proposed to settle fifty thousand a-year on the Prince. Colonel Sibthorp, famous for proposing utterly abortive motions, proposed that the grant should be reduced to thirty thousand a-year. To his huge delight Sir Robert Peel supported him. At first sight it certainly looked as if Sir Robert Peel was resenting the slight passed upon him in the previous year and making his power felt in a very practical way. But Sir Robert

would never allow that anything of the sort was the case. He considered that the grant, in the depressed condition of the country, was fixed at an unnecessarily high amount. The lesser sum was carried by a large majority. The numbers were:—

Ayes (for the larger sum)	158
Noes	262

Majority	104
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Although the majority was so great, more than a hundred, it was not considered decisive against the ministry, inasmuch as it was chiefly effected by the support of the large Radical section who sought to reduce the national expenditure as far as possible. Before long the Ministry retrieved their position by a favourable division. Sir John Yarde Buller brought forward his motion of want of confidence. On this occasion Mr. Macaulay made his first speech in the house after his return from India, and becoming a cabinet minister. The close parliamentary divisions of the period were of the most exciting nature, and had a truly dramatic interest. On this occasion the numbers were:—

Ayes	287
Noes	308

Majority for Government	21
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Soon after Sir James Graham brought forward his motion condemning the ministry on the China question. The numbers were:—

Ayes	262
Noes	271

Majority for Government	9
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It will be observed how gradually the Government majority was slipping away. Finally, after many varieties of fortune, Sir Robert Peel next session brought forward his motion of want of confidence, when the numbers were:—

For Sir R. Peel's Resolution	312
Against it	311

Majority against Ministers	1
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Then came the momentous general

election. It was known that the Melbourne Ministry were in a hopeless minority, but it did not occur to them to resign until an adverse vote was challenged and accepted from the house.

With a critical majority of ninety in favour of Peel, the era of close parliamentary divisions was closed for some years. Sir Robert was at the head of a strong Government, the strongest that had for many years been known. He had his difficulties; he had that special difficulty of Ireland, that rock-a-head on which he made shipwreck at last; and the Opposition repeatedly measured its strength against him. But it cannot be said that there was a single division which in any degree imperilled his tenure of power. It was now known that his relations with the Queen and the Prince were of the most cordial description. His own party felt some dissatisfaction with him, and there was a section of them which would have preferred the leadership of Lord Lyndhurst. The Young England party, with its Coryphæus, Mr. Disraeli, looked upon him with dislike and suspicion. But the Minister maintained a position of unassailable strength. The augmentation of the Maynooth Grant shook his popularity, but here he was sure of the assistance of the bulk of the Liberals. Finally the convictions, slowly and painfully arrived at by Sir Robert, brought to an issue by the Irish famine, determined him to propose the repeal of the Corn Laws. It was, perhaps, unfortunate for his fame, that he remained in office to carry those measures which he had resisted in opposition. It was the story of the Catholic claims repeated over again. There was now an utter separation between the Conservative leaders and their rank and file. There was no doubt but Sir Robert, with the assistance of the Whigs, would triumphantly be able to carry the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Still there were memorable debates, in which Mr. Disraeli exhausted every weapon of scathing irony against the Premier, Sir Robert Peel. Perhaps he learned to regret that through ill advice he had neglected

Mr. Disraeli's claims for office, and he could little have foreseen in him a future Prime Minister. There can be no doubt but Sir Robert's course was dictated by motives of the purest patriotism. But that course was so tortuous, that he left behind him only a chequered and ambiguous fame. It cannot be said that the papers published by his executors, Lord Stanhope and Mr. Cardwell, have effectually cleared his name. With the amplest sympathy and allowance for him, he still remains a political enigma.

From that time to this the Conservative party have never recovered that proud position of political predominance to which they had attained during the premiership of Sir Robert. A memorable division on the protection of life on the Irish Coercion Bill, in which Protectionists and Whigs coalesced, placed him in a minority of seventy-three, and ejected him from office. During the remaining years of his life, Sir Robert gave an effectual support to the Whigs. It seemed, indeed, not improbable, on one occasion, that he might yet effect a reconciliation with his former friends. This was on the debate on Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, a debate famous for three great speeches: the speech of Lord Palmerston, which was his greatest parliamentary effort; the grand speech of Mr. Cockburn, which virtually made him Chief Justice; and the speech of Sir Robert Peel, once more drawing near to his old friends, and made in the unconscious, imminent shadow of approaching death. He died; and for weary years the betrayed Conservative party, slowly electing its generals and disciplining its rank and file, continued in gallant ineffectual opposition, never able to make head directly against the Government, but with the chance of profiting by occasional combination with disaffected elements of that great Liberal party which, like the Matterhorn, is always undergoing a process of disintegration.

The critical divisions of late years have been pretty uniformly effected by a junction of the Conservatives with some portion of the Liberal host. The Whigs had so far im-

proved their position, that on the great party fight when Sir Robert Peel made his last speech, they had a majority of forty-six. In 1851 there was a ministerial crisis. At the beginning of the session, Mr. Disraeli was only left in a minority of fourteen in his motion on the relief of agricultural distress. Afterwards came Mr. Locke King's motion for equalizing the franchise in counties and boroughs, when the Government was defeated in a thin House of only a hundred and fifty members, and forthwith resigned. Lord Derby on this occasion found no Peelites willing to co-operate with the Protectionists, and he acknowledged that an adequate Cabinet could not be made from his friends, who were almost entirely destitute of any necessary official experience. The progress of events has subsequently taken away that reproach, if such it were. The Whig Government was then reinstated; but, with the fatality that attends it, they were left in a minority on an income-tax question, by Mr. Disraeli combining with a section of Radicals. Government prevented a crisis by acquiescing in the views of the majority. It was well understood, however, that it was in that progressive state of debility that no long continuance could be expected for it.

Next year an opportunity, for the first time, came to the new Conservative party of obtaining political power. Lord Palmerston had been somewhat curtly dismissed by the Premier, for writing important despatches without the concurrence of the Cabinet and the Queen. In retaliation Lord Palmerston proposed an amendment on the Militia Bill, and this being carried, Lord John Russell resigned. Lord Derby was sent for, and on this occasion he resolved that he would not shrink from the responsibility of forming a Ministry. 'In the words put in the mouth of the meanest criminal, but not unworthy of the First Minister of the Crown, "I elect to be tried by God and my country."' The new Ministry, though unfledged in office, got through their work with great administrative ability; but it was

answered that they had only brought forward the measures which they found ready made in the Whig pigeon-holes. In due course they dissolved; but the General Election, though it improved their position, was very far from placing them in a majority. Under these circumstances their speedy ejection from office was only a matter of time. They were forced into the humiliating position of accepting a vote of the utter renunciation of the Protectionist doctrines. It was, however, on the Budget that they went out. The Peelites and the old Whigs definitively coalesced against the Ministers. Mr. Disraeli made his memorable declaration, that England does not love coalitions. Mr. Gladstone denied that his opposition was factious: he opposed the Budget because he thought it was a bad Budget, and fraught with mischievous consequences. The rival speeches of the two statesmen afforded the finest possible example of an oratorical duel. The great combination of the two parties was then formed, under the premiership of the Earl of Aberdeen, whom both Palmerston and Lord John were willing to serve under, peculiarly rich in administrative talent, through its singular combination of the best men in the two parties which had been opposed in the earlier years of the reign.

So we come to the year 1855. That year proved the truth of Mr. Disraeli's assertion, that England does not love coalitions. The powerful Government of Lord Aberdeen, the Administration of All the Talents, came to an abrupt close. The evil days of the Crimean war, when our fleets and armies were rotting and perishing through the neglect and mismanagement of the home authorities, aroused a passion of sorrow and indignation through the country. Lord Russell, with his usual tricky insincerity, shook still more the falling Ministry through his selfish resignation. Mr. Roebuck's motion for a commission of inquiry, hardly critical, since it was well known how enormous a preponderance of numbers was on one side, was carried by about two to

one. In consequence of this Lord Derby was commissioned by the Queen to form a ministry. He would willingly have done so if he could have procured the assistance of Lord Palmerston and some of the Peelites. At first Lord Palmerston, who had served so many varying Administrations with a persistency worthy of the Vicar of Bray, was perfectly ready to serve under Lord Derby, and Mr. Disraeli professed his willingness to yield to him the leadership of the House of Commons. Suddenly, however, Lord Palmerston changed his mind. He probably perceived that the splendid prize of political power, after so many years, had slowly and surely ripened to his grasp. He would not coalesce with Lord Derby, neither would Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Sidney Herbert; and so Lord Palmerston became Premier.

This popular and prosperous statesman had some trouble in getting out of breakers into the open sea beyond. The shuffling of the political cards had again made Lord John Russell a Cabinet Minister, content to serve where he had formerly ruled. The publication of the Nesselrode circular, which showed that the English Minister for War was altogether opposed to war, awoke a storm of indignation; and Lord Russell by resignation prevented his ejection. The Peelite section of the Ministry resigned in consequence of the Sebastopol inquiry. It might have been thought that every element of instability belonged to Lord Palmerston's Government; but it became the most popular which the country had known for many years. It was always gratefully remembered by the nation, that at the time of the supreme Crimean difficulty, when the nation seemed deserted by its chiefs, Lord Palmerston had come to the helm and borne on the vessel of the State to victory and to peace. It became a question of amusing and interesting speculation whether the isolated Peelites would throw in their political lot with their old Tory allies, estranged by a quarrel so bitter and so prolonged, or whether they would again be ab-

sorbed within the Liberal ranks. It seemed not improbable that the former would be the case. In the session of 1857, the events in China, in reference to the lorcha called the 'Arrow,' occasioned a combination that was at first successful against the popular Premier. He had with him, indeed, a majority of the House of Lords, a strong proof that he was practically regarded as a Conservative. Mr. Cobden, in pursuance of his peace principles, moved a vote of censure. Lord John was ready enough to embarrass his successful rival. The Conservatives of course availed themselves of this portentous party move. The Peelite section joined them. Lord Palmerston promptly dissolved. The unfriendly Peelites and Radicals were more than decimated, Lord Palmerston was enthusiastically supported throughout the country. His majority was enormous, his power almost autocratic. It almost seemed that we had established a Perpetual Dictator.

But among the lessons taught us concerning the vanity of human things, we may also be taught to put no trust in overwhelming parliamentary majorities. Lord Palmerston, confident in his great position and the national support, seemed to lose for a time his mental balance, and conducted himself with great arrogance towards individual members of the House. There generally exists towards a Minister a double current of feeling: the feeling of the nation that knows the Minister at a distance and in print, and the feeling of members who are brought into a close personal relation with him. The personal offence taken by the House was soon aggravated by the offence taken by the nation, because it was thought that he had submitted to French dictation in proposing an alteration of our law, and had not answered Count Walewski's despatch in a becoming manner. The Government was evicted by a majority of ninety, and we passed into a new phase of government by a minority. It was thought that the Conservatives only held their places at pleasure, and that whenever the Liberals might com-

bine they might take office under a new arrangement. With this view the ministry was from the first subjected to an unmitigated hostility. The Government, however, was not so much at the mercy of the Opposition as was expected. It evaded the Indian difficulty through the resignation of Lord Ellenborough and the plan of proceeding by Resolution. It was resolved at the Cambridge House conclave to eject the Tories before Whitsuntide, by a vote of censure on their despatch condemnatory of Lord Canning. But things arranged themselves differently. The only question at first was the amount of the majority, and the arrangement of offices. But delays took place which were fatal to the Opposition. Sir Charles Napier would not withdraw a motion which he had on the paper. The Derby day came off. There was a schism among the Peelites. Fresh news arrived from India. On the eve of the Whitsuntide holidays there was an extraordinary scene in the House. The Whig phalanx reeled and utterly broke. The motion was withdrawn, and the Ministry, with whom the moral victory remained, tided over the rest of the session.

The Conservatives had resolved that they would attempt a settlement of the Reform question. They were almost bound to do so by the necessities of their position. It was the one sure card which their opponents could always play when they wanted to raise a popular cry in their own favour. The details of the measure were kept profoundly secret until Mr. Disraeli laid them before the House. Mr. Disraeli has always said that his 'lateral' scheme was a good one, and that he has been told by men most opposed to him that they regretted that his bill had not passed. It was not even allowed a second reading, being rejected, in a very full House, by a majority of thirty-nine. A dissolution of Parliament was the result. When the new Parliament met in the month of May, the Marquis of Hartington moved an amendment on the Address, for which he has never been fully forgiven, expressing a want of confidence. Then

ensued one of the most important divisions of the reign—

For the Amendment . . . 323
Against it 310

Majority against Government 13

The majority was not large, but it was decisive. Lord Granville, being sent for, recommended Lord Palmerston. This Parliament, elected under the auspices of Lord Derby, gave, on the whole, a thorough support to Lord Palmerston, and became more and more Palmerstonian as it lived through its full term to the period of its natural demise. The wonderful old man never repeated the personal errors by which he had once alienated so many of his friends. On several occasions the Conservatives presented a bold front, and closely approximated in their numbers to the Liberals. They obtained a success in the House of Lords, which had to be retracted, on the remission of the paper duty. They worsted some of the ministers in detail, and succeeded in ejecting Lord Westbury and Mr. Lowe from office. On the Dano-German question they seriously imperilled the continuance of the Government. This was the most critical division of all the sessions of this Parliament. The numbers ran very close on both sides, and the result depended on votes that could not be safely calculated on. Then came a motion virtually condemnatory of Government, on which ensued a debate of four nights, in every degree worthy of the House, the commencement of which was signalized by a gladiatorial conflict between Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone. With his usual good fortune, Lord Palmerston obtained a majority of eighteen, and he hardly received any further serious attack to the end of his life.

The general election of 1865 infinitely strengthened the power of the aged but ever-youthful Premier. He was both a Liberal and a Conservative. Many country gentlemen were silently transferring their allegiance to him, and the Whigs never before took so high a place among the county constituencies. It was

felt that, with all his adherence to party, he was essentially a Constitutionalist, and that his safe and strong hands would best defend the Constitution. A large majority of the members returned to Parliament were pledged to support Lord Palmerston; but before Parliament assembled Lord Palmerston was dead — *felix etiam opportunitate mortis*. According to the rule of seniority, absurdly applied, Earl Russell now for the second time became Premier, and Mr. Gladstone was the leader of the House of Commons. A Liberal majority, however, has always a tendency towards disintegration; and that weakness which, historically speaking, has so greatly characterized it, broke out in a very remarkable way. On their 'one-barrelled' Reform Bill the Ministry were first left with a majority of only five, and they found themselves in a minority in Committee. They resigned, and for the third time Lord Derby became Premier. Had the Adullamite section coalesced with him, it is possible that the Government might have been maintained on strictly conservative principles; but as things were, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli resolved to deal once more with the Reform question, which they had always consistently denied to be the prerogative of the Whig party. They succeeded in settling the question at the gain of a prolonged term of office to themselves, but of a serious schism in their own ranks.

Lord Derby's disinclination for office was now so effectually seconded by indisposition, that at the beginning of the year he was forced to resign, and Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister. With the disadvantages of fortune, birth, and race against him, the man of letters, a 'gentleman of the press,' scaled the supreme height of our English life, and there was generally a feeling of sympathy and admiration for the achievement. Mr. Gladstone's declaration of policy on the Irish Church speedily raised a direct issue between the rival parties in the State. A very large adverse majority appeared against Mr. Disraeli in the recent general election, and he has

resigned before Parliament has assembled. The only precedent for this, and that not a very fortunate one, since it doomed him to political extinction, is furnished by the late Earl of Ripon, who was alternately known as 'Prosperity Robinson' and 'Goody Goderich,' and finally called by Mr. Disraeli himself an 'arch-medocrity among a cluster of mediocrities.' Mr. Disraeli is certainly not that. He is not following a precedent, but adopting a distinct strategical course which seems best for the interests of his party. On the fortunes of the forthcoming ministry we do not design to speculate, or exchange our historical for a political point of view. It is to be noted that the Liberal majority is hardly augmented in England since the meeting of the Lord Palmerston Parliament, but is mainly made up in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. It is also to be noted that the counties have fully returned to Conservative principles, indicating a clear antagonism of ideas between parties. The first election after this Reform Bill is in much like the first election after the first Reform Bill, with the exception that the Conservative party is three times as strong now as it was then, and that the standing weaknesses of a large Liberal majority are augmented by special difficulties. The general opinion seems to be that the country is prepared for a Liberal, but not for a Radical policy. It may be useful to have given a brief sketch of a period too near for historical treatment, and too remote for the most part for ordinary recollection. For ourselves, we only echo the aspiration proper for the meeting of Parliament, that 'peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations.'

OLD OXFORD AND YOUNG OXFORD.

Those who have watched the progress of Oxford for many years past are aware through what remarkable processes of change the University and town have passed during the last decade. The rapid succession of university generations, the con-

stant and varied contrast between the hoar antiquity of the institution and the fresh youth of its members, always gives a keen interest to the discussion of Oxford subjects. The thorough Oxonian of the old school, and even those who have not left their university for very many terms, are sufficiently astonished at the swift changes which recent years have brought. In the first place, the external aspect of things has greatly changed. It seems to have struck a vast number of people almost simultaneously within recent years that Oxford was an extremely desirable place of residence. The result is that almost a new town has sprung up, creating a distinct fashionable suburb to Oxford; and whole acres of ground, which was bare, dull country, outlying the parks, are now covered with terraces and mansions. The many social advantages possessed by the grand old city and its most pleasant neighbourhood, together with the course of alterations adopted of late years in the university system, all seem to promise a continual expansion to Oxford. The increase of the professoriate, the fact that fellows are now in so many instances permitted to marry, the existence of new orders of students, which may receive an infinite extension, are always widening social life in Oxford. The university, as a university, it must be frankly owned is very much given up to habits of luxury. Alma Mater, while she stores the minds, also takes abundant care of the bodily wants of her children. Every description of luxury and amusement have long been sedulously practised by the undergraduate, and he is now carefully imitated by his seniors. Marrying and giving in marriage, and also the abundant giving of dinners, to a considerable degree absorb the energies of resident Oxonians. The professor class marry old, but they show their keen æsthetic sense by selecting young and pretty partners. Then ensue dinner and evening parties; and college grounds have become nymph-haunted groves, and every kind of academical bewilderment has set in. Taking higher ground, it must also

be owned that Oxford has achieved the highest fame for the unexampled variety and completeness of its educational resources. Oxford has understood and met every exigency of modern times. Art, natural science, modern languages, are all engrafted on the old system; and, so far from falling into the rear through the march of events, Oxford is far in the van of the educational influences of the country.

As we walk about Oxford, counting its towers and telling its palaces, we see that the changes in the university structures are as marked as in the suburbs. Though the city escaped the invasion of a manufactory threatened by the Great Western Railway Company, its operatives, who may reap great intellectual benefits from the existence of the University, are rapidly increasing. When Matthew Arnold writes another poem like the 'Gypsy Scholar,' he must introduce many new features into the delineation of the Oxford landscape. Look, for instance, at the vast changes at Christ Church. Dean Liddell has on the whole done much good, but I think he might have left the 'lilied Cherwell' alone. The stream flows now in embankments near the island; and there is a long line of railing opposite the barges, and a new Broad Walk is to be constructed through the meadow, and the Cathedral has been thoroughly altered, and Skeleton Corner has vanished, and the picturesque Fell building has been converted into a sumptuous pile of chambers, with every modern appliance and convenience. Shade of Gaisford! and can such things be? And what we see at Christ Church is, in a minor scale, repeated everywhere else over the University. Look at the new Palace of Science, the new Museum, and the new glories of Balliol and Exeter Chapels, and the Radcliffe changed into a Reading room, if people would only read, and the new and splendid structures of the town, and the commencement of the new Keble College, and the fresh churches that are rising, and the old Oxonian wakes up as if in a dream. He finds, too, that other things have altered. The

University and City police are to be amalgamated, and it is hoped that there will be an end of those blessed rows on the Fifth of November between Town and Gown. The degenerate populace, instead of making a bonfire at Carfax, which used to be the good old plan, on any ebullition of popular feeling now set the water-works going, and get up a mild imitation of the Deluge.

Such is young Oxford, and just now we are opportunely presented with a book which gives us a very full and remarkable view of old Oxford.* The venerable Esquire Bedel has given us a volume of 'Recollections,' which commence with the great landmark of the French Revolution, 1789. We find very little about the momentous history of religious opinions, which is the deepest and most important history of Oxford, and Mr. Cox is constantly dealing with bare external facts, with only a most limited conception of the significance they possessed. But the book is a charming one. Mr. Cox's soul must have an elective affinity for good old Wood and lamented Dr. Bliss. There is a fine old aroma about it, redolent of the common room jokes, good and old as the port, miscellaneous *ana*, curious information, contemporary gossip. Even those who are most intent on the far more stirring epoch of young Oxford, will do well to notice for themselves the picture which Mr. Cox has presented of old Oxford.

In the modern conflict between old Oxford and young Oxford, we know that the good often will be taken and the bad be left. We must not exaggerate either the old elements or the new elements. The chief staple of Oxford is the same that it has ever been, and we fervently trust, despite of newfangled advantages, will ever continue to be. The large body of the members still come up from the great public schools, and still tread in the old classical course. We add, with regret, that they still wear the same loud garments, and drink the same

horrible mixtures sold as port and sherry. The public schoolmen still gather into their little clubs, but though the Union is as popular as ever, admission is eagerly sought into a society which also regales the members with any amount of coffee and bitter beer, included in the subscription. The healthy, vigorous love of athletic sports is healthy and vigorous as ever. We can well understand how the Oxonian changes must be puzzling to an old Oxford man. The splendid first class of the old system, identified with recollections of so many illustrious men, is no longer attainable, being schismatically cut atwain by Moderations; while the introduction of Law, and Modern History, and Natural Science, and we hardly know what, are introducing all sorts of honours and corresponding candidates of the most puzzling description for outsiders. Moreover, educational reformers are constantly starting up with new theories and desires to revolutionize the University still more. Then again, there are varieties of students which would make the old Oxonian 'stare and gasp.' The curious contrivance of private halls, institutions which in our day rose and fell with mushroom-like rapidity, and the members of which were regarded as interesting objects in Natural History, seem to be taking a hold upon the place. Then again, at one of the colleges there is a set of young men who go upon what is called the Frugal System, and like the Early Christians, do their eating and drinking in common. Then again there are unattached students who are attached to the University, but to no particular college. Great expectations were attached to this notion, and it was imagined that, as in the days of Occam, some thirty thousand youthful lovers of knowledge would tramp into Oxford. At present, however, they only appear in infinitesimal driblets. In fact, these are only excrescences on the body collegiate, signs of superabundant health and vigour, and hardly meriting any very serious attention. They are encouraging proofs that Oxford thoroughly

* 'Recollections of Oxford.' By G. V. Cox, M.A., late Esquire Bedel and Coroner of the University of Oxford. Macmillan.

comprehends its relations with the country, and desires to harmonize our oldest institutions with the queer wizard yclept the Spirit of the Age. It may truly also be said for her that she is a very centre and focus of intellectual life. It is a well-known fact, that every subject of national interest is eagerly discussed at Oxford even far in advance of the London Press, and that with a breadth and freedom to which current political journalism rarely aspires. Most political subjects that emerge into notice have received here a thorough ventilation beforehand.

One drawback is that there is a great deal of political cant and affectation in some of the colleges. This has lately taken practical form in a daring attempt of some Oxonians to secure some seat at the last election. Abingdon has always been a temptation to University aspirants, and we have known enterprising young men who would give lectures there, and cultivate friendly relations with the inhabitants, if by any means they could create a parliamentary interest. But as for Woodstock, though one might aspire, hopelessly aspire to shooting on the preserves and fishing in the Blenheim lakes, a man would as soon have thought of making a powerful entry into Blenheim Castle, or of pouncing into the Dean's right-hand stall of the cathedral, as of offering himself here as a Parliamentary candidate. But both these immemorial localities, chiefly associated in the undergraduate's mind with, so to speak, being 'out of bounds,' have been attempted by young Radical philosophers; and in various other parts of the country the Oxonian free-thinking in politics has made itself felt. But, somehow or other, they have all come to grief. We feel a measure of sympathy for some really earnest and careful thinkers among them, but very little for young men who take up Liberalism as the fashion and make it a social affectation. We know the kind of men, the men who will talk for hours in clubs over politics and the great things they mean to do, and

who render themselves liable to the terrible imputation of boredom. As a rule they subside into steady-going Toryism eventually, and at Oxford they have the happy knack of sometimes developing into poets or statesmen.

WHYMPER'S TRAVELS IN THE ALASKA.*

The stream of literature has been terribly pent up by the elections, but the obstreperous obstacles are now removed, and its quiet wholesome waters will flow freely. When the publishing season sets in there is one especial set of books on which we always look with peculiar interest, and that is the invariable books of travel. They are sure to come out, some half dozen of them at least, with their records of energy and hardihood; irrepressible outbursts of daring and adventure, which all the luxuries and civilization of home life are powerless to repress. Mr. Whympier leads off with an account of his travels and adventures in the Alaska territory. The first inquiry which will suggest itself to many of our readers is, where on earth may the Alaska territory happen to be? The answer is that the Alaska territory is that which was called Russian America, and which America purchased from Russia, most probably as a consequence of the Monroe doctrine. They would now be ready to buy Iceland and Greenland. This territorial acquisition by America was not looked at in the most favourable light by some of us, but there can be no real objection to its acquisition of any possible amount of rocks and icebergs.

Mr. Whympier travelled in various regions of the North Pacific. He has some good chapters on British Columbia and Vancouver Island. He has exciting stories of the boundless forests, and men being lost in the woods, and a castaway writing his will in pencil on a white handkerchief. Mr. Whympier brings

* 'Travels and Adventures in the Territory of Alaska.' By Frederick Whympier. London: John Murray.

into prominence the unpleasant fact, on which we did not dwell with much particularity at the time, that in the Russian war we by no means came off well in our attacks on Russian America. Mr. Whymper went out to these regions, 'having, thank God, a little superfluous energy which was then lying fallow.' He was appointed artist to a telegraph expedition. His special business was certainly no sinecure when he had to sketch with the temperature thirty degrees below zero. Between every five strokes of the pencil he had to run about and keep himself warm, once with the inconvenience of a frozen ear swollen up to the top of his head.¹⁰⁰ Game would hang for a month and never

get high, and some of the stores became so much rock, to be broken up by the axe. The account of the natives, who refused to be called Christian Indians, and defined themselves as 'Whiskey Indians,' is one more indication how the noble savage must disappear before civilization and fire-water. Mr. Whymper has the merit of being the first writer who has given a distinct account of the wonderful river of Alaska. It is, in some places, a mile and a quarter broad, and is to be compared with the Mississippi. Mr. Whymper has also given some sketches of California, and of visits to the eastern coasts of Siberia and Kamtschatka.

THE SEWING MACHINE AND ITS TRIUMPHS.

AT a provincial town in Massachusetts, in the United States, there lived in 1844 a young artisan who found it no easy matter to support a wife and two or three little folks out of his weekly wages as a millwright or mechanical engineer. He had occupied his spare thoughts for three or four years on a scheme for a sewing machine, which might expedite the processes of sewing and stitching cloth, leather, and other materials. It was not domestic needlework, but large manufactures of clothing, that he had in his thoughts. Having no money to adventure, his experiments were all of a very humble kind, made in his own garret; but in the year above-named he felt convinced that he had conquered the main difficulties of his invention. He was right; and Elias Howe deserves to be ranked among the distinguished inventors of the present century. A fellow-townsmen came to his aid at this juncture; the one provided brains, the other money; and between them they finished (in April, 1845) the first sewing machine. Howe knew afterwards, though not at the time, that many abortive attempts had been made in earlier years in the same direction, or proximately connected

with it. For instance, one patented machine was for ornamental tambouring, or loosely interlocking threads by the aid of an eye-pointed needle. Another was a machine for sewing gloves; claspings the glove firmly, and guiding a needle to and fro through it. A third was for a kind of tambour-stitching, with a crochet-hook; the machine punctured holes, and dragged up the thread through them. A fourth was a machine for sewing leather, with a double-pointed needle to carry the thread, and mechanical fingers to pull it each way alternately. A fifth, for embroidering patterns on net and lace, had a bobbin to carry one thread, a shuttle to carry another, and some very beautiful appliances for entwining one thread round the other. These were only a few among scores of patented inventions which can be traced back for something like a century; but there seems no reason to doubt that Howe's was the first machine for real sewing and stitching brought to an effective and practical issue.

In July, '45, the inventor and his colleague arrayed themselves in suits of garments, seamed and stitched by Howe himself—perhaps the best of all modes of showing

that tailoring could be done by the machine. From that time the era of the sewing machine virtually commenced, although many sorrowing days were destined to pass before the inventor became much the better for his ingenuity. From 1845 to 1850 were years of poverty and struggle to him. He took his machine to a clothing-factory at Boston, and there challenged five of the most dexterous needlewomen in sewing the inside seams of coat sleeves: the machine beat the five in celerity and in neatness. After this Howe and his partner patented the machine, and shared the ownership in certain proportions. Then began a series of personal and domestic sorrows. Failing to obtain immediate recognition in his own country, and being too poor to wait, he came to England. Here a manufacturing staymaker purchased from Howe the right to patent, to make, and to use the machine in England, and also engaged his services at a weekly salary. How it happened that he was in debt and difficulties, surrounded with sickness and poverty, in 1846, 1847, and 1848, it is for his biographers to narrate; but Elias Howe set foot again on his native shores in 1849 with just half a crown in his pocket. It was indeed hit or miss with him.

At this point began a double career in the history of the sewing machine: its progress in the United States, and its progress in the United Kingdom. Concerning the former, Elias Howe, soon after his return to America, fortunately found means to combat, in a court of law, an infringement of the American patent—an interest in which he had managed to retain in spite of his poverty. He won. The tide turned in his favour; and he succeeded in establishing a system whereby he granted licenses, at a certain royalty or per-centage on each machine, to several sewing-machine manufacturing companies, which were one after another established. Fortune flowed in upon him, and Elias Howe lived to be a wealthy man—whether a ‘millionaire,’ as the Americans call him, depends probably on whether they

mean the possessor of a million dollars or of a million pounds sterling. The factories for making the machines were of prodigious size, employing several hundred men each; and the largeness of the annual produce testified to the earnestness with which our cousins over the water welcomed this aid to the seamstress and the tailor, the shoemaker and the saddler, the staymaker and the mantua-maker. It is known to those who have attended to the progress of mechanical invention in the United States, and to the legal proceedings relating to contested inventions, that Elias Howe had a narrow escape in regard to the validity of his patent. A poor mechanic, Walter Hunt, invented a kind of sewing machine to work with two needles and two threads, so far back as 1834, at a time when Howe was still a boy; but his machine was never developed in such a way as to become practically available. Howe was unquestionably the first inventor who elaborated a sewing machine through all its stages of progress, until it became a labour-saving instrument in the particular department of industry to which it relates. American journalists record that, during the late fratricidal war, Elias Howe ‘raised and equipped a regiment in Connecticut, and presented every officer in it with a horse. He was elected its colonel; but being the most unwarlike of men, and totally ignorant of military affairs, he had the good sense to decline this honour: he enlisted in the regiment as a private, and served in that capacity until his health failed. Nothing prevented his serving to the end but the certainty that he could not support the exposure and fatigue. By way of amusing himself in a camp near Baltimore, he volunteered to be the postmaster of his regiment, and rode to Baltimore and back every day with the mail.’

Meanwhile the sewing machine was passing through a history of its own in England, though of a less exciting and grandiose character. The patent and the licence were so managed as to keep the trade within narrow limits until 1860. Quite

independently of other persons, Mr. Fisher, a young man engaged in the lace-trade at Nottingham, invented a kind of knotted or double-loop chain stitch of very complex character, something like that which is made by one or two of the sewing machines at the present day. In fact he invented two kinds. One of these was a *looping-machine*, having many curved or bow-shaped needles, each pierced with one eye near the point and another eye in the rear of the bend; these needles penetrated the cloth from below upwards, and were supplied with continuous threads from separate reels and bobbins; while two small pieces of apparatus, a looper and a hook, aided to produce a double-chain stitch of a beautiful embroidery-like character. The other was a *shuttle machine*, having a shuttle in combination with each bent needle; the shuttle traversed to and fro above the cloth, carrying either thread or cord; and the action was such as to produce a kind of lock-stitch. They were both elegant machines, but through various causes did not become a commercial success.

The contractors for army-clothing, the manufacturers of boots and shoes at Stafford and Northampton, and other large firms, gradually employed the sewing machine; but the use of the machine in families, and by dress-makers and tailors, did not become extensive in England until 1860. In that year the English patent expired; the trade was thrown open; Thomas's machine was subjected to new improvements; the American machines became known to us; new inventors and makers came forth into light; and the sewing and stitching world gradually became learned about Wheeler and Wilson, Singer, Grover and Baker, the brothers Howe, Willcox and Gibbs, and other makers of these pretty things. What do we now see? Glittering shops in all the principal thoroughfares, studded with hand machines and treadle machines of varied and always beautiful construction; tailors and cloak-makers clicking away with machines

in making their seams and hems; shirt-makers and collar-makers supplying the shops with thousands of dozens of these articles, made by machine instead of by hand-needle; dressmakers and mantle-makers doing the like with the silks and merinos entrusted to their care; glove-makers and stay-makers effecting by mechanical aid the peculiar stitches required in their work; boot and shoemakers, harness and accoutrement-makers, furnishing the best of practical evidence that some of the machines (though not all) will work upon leather as well as upon textile goods; titled matrons and honourable demoiselles, economical housewives and industrious daughters, alike employed upon this singularly-facile mode of expediting needlework—such has been the growth of eight years in England; and it would be difficult to name another machine which has had an equally wide extension of use in the same time.

Those who attempt to classify all the diverse sewing machines, by grouping them according to the mode of action which chiefly prevails, have no easy task; seeing that some of the machines obstinately refuse to belong to any group in particular, because they partake of the nature of several. Mr. Alexander, C.E., who has studied this subject minutely, arranges sewing machines simply into two classes—those which employ one thread, and those which employ two. Professor Willis, of Cambridge, a high authority in all that concerns the philosophy of machines and machinery, prefers a classification in four groups, which he briefly characterizes as follows:—(1) The needle passes completely through the stuff, as in hand needlework, producing a stitch the same in principle as that produced in the familiar homely way. (2) A chain-stitch or crochet-stitch is produced, by a crochet-needle terminating in a hook; the needle is grasped at the other end, and the hook pushed through the stuff so as to catch hold of the thread below; being then withdrawn, the needle brings with it a small loop of the thread; the hook, retaining this loop, is re-

passed through the stuff at a short distance in advance of the former passage, catches a new loop, and is again withdrawn, bringing with it the second loop, which thus passes through the first. (3) A mail-bag stitch (lock-stitch?) is produced by the employment of two threads in a peculiar way. A vertical needle, with an up-and-down motion, has an eye near the point; it descends through the cloth, and forms a loop below it; a shuttle with a horizontal motion passes through this loop, carrying with it its own thread; the needle then passes upwards, but the loop is retained by the shuttle-thread; the cloth advances through the space of a stitch, and the needle again advances to make a fresh loop—the work being secured by the lower thread passing through the loop. This is a very beautiful but complicated action, the miniature shuttle introducing a kind of weaving into the process. (4) A chain-stitch is produced by the interlacing of two threads; the main purpose is, to prevent the unravelling to which this stitch is subject, and yet to avoid the use of a shuttle: seeing that some inventors object to the shuttle, on the ground that, as it can carry only a small quantity of thread at a time, the operations must be stopped at short intervals to supply the shuttle with fresh thread.

A more natural classification, which has the merit of being exhaustive, is:—(1) Machines that form the stitch by passing a loop through the cloth; and (2) machines that form the stitch by passing the end of the thread through the cloth, or rather what amounts to that.

The characteristic feature of the first class is, that their work is capable of being unravelled: of the second, that their work is incapable of being unravelled. The work of the former is of the nature of a knitted fabric: the work of the latter of a woven fabric. Some of the machines of the first class employ one thread, some two threads: the machines of the second class require two threads; for the end of the thread cannot be actually thrust through the cloth, but the end of the under thread is

passed through a loop of the upper thread, which is let down through the cloth for that purpose. Machines of the first class use the thread direct from the reel; with machines of the second class the under thread must be re-wound on a tiny bobbin, small enough to be carried in a shuttle of some sort through the loop. Further than this, classification only misleads; for of either class some of the machines are good, some indifferent, and some positively bad.

These comparisons are not very easy to understand, on the part of persons to whom mechanical details are rather deterrent. But in truth, the sewing machine *cannot* be made intelligible by mere textual description. Ten minutes' watching of a worker engaged with each of the various kinds will do more than any amount of reading to show an intelligent observer how it is that one machine makes a tighter stitch, one involves less trouble with the threads, one does a greater variety of work, one makes less noise, one is less liable to derangement through complexity of parts—than another.

Setting aside all minute details, however, a few points of comparison may be mentioned. Howe's first machine had a curved needle, attached to the end of a vibrating lever, combined with a little shuttle moving to and fro horizontally; the eye of the needle was near the point; and the needle had grooves along the sides, in which the thread lay, to facilitate the passage through the cloth. In his later and improved machine he introduced a more effective 'feed' motion for shifting the cloth a proper distance after each stitch. One form of the Howe is specially intended for stitching the legs and 'uppers' of boots and shoes. Singer introduced a straight needle carried by a slide, instead of a curved needle attached to a vibrating lever arm; and the machine became well-adapted for strong and heavy manufacturing purposes. Thomas, in like manner, held chiefly in view the introduction of such improvements as would be valuable in working upon

stout goods. Grover and Baker, to save the time which is consumed in shuttle machines by winding thread on the spools, invented a beautiful knot or knotted stitch (deservedly named after the firm), produced by two threads, without any shuttle; and also a feed motion different from any before known, and very effective. Wheeler and Wilson, while retaining the shuttle, sought to avoid the rattling noise which it produces while travelling to and fro; they invented a kind of *stationary* shuttle; the needle-thread is locked into the shuttle-thread, not by driving the shuttle through the loop, but by passing the loop itself under the shuttle—an end achieved by a most ingenious and delicate bit of mechanism. The Willcox and Gibbs may be noticed presently, as this machine stands apart from the others in various interesting particulars, and being also the principal among those which work with one thread. The reader will see, from the foregoing sketch, that the chief sewing machines present many points of difference, classify them how we may—two threads, a needle, and a vibrating shuttle; two threads, a needle, and a stationary shuttle; two threads and two needles, without any shuttle; one thread and one needle, without a shuttle—inventors may ring the changes in various ways with these elements; and they have practically done so, with a very admirable display of ingenuity.

Any industrious housewife, any fair damsel, who would seek to know the positive or relative merits of a sewing machine, as testified by the maker's account of it, would have a most bewildering task before her. As well might she ask Professor Holloway and Professor Morison to tell her which of them sells the best pills. Every sewing-machine maker declares positively that *his* invention is the one to which public attention ought most steadily to be directed. One of them states that 'much dust is intentionally thrown into the eyes of the public by manufacturers selling but one class of machine, who misrepresent the stitches produced by others.' Doubtless there is

a good deal of dust thrown in this world of ours; and some of it does unquestionably blind our eyes, mental as well as bodily. The same mentor adds that the difficulty felt by intending purchasers 'is increased by the so-called explanations which are given as to the merits of the different stitches.' True again; for it is no easy task to describe such matters clearly. The 'Thomas,' claiming to be the first sewing machine ever patented in Europe, affects to look down upon all the others: points to its employment in the army clothing establishments, and in great factories wherein cloth and leather are stitched up for various purposes; tells of the steam power to work two or three hundred machines at once, and of the millions of things that are made every year by its agency. The 'Howe,' the real American original, represented in slightly-varied forms by three or four companies in London, has naturally much to say in its own favour as the pioneer in this wonderful new branch of industry. The 'Grover and Baker' claims to be simple and durable, to sew from ordinary spools without rewinding, to sew all sorts of fabric equally well, to fasten its own seams at both ends without chance of ravelling, and to embroider instead of sew without any other change than in the selection of the thread. The 'Willcox and Gibbs' asks a question, 'What do you want in a sewing machine?' and then supplies the answer: 'You want a machine easy to learn, easy to work, easy to change from one kind of work to another, easy to keep in order, simple in its mechanism, noiseless, so well made as to seldom require repair, able to do all kinds of work equally well, and to make a strong and beautiful stitch that will bear washing, ironing, and wear;' and the possession of these qualities is thereupon claimed. The 'Wheeler and Wilson,' a member of the lock-stitch battalion, requires you to believe that the real lock-stitch—with two threads interlocked—produces an elastic seam that will not unravel, presents exactly the same appearance on both surfaces, and must necessarily be

better than the others, for reasons duly set forth.

What *are* we to think of all this? In the first place, we must recognise the old and familiar tendency of all inventors and patentees, manufacturers and shopkeepers, to advertise their wares to the best advantage. And in the second place, we must admit—the more freely as we better study the subject—that sewing machines are really very beautiful examples of delicate and minute mechanism. Not one of the many kinds above named is without its marks of subtle ingenuity, its thoughtful appliances for overcoming difficulties. The mode of obtaining tension or tightening of the threads (more necessary in some modes of construction than in others) is often exceedingly elegant in a mechanical point of view. And so are the methods of feeding-off the threads from the bobbins or reels, shifting the cloth or fabric a minute distance after each stitch, holding the cloth down smooth and flat while the needle is traversing up and down through it, and preventing the unravelling of the stitches. Great, too, is the ingenuity shown in making the foot-treadle action easy to work. Where the machine, as in some cases, turns-in a hem besides sewing it, the little steel fingers perform movements as scientific as they are elegant in effecting the turning-in. And indeed all the mysteries of sewing, seaming, hemming, felling, basting, stitching, tucking, frilling, quilting, binding, cording, braiding—really mysteries to the one sex, but ‘familiar as household words’ to the other—are brought about in one or other of the machines by admirable contrivances, most delicate combinations of little bits of polished metal. So many of the movements are automatic—so little is left for the hands to do—that the sewing machine deservedly takes rank among the best specimens of *petite* mechanical engineering. There is not one of them—except perhaps some of the low-priced kinds, which are only humble and imperfect imitations of the rest—to which this praise can be denied.

We mentioned above the Willcox and Gibbs machine as requiring a little separate notice. It is not easy to describe these matters in words without diagrams—and even diagrams are not much in favour with ordinary folk—but the arrangement is briefly as follows. Underneath the point where the needle penetrates the cloth, there is a sort of anchor-shaped piece of steel (so small that a threepenny-piece would almost cover it) called the *looper*, having hooks or arms pointing in opposite directions; with a flattened spur on the stem which twists and casts off the loop. When the needle has carried a loop of thread through the cloth, the loop is caught by one hook of the looper—or, to use our simile, by one arm of the tiny anchor—and by the rotation of this looper, the loop receives a *twist* before it escapes from the second hook or arm. The cloth is ‘fed’ or moved forwards a minute space; the needle descends again, carrying a second loop with it; this second loop is caught, as the first had been, by one hook of the anchor, just in the nick of time when the rear hook leaves the first loop twisted around the preceding one. This constitutes the peculiar feature of the *twisted-loop* or *Willcox and Gibbs* stitch. Ladies (as we have already ventured to say) are not very learned in mechanical matters; they are more likely to manage pleasantly a sewing machine so simple in its action, than a duplication of reels, needles, or shuttles, any want of harmony in the action of which would bring them inevitably to grief. Moreover, there are numerous little devices by which this machine beguiles labour of its tediousness. The value of the simple contrivance by which it is prevented from turning the wrong way can hardly be appreciated by one who has not used a sewing-machine without a brake. The self-adjusting device by which the needle is fastened in the proper place, exactly as it ought to be, without even looking at it, is peculiar to this machine. There are others features, inconsiderable in themselves, which, in the aggre-

gate, distinguish it for family use. Wonderful is it to see this machine making, in the hands of a lady, 1000, and when worked by power, 2000, and even 3000 beautifully-regular stitches in a minute, in such a noiseless manner.*

And so it would be, in this or that particular, if we analysed any other among the principal machines. The Howe, the Thomas, the Singer, the Grover and Baker, the Wheeler and Wilson, &c.—each has some merit or other in which it eclipses the others. Pity it is that *every* maker claims *all* the virtues. The real inventors would never do this; they can understand and appreciate the mental labour and creative ingenuity of their compeers, while fairly and honestly stating what are the principal points in which they believe themselves to have excelled. The names of these real inventors, indeed, are not always known to the public; in this, as in many other departments of invention, the brain-work sometimes is done by men who have little or no share in the results.

If we were tempted to trouble the reader with what are called 'statistics' of sewing machines, we should have some large numbers and handsome sums to talk about. More than 300,000 sewing machines at work in the United States so far back as five years ago; one factory making 800 of them in a week, and employing 500 men in so doing; one town earning 200,000*l.* a year by making shirt-collars by machine; something like 2000 applications for patents, for improvements in sewing machines, in America and England; 50,000*l.* realised in one year in license fees by the James Watt of this department of invention (Elias Howe); 160,000 machines made by one firm in four years; 150,000 made by twelve firms in America last year;

* The makers of this machine have done a very useful thing in publishing a little pamphlet which, by the aid of about twenty woodcuts, elucidates the various modes in which the fingers and the machine co-operate in producing hemming, stitching, braiding, and other kinds of work—or, in other words, 'What to do, and How to do it.'

one New York clothing firm employing 400 machines to make 10,000 shirts per week; a saving of 1,500,000*l.* a year in New York alone, in making men's and boys' clothing, by using machines; 5000 machines employed in one county alone in Massachusetts, in stitching boots, shoes, and gaiters—such are the busy doings talked about. One ingenious person has calculated that there are over 20,000 stitches in a good shirt; that a good hand-sewer averages thirty-five stitches per minute; that some of the machines make from two to three thousand stitches in the same space of time; and that it is hence easy to see how strong is the temptation to substitute machine-work for hand-work whenever possible. It is on record that, one day during the late American war, at three o'clock in the afternoon, an order from the War Department reached New York by telegraph for 50,000 sandbags, such as are used in field-works: by two o'clock the next afternoon the bags were made, packed, shipped, and started off southward!

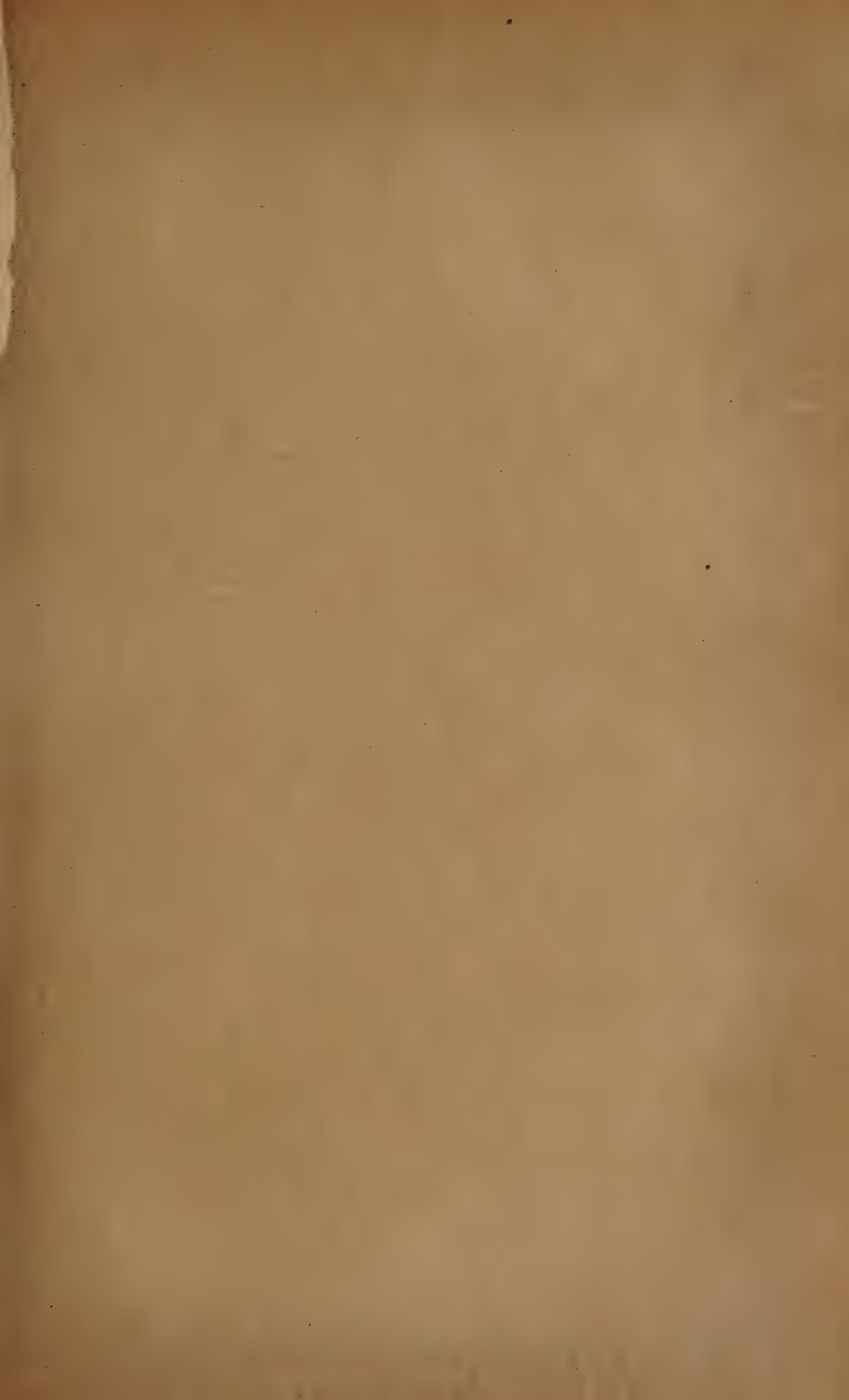
Once now and then there starts up evidence that ladies occasionally tire of their sewing machine, or do not rightly understand it, or disarrange it beyond their own power of readjustment, or think another form of machine would suit them better. In that curious medley of advertisements, the 'Exchange and Mart,' we find in one number the following odd bits:—'Excelsior sewing machine wanted. Will give white Limerick lace tunic, tucker, berthe, and sleeve trimmings, Connemara marble brooch, large butterfly hair ornament with long gold cord, large old-fashioned copper urn'—a most remarkable miscellany, surely. 'Wanted a Wheeler and Wilson lock-stitch sewing machine, in good condition and complete. Offered, in exchange, a very handsome, large, real gold and oriental rose topaz brooch, with handsome pendant.' Whether the lady considers the brooch to be really worth more than the machine, is not stated; but such is probably her belief. Another lady wants a Cleopatra machine, for which she

'has many things to exchange.' Another is willing to exchange a pair of Cary's globes for a hand sewing machine. Another (perhaps *not* a lady) will accept a Wheeler and Wilson, a Thomas, or a Singer, for a large magic lantern. One wants to sell a Whight and Mann, another a Judkin, another a Weir; and one wishes to buy a Willcox and Gibbs. 'I have a beautiful modern guitar, with case, in perfect order, in exchange for a good sewing machine.' These are curious peeps into domestic life.

Let not any one imbibe the false notion that, as a matter of trade, the sewing machine injures the poor hardly-paid seamstress. Precisely the reverse is the case. The sad picture painted by Thomas Hood in his 'Song of the Shirt' is known to have been only too true; and it is also known that, in the early days of the Crimean war, poor creatures, working for sub-sub-sub-contractors, toiled eighteen hours a day at making soldiers' coats for something like sixpence sterling—three hours' work for a penny! No such starvation pay is connected with the use of the sewing machine; there are poor seamstresses, alack! but the *very* poor are those who, from various causes, have not come

within reach of the machine. America has the best right to say how the sewing machine has really operated; and the Commissioner of the Census in the United States, in some apposite remarks on this subject, says:—'It' (*i.e.* the sewing machine) 'has opened a way to profitable and healthful employment for thousands of industrious females, to whom the labours of the needle had become wholly unremunerative and injurious in their effects. Like all automatic powers, it has enhanced the comforts of every class, by cheapening the process of manufacture of numerous articles of prime necessity, without permanently subtracting from the average means of support of any portion of the community. It has given a positive increment to the permanent wealth of the country, by creating larger and more varied applications of capital and skill in the several branches to which it is auxiliary.' The Americans take a very direct and significant way of showing their estimate of this matter, seeing that they make the teaching of the sewing machine part of the routine of education, for young ladies in the higher-class seminaries as well as for poor girls in the humbler schools.!







Drawn by James Godwin.]

AS IF IT WERE HER FAULT!

[See the Verses.

“ AS IF IT WERE HER FAULT ! ”

IN dreary, drowsy monotone,
A monarch on his pulpit throne,
The parson onward prosed ;
There, in the high-backed, oaken pew,
Secluded well from public view,
Squire Roger calmly dozed.

If to his niece, close by his side,
The while to heed she strictly tried
No mundane things around her,
Terrestrial thoughts would sometimes come,
Restless at times her eye would roam,
'Twas not her fault ; the offence bring home
To dullness of the expounder !

You would not find a fairer face,
A daintier form, a sweeter grace,
Search through the county's utmost space—
Ah me ! but what a bodice !
A delicately-broidered skirt,
Just short enough to skim the dirt—
It seems with those wee feet to flirt—
The lassie is a goddess !

Around her half in stealth she gazed,
Each time her fringed lid she raised,
Provoking admiration :
And if he answers—yonder youth—
Who'd say it is her fault, forsooth ?
Or his ? Who could in honest truth
Withstand such provocation ?

How could she help it ? eyes will meet
By accident : and looks will greet
By simple chance each other :
She blushed : her slumbrous uncle wide
Chancing his eyes to ope, she tried
In vain the fact to smother.

Not lost on him that ripening flush :
Sternly he notes his niece's blush,
As if it were her fault ;
As if 'twere in her power, poor child,
To check *his* eye, the truant wild,
And by a look demurely mild
To bid his vision halt.

If when they've passed from out the church,
From out the old moss-eaten porch,
They haply then should find,
That as the homeward path they tread—
The scented lime-boughs overhead —
There's some one near behind.

Why blame her, or why him indeed ?
Those lodestar eyes, they gave the lead—
He followed—'twas a duty :
Why blame her that he's learnt to love ?
As if it were *her* fault, sweet dove,
Nay, rather blame her beauty !

NURSERY GRIEVANCES.

THERE is hardly a class in this country having the smallest title to the privilege (for it really is a privilege nowadays) of calling itself oppressed, but has found a champion to uphold its rights and proclaim its wrongs. The wrongs of women, the wrongs of negroes, the wrongs of Romanists, the wrongs of labour, the wrongs of the unenfranchised and unwashed, the wrongs of intelligent artisans, of curates, farmers, brewers, paupers, lunatics, all these, and plenty more have had or are having their day. Each has in turn sat in the seat of the oppressed, to win the tears of a sympathetic public. There is another class, however, which has hardly as yet had its fair share of public sympathy; a class, in my opinion, far more interesting than any of the above-mentioned, not excepting even woman herself—I mean little children. I am a bachelor, and my experience of the opposite sex convinces me that I shall soon be what is called ‘a confirmed bachelor;’ but children are the joy of my heart and the light of mine eyes, bright and fresh as a posy of wild flowers, whereas ladies too often remind one of those half-faded violets that street-boys vend, all doctored with essence to increase their charms. Deem me not malicious, dear ladies: I know you are not all creations of art, but neither are you truly daughters of nature. Still, though I cannot love you in the Circassian bloom of maturity, I worship you in the rosy freshness of infancy. I cannot admire you in a *peplum* or a *fichu*, but I adore you in long-clothes. Yes, children I love with all my heart: they are sweeter than a garden of roses or a melody of Mozart; and children are, in my humble opinion, systematically oppressed, while their wrongs are not only for the most part unredressed, but are to a great extent ignored.

True, certain philanthropic societies take upon them to protect a select number of orphans, foundlings, and other such waifs and

strays; some even rescue an occasional victim from illegal oppression. Now and then a little patient having been whipped, or starved, or pumped upon once too often, causes a little awkwardness by succumbing under the treatment, and the Marquis of Townshend or the ‘Society for the Protection of Women and Children’ steps in, and brings the cruel stepmother, or inhuman uncle, or unnatural parent, as the case may be, to justice; but such things happen comparatively seldom, or rather—which indeed is not quite the same thing—are seldom heard of, and of course are no argument against the almost universally received belief that the happiness of the English child is supreme and unmitigated. Of these wrongs, therefore, it is not my purpose to complain. But there are wrongs and woes which are not to be redressed by interposition of the law, however vigorous, nor by generosity of Foundling Hospitals, however free and open-armed. I mean what are called with a sort of jocose pity the ‘little griefs of childhood.’ Now, if we are to trust the common belief, these are in fact not griefs at all, and the majority of children have really no more cares or sorrows than cherubs have bodies. How a belief so remote from truth did first arise, it is hard to say. I incline to think it is in part a myth of the poets, especially confirmed by those of the present century, and in part is a fiction found useful for domestic discipline, seeing that it may be used with some effect in repressing the murmurs which arise against what the child mind sometimes considers a hard lot. People who find themselves ‘on the downhill of life’ are especially fond of talking about the pleasures of childhood; distance, perhaps, lending the proverbial enchantment to the view, and parents, I observe, take pains to impress upon their offspring the transcendent happiness of their youthful condition. For instance, being on a visit to my friend B—,

who is an excellent specimen of the British parent, I heard him discourse to his two sons, aged seven and nine, on this wise: 'Ah, Tom and Charley, lucky young dogs; no cares and troubles like your poor papa; just as happy as humming-tops from one month's end to another. I wish *my* boyish days would come over again.'

And then Mrs. B——, seconding, as in duty bound, the admonitions of her spouse: 'And you too, Minnie and Lucy. Were there ever two such happy girls as you? With the best and wisest papa that ever was, and the neatest and most particular nurse that ever was seen, and the prettiest dolls, and—dear me, I wish I had half as much happiness.'

And yet Tom and Charley seemed to have recollections which prevented them from realizing their privileges, and Minnie and Lucy pouted, and did anything but congratulate themselves on the blessings of infancy. I could not but ask myself, How is this? If B—— and his wife be right, as they are certainly sincere, how is it that not only Tom and Charley, and Minnie and Lucy, but Dick, Jack, Harry, and hundreds more, being, as they are often reminded, the happiest beings in the world, fail to realize this singular blessedness? I put this question to Mrs. B—— one day, after witnessing a paroxysm of grief and tears on the part of her Tommy, who had been condemned for some slight misdemeanour to lose his share of pudding, a very luscious and altogether desirable one. She replied, with that decisive and convincing logic for which her sex is so highly distinguished, that the idea of children brought up by decent parents being unhappy, was all stuff and nonsense.

'My little Tommy,' said Mrs. B——, 'is as happy as the day is long,' (traces of happiness on Tommy's face were at that moment very obscure). 'If he ever cries, it is not because he is unhappy, but because he is naughty. He never has any troubles, or, if he has, they pass away like an April shower' (Tommy's tears were developing into

quiet little sobs); 'and the fact is, children do not know when they are well off.'

'But, dear madam, you do not quite touch the point of my question. How is it that children do not know when they are well off? If they are happy, there is surely no reason why they should not know it. I grant you that the immature state of their intellect prevents them from taking a comprehensive view of their condition, and so renders them unconscious of a variety of circumstances tending to promote their happiness; but as regards the pleasures and pains, which reach them through the senses, and which are commonly understood by the joys and sorrows of childhood, I take it a child is a better judge of these in his own case than any other person can be for him; and I am much mistaken if the majority of children, even of those who seem to a casual observer happy, do not find the sorrows of childhood predominate over its joys.'

Leaving Mrs. B—— and her family, I ask the candid reader whether he or she really believes in the supreme happiness of childhood? Are those little tender creatures, whom it does every honest man's heart good to see about him, are they as happy as we can and ought to make them? Is the nursery system, as at present established in a large number of respectable families, calculated to promote either the external happiness or the moral welfare of those whom it embraces? An almost irresponsible autocrat, styled the head nurse, or 'nurse' *par excellence*, assisted perhaps by a couple of junior officials, is placed pretty nearly *in loco parentis* to the little folk of the family from the 'month' to perhaps the tenth year. Papa of course is busy, and rarely sees the children more than once a day, when in the pink of spruceness and good behaviour they come in with the oranges for dessert. Mamma pays such visits to the infant colony as the demands of society permit, but leaves the government of it in all the minor details to the despotic viceroy and her satellites. The condition of the

child under that government is, I am told, better now than it was in my infant days. It may be, but as far as my observation serves, I incline to think there is not much change for the better. Is, for example, the real genuine anguish of the morning wash mitigated, as it ought to be, in the modern nursery? My own recollections of it are extremely painful. To be forced to leave the cosy bed, to stand in Nature's garb,

'Impube corpus, quale posset impia
Mollire Thracum corda;'

to watch the preparation for the torture, all this was hard. It was hard, too, to endure with fortitude the shock of the cold bath, though nurse invariably declared that she had 'took the chill off' expressly for me; but when it came to the soap, I confess I did not attempt to conceal my feelings. Bridget's plan of operations was to secure me firmly with one hand, and with the other to scour my face in a thorough and searching manner. The result was not merely disagreeable but painful in the extreme. The friction said to be absolutely necessary was annoying, but when the soap began to penetrate the eyes or the nose, and it generally did both, it produced acute suffering. If I opened my mouth to remonstrate, the soap—of course by accident—popped in there also. But all this physical annoyance—to use the mildest term—was as nothing compared with the outrage upon dignity and self-respect which I, as a British boy, with the spirit of British independence strong within me, suffered at the hands of my nurse at washing times. I believe that the indignities above described are in most well-regulated nurseries daily inflicted upon the youth of the realm; and though it is certain that were such an outrage offered to the British parent it would be long ere the 'Times' and the public heard the last of it, the British child has no redress, and is forced to console himself with the reflection that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' or, according to nursery interpretation, that 'a dirty boy can never go to heaven.'

I dwell upon this washing grievance because it is one that recurs frequently throughout the day, and is a safe instrument of cruelty by which nurses are wont to vent upon a helpless victim the spite they may happen to feel against the world in general, or against that child or his parents in particular. Recalling my own early experience, I should say that my washings averaged five or six *per diem*. If I set about to do a bit of gardening, to plant a row of beans, for instance, and chanced to pass my hand across my brow, all 'wet with honest sweat' after my labours, the result was fatal to my peace. 'Ho! Master 'Arry, what 'ave you been a doin' of?' was Bridget's indignant exclamation; and my blood froze as she concluded with the inevitable 'Come an' let me wash yer.'

And then at tea-time, that bread and jam, who does not know what a snare that is to tender youth? It is half-past four, the hour of tea; the olive-branches gather round the table, and are watered with weak tea, and otherwise discreetly nourished. A slice of bread and jam to each crowns the feast. Remark now the proceedings of Tommy, aged eight. How narrowly in the silence of expectation does he watch the spreading of the jam! With what eagerness, but half-suppressed, does he receive with both hands his portion! Yet with what anxious care to avoid the soiling of his snowy pinafore! A moment, to take the bearings of the slice, and the attack is begun; a breach is made where Nature points, in the middle. Ah, Tommy, luckless wight, that was a fatal bite; its ravishing sweetness renders you unwary; a semicircle of crimson jam closes round your chubby cheeks, and you emerge from that ring of crust moustachioed and tricked about with blood-red smears. The Philistines are upon thee, Tommy! Like the murderer taken stained with his victim's blood, thou art ordered for instant execution—at the washing-stand. How will those lips splutter and that little nose wag to and fro beneath the application of the sponge!

One word about this washing grievance and I have done with it. Children must undoubtedly be kept clean, and to that end must be washed; but washing may be done in two ways. It may be performed as an official act, much as the turn-key may be supposed to perform it upon a refractory gaol-bird; or it may be done after a tender, motherly fashion, having regard to the *feelings* of the child as well as to its personal appearance. I trust we are agreed that the latter is the right method. But a very large number of children in 'well-regulated' families come under the former *régime*. Why? Just because *materfamilias*, admirable as her domestic arrangements doubtless are, does not select her nurses, for this above all qualifications, that they be tender-hearted. I do not desire to set up as a dispenser of 'Hints to Mothers.' I am a plain blunt man that love my friends, the young folk, and I only speak right on in their behalf; but this I will say, that were I a parent, and not, as I am, a bachelor, any nurse of mine who should practise the turn-key method of washing would receive a month's wages and dismissal on the spot.

To come to another head of nursery wrongs, the child stands aggrieved in the matter of punishments. The administration of justice in the nursery is, in general, altogether arbitrary and despotic. The infant colony is in a permanent state of martial law, rendered necessary, I suppose, by the highly dangerous character of the Brobdignagian inhabitants, who, in spite of that look of innocence upon their round and rosy faces, are, as I am informed by some worthy disciplinarians, often desperately wicked at heart.

The criminal of the nursery is frequently judged out of his own mouth. No time is allowed him to prepare his defence, or call his witnesses, and the trial, the condemnation, and the execution of sentence, are frequently merged into one process, and that the last of the three. The proceeding of the famous 'Old Woman who Lived in

a Shoe,' is a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the system of nursery justice. That good lady, as we know, chastised the young folk all round in the good old English fashion, and 'sent 'em to bed,' for no other reason, so far as history showeth, than that 'she had so many children, she didn't know what to do.' I doubt whether any child, accustomed to the arbitrary administration of the nursery, would be at all struck by the injustice of the old woman's proceeding. It is so much in keeping with the ordinary tenor of the nursery dispensation. And this suggests the peculiar evil that results from such a dispensation, namely, an injury—sometimes considerable, sometimes, happily, slight—to the child's moral sense. If there be an idea which may be said to be inborn and clearly defined by Nature in the child's mind, it is the distinction between what is just and what is unjust. But in order to thoroughly jumble together these two notions in the youthful mind, and create an obliquity of the moral vision, which may develop into a permanent squint, no more effectual method could be devised than the nursery plan of exalting small breaches of discipline into heinous crimes, and punishing misdemeanour as if it were high treason. An anecdote from my personal experience will illustrate the sort of thing I mean.

At six years old I believe I was as good as the generality of boys of that age, perhaps rather better than most, but '*nemo mortalium*'—and I was mortal. Horticulture of a somewhat rash and empirical character was my forte as I thought then, my foible as I think now, my besetting sin, as Bridget, with emphatic slaps, frequently impressed upon me. On one memorable occasion she found me engaged in some very novel and interesting experiments in the middle of an onion bed. My first notice of her approach was a tight clutch of my arm, followed by a prolonged shaking, during which I listened as well as the violent nodding of my head would permit to the following:

'Oh, my goodness (jerk) gracious

me! (jerk, jerk.) You nasty, 'orrid naughty, wicked boy (prolonged shaking), what hever 'ave you been and done with your socks and boots?' (Violent jerk, and pause for a reply.)

'I shan't tell,' said I, feeling like the 'Village Hampden,' as I 'withstood the tyrant of my fields.'

'Oh, you hawful wicked boy, tell me directly, or I'll take and lock you in the coal-cellar.'

'I d—d—on't care,' replied I, though a tear starting in the corner of each eye showed that I did, and, as the adversary prepared, as I thought, to execute her threat, I sobbed out,

'I've s—sowed my s—ocks, and pup—pup—planted my boots.'

This was a pitch of villainy for which Bridget was not prepared even in a hardened sinner like myself, and many a fervent slap and thrilling shake had I to endure while the unlucky boots and socks were being unearthed, not to mention the misery with which I beheld the ruin of my hopes, for I had set my heart on a new boot and sock harvest in a few days, and now,

'En queis consevimus agros!'

It was hard, but the cup of woe ran over, when Bridget marched me off for a washing, to be administered, I knew, with no gentle hand.

Apropos of punishments, there is one which was in vogue in my young days, and is still, I have reason to know, a favourite with nursery despots, on account of its deadly efficacy, most dismal, hateful, and pernicious of punishments, that which was called in my time the 'Black-hole' punishment. It is said that a refractory prisoner, whom other means have failed to tame, may generally be brought to his senses by a taste of the 'dark cell,' and I can well believe it. Twilight is soft and romantic, and charming enough, but total darkness, 'such as may be felt,' is a dire and horrible thing. To be shut for even a short time in any place from which all light is excluded, is enough to shake even a

strong mind, and may well unhinge a weak one. Is it not then most monstrous that such a punishment should ever show its hideous face among the little sensitive inmates of our English nurseries? It is bad enough, as most of us can probably remember, for a child to be left at bedtime in a dark, silent room, to hear the nurse's 'Good-night,' and the hateful 'now lie still and go to sleep like a good boy,' with which she closes the door, to watch the glimmer of the departing candle, dimly seen for a few moments through the keyhole, till it vanishes, and all is gloom. Then the 'horror of great darkness' closes in. In dreams it may be that the infant mind is filled, as popular tradition opines, with heavenly scenes, and angel shapes of celestial loveliness; indeed, the smile often observed to play about the features of sleeping infancy, when not disturbed by that arch-fiend y-cleped 'the wind,' seems to give colour to the belief. But in their *waking* dreams the mind is far oftener peopled with forms from the Stygian Cave than from the Meadows of Asphodel. Forms grim and fantastic, 'horrid shapes and sights unholy;' these are what mostly fill the imagination of the child while it lies sleepless and alone in the darkness, as it too often does, even when parents are kind and careful, and nurses not more than ordinarily inconsiderate. And against these powers of darkness a child has no defences to raise. The consolations of philosophy or religion are not for him. He cannot soothe himself with the soporific cadences of Tupper, and even that more popular remedy, 'The Horse-shoe Nail,' is beyond his reach. His imagination, if he has any (and well for him if he has not), is under no control at all. Fear is to him a real passion, terrible, crushing, irresistible. The frail outworks of infant reason are thrown down at the first assault, the enemy marches in, seats himself on the pillow or the bedpost, and begins a reign of blood-curdling terror.

I say this is all bad enough, though perhaps to some extent un-



Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

THE RETURN HOME AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

[See 'The Hand-grasp at the Door.'

avoidable; but that nurses should be allowed to inflict such torment, by way of punishment, on any pretext whatever, is simply monstrous. If the little folk must be punished, as of course they must, give them the good English rod and the smart healthy whippings of the olden time, and away with this un-English torture of mind as well as body. Surely children should be punished through some other organ than the brain. Let us make their seats uneasy rather than their pillows.

And the child's griefs—I would have said a word about them, but I see, dear madam, the incredulous smile curling your lip once more. 'Griefs!' you exclaim. 'My little Algernon'—Pardon me, I understand precisely what you would say. Your little Algernon has no griefs. They are but April showers; like a breath on a mirror, they vanish as quickly as they come. Indeed it is well they do, or they would assuredly break his heart. The force of sorrow is not to be measured by its specific gravity. The fifteen stone that breaks the back of a thorough-bred two year-old, sits easily on the loins of a Suffolk punch; and those April showers that old birds like you and me shake so lightly from our wings,

ruffle the down of a callow nestling far more rudely. I am not cold-hearted, yet I cannot disguise from myself that the loss of my best friend could not now give me such poignant anguish as the death of my skye-terrier, the ugliest that ever ran on three legs, gave me at seven years old. My grief would be more lasting now than then, but could not be more keen.

But let the griefs of childhood pass; it is enough to point out that they are realities and not fictions. One word on the whole nursery question. The British mother is a person of whom in the abstract the nation is justly proud; but does the actual British mother do her duty by the British nursery? It is a solemn, and in some sort a national question. For if our women do not yet make our laws, they do, to a great extent, make the men who make them. Who are the women, then, that can best make and mould our men? Not the narrow-minded tyrants of our modern nurseries, but the sensible, refined, high-principled *mothers*, who, I hope, for the sake of England's future, do still exist among us, unconscious though they often are of their high and responsible position.

THE HAND-GRASP AT THE DOOR.

WE may travel all over the world,
 Ay, as far as the billows may roll,
 Where they northward or southward are hurled
 Against ice-fields that girdle the pole:
 We may wander wherever we list,
 We may journey earth's confines all o'er,
 But the joy that we cannot resist
 Is the grasp of the hand at the door.
 For at length when our holiday's past,
 And we gladly return o'er the foam,
 The one joy that's not least although last,
 Is the hand-grip that welcomes us home!

There's a something electric, that thrills
 In the touch of the hands that we know,
 Which nor absence—the longest—e'er kills,
 Nor distance—where'er we may go.
 It speaks from the heart to the heart
 From earth's farthest—its uttermost shore;
 We remember, though oceans apart,
 The warm grasp of the hand at the door.

For wherever our fortunes are cast
 'Neath the heaven's cerulean dome,
 The one joy that we look for at last
 Is the hand-grip that welcomes us home.

In the silence of African wilds
 When sleep closes the traveller's eyes,
 In a slumber, as soft as a child's,
 The dear visions of home will arise.
 But of all the best dreams of delight
 That around him kind fancy can pour
 Far the happiest fiction of night
 Is the grasp of the hand at the door.
 In the wilderness lonely and vast—
 Ay, wherever on earth we may roam,
 The loved dream that deserts us the last
 Is the hand-grip that welcomes us home.

But we need no long absence to show—
 Ah, we need no wide distance to teach
 That the dearest of all things below
 Is the home-love in waiting for each—
 Is the home that he cannot forget!
 For his heart is not sound at the core,
 Whose breast has not leapt when it met
 The warm grasp of the hand at the door.
 Heat and cold we endured—storm and blast—
 Waves we forded—and mountains we clomb—
 Are forgotten completely at last
 In the hand-grip that welcomes us home.

Though for long or for little we part—
 Tried affection all count is above,
 For you can't plumb the depths of a heart,
 You can't measure the leagues of a love.
 Birth and beauty and riches are nought—
 For birth, beauty, and riches in store
 Never—never a welcome have bought
 Like the grasp of the hand at the door.
 Ah, how dear when our holiday's past,
 When we gladly return o'er the foam,
 The one joy that's not least although last—
 The warm hand-grip that welcomes us home.

HINTS TO THE OWNERS OF SMALL TELESCOPES.

THE Royal Astronomical Society of London, which has been justly called the first body of astronomers in the world, has adopted for its motto the expressive sentence 'Quidquid nitet notandum;' and the marvellous advance of this as well as of other sciences in our own time is undoubtedly principally owing to the great number of zealous workers, each contributing his mite and noting that which he

has seen or which has at any time caught his attention, without being conscious at the time whether it might hereafter be found of value in the extension of our knowledge. From these facts and appearances, as noticed and observed under various conditions, the master minds of the science are enabled by degrees to establish theories which, embracing a large number of isolated facts, become themselves the

means of predicting others, and bringing the succession of phenomena under the domain of cause and effect.

The first hint, then, that we offer to owners of small telescopes is to use them—to observe with the view of making their observations in some measure subservient to the progress of science; for if carefully used, with the most scrupulous attention to the fidelity and greatest practicable accuracy of the observations, we assure them that even small instruments may be made really to contribute thereto, and this in ways and when employed on objects which perhaps at the time inspired no such hope.

In a short paper like the present it is of course impossible to enter in any detail into the nature of the observations which may be attempted of different objects in the heavens. For full advice on this matter we must refer the reader to the Rev. T. W. Webb's admirable little work, '*Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*;' but it is possible that some succinct remarks on a few points may be found of value to amateurs in possession of telescopes three or four inches in aperture (that is, effective diameter of object-glass).

A very principal object of attention to the astronomer is the sun. It cannot but be that that body, which is of such indispensable importance, not merely to the life which is contained in our system, but to the very existence of the system itself, should excite in all minds capable of intelligent reflection the most lively interest as to its constitution, and the source of its light and heat-giving powers.

'Informer of the planetary train,

Without whose quick'ning glance their cum-
brous orbs

Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life.'

A field of study of vast extent still lies before the astronomer here. Much has been done in acquiring some knowledge of solar physics during the last few years, but we are still in the infancy of the subject. In this place we can of course merely suggest a few matters of

consideration to the amateur observer. In the first place we must caution him to be very particular in the use of a coloured glass to take off the intense glare and heat of the sun's rays, concentrated by the lenses of his telescope. Fog or thin cloud will indeed frequently act as a most efficient protector in this respect, but if trusted to without the aid of a dark glass, close at hand, the sudden breaking forth of the sun in full blaze will sometimes produce unpleasant consequences. Indeed a person at all unpractised had better make it a rule never to look at the sun without the intervention of some kind of coloured glass. The shade and depth of this will vary according to circumstances. From his own experience the writer would recommend green as the most usual colour. Red may be employed when the sun is not shining very brightly. With regard to the time for observing the 'greater light,' there is none so good as early morning, when it has been up about an hour or so. The definition of objects on the surface is much superior to that at any other time in the day; but of course in watching the motions and changes of the spots it is necessary to observe from time to time throughout the day. This is frequently very interesting, and, assiduously followed up, may lead to still further knowledge than has yet been attained concerning those phenomena. The periodicity also in the number and magnitude of the spots has, it is well known, led to some very remarkable consequences, and illustrates in a striking manner the advantage which accrues to science from an amateur selecting some definite object of research, and perseveringly following it up till some positive conclusion is arrived at. We may remark that, although the length of the period has been pretty satisfactorily established as $11\frac{1}{9}$ years, yet there are some other points connected with the law of periodicity still requiring to be decided, and in which amateurs may do good service. Inequalities between the intervals separating two consecutive times of greatest and of

least abundance are said to have been made probable. The present year is one in which the spots are approaching their time of greatest frequency and abundance.

Next to the sun we may devote a few words to the moon. She is not, indeed, of the same importance to us as he is, but in very many ways we could very ill afford to part with her, who

‘A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.’

Besides the advantages of moonlight, attended, like all the advantages of nature, with so much to gratify our innate love of the beautiful, she is (thanks to the long series of valuable lunar observations made at the Greenwich Observatory during the last two hundred years) of the greatest utility to navigation in enabling us by her position amongst the stars to determine the position of a ship at any time in mid-ocean. But we are now speaking of her physical appearance as seen with a small telescope. It is well known that the moon rotates uniformly on her axis in the same time that she revolves round the earth. The consequence is that we always see the same face, excepting that, owing to the ellipticity of the lunar orbit, and its being inclined at an angle of about five degrees to that of the earth, we from time to time get a view of regions to a small extent round each corner, so to speak, or rather beyond each limb (the technical word for edge of the disc), as usually placed. The latter appearances, known by the name of libration, are of course only very limited in amount. Roughly speaking, our satellite shows us the same face at all times, which is more and more illuminated by the sun during the progress of each lunation, until at full moon he enlightens the whole of the visible disc. The boundary of light and darkness is called the terminator, which successively advances over each region during the waxing and retreats again during the waning moon. At the former time it is sunrise at the region covered by the terminator, at the latter sunset. As the moun-

tains are thus seen in profile, casting long shadows behind them, these are the best times for observing regions on the moon's surface, many remarkable spots in which are indeed only visible on these occasions. We have not space to speak of these in detail; but in Mr. Webb's useful book, to which we have already referred, the intending observer will find a full account of them. The most remarkable of the lunar mountains and craters are the chain of Apennines, a little to the north of the moon's centre, the grand crater known as Copernicus, which lies on the terminator a day or two after the first quarter, a little north-east of the centre, and the 'metropolitan' crater, Tycho, with the curious system of rays or streaks surrounding it, which comes into view about the same time, but is near the south limb of the moon. The appearances of the large plains called *Maria*, from their having been formerly supposed to be seas, are likewise worthy of attentive observation. Mare Serenitatis, in the north-western quarter, contains some small craters, amongst which is one known as Linné, respecting which there has been much controversy during the last two years, it having been considered probable that great changes have taken place in it since it was first observed.

Occlusions of stars by the moon are frequently very interesting phenomena. The suddenness of the star's disappearance when it takes place at the unlightened edge of the disc is almost startling. To observe the reappearance it is necessary to know the part of the limb at which to look for it. These phenomena are not merely pleasing to see, but, when accurately observed with a good chronometer, are useful in science.

With regard to observation of planets, little can be said of the two inferior ones. Mercury is too close to the sun, and can only be seen when at or near the time of his greatest elongation. With a small telescope nothing can be done with him except, when the definition is good, to see that he has phases. Nor can much be done with Venus.

Her brightness at night is dazzling, and, exaggerating every imperfection of the telescope, makes it difficult to examine her steadily. It is probable that we never see her real surface, but only the clouded atmosphere. The best time to observe her is during the evening twilight.

Diligent scrutiny has procured us lately some trustworthy knowledge of the surface of Mars. Small telescopes, however, cannot be expected to show much, and he will not for some years be in the most favourable position for observation. The phase is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, the planet being always sensibly round. Brilliant white spots mark the poles, and it is generally allowed that these are due to large tracts of snow. The general colour of Mars is ruddy, probably owing to the nature of the soil. Unlike our earth, the land appears to occupy a larger proportion of the surface than the sea.

Jupiter is the planet which best repays the attention of the amateur. Even a small telescope, if its defining power is good, will exhibit his disc crossed by the belts (resembling in a small instrument fine black bars) in a direction parallel to his equator, and will also give the means of observing the four satellites. These may be seen at the times predicted in the 'Nautical Almanac' to pass over the planet's disc (such passages are technically called their transits), to be occulted by it, reappearing on the other side, and to be eclipsed or to pass into and out of the planet's shadow. Accurate observations of the times of the latter phenomena (the eclipses) may be made with a good chronometer, and will be useful. The belts on the surface of the planet are produced by tracts of clear sky in the planet's atmosphere, their persistence being due to causes similar to those of the trade-winds on our earth.

Saturn being a smaller planet than Jupiter, as well as at a much greater distance, has not in itself so many points of interest. Those remarkable appendages, however, the rings, are at present well placed for observation, being well opened out

as seen from the earth. It is well known that they have several subdivisions, the interior ring being dusky and semi-transparent. But the possessor of a small telescope must be satisfied with a view of the ring as one object. The planet is attended by no less than eight satellites, but several of them require a powerful instrument to see them.

The two most distant planets, Uranus and Neptune, are too far off to show discs, especially Neptune, except when viewed with large telescopes.

To those more distant bodies which stud almost every part of the visible hemisphere, the words pre-eminently apply, 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handy-work.' If the grandeur of the spectacle which the clear concave of a winter's night exhibits to the unaided eye calls forth in an irresistible manner such reflections as these, how can we express the intensity to which they are increased when even a moderately good telescope is applied to one of the richer parts of the blue infinite? None, indeed, but their Maker can 'tell the number of the stars, or call them all by their names.'

In this place we shall merely point out some of the more remarkable clusters and objects in some of the constellations, remarking that every increase in the power of the telescope employed will bring into view a larger number of objects worthy of attention.

That wonderful zone called the Galaxy, or Milky Way, has from the earliest ages attracted attention, and some of the ancients conjectured that its light was due to a vast assemblage of stars. Particular parts of it are distinguished by particularly great brightness, whilst other parts are darker, and in others gaps of total darkness are seen. Even moderate telescopes resolve the brightest parts of the zone into innumerable small, closely-crowded stars, and with good instruments it is seen that the different parts are richer in stars in perfection as their brightness to the naked eye is

greater, proving that the light of the galaxy is indeed due entirely to the multitude of distant stars. To give some idea of the scale of this multiplication, it may be mentioned that on one occasion Sir William Herschel estimated that not less than 116,000 stars must have passed through the field of his telescope in a single quarter of an hour. The course of the Milky Way amongst the constellations is principally, so far as visible to us, through Auriga, Cassiopeia, Cygnus, Aquila, and Sagittarius. In the latter, which is always low in the sky in these latitudes, is a part especially rich in stars. In Auriga the brightness is much less than elsewhere. In Cygnus there is a confused and irregular part, from which three partial streams diverge.

The Pleiades in Taurus are known to all. Viewed with the naked eye, most persons can only see six stars, but those possessed of acute sight see seven, and there is at least one authentic instance of as many as twelve having been so seen (by a lady). With a telescope, a group of fifty or sixty stars becomes visible, crowded together in a very moderate space. In the constellation Cancer, near the star ϵ , and between γ and δ , is a curious luminous spot called *Prosepe*, or the *Beehive*, which a very ordinary telescope shows to consist of a multitude of stars. Another telescopic cluster is situated in the sword-handle of Perseus, which may be considered as an offshoot of the Milky Way. It is nearly in a line between γ Persei and δ Cassiopeia.

Of the nebulae it is scarcely desirable to speak here. Several of them are only immense clusters of stars, so distant as to require very powerful telescopes to resolve them, whilst others (especially the spiral nebulae discovered by Lord Rosse) appear to possess a peculiar constitution of their own. The most remarkable one is the great nebula of Orion, over which many stars are scattered, but of which every increase in instrumental power shows fresh features. The sword of Orion consists of three stars, visible to the naked eye, called ϵ , θ , and ι ; the

middle one, θ Orionis, marks the principal part of the nebula, which is, indeed, perceptible to the unaided sight. A moderately good telescope shows four stars of unequal, but not greatly differing, magnitudes, in the form of a trapezium. The subject of double and multiple stars is, indeed, a most interesting part of astronomical research, many having been proved to have motions about each other of different periods. But the greatest part of the binary or physically double (as distinguished from merely optically double) stars are too close to be seen separate, except when high magnifying powers are applied to them. A few of the stars which may be seen double with comparatively small telescopes may be named here. They are, beginning with the closest pairs, Castor (magnitudes of components 3 and $3\frac{1}{2}$), γ Arietis ($4\frac{1}{2}$ and 5), ζ Ursæ Majoris (θ and 5), δ Cygni ($5\frac{1}{2}$ and 6), and 3 Serpentis ($4\frac{1}{2}$ and 5).

It is obviously important for any one interested in astronomical observing to make himself familiar with the names of the constellations, and of the principal stars in each, so as to know them at sight. Mr. Proctor's *Star Maps*, adapted to the different constellation seasons of the year, are admirably suited for this purpose.

Good service may be done by amateurs who possess a knowledge of the stars in observing and recording the paths of remarkable meteors which they may happen to see. This has now become a branch of astronomy, and one of high interest. No telescope at all is required for its prosecution; but we are unwilling to close this article without reminding persons able to take part in these observations of the necessity of an accurate acquaintance with the stars, without which it is impossible to record the place of a meteor in such a manner that any use can be made of it. The times of appearance and disappearance, as well as the places where these are seen amongst the stars, should be noted if possible. The periods at which shooting-stars are most frequently seen are about April 20—

21, August 7—13 (especially 9—10),
October 16—23, November 12—14,
and December 6—14.

For very valuable collections of astronomical data of every kind, we would refer the reader to Mr. Chambers's 'Descriptive Astronomy,' published by the Clarendon Press in 1867.

We must append to this brief survey of objects for astronomical observation a few words concerning telescopes, the instruments which have so immensely increased man's knowledge of the great globes around him. They are, as is well known, of two kinds, the refracting and the reflecting telescope. In the former, the rays of light proceeding from any point in a celestial object are brought to a focus by refraction through the object-glass, which consists of two closely-fitted lenses of two kinds of glass so combined as to destroy, or nearly so, the colour produced by chromatic dispersion (whence such a telescope is called an achromatic). In the latter, the rays are brought to a focus after being reflected on a properly-shaped metallic surface, called a speculum. In both the image of the object, thus formed by the convergence to a focus of the rays proceeding from any point in it, is magnified by a kind of microscope, called an eye-piece. Now as the latter magnifies the image without increasing its brightness, or the amount of light by which it is produced, it is evident that if an eye-piece of too large a magnifying power is applied to any image, its light will become too faint to permit it to be well observed. If, therefore, it be desired to obtain good observations under a high power, it is necessary to employ a large object-glass or speculum, which will collect so large a quantity of the rays diverging from the object observed as to produce an image of considerable brightness, admitting of a good degree of magnification by the eye-piece without having that brightness too much diminished. As a larger amount of light is lost by reflection than by refraction, the image formed by an object-glass will bear the application of a higher magnifying power than

one formed by a speculum of the same diameter.

The steadiness of the image is of as much importance as its brightness. However steadily the instrument be mounted and adjusted (to both of which great attention should, of course, be paid), atmospheric disturbances will always produce a certain amount of tremor, which is increased in proportion to the magnifying power under which the object is viewed. As the degree of this disturbance depends upon the state of the atmosphere at the time, the same amount of power cannot always be employed with advantage upon the same instrument. Good telescopes, therefore, are provided with several eye-pieces, which can be used according to the particular condition of the atmosphere at the time of observation. Actual trial is the only certain test of this. The possessor of a telescope too small to admit of much change of power had better give up trying to use it when he finds the night is not favourable in this respect. The best object to try it upon is a moderate-sized star, the image of which, when brought well into focus, should be very small and round, free from rays or false images, excepting one or two narrow rings of light, circular and concentric with the image surrounding it. Jupiter and Saturn, and particular regions in the moon, are also good test-objects. It was remarked by one of our most experienced observers (but recently called away) that an east wind was not favourable for astronomical observing, as there was always on such occasions a tendency to *triangularity* of form in the spurious disc which a fixed star appears to have in a telescope. Objects such as comets, which possess a very feeble amount of light, cannot be seen with eye-pieces of high power, as they diminish that light too much; but to see them well requires an object-glass of large aperture, and an eye-glass which does not magnify much. We cannot too strongly impress upon the amateur to be particular in putting his eye-piece in good focus for his own eye at the actual time of observing. In a good instrument a slight dis-

placement in this respect makes a considerable difference, and the disc becomes, when viewed out of focus, a large luminous round patch. The disc of a fixed star being spurious (depending for its size upon the aperture of the object-glass), can never be well defined at its edges, but the planets, showing in a telescope real discs, ought, especially Jupiter and Saturn, to have a well-defined outline.

It can hardly be necessary to recommend the owner of a telescope to be extremely careful in its preservation, to keep every part clean, and to avoid exposing it to blows or strains. When it is necessary to

wipe the object-glass, it should be done with great delicacy, using silk, or some other soft material.

In conclusion, we would remark that, although as science progresses, its battle-field becomes more and more appropriated by those who have large instruments at their command, the more easily-seen phenomena being more and more exhausted, yet from time to time instances occur which prove that even now it is possible to add something to our knowledge by the diligent use of means which might have been thought utterly inadequate to produce any such result.

W. T. LYNN.



WINTER EXERCISE.

[Drawn by E. J. Ellis.]

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MR. W. H. PAYNE AS ROBINSON CRUSOE AND MR. F. PAYNE AS FRIDAY.—P. 187.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

A Study of Character.

ANY one who attempts to investigate the life and extraordinary career of Mr. Gladstone, soon discovers that any literary or biographical attempt necessarily resolves itself into a study of character. Such a study speedily becomes a social puzzle, an ethical problem. Mr. Gladstone is a many-sided man. There are all kinds of diverging lines in his character. His orbital range has been so abnormal and eccentric, that it seems at first hard to refer it to any kind of law. There

is no man against whom greater contradictions and inconsistencies are alleged, inconsistencies and contradictions which he himself admits, and which the world hastens to condone. Like Moore's *Alciphron*, as he takes each successive step the step behind crumbles for ever away beneath his feet. He has falsified every prediction which men have made of him, or which he has made of himself. To understand him, we have to investigate abstruse veins of thought in his mind, which to

most men are utterly dry and repellent, but which, when suddenly transferred to the region of practical politics, spring a mine with meteoric explosion. There are, we believe, people who deny that Mr. Gladstone possesses the least honesty of purpose. They refuse to believe that he is a good writer, or even that he is a really great orator. With such persons we can have no common ground. We do not profess to say whether Mr. Gladstone is a first-rate statesman, or only, as it has been happily said, a second-rate statesman with his mind 'in a first-rate state of effervescence.' However that may be, Mr. Gladstone is a man of whose high nature and great gifts his country may well be proud. That indeed would be a miserable party spirit which, for the sake of party, would seek to derogate unjustly from these great qualities. With whatever measure of infirmity and alloy, Mr. Gladstone is the most brilliant Englishman of the century, and is, in the main, inspired by a chivalrous and most scrupulous honour. The reputation of her great statesmen is dear to England; and to us it seems utterly impossible to construct any theory of Mr. Gladstone's character, or to find any clue to its changes and chances, without in the fullest degree demanding these two elements as the basis of our estimate. There may be flaws in the shining harness. The image, with its head of fine gold, may have an admixture of iron and clay. There is, no doubt, speaking generally, a tendency towards the sophistical in his mind. There is something parasitical in his nature. The oratorical genius is not, after all, the statesmanlike genius; and Mr. Gladstone, with his concentrated power of oratory, is often reflecting the thoughts and guidance of other intellects, from whom he receives thoughts, and to whose thoughts he lends his great gift of varied and eloquent expression. His principles resemble a system of stratification, where each new set of ideas overlays and well-nigh obliterates its predecessor; and to this is to be attributed that

want [of proportion in his mind which by many is held to be its cardinal defect. The study of a career, so noble and varied and rich in achievement, with whatever admixture of error and infirmity, is necessarily fraught with the highest and most elevated interest.

Mr. Gladstone entered parliament through what was then the favourite avenue of academic distinction. He had done very little in parliament—a few remarks, almost conversational, about the freedmen of Liverpool, about slavery in the island of Demerara, where his father held property, and a short set speech chiefly remarkable as being a defence of the Irish Church—when he was made a Lord of the Treasury, and afterwards Under-Secretary of State. But Sir Robert Peel had the quick eye to detect early political genius and the happy ability to foster it. Mr. Gladstone could not fail to commend himself heartily to Peel's sympathies. Like Peel, he had passed through Eton and Christ Church. Like Peel, he had taken from the University of Oxford its highest honours. Like Peel, he had sprung from a family that owed all its greatness to the honourable and successful pursuits of commerce. In process of time the young statesman procured for himself a peculiar kind of reputation. He almost approximated to the ethical reputation which Wilberforce had obtained in the unreformed parliament. There was an earnestness, a seriousness about him to which the House was not accustomed, but which it did not dislike. There was a gentle hortatory and religious vein about him, not unmusical, to which they willingly listened. They saw that he was nervous, scrupulous, sensitive to a degree. In every political step, in every speech and vote, he avowed a lofty religious motive and followed an inflexible principle. This was fine, superfine, in fact; and men thought that a political casuist was too far removed from the region of practical politics. In those days there was a kind of gentle languor and melancholy about him. He seemed a recluse, of scholarly poetic

temperament. He was a political lotus-eater. His voice was called 'the echo of a voice,' the voice of one in whose breast all human passions were lulled. It was thought that he lacked the 'combativity' necessary for parliamentary conflict. It was thought that both his *physique* and his *morale* were against him. Men regretted that one of so much mind and culture should be never likely to prove an orator, and should turn out on so many points to be altogether impracticable. There was much vague admiration for him. Evidently he loved truth with a passionate love, and he mixed in controversy with the courtesy of a knight of romance, avoiding selfishness and personality, and only seeking to defend the better cause. The Tadpoles and Tapers must have shaken their heads despairingly at him.

But in the mean time Mr. Gladstone was developing another side to his character, for which the public were hardly prepared. He manifested, if indeed any man, a dual character. If he was great as a thinker in the study, he was equally great as a man of business in the office. All the commercial genius of his family appeared to find an existence in himself. He had all a financier's taste for figures and statistics. Business men who were brought in contact with him found that the young statesman understood their own line of commerce as well as, or better than they did themselves. His information was unbounded, and his mastery of detail. It was said of him that he possessed vast information 'in connection with that undercurrent of commerce which flows in warehouses and counting-houses, but of which the Cabinet and the library know scarcely the existence.' It is probable that from the very first he was a free-trader, and that he anticipated his great political master in the fulness and ripeness of his views. There was no financial detail in which he could not detect and state the underlying principle. It was noted that not even Sir Robert Peel nor Sir James Graham had so broad and philosophical a grasp of principle. It was

well known that the great revised Customs Tariff Act of 1842, when out of twelve hundred duty-paying articles more than half were relieved from taxation in whole or part, was, under Peel's guidance, Mr. Gladstone's sole handiwork. Mr. Gladstone watched the bill, clause by clause, through the committee; the acute intellect that dealt so much with abstract ideas with all the subtlety of a casuist or a theologian was absorbed with the great subject of Baltic timber, or the duties on salt meat and salt herrings. Practically, so well did this fiscal legislation work, that the Whig deficit was exchanged for a surplus of some millions. There seems also every reason to believe that Mr. Gladstone was the author of that great institution in railways, the parliamentary train.

Thirdly, Mr. Gladstone was now winning himself a great position as a parliamentary debater. With each step that he made in political life his mind seemed to expand. Men did not clearly understand the character of his mind; they questioned whether he understood his own mind; but he was able and he was conscientious. For successful oratory, character is as important an element as ability. When Demosthenes said that action was the first, second, and third thing necessary, what Demosthenes meant was most probably earnestness. And Mr. Gladstone was always terribly earnest to the acknowledged point of being crotchety. If he put on his hat, it was as if, to use a modern expression, he was 'crowning the edifice,' and would draw on his gloves as if he were enunciating an immortal principle. Still this was a fault in the right direction. He became a great debater; in some points of view the best debater in the house. His freshness and vitality were astonishing. He had not the great drawbacks which other great debaters had. It was always felt that Peel was plausible, and had a Pecksniffian odour about him. Sir James Graham was sarcastic and weighty, but then many people thought that Sir James Graham was a hypocrite. Disraeli was mighty, but then his

might was dwarfed by personalities. Macaulay and Sheil were both born orators in their way; but Macaulay was too imaginative, and Sheil was too passionate. Mr. Gladstone was at least perfectly free from all such extremes as these. His speeches were no longer on merely special subjects, but dealt with all matters of broad imperial interest. It was known that he could be a victorious competitor with great commercial authorities. The lawyers found that both in subtlety and grasp the young statesman was able to vie with them. Ecclesiastics, in the outward world, knew that he could meet them exactly on their own ground and precisely with their own weapons. He always seemed to be developing fresh powers of which he and the world had been unconscious. He made many very able speeches before he attained the height of those great orations which thrilled the House and the country. Only slowly and gradually he became what Mr. Bernal Osborne called the 'Red Indian' of debate. By such gradual approaches Mr. Gladstone has made his way to the Premiership; and the only wonder is that he had not attained it before the shadows of age were beginning to close upon him.

We will now attempt to follow Mr. Gladstone's career somewhat more in detail.

Mr. Gladstone stated at a Glasgow meeting some time back that he had not a particle of any but Scotch blood in his veins. Almost simultaneously Scotland has given to the country a prime minister and an archbishop. The Gladstones, in the last generation, though they came from an old stock of Lanarkshire lairds, were only humble traders at Leith. Mr. Gladstone's father came as a youth to Liverpool, became a member of a firm of the greatest reputation on the 'Change,' made a splendid fortune, purchased the estate of Fasque in Kincardineshire, obtained a baronetcy, saw his son a Cabinet Minister, and died in 1851, nearly a nonagenarian. It was through this distinguished parent that Mr. Gladstone may be supposed to derive his astonishing

intimacy with our commercial system, and it may here be said that both his mother and his wife may be worthily associated with his own high feeling and high intellect. At Liverpool he was often brought into contact with Mr. Canning, who, at election time, used to be his father's guest at Seaforth. It may well be imagined how potent an influence was the mind of Canning over the dawning mind of the Liverpool merchant's son. It was at Eton that he first formed that friendship with Lord Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, which, through the father of his friend, was destined first to bring him into political life. One of his school friends has made the following interesting mention of him: 'Gladstone was a perfect scholar; and the only lad who afterwards was at all equal to him was Selwyn [the Bishop of Lichfield and New Zealand]. They both lived at the same dame's, a house that took very few boarders, and, therefore, it was the more remarkable that the two leading men of Eton should come from under the same roof. The house is situated just opposite to the Christopher Inn. Gladstone was tall, with a particularly clear and tranquil eye, and good complexion; and indeed he always went by the name of "handsome" Gladstone. I should have thought Gladstone too contemplative and deep in his mind to have wished to become a statesman, and embroiled in all the evanescent toils of politics; and he, like Froude, engaged in no rough games, although I think Gladstone was a cricketer. I should have set Gladstone down for a second Wordsworth in after life.' He was, at Eton, a great friend of Hurrell Froude's, and it has been supposed that this friendship was not without effect in determining the peculiar complexion of Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical views.

We believe that at Oxford Mr. Gladstone, Sir Roundell Palmer, and Mr. Lowe, all entertained for a time the intention of taking holy orders. How different might have been the condition of English politics if this determination had been maintained! These early days would not have been of any political im-

port, had not Mr. Disraeli, who, with his immense strategical ability, has an aptitude for blunders, gone back to them, in order to found a charge of inconsistency against his mighty rival. Had Mr. Disraeli possessed the advantage of a public school and University education he would have been saved this blunder. He alluded to a debate at the Union on the 16th of May, 1831: 'I am sure hon. gentlemen opposite will remember Wyatt's rooms and the Oxford Union,' and he quoted a resolution, of a ferociously Tory character, adding, 'The amendment, as I have read it, was quoted by Mr. William Gladstone, of Christ Church.' The reference was ill-judged; the common sense of the House could not tolerate that the speaker should go back to undergraduate college days in search of weapons of attack. It had however the advantage of eliciting from Mr. Gladstone some autobiographic sentences of much interest. 'The right honourable gentleman, when he addressed the hon. member for Westminster, took occasion to show his magnanimity, for he declared that he would not take the philosopher to task for what he wrote twenty-five years ago. But when he caught one, who, thirty-five years ago, who, just emerged from boyhood, and still an undergraduate at Oxford, had expressed an opinion adverse to the Reform Bill of 1832, of which he had so long and bitterly repented, then the right hon. gentleman could not resist the temptation that offered itself to his appetite for effect. . . . Sir, as the right hon. gentleman has done me the honour thus to exhibit me, let me for a moment trespass on the patience of the House to exhibit myself. What he has stated is true. I deeply regret it. But I was bred under the shadow of the great name of Canning; every influence connected with that name governed the first political impressions of my childhood and my youth; with Mr. Canning I rejoiced in the removal of religious disabilities from the Roman Catholic body, and in the free and truly British tone which he gave to our policy abroad; with Mr. Canning I

rejoiced in the opening he made towards the establishment of free commercial interchanges between nations; with Mr. Canning, and under the shadow of that great name, and under the shadow of the yet more venerable name of Burke, I grant my youthful mind and imagination were impressed with the same idle and futile fears which still bewilder and distract the matured mind of the right hon. gentleman.'

It was hardly fair of Mr. Gladstone to give this speech this mere boyish character, as it was delivered only the year before he was first elected to his seat in the first Reformed Parliament. That phase of the constitution has now ceased to exist, but up to this point Mr. Gladstone's career has been commensurate with it, and the parliamentary life of Mr. Gladstone during the constitution of 1832, like that constitution, has become matter of history. Looking broadly at that career, and attempting honestly to arbitrate between conflicting views, it appears to us that, on the whole, Mr. Gladstone has adopted a disinterested and patriotic course. Mr. Gladstone is certainly fond of office. Mr. Bright once said that he thought Mr. Gladstone was much happier in office, but he thought he would live longer without it. But, nevertheless, he has repeatedly refused or sacrificed office, and by so doing well-nigh reduced himself to a state of Ishmaelitic isolation. There was something almost Quixotic and indubitably austere in his resignation of office in 1845. It was not even professed that he was in antagonism with his chief, Sir Robert Peel, on the question of the Maynooth Grant. His rigid Church principles were then perceptibly beginning to thaw. He was aware that by supporting the bill he should be departing from the principles of his famous book on the 'Church in relation to the State,' and he held it his duty to resign office, and so study the subject free from all biassed and selfish considerations. His friends strongly remonstrated with him, conspicuously among them the present Lord

Derby. 'I respectfully submit,' says Mr. Gladstone, in his recent 'Chapter of Autobiography,' 'that by this act my freedom was established, and that it has never since, during a period of five-and-twenty years, been compromised.' After a year of penitential expiation, Mr. Gladstone became Secretary for the Colonies in the reconstructed Free Trade Administration of Sir Robert Peel. But Newark was now closed against him. The Lord of Clumber, who had hopelessly quarrelled with his own heir on the Free Trade question, was not likely to assist that son's recreant friend. Mr. Gladstone was now without a seat in Parliament for nearly two years, during a considerable portion of which he was a Cabinet Minister. From the gallery, or beneath it, he watched that great battle of Free Trade, where he could not himself mingle in its fray and lift his voice above the din. It must have been a sore trial to him to sit silent while weaker men were dealing with the profound subject which he knew so intimately.

In the general election of 1847 he obtained the parliamentary blue ribbon of representing the University of Oxford. He himself has told us how fondly, how passionately, he desired and clung to his seat. He would be content to sit as member, he once said, if he only had a majority of a single vote. 'The representation of the University was, I think, stated by Mr. Canning to be to him the most coveted prize of political life. I am not ashamed to own that I desired it with almost passionate fondness.' He says, perhaps with a shade of reproachfulness, that it used to be a trust, which, once given, was not recalled. But abnormal politicians must expect abnormal electoral treatment. Indeed if the worthy electors had been far-sighted enough to have followed out the logical results of the principles Mr. Gladstone now professed, that persistent resistance which was always made to him at Oxford would have been successful at the outset. But they looked at his career as a whole, and not at its recent phases. He was a High

Churchman; those stood sponsors for him who were high in the estimation of the University, and, above all, there was the immortal essay, which had never, in so many express terms, been repudiated. One of his first steps as member was to give a vehement support to the Jewish bill, to which he had hitherto been vehemently opposed. This was taking up an entirely new position. He now adopted the principle of Religious Equality, which was fraught with serious results to be gradually worked out in course of time. Discerning men saw that he was effectually severing himself from the Oxford majority, but Oxonians repeatedly sought to retain him as one who, in spite of growing differences, in the main so faithfully reflected their intellectual tendencies and religious sympathies.

For years the scanty band of Peelites occupied the cross-benches. That party was all head and no tail; generals without an army, leaders without a following. The tendencies of the Peelites were confused and contradictory, gravitating partly towards the Whigs and partly towards the party which they had disorganized and abandoned. The instinct of Conservatism was still strong upon Mr. Gladstone, and for long years that instinct retained its vitality. For the most part, Sir Robert Peel gave Lord John Russell an effectual support; but just before his death, in that great Pacifico debate in which Mr. Gladstone made his first great oration, of some hours' length, Sir Robert appeared to be veering in the opposite direction. Mr. Gladstone struck out a course for himself, and by so doing, ran the peril of being stranded high and dry as a politician. The whole Peelite party were subsequently very much in this condition when they withstood the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Events justified them. Lord John having loaded his gun, was too much frightened to pull the trigger. The leave of the Attorney-General was necessary before any prosecution could be brought, and this leave was never given. The bill was an abortion from the first. Mr. Gladstone supported Mr. Disraeli in his

motion for inquiry into agricultural distress, on one occasion answering Graham, and being answered by Peel. After the death of Peel, he would probably have joined the Conservative ranks in 1852, but the question of protection was not then thought to be closed, and was a barrier to his doing so. He declared that he hoped he should find the policy and measures of the new Government such as he could support. This generous language, however, did not prevent him from being largely instrumental in the downfall of the first Derby ministry. There ensued between him and Mr. Disraeli one of those oratorical duels, which once made the latter express his thankfulness that there was a piece of solid furniture between them. Then followed the Coalition Ministry of All the Talents, under the Earl of Aberdeen, in which, for the first time, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Still Mr. Gladstone might cling to the lingering idea that after all he was something of a Conservative. The Peelites with whom he acted would certainly refuse to call themselves Whigs. Once there was an ugly *fracas* at the Carlton Club, because Mr. Gladstone, while acting against the Conservative party, still frequented the Conservative headquarters. Very ungentlemanly conduct is absolutely indefensible; but still these blunt Tories knew what Mr. Gladstone, with all his acuteness, had failed to detect: that he had entirely forsaken the first love of his youth, and that now mountains were rising and seas were rolling between him and the familiar but long-abandoned shores of the past.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer he now made his first great Budget speech, which lasted five hours, and introduced his system of fiscal reforms. The Cabinet drifted into war, and calculations based on conditions of peace were thwarted under conditions of war. The Ministry of 'suspended opinions and smothered antipathies' fell to pieces; but though Mr. Gladstone resumed office under Lord Palmerston, he soon parted company with the new Premier, being forced into

the step by Lord Palmerston himself. Mr. Gladstone was very restive under exclusion from office; he always is under such circumstances. In 1856 his speeches were incessant. He had almost a mania for speaking. It was, indeed, said that all this was abnormal, and almost looked like a diseased condition of brain. Members would look at the bar, and exclaim, 'What, Gladstone again! Why, he has spoken every night this week!' And not only would he speak that night, but he would speak over and over again the same night. As he was not in express collision with Lord Palmerston, he once more began to draw near to the Conservatives. The China question allowed a temporary amalgamation of Peelites, Radicals, and Tories. On that great debate on the lorch 'Arrow,' Mr. Gladstone delivered another of those finest speeches, which have now become historical. Lord Palmerston's success at the General Election only paved the way for his downfall, the following year, on the cry of submitting to French dictation. The Tory administration came in, and on the whole Mr. Gladstone gave them a generous and discerning support. He would not enter the Cabinet, but he accepted from them his commission to the Ionian Isles. This occasioned much speculation and surprise; but we are inclined to believe that the simple reason was that he was desirous of clearing up some points in Homeric geography, and gathering some hints towards the vindication of Helen's much damaged character. He saw that nothing would satisfy the Ionians but annexation to Greece, and this was afterwards conceded to them, to their own eventual dissatisfaction. He supported the Tories by speech and vote in their attempt to introduce a Reform Bill, and though he did not speak on their behalf, he voted with them on that want of confidence motion which ejected them from office. The Tories were greatly disgusted when, without the slightest hesitation, he immediately accepted office in Lord Palmerston's broad-based administration. It seemed very probable

that he would be ejected from Oxford; but it judiciously transpired that he had stipulated with Lord Palmerston for an influential voice in church patronage. The Peelites were now absorbed into the Liberal ranks. But Mr. Gladstone was now not only Whig, not only Liberal, but an extreme Radical, giving expression to doctrines of extreme and levelling democracy. He enunciated the famous 'flesh and blood' doctrine: what the Americans would call the 'platform' of manhood suffrage. We should here mention that his speech on the second reading of Lord Russell's single-barrelled Reform Bill was one of the mightiest of his oratorical efforts. His advanced opinions caused the forfeiture of his seat, first at Oxford and afterwards in South Lancashire. But though rejected by those constituencies, Mr. Gladstone is the accepted of the empire, who have elected him by a preponderance of suffrages as its virtual ruler.

Let us now look upon Mr. Gladstone in the aspect in which he will probably be longest and best remembered, that of a renowned chief in British oratory. We will view him in the scene of his great parliamentary triumphs. It is some memorable afternoon of some bygone session. The loungers about the vast portals of the Hall are waiting to obtain a sight of the celebrities. Mr. Gladstone drives up, perhaps, in an open carriage, and is probably greeted with more or less of an ovation. Mr. Gladstone does not mind an ovation. He has learned to understand, he 'the people's William,' the judicious use of a mob. But his way of entering the Hall is different to his way of entering the Chamber. He rarely walks up the floor to receive a greeting. You look to the front bench: he is not there: presently you look again, and there he is: he has crept into the House; silently, almost stealthily. He has the customary large box of papers by him. If he is going to make a speech, there is also a small flask of some mucilaginous compound, which he will occasionally lift to his lips.

Public speakers would, in their common interest, be glad to know what that small flask contains, and whether it is really any aid to that beautiful and noble voice. It was a genuine pleasure—more so, once, perhaps, than it is now—to ask Mr. Gladstone a question. His voice was so agreeable; his manner so mild and gentlemanly; and he took such infinite pains to go fully into matters for you; leaning on his box, pointing his finger, and imparting a sermonic flavour of 'thirdly and lastly,' to the smallest observations.

It has been well said of Mr. Gladstone that he clothes material facts with moral considerations and moral considerations with material facts. This contains the secret of the wonderful charm which belongs to that historical series of his Budget speeches. The figures of arithmetic are transformed into figures of rhetoric. That dry desert of statistics is changed into a garden of roses. To Mr. Gladstone's mind all those figures are instinct with the most intense meaning. They are outward and visible signs of inward and invisible things. They proclaim the beats of the nation's pulse, and tell both of its functional and organic condition. Probably, the greatest of these Budget speeches was the great speech of the year 1860. There were a series of stage accessories belonging to this speech, which have rarely been paralleled. Mr. Gladstone had had an attack of bronchitis, which had already caused a postponement of the Budget. This Friday night, if he were not sufficiently recovered, the work would devolve on Sir Cornwall Lewis. It was known that he was still very unwell. On Tuesday he had been in bed, and there had been some rumour of congestion of the lungs. The House was very crowded—crowded for an hour before the commencement of the business of the night. Even Jews, to secure their places, had joined in the prayers of Christians. To the last moment it seemed doubtful whether the great fiscal Minister would show. And when at last he came, and had commenced his marvellous speech, and men saw his face pale and worn,

and observed him leaning, as if fatigued, against the table, it was doubtful whether his voice would really last to the end. His physician was seated under the gallery, watch in hand, observing this wonderful physical effort. Through the brass lattice of the ladies' gallery, his wife was looking and listening, still more riveted, still more anxious. Gladstone spoke for four hours. Not for a moment did the musical river of speech ever falter. There was the same eager play of feature, dramatic action, and melodious utterance. The speech was concluded by a peroration in the loftiest vein of eloquence, which neither the elder nor the younger Pitt could have excelled. It was less a speech than an epic. The effect on the House was extraordinary, and the same thrill of delight and admiration ran throughout the country. Only there were one or two grumblers who suggested that this impressive bronchitis was simply an ingenious ruse.

But Mr. Gladstone quietly answering a question, with his energies held in leash, or Mr. Gladstone with his power of luminous exposition, setting forth the principles of the Budget, are both very different to Mr. Gladstone in the full sweep of impassioned oratory. Then we have what Mr. Bernal Osborne calls 'the Red Indian.' 'We see before us the splendid savage bounding on to the floor of the house—the swift of foot, the eagle eye, the voice that rings like the sound of victory, the manly presence that reminds us of a chieftain.' Sometimes, directly he rises, he raises his warwhoop and brandishes his tomahawk, and the work of scalping and exhortation begins. One of his famous speeches, in answer to Mr. Disraeli, has been thus described. 'In the memory of the present generation there has no speech been delivered in the House of Commons in which there was such a rushing eloquence, such a rage of words. Its "go" was incomparable. There was not even time to cheer. It seemed as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had only five minutes to spare, and into that space had to crowd the entire

Dictionary. He seemed to be speaking against time, and the pace reminded one of nothing so much as the last half-mile of the Derby. He kept this up for a good hour. He swept on as a hurricane, the House as he tore on rising to catch every word. There was exultation in his voice; there was an intensity of hate in his speech of which the printed report conveys but a poor idea. He took the House by storm and retained it for the remainder of the evening. It was a physical rather than an intellectual impression which he had created. It would be difficult to state what was the gist of Mr. Gladstone's speech. It was a sensation, rather than a demonstration which he had made; but the sensation was tremendous.' And this brings us to that sensitiveness, irritability, and bad temper, which, after all, stamp Mr. Gladstone as being only an imperfect Christian. Mr. Horsman, on a memorable occasion, crossed swords with him. He told Mr. Gladstone that he always began his reply by knocking a man down, and that he knocked everybody down who attempted to dispute with him. Many other very uncomfortable things did Mr. Horsman say. The 'Saturday Review,' which always treats Mr. Gladstone as a spoilt child, with alternate caresses and reproaches, thus described the effect: 'As each keen and polished sarcasm told upon the House, there gathered over his countenance that expression of condensed, unutterable passion, which those who have watched him know so well. His lip curled savagely; his eyes flashed; his attitude became more rigid; his fingers twitched; the paleness of his face grew ghastlier and ghastlier, leaving not a vestige of colour on his cheek except the dark spot on the centre—the shadow thrown by the high cheek-bone as the light fell on it from above.' Something of the same sort happened when Mr. Gladstone, on a memorable evening, again and again interrupted Mr. Disraeli, and laid himself open to a sharp rebuke, in which the sense of the House concurred. On one occasion he used an expression towards Mr. Disraeli, concerning which he after-

wards said, 'I think the expression was a very improper one, and I sincerely regret that I have used it.' To such mistakes does Mr. Gladstone's peculiar temperament render him liable. It is pleasant after such things to find him, at the Mansion House, calling Mr. Disraeli his right honourable friend. But Mr. Gladstone is generally assaulting some one. He is said to resemble the retired hangman, who felt obliged to execute a puppy once a week. Once he gave the House of Lords the severest scolding which that august body ever received.

Mr. Gladstone's 'verbiage' has been immensely discussed. A man said, some years ago, that he had been into the House of Commons seventeen times in the course of a day or two, and each time found Mr. Gladstone speaking. He has never been able, as the Frenchman said, to avail himself of a great opportunity of holding his tongue. Mr. Kendall, recently member for Cornwall, happily said that Mr. Gladstone would not say that twice six was twelve, but he would say that twice six multiplied by three minus thirty plus six was twelve. A writer in the 'Quarterly Review' describes Mr. Gladstone answering a question, and contrasts him with Lord Palmerston. 'Supposing each Minister was asked what day the session would be over, the Viscount would reply, that it was the intention of her Majesty to close the session on the 18th of August. Mr. Gladstone would possibly premise, that, inasmuch as it was for her Majesty to decide upon the day which would be most acceptable to herself, it was scarcely compatible with parliamentary etiquette to ask her Ministers to anticipate such decision; but, presuming that he quite understood the purport of the right honourable gentleman's question, of which he was not entirely assured, the completion of the duties of the House of Commons, and the formal termination of the sitting of the Legislature, being two distinct things, he would say, that her Majesty's Ministers had represented to the Queen that the former would probably be accomplished about the

18th of August, and that such day would not be unfavourable for the latter; and therefore if the Sovereign should be pleased to ratify that view of the case, the day he had named would probably be that inquired after by the right honourable gentleman.'

It is remarkable how Mr. Gladstone errs both on the side of diffidence and on the side of confidence. Thus in the late Lancashire election he declared that he was nobody, and his opinions were nothing. He is always tearing his raiment and pouring ashes on his head. He speaks of 'his humble and insignificant person.' 'It would be the height of arrogance,' he almost whines, 'to forget that I am no more than a young, a late, a feeble labourer in this happy cause.' 'If my affection is of the smallest advantage to that great, that ancient, that noble institution, that advantage, *small as it is, and it is most insignificant*, Oxford will possess as long as I live.' In almost abject terms he alluded, in the House of Commons, to his connection with the Whig party. 'I am too well aware of the relations that subsist between the party and myself. I have none of the claims he (Lord Russell) possesses. I came among you an outcast from those with whom I associated; driven from them, I admit, by no arbitrary act, but by the slow and resistless force of conviction. I came among you—to make use of the legal phraseology—*in formâ pauperis*. I had nothing to offer you but faithful and honourable service. You received me as Dido received the shipwrecked Æneas,

"Ejectum littore egentem ;
Accepi,"

and I only trust you may not hereafter at any time have to complete the sentence in regard to me—

"Et regni demens in parte locavi."

You received me with kindness, indulgence, generosity, and I may even say with some measure of confidence. And the relation between us has assumed such a form that you can never be my debtors, but that I must for ever be in your

debt.' Now this language is positively servile and unreal; and now that Mr. Gladstone is Premier, it is to be hoped that he will leave it off.

But Mr. Gladstone figures at all kinds of meetings, and makes all kinds of speeches. He is opening a school; he is addressing a mechanics' institute; he is adorning a penny reading; he is receiving an address; he is taking part in some great religious meeting, perchance for the S.P.G. At Burslem, on the great Wedgwood occasion, he confined himself, as if afraid of his own genius, rigidly to his manuscript. A little anecdote of Mr. Gladstone's public speaking may be interesting. On one occasion he had promised to attend a local meeting in behalf of the S.P.G., in a vast London central parish. With the usual stupidity of the local mind, the meeting was most insufficiently made known in the neighbourhood. The result was that there was not a single reporter present, and the general attendance was exceedingly thin. A chairman was extemporized, and soon after he had begun, Mr. Gladstone drove up, and in turn addressed the audience. The speech has been described to us as one of the happiest efforts he ever made. He addressed his scanty audience with all the clearness, force, and eloquence with which he could have addressed the House of Commons. An apology for the thin attendance was made to him, and the chairman explained that he was in no way responsible for the want of the proper arrangements. Mr. Gladstone courteously waived any apology, and said how glad he was, on any occasion and to any audience, to support a cause to which he was so much attached.

It will be interesting to turn away from politics to discuss Mr. Gladstone's place and office in literature. In speaking of Mr. Gladstone as a literary man, we should, perhaps, first speak of him as a poet; for, though he has not written much poetry, much may be gathered from the little he has written. Jointly with Lord Lyttelton he issued a volume of 'Translations,' which, printed at first for private circulation, has sub-

sequently enjoyed extensive publicity. Mr. Gladstone's Greek and Latin compositions hardly rise above, if indeed they attain the level of, University prize compositions, and cannot, in scholastic merit, be for a moment compared with Lord Lyttelton's wonderful performances. His translation of that beautiful hymn, Toplady's 'Rock of Ages,' into rhyming monkish Latin, is, indeed, an exceedingly happy effort; but his translations into English from ancient and modern authors better show the poetical quality of his mind. We will quote just one brief passage from the Italian, of Manzoni's Ode on the Death of Napoleon:—

'How often, as the listless day
In silence died away,
With lightning eye deprest,
And arms across upon his breast,
He stood, and memory's rushing train
Came down on him again:
The breezy tents he seemed to see,
And the battering cannon's course,
And the flashing of the infantry,
And the torrent of the horse,
And the quick ecstatic word,
Obeyed as soon as heard.'

His earliest work, that difficult and obscure 'Essay on the State in relation to the Church,'* which seemed to belong, if ever work belonged, to the region of abstract opinions, has of late been very eagerly scrutinized. The chief interest of Mr. Gladstone's publications is, first, the light that is thereby thrown on his political course, and on the growth of his peculiar mental idiosyncrasy. We cannot help thinking, in glancing through Mr. Gladstone's various works, that he has shifted almost as much in his theological as in his political creed. Mr. Gladstone is always supposed to have intimate relations with the 'Guardian' newspaper. It would be interesting to compare Mr. Gladstone's stand-point in the Essay, and in the earlier numbers of the 'Guardian,' with the 'Guardian's' review of 'Ecce Homo,' Mr. Glad-

* We have been using a copy which belonged to H.R.H. the late Duke of Sussex. The margin is filled with the Duke's notes, the volume being thoroughly analysed and annotated by him in a very thoughtful way.

stone's own book on 'Ecce Homo,' and Mr. Gladstone's own references to Mr. Lecky's 'History of Rationalism,' in that Edinburgh address, which is perhaps the most careful and finished of all his publications. Mr. Gladstone has given us a commentary on the Essay in his recent 'Chapter of Autobiography,' which contains much noble writing, especially in his sketch of the Oxford movement (pp. 28—31). He clearly explains his original point of view. 'The distinctive principle of the book was supposed to be that the State had a conscience; but the controversy really lies not in the existence of a conscience in the State, so much as in the extent of its range. Few would deny the obligation of a State to follow the moral law. Every treaty, for example, proceeds upon it. The true issue was this: whether the State, in the best condition, has such a conscience as can take cognizance of religious truth and error; and in particular whether the State of the United Kingdom, at a period somewhat exceeding thirty years ago, was or was not so far in that condition as to be under an obligation to give an active and an exclusive support to the established religion of the country.' Mr. Gladstone has favoured the world with the very interesting correspondence with Macaulay, which seems to have considerably shaken him in the stability of his opinions. Let us now look at the practical results. 'Scarcely had my work issued from the press, when I became aware that there was no party, no section of a party, no individual person, probably, in the House of Commons who was prepared to act upon it. I found myself the last man on the sinking ship.' The question subsequently arises, why, if he had changed his views, he postponed all idea of legislation till a great party opportunity arose? He makes answer, 'I have not been disposed, at my time of life, gratuitously to undertake agitations of the most difficult, and at times apparently the most hopeless questions.' This is an instance of that political and worldly adroitness which has characterized Mr. Gladstone amid all his aberrations.

He thought that the question might not come on in his lifetime. In touching language he says: 'On that subject I will only say, that a man who in 1865 completed his thirty-third year of a laborious career; who had already followed to the grave the remains of almost all the friends abreast of whom he had started from the University in the career of public life; and who had observed that, excepting two recent cases, it was hard to find in our whole history a single man who had been permitted to reach the fortieth year of a course of labour similar to his own within the walls of the House of Commons; such a man might surely be excused if he did not venture to reckon for himself on an exemption from the lot of greater and better men, and if he formed a less sanguine estimate of the fraction of space yet remaining to him than seems to have been the case with his critics.' He says, however, that he still does not coincide with Macaulay's view that Government only means police, although it is difficult to see with much clearness where his view now differs from Macaulay's. The 'Essay' was chiefly known, and will be chiefly remembered through this famous review.

Other publications, comparatively little known, might be cited which illustrate the progress of Mr. Gladstone's opinions. Mr. Gladstone's letter to the Bishop of Aberdeen is a very remarkable one. He holds that synodical action of some sort is necessary to the well-being of a church, and that the laity, as a body, must take some part in the church synod; and that in matters ecclesiastical their assent and authority cannot be dispensed with. He writes as a Scotch churchman. He suggests that there should be three chambers; bishops, clergy, and laity respectively. He alludes to the deplorable condition of the Colonial Church. Much of this language caused alarm among his most fervent supporters. It was clearly seen, for instance, by Dr. Wordsworth, the Warden of Glenalmond, who published a letter to him, that he looked, albeit indirectly, to a separation between Church and State.

It should be noted that Bunsen prefixes to his 'Church of the Future' a correspondence between himself and Mr. Gladstone, in which Mr. Gladstone says: 'Although I see in the Church of England everywhere the signs of revival and improvement, there is yet an evil condition of things which can only be averted by an increase of the episcopate.' Mr. Gladstone's vote has brought very near to us the question of the disestablishment of the Church of England, which is one of the next large questions looming on the political horizon. We need not discuss further Mr. Gladstone's religious writings, which display all his 'earnestness,' but which, if they had not owned his name, would probably have dropped still-born from the press.

In 1851 Mr. Gladstone published his translation of Signor Farini's 'Roman State from 1815 to 1850.' These four volumes of translation form one more proof of his versatility and his enormous industry. While Mr. Gladstone was translating the earlier portion, Signor Farini was concluding the latter portion, which he dedicated to his translator. 'I decided on relating them to you, sir,' writes Farini, 'who, by your love of Italian letters, and your deeds of Italian charity, have established a relationship with Italy in the spirit of those great Italian writers who have been our masters in eloquence, in civil philosophy, and in national virtue, from Dante and Macchiavelli down to Alfieri and Gioberti.' Mr. Gladstone has now become a household name in Italy. What the present Sir Robert Peel is to Geneva, Mr. Gladstone is to the whole of Italy. Of the language and literature of the country he is an absolute master. On one occasion he is known to have delivered a speech of three hours in faultless Italian. Mr. Gladstone's vigorous and hearty exertions on behalf of Italian nationality proved great helps to his popularity at home. Those efforts probably had some effect in hastening the Italian revolution. It is not often that a publication has such a large and direct political influence

as Mr. Gladstone's 'Letters to Lord Aberdeen on the State of the Neapolitan Prisons.' Mr. Gladstone's statements on Italian matters were impugned by Lord Normanby and others, but their accuracy was hardly materially affected. The Letters were the result of a long sojourn which he made in Naples in 1850-51. Lord Palmerston sent Mr. Gladstone's Letters to every English ambassador, requesting each one to bring them under the notice of the court to which he was accredited. The Neapolitan Government itself published an answer, which Mr. Gladstone met by a crushing rejoinder. It would be out of place to enter here on a criticism of Mr. Gladstone's work on Homer and the Homeric Age. In much it is deeply interesting, though the scholarship is defective, and the work is rather a matter of derision than otherwise with German critics. It is very curious to notice Mr. Gladstone's crotchety nature, as shown in these volumes. It is not only that he sees mystic adumbrations of the cultus of the Virgin, and of the doctrine of the Trinity; in the most chivalrous way he espouses the cause of Helen, and expends a great deal of ingenuity in exploring the force of the middle voice in order to ascertain whether Homer's princesses washed their heroes themselves or caused them to be washed. Mr. Gladstone has also contributed to the 'Quarterly Review' and the 'Oxford University Essays.'

There will frequently be observed, in Mr. Gladstone's writings, a kind of 'energy divine,' and a *curiosa felicitas* of words. In all that Mr. Gladstone writes there is, to some extent, the same energy of language, the same strong, happy, idiomatic English. Only it must be owned that, although these elements exist, they are by no means constant elements in Mr. Gladstone's compositions. You often meet with a page of exquisite English, but also over how many wearisome pages you must travel before you alight upon such an oasis of the desert. We candidly confess that we find it an extremely difficult matter to read with enjoyment, as a whole,

any one of Mr. Gladstone's literary works. Macaulay tells a story—or perhaps invented one—that a man chose to go to the galleys rather than read Guicciardini; and Guicciardini is, to say the least, easier reading than Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone's books owe any popularity they may enjoy to the fact that they were written by the leading statesman of the age. If it were not for this they would probably be chiefly remembered as marvels of logomachy and wasted ingenuity, or be speedily forgotten. At the period of publication they will eagerly be examined to see what Mr. Gladstone's opinions may be on important events in contemporary history. Even his speeches, so irresistible in their hearing, have very much the same character in their perusal.

Who ever fairly followed Mr. Gladstone through all those interminable speeches of his in his Lancashire campaign? The most inveterate reader of the 'Times' would be content to glance his eyes down that wilderness of verbiage, allowing it at times to rest on the passages which elicited bursts of cheering, but greatly wondering to what the cheering could be attributed. Mr. Gladstone's speeches are sometimes said to be Demosthenic. We hope the parallel is not altogether complete, for Demosthenes was as unfortunate as a statesman as he was magnificent as an orator. But can any one sincerely believe that Mr. Gladstone's speeches will ever be classic as our Demosthenes? As we read the Greek orator we see how every word is essential to a sentence, and every sentence to a *periodus oratorica*. There are many noble passages in Mr. Gladstone's speeches, but whole columns might be cut out, and the pruning knife should everywhere be unsparingly applied. How feebly, and in a kind of anticlimax, do these long, involved sentences end! what involutions, what parentheses, what twistings and zigzags of speech! How often do we regret, for Mr. Gladstone's own scholarlike fame and literary repute, that fluent volubility of speech, which is often as

so much sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. As we listen to the great orator we are borne away on the resistless tide of his eloquence; but as the words meet us in the passionless print, we see that there is a luxuriance of foliage without fruit, that exuberance of language often hides poverty of thought, and that often an enormous expenditure of labour has been incurred on behalf of some barren intellectual crotchet. It may safely be said that no writer of real eminence has written so voluminously as Mr. Gladstone, and, at the same time, has made such slender additions to the knowledge, amusement, or thought of humanity.

It will readily be conceded that Mr. Gladstone's strength lies in practical politics rather than in authorship. But we are forced to believe that the same qualities or defects of mind which pervade his writings must also belong to his statesmanship. One of the keenest of Liberal writers has said of him that he is 'a statesman of the very highest class of the second rank, a statesman of wonderful resource on all subjects, of fine insight on many—but not a statesman of deeply-matured political principles, nor one of the safest judgment.' Some such estimate as, this is, we think, substantially correct. Mr. Gladstone has also been called the most vulnerable of politicians. His course seems unpatriotic in the Crimean war, and unnatural in defending the Chinese for poisoning wells. Still his friends urge his unbounded honesty; and while we vehemently urge this ourselves, we see that this honesty has generally been exercised in harmony with his personal and political predilections. Mr. Gladstone invests every side he adopts with a halo of earnestness and political truth. But when this halo is successively attached to two different sides of a subject, it becomes something of a will-o'-the-wisp or a mist. When Mr. Gladstone advocates the extinction of the Income Tax, and when with growing love he expatiates on its utility and its charms; when he vehemently condemned Mr. Oliveira

for desiring to cheapen French wines which the English could never drink, and afterwards cheapened them because drinkable above all drinks; when he strongly advocated the system of small boroughs, and shortly afterwards ruthlessly prepared to sweep small boroughs away, it becomes rather puzzling to outsiders to determine on which side the Gladstonian earnestness and truth is really enlisted. We have no desire to interfere with politics, and do not discuss his anticipated legislation on the Irish Church. But it has been surprising that political writers have not connected this with his crusade against endowments some years ago. It will be remembered how strongly he advocated the heavy taxation of charities, and with that want of proportion so characteristic of his mind he could not modify a sweeping principle to meet particular instances. He would, for instance, tax the London hospitals, though the result would be that hundreds of in-door patients and thousands of out-door patients would necessarily be excluded under most afflicting circumstances from

these humane palaces] of suffering. Such is the result of applying an inflexible political principle to complex conditions of society. Mr. Gladstone has now obtained the roc's egg in the Westminster Palace for which all the politicians sigh. But the question evermore arises, *What will he do with it?* If the highest statesmanship was a necessary adjunct to the highest oratory, there could be no doubt of the answer. But, historically speaking, statesmanship and oratory are easily susceptible of divorce. The concentrated fires of passionate speech are soon opposed to the *lumen siccum* of philosophical truth. However that may be, all patriotic Englishmen may well have a national pride in their Premier: in his scholarship, his eloquence, his earnestness, his profound religious nature, his vast experience, his enormous industry, his boundless capacity; and the most timid may, for a time, check their forebodings, and wish him all good wishes for a strong, successful, and glorious administration.

F. A.



TERENCE AT WESTMINSTER.

QUITE apart and separate from all those dramatic exertions which, with a great majority of English schools, form the inevitable prelude to the Christmas holidays, is the Latin play annually produced, as surely as December comes round, at St. Peter's College, Westminster. We have no wish to cast cold water on the legitimate histrionic aspirations of ambitious youth; at the same time, we cannot pretend to any great amount of sympathy with, or admiration for, the absurd excess to which the 'speech' system has been carried. In nine cases out of ten it is only intended to serve as a kind of advertisement for the particular educational institution at which it is celebrated. When the announcement in the newspapers is read that the pupils of such and such 'a college'—the word school is almost tabooed now-a-days—performed scenes judiciously selected from the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes, 'Le Misanthrope' of Molière, or the 'School for Scandal' of Sheridan, all that has ever been aimed at is to direct special public notice to the seminary in question. The Rev. the Head Master has given a lunch, the interested relatives have been present, and some dozen young gentlemen have given a not remarkably vigorous series of recitations, in a language utterly unintelligible to at least three-fourths of the company. The lads have gained nothing by it; their elocution has not profited in the slightest degree, and the fact that they have—very imperfectly—learned by rote so many lines of a French, English, or Greek dramatist, as the case may be, has neither strengthened their memories nor extended their real knowledge of the authors. Nor is it merely that the advantages gained by such a process are purely negative; there are also certain positive disadvantages involved. In the first place, there has been a really serious waste of time. Hours that might have been profitably employed in acquiring a more complete mastery

over the ordinary subjects of the educational curriculum have been frittered away upon an entirely alien purpose; and the thoughts of the performers have been diverted from their appropriate channel. In the second place, a point which we are glad to see has lately been mooted with considerable effect in the columns of the daily newspapers, a really serious pecuniary expenditure will, in all probability, have been entailed upon the parents of lads who are ill able to afford it. Cheap, and perhaps efficacious, as may be the plan which the Rev. Dr. MacSycophant has adopted for making the outside world aware of the marvellous facilities for the acquisition of knowledge afforded by his invaluable establishment to the reverend pedagogue himself, it is a somewhat costly process to his pupils. There are dresses to be provided; there is most likely a mimic stage to be hired. Item after item mounts up; and the sum total is not made exclusively chargeable on those who have taken a prominent part in the pretty piece of ostentation, but is distributed amongst the general body of his *alumni* in the shape of so many supplements to the half-yearly accounts. If doting mothers and proud papas would steadily discountenance shows of this description, and would forego, on principle, the pleasure of seeing their curled darlings strut their brief hour upon the stage, they would not only be instrumental in effecting a perceptible saving as regards their own pockets, but a valuable economy as regards their sons' time.

But the Latin play at Westminster is a very different thing indeed, and is open to none of these objections. *Plaudite et valet*, said Mr. F. S. Haden, the Captain of the school, when the curtain dropped—had classical precedent been exactly followed it ought rather to have risen, the order of scenic arrangements being inverted by the managers of ancient Rome—upon

the 'Phormio' of Terence, in the month of December last. *Plaudite*, by all means, we re-echo: applaud the custom; *floreat mos et floreat domus*. The *corps dramatique* of St. Peter's College did their work to perfection, as we shall presently show the reader, but it is by no means to be supposed that the advantages of the performance were, or are merely commensurate with the pleasure which it gave the audience. 'But consider the waste of time in getting-up the play,' is an argument which it is conceivable the ascetic objector may be tempted to urge: to which we reply, that if 'waste of time' be a phrase applicable to the process here indicated, then it will be advisable at once to look upon classical education generally as nothing better than a system of elaborate trifling. 'The getting-up of the play' has, indeed, as the performers will assure you, been a work of considerable magnitude; but pursued on the principles in vogue at Westminster, it has been a process of legitimate instruction as well as a preparation for amusement. Let us see exactly what has taken place before we have the pleasure of seeing Terence's adaptation from Apollodorus placed upon the Westminster boards. That the 'Phormio' is to form the subject of the winter piece has been settled as long ago as September last, at the very commencement of the winter half. The actors are, in virtue of immemorial usage, almost without exception, drawn from the three first forms in the school—that is to say, from the Sixth, and from the two 'Upper Removes.' With these forms, accordingly, 'Phormio' is punctually read as one of the regular classical text books,—read as critically and as thoroughly as any author can be. That is the first step, and a very useful step it is. Far better for the young scholar to master a limited quantity thoroughly, than to amass an imperfect smattering of double the amount. Terence, too, is an admirable author for the tyro to study. It is true that, like Plautus, and, indeed, every Roman dramatist who ever lived and wrote, he is essen-

tially the reverse of original. Comedy never flourished at, was never native to, the seven-hilled city. English playwrights, so cynical critics will tell you, rely entirely upon the French for their plots; and what the French dramatist, if this view be true, is to the English, that the Athenian was to the Italian. In the whole round of Roman dramatic literature there is not a single play in which the characters, the story, the notions—in the case of the author of 'Phormio,' we may add the scenes and the names—are not borrowed from the authors who wrote to minister to the enjoyment of that light-hearted Athenian public which took its dramatic feast in the temple of Dionysius. This, however, does not touch the question. Our Westminster scholars do not go to Terence to learn the secrets of dramatic art, but to perfect their Latinity—an object which the successor of Plautus is exactly fitted to accomplish for them; for as regards elegance of expression, and idiomatic grace, Terence may safely be pronounced unrivalled. Thus, then, the three forms at Westminster already specified have the advantage of closely studying as good a model of composition as they could have; and the effect—we are speaking from experience—is plainly visible upon the Latin writing of the scholars. This is not all. Exactly six weeks before the tenth of December—the opening night of the Westminster Queen's scholars—the 'Phormio' has been put in careful rehearsal; and, even previously to this, those young gentlemen who it is settled are to act the play have been diligently committing to memory sundry of its most notable passages. This rehearsal, these oral repetitions, are no slipshod business. Special attention is paid to the item of elocution; careless pronunciation is severely castigated and remorselessly rooted out by the *chorodidakaloi*, who obligingly superintend the getting-up of the play. We believe we are correct in saying that, of the rehearsal, there are three distinct stages, each of them taken special cognisance of by three

different instructors, all of whom belong to the magisterial staff of Westminster school. Mr. Ingram, a very veteran in the business, is obliging enough to mould the rough material into shape. The plastic process is continued by Mr. Marshall, who, from his long and intimate knowledge of the operation, has acquired a most thorough insight into the manner in which the various plays constituting the Westminster repertoire should be delivered by the *dramatis personæ*, and who knows by heart the several gradations of elocutionary emphasis which different passages deserve. Finally comes the culminating point of these preparatory labours—the rehearsal before the head master, who, as a court of penultimate appeal, second only to that which the guests will compose on the three nights on which the comedy is played in public, signifies his eagerly-awaited verdict on the performance, suggests sundry alterations and modifications, a lowering of intonation here, and a heightening there. Now all these revisions and rehearsals produce one very palpably beneficial result; they inculcate the lesson upon the minds of the youthful performers that, even though the language spoken be dead, it cannot be spoken with too great a degree of precision and articulateness. Persons whose fortune it has been to conduct a *viva voce* examination of boys at school or of young men at College, in any of the classical authors, will bear a painful testimony to the tones of indistinct mumbling in which the passage to be construed is usually read out in the original text,—trying enough, in all conscience, to the examinational patience. If the institution of the Westminster play did nothing else, it would deserve no small measure of praise merely because it is directly calculated to obviate, with those who take a part in it, this evil. We have mentioned that the majority of school ‘speeches’ are open to censure, on the ground, that they entail an unwarrantable expense on the pupils, and the pupils’ parents, in the way of

dressess and scenic arrangements. In this respect, too, the Westminster play admits of favourable comparison. All the more expensive costumes, let it be noted, are traditional heirlooms handed down from generation to generation of Westminster scholars, carefully kept by the head master’s wife, and produced annually on the great occasion. The less costly portions of the theatrical wardrobe are purchased by the players themselves; and the incidental expenses, such as those involved by the hire of the stage, printing, &c., are defrayed by the collective contributions of the forty Queen’s scholars, and the burden is consequently of the lightest description. Indeed, it is probable that, in the long run, it may cost them absolutely nothing. One of the great purposes which the Play serves is, that it forms to a great body of Old Westminsters a kind of annual *rendezvous*,—a festival at which any one of the past generation of schoolboys may be sure of meeting a whole host of his contemporaries. In accordance, therefore, with an entirely defensible custom, at the close of the performance the hat—we should rather say the College cap—is sent round to these quondam scholars, in which they may deposit their contributions—and they only are expected to contribute—to the *τὸ θεωρικόν*, the general theatrical fund: with which sketch of the rationale of the Westminster Play we will conclude our general remarks.

Half-past six was the hour specified on the tickets for the curtain to rise on ‘Phormio,’ in the month of December last; but a liberal margin of thirty minutes was allowed, and Big Ben had boomed seven before the head master, accompanied by his retinue of illustrious guests and old pupils, had swept, in all the magnificence of his academical array, into the dormitory selected for the performance. You may be sure of meeting with no lack of courtesy at the hands of the Westminster scholar on the night. He feels that he is on his mettle. His occupations are sufficiently various. Ticket-receivers, box-keepers, if the phrase

is allowable, checkers, and counter-checkers, are all Westminster boys, and all Queen's scholars, rigidly arrayed in evening dress and the cap and gown, which is the distinguishing mark of the foundationers. By the time that you have mounted to the top of the stone stairs and passed down the long dormitory, with its couches, each divided from the other by a wooden barrier of partition, veiled by curtains from the public view, you will have been admitted through four or five toll-gates—your passage however is free—guarded by so many little knots of the aforesaid scholars. *Apropos* of this same dormitory, the walls of which are thickly covered with the names of 'old boys,' there are many Westminsters still living who can remember the time when its ventilation was conducted on principles so extremely liberal that, during the winter, the lads might pour boiling water along the passage over-night, and might amuse themselves with sliding down it—a solid sheet of ice—on the next morning; when the chamber was so populous with rats that it was no uncommon thing for the sleeper, on waking after his nocturnal slumber, to find the candle-end by his bedside almost entirely gnawed away by these voracious vermin. Times are changed: the dormitory in which we are now standing would no longer offer any opportunities for witnessing a mimic representation for the manoeuvres of the skating club, and as for the quadrupeds, which were sent to plague Bishop Hatto, their extermination has long been an accomplished fact.

Here we stand at the door awaiting the arrival of Dr. Scott and his friends, amid a group of Westminsters old and young. That young gentleman to our right, languidly caressing the incipient crop of down on his upper lip, is Mr. Percy Sholto, now an ensign in the line, and six months ago a Westminster boy. Naturally Mr. Sholto belongs rather to the present than the past generation, and has far more acquaintances at St. Peter's College than in his regiment. Quoth a youngster, by whom the intimations of 'the

knightly growth that fringes' Mr. Sholto's upper lip have not been unnoticed, approaching this otherwise smooth-faced son of Mars, 'Sholto, I shouldn't have known you with *this*,' and the youngster twirls his fingers beneath his nose, in a manner pantomimically significant of a moustache, while the juvenile warrior addressed playfully lunges out at the ribs of his late school chum. This is but one of many recognitions that take place in much the same vein, and they happen to be unusually numerous, because the night which we have chosen for our attendance happens to be that of the ultimate representation of the *Phormio*.

'Now, sir, I think we can find you a place in the old Westminsters' pit,' obligingly remarks an ingenuous youth as he lifts up the bar placed there to prohibit a too catholic ingress into the enclosure. 'Tightish fit,' as we take our seat by him, remarks a barrister of plethoric appearance, who informs us that he hasn't missed the Latin play for the last thirty years, and who confidently points to a certain corner on the wall of the dormitory which now does duty as a playhouse, where we espy his name printed in good Roman capitals with the date 1838 affixed, that being the year in which our neighbour ceased to be a Westminster boy. 'Old Westminsters,' perhaps we should add, are divided into two classes: first, there are the real old Westminsters in whose pit we now are, of which pit the two front rows of seats are occupied by the special celebrities of the evening, the remainder being filled by such as are fortunate enough to have been admitted within the precincts by the doorkeeper. Secondly, there are the 'young old Westminsters,' junior of course, in point of years, to the foregoing class, but necessarily and technically separated from them by what interval of age we are not enabled judiciously to pronounce. The place assigned for the accommodation of these young old Westminsters is marked off on the right of the chamber. They only fill, however, one extremity of it, and

the vacant space thus left is dedicated to such ladies, usually the mothers and sisters of the lads, or the wives and daughters of the authorities, as may choose to grace the occasion by their presence. The bulk of the masters take their seats in a quarter exactly corresponding to that belonging to the young old Westminsters. Behind rises a gallery, packed with the *ignobile vulgus* of the company, and beyond this you may discern the rank and file of Westminster School, ready to lead the van of applause at the slightest provocation.

Silence for the prologue, if you please; and the buzz of conversation which for the last ten minutes has hummed round a room crowded with old schoolfellows and new visitors is lulled into an utter calm. Excellently written by the head master, Dr. Scott, and admirably delivered by the captain of the school, F. S. Haden, is this prologue—serious in its vein, felicitous in its allusions. The epilogue stands to the opening composition in the light of comedietta to tragedy: it is the purpose of the one to treat of contemporary or recent events in a manner that is gay; of the other to examine them in their graver aspects. There is real music in the Latin Iambics in which, in the latter of these compositions, the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the careful and sympathetic intonation in which their speaker delivers them, strikes a kind of key-note of the sentiment of which they are full, intelligible to those of the audience to whom Latin is a sealed tongue. To conclude, remark the prologue:

‘Si non omnia

Vobis satis ex sententiâ processerint

Quod forte desit vester expleat favor.’

No need for the expression of the wish; still, bravo, Mr. Haden.

Strictly speaking, a plot is a conception of which all Latin comedies are entirely ignorant and innocent. Situations, to a certain extent, they have: there is a fixed quantity of errors and confusions, a regulation amount of cross purposes manifested, complexity and misunderstandings, but that is all. There is nothing like a gradual evolution

of a story, an artistic succession of incidents, or a culminating point of interest. All is chaotic and disturbed: there is no evidence of design, no intimation of dramatic knowledge or perception on the part of the author. Then there is a wearisome sameness as regards the characters. We always have one or two knavish slaves, a brace of idiotic fathers, a scheming toady, a vicious hetæra, a virtuous maid, and an affectionate female relative. The younger characters run into an excess of folly, the elder into an excess of beardom: the curtain falls, and in the same breath that the audience is bade farewell it is implored also to applaud. The Phormio of Terence is exceptionally good of its kind; it is certainly the best play—better, in our opinion, than the Eunuchus—for all purposes of dramatic production. The characters are more strongly defined than is usually the case; the story is more easy to follow; and the passages of wit, humour, and repartee are more numerous and more generally intelligible. The character who gives his name to the piece is himself a very tolerable study. Phormio is called a parasite; but the signification which popular caprice has chosen to attach to this word conveys an exceedingly imperfect notion of what the person stigmatised by the term really was. Simply to be for ever dining at other people's expense—*alienâ vivere quadrâ*—is a sillily one-sided picture of the parasite's existence. Nor was he an impecunious sponge. Our modern term ‘adventurer’ would convey a more accurate idea of the place which he filled in life. In nine cases out of ten the parasite was not a cringing, cowardly, empty-stomached sycophant, but simply a man who, without any advantages of capital, had his way to make in the world, and who made it accordingly. The Phormio of Terence is something more than this. He is the perfection of shrewdness and unscrupulousness; he swaggers like Pistol, and he is as brazen-browed as Parolles; but he has a strong arm and a stout heart. If any one wishes to challenge him to personal combat, he is not the man to decline

the offer. Quoth this gentleman, 'Quot me censes homines jam deverbasse usque ad necem?' 'How many men do you think I have thrashed to death before this?' And Phormio is entirely prepared to show that he is privileged to make the boast. All this—the shrewdness, the braggadocio, the pluck—was admirably given by Mr. E. A. Northcote, who may fairly claim to be the best representative of the character which the Westminster stage has seen. His action and gesture, though there was nothing boisterous about them, still had—as the really genuine and appreciative applause from those of his audience, who it may be presumed, without the intention or apprehension of insult to their erudition, had but a limited acquaintance with the language in which the part was delivered—a true significance and expression; were, in fact, what they ought to be—words translated into motion.

The Phormio of Terence is not all comedy. Indeed it is the opinion of Donatus that the loftiness of the passions introduced into 'the soul of the plot' almost elevate it to the region of tragedy. It would be more appropriate to speak of it simply as a drama, lively and humorous in the main, but interspersed here and there with sundry deep and serious touches. We only hear the account of the misery of Phanium, the young lady who has captured the heart of Antipho, but the narration is touching and in parts even beautiful. It was given with much expression at Westminster. As Antipho, tossed between the waves of love for Phanium and sincerely respectful affection for his father, Demipho, Mr. F. N. Saunders imparted vitality and truth to a delineation which might otherwise have been lifeless. These are the great characters of the drama, and it is consequently from the complicated relations ensuing between these that the more serious scenes originate. The grievous difficulties into which Chremes, father of Phædria, who, like his cousin Antipho, has involved himself in a little *affaire de cœur*, manages to

plunge himself with his wife, Nausistrata, furnish a separate and not a little amusing episode. Mr. Eddis was an essentially comic Chremes, and Mr. Bosanquet did the vigorously reproachful Nausistrata to perfection. The scene in which, by the crafty allusions of Phormio, it is gradually elicited, infinitely to the wrath, as might be supposed, of the lawful wife, that Chremes has committed the crime of bigamy, Mrs. Chremes No. 2 being quietly quartered at Lemnos, is a thoroughly excellent one, and it was admirably acted. The Chremes of Mr. Eddis was exactly what he should and would have been—a terror-stricken old profligate, cringing and cowering beneath the attacks of Nausistrata, who certainly, as portrayed by Mr. Bosanquet, contrived to use her tongue with considerable effect. Nor must we forget to add more than a word of praise to the capital manner in which the scene between the three lawyers, who undertake to examine how far Antipho is pledged to marry Phanium, was given. There was none which more obviously pleased the audience; there was none in which the actors displayed a fuller quantity of that quiet humour which it needed to make it a success. The pompous utterances of Hegio (Mr. H. Wace) and Cratinus (Mr. H. G. Barron), and the hopelessly mystifying effect which they produced upon the judge, most quaintly and racily acted by Mr. F. S. Ellis, who at last, after hearing the conflicting arguments of the two advocates, raises his eyes to heaven and exclaims

'Nunc multo sum incertior quam dudum,'

caused the dormitory of St. Peter's to ring with as hearty shouts of laughter as even it can ever have heard.

The Westminster Play without the epilogue would be like turkey without stuffing, or like the tragedy of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out; and the epilogue this year was as admirable a one as we have ever listened to. Written by Mr. Mure, a brother of Colonel Mure, the distinguished author of the 'History of Greek Literature,'

it was brimful of happy allusions, of felicitous novelties of expression, and of that audacious *abandon* of Latinity exactly suited to such an occasion, and permissible only to a really good scholar. Such lines as

'Oppida mutantur sedesque redistribuuntur,
Conservativi destructivique vicissim,
Ipse ministerii dux et dux oppositorum,'

closely approximate to the maccaronic model, and remind us of the well-known *jeu d'esprit* which commences 'Tum forte in turri sweat-abat reading man altâ.' The main speaker of the epilogue was Phormio, who, having discarded the rôle of the swaggering parasite, appears in the light of candidate for the borough of Lemnos, to the constituency of which 'nova lex nova jura dedit,' or to speak more directly, the ladies of which have just been presented with the privilege of the franchise. Chremes, who has now been divorced from his wife, Nausistrata, joins Phormio in conversation; and Phormio gives an extremely graphic *résumé* of the main features of last session, the interchange of amenities that passed in the House, and the manner in which the Speaker, *Locutor*, as Mr. Mure terms him—

'Hic quia non loquitur nomine dictus is est,'

interposed to still the rising storm. Into all this Mr. Northcote, as

Phormio, threw a life and a reality which were the best interpretation that the Latin could have. Demipho, however, has also determined to contest Lemnos, and presently makes his appearance. Chremes volunteers to Phormio the advice that he should canvass Nausistrata for her vote, as she intends to claim the suffrage under the new statute. Then comes a most capital scene, in which the three lawyers of the play now appear as two revising barristers and a judge to try the *voxata questio* of Nausistrata's vote. It is left undecided, and Demipho and Phormio conclude the epilogue in amœbean verse, amid much laughter, and having achieved a success which it is only to be hoped fell to the lot of the gentleman who, two thousand years ago, first enacted the hero who gives his name to the play of Terence that we have witnessed to-night—one L. Ambivus Turpio.

'Id saltem spero fraudem non Terentii unquam factum iri,'

said the prologue, in reference to the contemplated changes in the organization of Westminster School: a hope which we and the public generally will be disposed heartily to re-echo.

THE LITERATURE OF VALENTINES.

THE custom of choosing or sending valentines is a relic of Paganism. So says a stern moralist, who on this account insists on the propriety of putting away the practice. If we were inclined to concede the truth of his proposition, we are not bound to give in to the justice of his inference. The proposition itself, however, is not to be allowed to pass unchallenged or unmodified. The custom of choosing or sending valentines may be a relic of Paganism, inasmuch as it is, in fact, a relic of all antecedent humanity. It is an emanation from the heart of man as man, and not as heathen. It is a thing of sentiment, and not of reli-

gion. Let it be granted that a particular form of expressing affection was originated by a particular feast in the old Roman world; yet it was the form alone which was thus determined, whilst the essential force of which it was the outcome and accident was that universal passion which is recognised in the sphere of poetry, if not of science, as binding heaven and earth together. If the ingenuous youth of Christian ages had not found such practices as the day of St. Valentine is supposed to countenance made ready to their hand, it is very probable that they would have invented something analogous; as indeed they have in-

vented many other practices for the interchange of sentiment, whether anonymous or otherwise, about the tenderest affairs of the heart.

It may not always be convenient to make love with the bluster and directness with which an east wind salutes the bluff headland that seems to challenge and invite it. The direction of the east wind includes its name; and there is no room for doubt about its pretensions. But young men and maidens have not the intemperate freedom of the grim sea-rover, who is so cruel even in his salute, so remorseless in the grip even of his affection. They must make their advances more gently and more stealthily. When the stake is for life, or, which is the same thing, for love, not a chance is to be thrown away. Boldness is not to exclude discretion. It is in love as in deer-stalking; one of the most important elements of success may be to conceal oneself. A rash and premature disclosure might endanger everything in the chase of love. The responsible avowal is to follow the tumult and the interest which have been excited in the bosom of the fair. 'The prime purpose of the valentine is to awaken a conviction of the reality of love, and the existence of constancy; to arouse curiosity; to bespeak interest; to originate a play of sentiment and an attitude of mind favourable to reciprocity.' Many are the signs which may betray to the sender of the anonymous love-letter the extent to which he has succeeded in these objects. And according to his judgment of the symptoms which lay themselves open to the penetration of his eye, he may alternatively lay aside the prosecution of his purpose in despair, or proceed with courage and promise to an explicit and authentic declaration of attachment. Such, we take it, is the *rationale* of the honest valentine, which means all it says, although, in one item of some importance, it does not say all it means.

Orlando, in 'As You Like It,' seems to us to be a capital specimen of the inditer of valentines of the more bashful order—not that he wrote bashfully; for he was ready

to make an avowal at the first opportunity. His valentines—for so it is fair to call them, although the chances are against their having been written in the canonical month of February—were odes and elegies hung on the branches of the bramble and the hawthorn, which bore a gentle burden in the praises of Rosalind, 'the fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.' He had no hope that they would catch the eye of his mistress; his sufficient consolation was that every breeze of heaven would waft abroad the sweet odour of her name. Nature, in her lower forms of shrub and bird and beast, was the only confidante upon whom he could reckon. Chance, it is true, favoured him beyond his expectation; but that is a circumstance which does not affect the spirit of his address to one who was a name rather than a person. It was a relief, the best under the circumstances, and one of which he took advantage, to speak his mind about her. His operations had respect chiefly or exclusively to his own feelings; and he entertained no hopes of any practical result beyond himself, and the disburdening of those sentiments which demanded some form of utterance external to the prison of his heart. In the science and art of love-making, such practically resultless effusions as, but for an accident, his must have been, occupy one end of a scale at the other end of which is found the explicit, personal, authentic avowal of worship and devotion. This last variety of love-making, whether done in person or by letter, is of course without the province of the valentine; and is indeed the goal to which the honest *bonâ-fide* valentine is intended to conduct.

With such valentines and their forms of expression, most persons are more or less familiar. They have by heart their stock phrases of intensest adoration; and could repeat, no doubt, couplets and stanzas applicable to every stage of progress, from the lonely desert of unappropriation to the flower-strewn steps of the temple of Hymen. It is probably, by the way, on account of the Pagan genealogy of valentines, that

the summit of happiness is spoken of, or pictorially represented, as almost invariably to be found at the altar of a heathen divinity.

But all valentines, owing to the depravity of human nature, are not honest and *bonâ fide*. The goddess of Discord, a daughter of Night, and a lineal descendant, it is supposed, of primæval Chaos, was grieved to see the whole creation bound together by the zone of Venus, or even skewered together by the shafts of Cupid. Taking advantage of the reputed blindness of the younger deity, or otherwise working her wicked will, Discord succeeded in getting her fingers into Cupid's own letter-bag. This done, she obliterated the sentiments which alone can rightly find there a local habitation, or else she substituted for them the phrases of scornful indifference, anger, contempt, or hatred. For this reason it is that no one who draws in the lottery of love-letters which is opened in this month of February, can be sure whether he is to get a prize or a blank, or indeed something worse than either. In order to baffle the sovereignty of Love, and to plague the hearts of his honest devotees, the infernal goddess keeps in her employ a number of sorry versifiers, who, having once been blighted by jilt or misadventure, find their revenge in throwing scorn on the pretensions and the hopes of other people. It is about the productions of this class of poet, or about such of them as are not calculated to sully the pages of 'London Society,' that we wish now to say something for the edification of its readers.

Who these poets are—who employs them, and what is their scale of remuneration—all these are mysteries.

A very judicious and wary inquisition might possibly discover the names and the habitations of the bard of Aaron and the poet of Solomon. But the *personnel* and the general or average pursuits of the wretched satirists and scorers of the gentlest and most celestial of all mortal and immortal passions—the dogged withstanders of Love and his mother—these are secrets which

must yet be relegated to the mental pigeon-holes in which we stow away the fustiest problems of the unknowable. It is by their fruits that we know them; fruits which they gather from the bramble, the aloe, and the upas-tree. It is by their songs that we distinguish them; songs which they adapt from the reed-pipe of Pan and the Satyrs in preference to the flute of Apollo.

These truculent abortions of the Muses—these miscreants who know nothing of metre, and next to nothing of rhyme or reason—spare neither man nor woman, and exhibit no respect for angels whether in white or sable. In their attacks upon human perfection and human infirmity they are confederated with abandoned and skilless artists, who daub in colour as remorselessly as their vocal brethren bespatter in words. They are unmerciful to the peculiarities of personal appearance; to the idiosyncracies and angles of character; to the technicalities of professions; to the pursuits of trade; to the decrepitude of age, and to the misfortunes of circumstance. They tax youth and beauty with hollowness, affectation, and deformity; they impute fraud and niggardliness to prudence; and dissipation and depravity to a free-handed and convivial generosity. They throw his pills and his gallipots in the teeth of the apothecary; send the lawyer to the antipodes of heaven, and lay sacrilegious hands upon the church. Their wit, withal, is a vanishing or a negative quantity. And this is remarkable; worth noticing, because it is pretty clear evidence that the authorship of the class of *quasi*-valentines of which we are speaking is confined to persons of the very slenderest attainments and of the very smallest modicum of humour. Against such an inference it might be objected that gifted poets and satirists write down to the level of their patrons' intelligence; but of this we have no sign. Every man who has sat often by the side of an omnibus-driver must have heard passages of really clever repartee, even if this were held in solution by a volume of gently flowing slang. Every one who has encoun-

tered a Littleport bargee has observed here and there a scintilla of genius in the refuse of his phrases, as the fabled cock observed a jewel on the dunghill. And every one who has had the luck to meet a donkey-mounted troop of the virgins of Dawsmere, famous all the world over for their decorous gift of riding *en cavalier*, knows something of the exploits, in the way of chaff or badinage, of which the very vulgar tongue is capable. But in a pile of the lowest class of *quasi*-valentines, we find scarcely a ray of talent, a gleam of wit, or a trail of humour; scarcely a trace of really and neatly-telling satire. Ribaldry, unhappily, and the coarse *double entendre* are more characteristic. Such things are of course beside our province; and we can neither describe nor illustrate them. We know that at this time of year many an airy and good-tempered quiz may circulate; many a genial satire may be handsomely pointed; and many a wholesome and kindly rebuke may be administered. But the stratum of valentine literature in which these qualities crop out is, we find upon experiment, something considerably higher than the lowest. And it is the lowest kind of valentine literature that is approachable at all, that we are approaching at present.

We have, we find, been quite sweeping enough in our general condemnation. It is not too late to discriminate and to qualify a little. We hasten to say that the specimens of the bastard valentine literature which we have in view, are not devoid of a certain loose *horse* morality. They are ill-natured enough, and vulgar and tasteless enough; and a given proportion of them are indelicate enough. For the most part their fault is a coarseness of manner rather than a depravity of principle. They are frequently conversant about vicious things, but we never find them putting vice into a precept. Sometimes they indulge in rank and dangerous suggestion; but never in the direct inculcation of impropriety. Their office is in their own way to rebuke sin; though this rebuke may occasionally be administered *more Satanicò*. Though

there be sufficient evil in them to justify the stringency of our animadversions, there is also so much good that we need not keep ourselves or our readers in a chronic state of bristling protest or of virtuous fret and irritation.

We have already said that the valentines of scorn, satire, or antipathy, in which the proletarian muse indulges when it runs amuck against society, fasten upon any saliency of character, person, profession, or circumstances. Of such valentines, we turn our attention first to those which are supposed to be receivable by the fairer moiety of creation.

Although Pope held that

‘Most women have no characters at all,’

we find the laureates of the *oi polloi* of quite another way of thinking. And the latter seem to have much to show in favour of their opinion. We take up, by way of making a beginning of our criticisms in detail, a group of the satirical valentines which exhibit the different species and varieties of the genus Flirt. The objectionable exemplars of this genus are, as was to be expected, confined to the heroines of humble life. Of these the most obnoxious to the lash of the satirist is the nursery maid. Thus he sings, to rather a straggling lyre, and with no notion of rhyme, rhythm, or syntactical concords worth mentioning:—

‘The greatest nuisance you can meet, is a nursery girl about the street:

With every shop-boy they will chat: and if the child cries they give it a slap.’

The flirt of the nursery is further affected by a hankering after the scarlet or blue of the Guardsman; and is ready to contemplate with uncommon favour the cherry-coloured continuations of the Hussar.

Generally speaking the females who are charged with the best-developed tendency to systematic and constitutional flirtation are those who are fighting the world for themselves, self-contained, standing alone and unprotected by the shield of domestic life—waiters, barmaids, and others of position more or less public, who are supposed to be free of their smiles and gracious in their

manners in order to attract admiration and 'tip' to themselves, and custom to their employers.

The flirt of most moderate and confined pretensions seems to be the housemaid or cook, to whom policeman, postman, and baker are the principal objects upon whom to operate. The general run of the proletarian valentines before us are not severe on this class of flirts. They are credited with a simplicity and guilelessness of heart which are clouded by no deeper offence than the occasional administration of broken victuals—not their own property—to the outwardly austere but really susceptible man in blue.

It is when he discourses of the *dancing* flirt that the moralising poet waxes particularly warm in his denunciations. He for one, he declares, will have nothing to do with a girl who loves to waste her time in perennial saltation, and

'to prance or stand,
Pawed by every partner's hand.'

A particularly gay variety of the dancing flirt, frequently depicted by the artist as pirouetting with the vigour and grace of a fairy, whose wings she appropriates, is admonished by the poet in a rather exceptional style of faithfulness. There is quite a parental ring about the wholesome reproof and advice, as contained in the following verses, which fits the latter for being sent to a too light-hearted damsel by an unhelpful but 'sincere well-wisher'—

'You say, "I'll be a butterfly," thoughtless
giddy thing,
Haunting pleasure everywhere, always on the
wing;
This shows vanity, and gives your friends
offence—
Throw flirting and folly away, and learn common sense.'

Advice easier given than taken, O most seraphic bard! Hast thou, in thy capacity of physician, healed thyself?

A flirting widow is attacked with greater severity; possibly from an impression that she is more incorrigible:—

'With smiles and smirks you wreath your
brazen face,
And think, no doubt, that cap's another grace;

For your late spouse you do not care a pin,
And try with ogling another fool to win.
But who would care such heartless jade to wed,
One who deceives the living and forgets the dead?'

A 'false-hearted and giddy coquette' is taken to task for having 'always two strings to her bow;' and a 'prude' is represented as 'coiling up lace, and caps, and ribbons with finicking fingers,' and as betraying by her 'mien and manners' that she—who is 'such a trumpery gingerbread cake that no one but a fool would ever venture to take her for a bride'—has the vanity to suppose herself 'a match for a mayor.'

Hot and heavy is the censor's hand upon female sham and pretence. For a lady to paint is to become an abomination; to wear a wig is to become 'one of the Disgraces;' to use cosmetics is to insure the speedy and irreparable loss of the charms they were meant to heighten; even to supply the loss of a natural limb by means of an artificial one is repudiated as a practical hypocrisy of the deepest dye. But the case of a humbler kind of Miss Killmansegge, who, in default of gold is obliged to take to wood as a substitute for flesh and blood, is so nearly unique in valentine literature, that we may quote some of the lines of a poem which startlingly illustrates the tender mercies of popular chivalry:—

'No doubt, miss, you think yourself wondrous fine,

In your bustle expansive, and vast crinoline;
But now for a moment attention I beg,
To a delicate question,—“What about the cork leg?”

* * * * *

Though you are great at palavering talk,
I don't want a wife made of horsehair and cork.'

The animadversions of the valentine bard upon female extravagance are conceived in the very spirit of 'Poor Richard's Almanack;' and if to his poetical avocations he were to add the calling of the politician, there is reason to believe that he would be an advocate for the re-enactment of sumptuary laws. He has no patience with the maid who, if a wife, would 'spend a fortune on

her frounces' whilst she doled out her 'husband's beef by ounces.' But it is when pretence and privation accompany extravagance that his righteous indignation verges on the sublime; whilst, from the quality of the verse in which he gives it vent, it verges nearly as closely on the ridiculous. Whatever the poetical or artistic demerits of the class of valentines which are calculated for an exclusively proletarian circulation, it is no less true than sad that many of the caricatures of pen and pencil are to be understood as broad *studies of life*. The unthrift, the ostentation, and the dissipation of the lower orders are not depicted for nothing in such words and colours as are employed by author and limner, who are either of these orders, or so little removed above them as to make no difference. We know enough, from what appears in statistics and police reports, and from what crops or oozes out gradually, instance by instance, under one's own observation, that much of their own misery, as that of their husbands and families, is to be traced to the reckless improvidence and worse of the wives. An objection may be made that valentines are, by hypothesis, intended for the single and unappropriated female only. The reply to which objection is, that the evil qualities of the matron are prompt to show their elements and *principia* in the younger woman. We have a right to believe that the valentines we are considering do really give us side lights, if refracted lights, upon questions in economical and social science.

The picturesque opposition of the dress of the Sunday and the Monday is a favourite theme. Six days of dowdiness are to be etherealized by the seventh day's light and glory. This opposition is gathered to a head when two days only—Sunday and Monday—are contrasted. Sunday is a day on which to eclipse the lilies of the field; Monday is a day on which to visit the pawnbroker. There is no poetry, no single excellence of an æsthetic kind under the sun in the following lines—verses they are not—but there may be

the merit of an awful truth and realism:—

'On the Sunday you are dressed in the very latest fashion,

With every requisite to captivate a fop:

On the Monday you are fretful, cross, and in a passion,

And are compelled to hasten to the Pop.'

It is hardly decorous for those of us who do not know the joyless struggles of many of our sisters in the humbler ranks of life to throw a stone at them; but if their own authors, conversant with their sorrows and their weaknesses, satirize and denounce the latter as worse than venial, they are tried and condemned by a jury of their peers. There is no gainsaying the competency of these, and against their sentence there is no appeal.

It is not extravagance only against which the valentine satirist directs his shafts. He grudges every imperfection in the female character, and would have it without a flaw. In his own way he holds 'the mirror up to nature,' sometimes showing 'virtue her own feature,' but more frequently showing 'scorn her own image,' and vice her own hideousness. His homily on 'selfishness,' which is illustrated by a cod-faced lady, is racy from its almost absolute negation of raciness. The consideration which prompts him to make his puns easy for the million, says more for his satisfaction in inventing than for their ready faculty of detecting them:—

'Pray, my most officious (oh fish us) maid,

Why make (shell-fish-ness) your trade?

Showing about in every place

Your nasty, ugly, cod-fish face?'

Whate'er you may be on the whole,

I know you have a little soul (sole).'

A series of valentines devoted to the feminine attribute of scandal-talking, might be adjusted so as to form a panorama of the 'Gossip's Progress.' The impatience of domestic monotony, the gadding about from house to house, the interchange of gossip, the prying, peering, and listening which this interchange fosters, the rabid dissemination of slander—these are the successive stages by which the unwary female gossip is led on until she becomes

the nuisance of a neighbourhood. The last scene of all that ends her strange, eventful history is one in which she is shown as undergoing a surgical operation, with a cobbler for operator. In plain words, the cobbler is sewing up an old scandal-monger's mouth. The poetical rendering of the event is as follows, mingled with a word of warning and of deprecation:—

'This fate will certainly be thine—
The cobbler's awl and well-waxed twine
Will stop thy horrid clapper;
For thou art vixen, minx, and shrew,
The greatest curse man ever knew,
Thou vile old whipper-snapper.
A snake should sooner round me twine
Than thou shouldst be my Valentine.'

The panoramic view of the female 'Drunkard's Progress,' again, is a very graphic one; but as it is not an inviting subject, and as it may unhappily be studied in real life any day in the week, at any of its stages, from tipping to inebriate pugnaciousness, we may pass over the anti-alcoholic series of valentines.

A more decorous vice is the vice of hypocrisy—vice masquerading in the garb of virtue. The hypocrisy of woman, as may be surmised, is chiefly conversant about the feelings. Her tears are pertinently referred to a crocodilian softheartedness; and it is insinuated that the judicious use of a handkerchief may even save her the trouble of simulating the pellucid crystals of sorrow. But females are not secure against the imputation of a studied and consistent hypocrisy of mind and disposition, every smile of which is but the outward symbol of an inward frown or malediction. Lastly, there is the accusation of hypocrisy in religion, the wish to gain a reputation for sanctity whilst the heart is a centre of spiritual arrogance, of 'pride and every kind of sin.'

One of the worst and most cruel features of the valentine literature and art of the satirical order, is that which degrades itself to insulting deformity, decrepitude, misery, and old age. The fair inference from the frequent occurrence of valentines of this order is, that they are in considerable requisition. And if in

considerable requisition, it is an equally fair inference that they are sent to persons whose misfortunes and disabilities they are meant to torture and to ridicule. On any other supposition they are absolutely pointless. We need not particularize the literature of monstrosity; it is chiefly interesting as a proof of the existence of a feeling of self-glorification, which ought to be gratitude, at being free from those misfortunes of personal appearance which it is a comparative pleasure to observe in our neighbours. Beauty rejoices the more, the more plentifully it is furnished with foils. The feeling of supercilious conceit may veil itself with greater or less success in the more refined circles of society; but it is not pleasant to think upon the torture which the coarse scorn of coarse natures may inflict, even on such a day as that of St. Valentine, upon the crippled, ill-featured, and ill-formed units of the lower orders.

Amongst the ladies we gave the first place to the flirt; amongst the gentlemen we give the first place to the dandy. Upon this type of manhood the valentine poet and artist ring a thousand changes. Now the tremendous strength of dandyism is in the exuberance of moustache and beard; now it is in a 'turtle nose,' or in what is termed, as aptly as it is pictorially enforced, a 'conkey visage.' Now the confederated satirists quiz an ingenuous youth in the first downiness of incipient whisker, who relies for impressiveness on his dexterity in the manual exercise of a 'Pickwick,' now they show up a pretender, whose manhood is a manufacture of his unpaid tailor, and whose *swellism* is an edifice of the 'Dundreary' order of architecture; and anon they fall upon an unpretending specimen of the tribe of small dandies, who envelops himself in a suit made out of a succession of chessboards done in woollen. The poet plays upon the peculiar pattern of the coat and trousers, and equivocates about the *cheques* at the wearer's command. Unaccountably he avoids all reference to *draughts*—perhaps he wishes it to be seen that he has the gift of

occasional abstinence from a palpable pun. Another time a dandy appears, whose only care is to keep his coat uncreased and his countenance unruffled; and a further member of the order is exhibited, whose dignity is so equally and symmetrically distributed throughout the whole of his physical and sartorial organisms, that the street Arab can bestow upon him only the concrete appellations of 'guy' and 'regular cure.' Than this the force of nature and of art can be expected to go little further.

Turning to very particular and eccentric varieties, we are treated to a 'counterfeit presentment' of the hairless dandy, the heartless dandy, the dandy out of luck, out of money, out of friends, out at elbows, and in debt. A fancy portrait of a dandy member of the 'ugly club' comes last, not least, beneath our notice. This worthy gentleman is depicted as the monarch, or at any rate the terror, of all by whom he is surveyed. He is in a fair way of having the worlds of earth and air to himself. The dogs run away from him, howling; the ladies avoid him, screaming; and even the birds wound the air with unwonted vigour in making good their escape from his neighbourhood.

A distinguished gentleman, who ruins his otherwise exquisite pretensions by his addiction to snuff-taking, is emphatically warned of the anti-erotic effect of so depraved a habit. Indeed we must do our social monitors the justice to say that they speak out their minds in the way of rebuke with a singular want of reticence. It is the ambition of each to be able to say, *liberavi animam meam*. Their words are winged, as a bird or an arrow, not picked for the sake of sparing the feelings, and calculated, it would seem, to heal, because they wound so deeply. This is perhaps the only characteristic we need remark upon of the *dandy* series of valentines. Their literary and poetic merits conform very faithfully to the general rule of negation.

The bacchanalian of every kind and degree comes in for unsparing condemnation. He may be open-

handed, and fond of display; but the poet meets him with reprobation. He may be the vocal member of an harmonic meeting, which is assembled around the convivial board; but when he sings of his 'Own True Belle,' the austere and incorruptible bard would rather have his ears bored by the 'shrieking of wild cats.' The muse—by this time, of course, the muse is either a lady or else personates one—calls him 'pothouse wretch' and 'stupid porter swine;' epithets, we humbly submit, which have the true Parnassian ring about them.

From the regular 'soaker' or 'lushington,' who, with 'bottle nose and brandy chin,' brings up the rear of bacchanalians, the transition to humanized beasts or brutalized men is not very difficult, especially if the reader will essay it in the light of his reminiscences of the Circean magic. In popular valentine literature it would seem that a goat-faced man not only represents a particular redundancy of beard, but symbolizes a particular mental *clinamen*. The idea to be conveyed by the physical attributes of any member of the monkey tribe is that of mischief, or of servile imitation of fashionable or distinguished persons. A pig-faced man, so far as our investigations go, typifies only generically the complacent 'man of fashion.' A dog-faced man is naturally the emblem of a 'puppy;' whilst an ass's head stands for inanity and 'silliness of mind.'

Before abandoning the region of metamorphoses, we return for an instant to the monkey tribe, that we may quote the poetical legend which does duty in explanation of a demure-looking specimen of the *simie*, and which has considerably more point and briskness than common:—

'That so honest a soul should be worthily
dressed,
Dame Nature took pains, must indeed be confessed;
For not finding you worthy of manhood, she
gave
The form of an ape to the soul of a knave.'

The devil is a very prominent personage in the valentines of the

vulgar. He is to be found in every variety of costume, of attitude, action, and apparatus. His complete equipment comprises, of course, the jaunty tail and the traditional horns; floating 'lies' burden and darken the air on one side, whilst Tophet gapes with wide cetaceous mouth on the other. The devil is never, we believe, supposed to be a principal. His likeness is adopted as fitly representing the man who allies himself with any of the prominent Satanic qualities. An easy transition, which is scarcely a transition so much as a new phase of valentine demonology, brings the Serpent into play. He is the 'snake in the grass,' the 'stealthy, crafty slanderer who, Judas-like, stoops and listens, and listens only to betray.'

There is no quality of the human mind more thoroughly held up to ridicule by the pen and pencil of valentine purveyors than uxoriousness, especially if it be the accompaniment of a union between January and May. The tendency of the satirical valentine is nowhere more questionable, and its morals nowhere more shaky, than in this department. It seems understood that something akin to the Chaucerian sequel *ought* to follow such a marriage. There is a chuckle against the foolish old husband, a tribute to the cleverness of the wife, and altogether a sort of 'go-thou-and-do-like-wise' tone to every possible disturber of domestic peace and duty. Closely allied to the uxorious are the illustrious fraternity of the hen-pecked, from the man who is simply sent abroad with a double or triple-freighted perambulator, to the man who performs the functions of nurse or scullery-maid whilst his wife enjoys a *tête-à-tête* with a captain of volunteers, who, it is understood, encounters little of defence and nothing of defiance.

A more healthy feeling, although carried to an extreme, is that which the comic valentines of the million inculcate with regard to the 'money-grubbers,' the whole brood and generation of whom—whatever their distinctive marks, as hoarders, misers, pawnbrokers, or tallymen—are ticketed off as the offspring or

as the voluntary property of the Evil One.

The last sentence has carried us into the final department of our subject, that in which the satirical valentine is concerned with trades and professions. And here we shall not linger for the sake of minute investigation. The artistic invention is so little and so hackneyed, the letterpress is so eked out with what are manifestly stock phrases, that with all the variety of valentines devoted to quizzing the members of the different crafts and callings of men there is a sense of monotony, of generic sameness, which offers little to interest, apart from the knowledge that there *is* so little to interest. We find that in the popular mind the prevailing idea of the soldier and the volunteer is that they are taken up with the worship of their own heroic forms, particularly as encased in uniform. The lawyer is obnoxious on account of the ready and spontaneous elasticity of his bill; the apothecary is an 'impudent poisoner' and a 'conceited man-killer;' the cook is the victim simply of abuse—he is 'dirty,' 'disgusting,' and deserves to be 'belaboured right well with a rolling-pin;' the baker is charged with the indiscriminate and indifferent courtship of servant-maids, and, in his capacity of 'Master of the Rolls,' with adulteration by means of 'pearlash, dust, and bones.' 'Death,' declares a lady, addressing the baker in the home-thrust words of her poetical deputy—

'Death, 'tis declared by thousand voices,
Sits o'er thy basket, and rejoices!
Thy weights unjust—you little dream
You yet yourself may kick the beam.
Had I my will, you'd have a shove in,
And be well done in your own oven.'

From grave to gay—to sweep from baker. The sweep is, on the whole, a favoured man, and the ladies are represented as being able to trace behind his mask of soot the lines of youthful or of manly beauty. There seems a very good chance for the sweep whenever he has leisure and inclination to degrade his aspirations to so lowly and jog-trot a thing as matrimony. The dyer, the man of many colours, does not fare

so well as the sweep, the incarnate negation of all colour. Linen-drappers, publicans, potboys, coopers, cigar-makers, printers, engravers, photographers—whether as operators or touters—seem to have but slender chances with the fair. The cleverest and most lively of all the antipathetic valentines we have examined is one in which a photographic touter is snubbed—

‘Have your portrait taken, sir?’—you see, as well as you,
With care each trait producing, I can take a likeness true;
But do not let a courtesy your vanity mislead,
For though I do your portrait take, I’ll ne’er take you indeed.
I know you’re very positive you would accepted be,
But try it on, and you’ll soon get a negative from me.’

The blacksmith, the harness-maker, the bricklayer, the carpenter, the undertaker or ‘death-hunter,’ the engine-driver, the ‘busman—as driver or conductor—all these gentry are at a discount, unless indeed we are to take the clumsy puns in which they are professionally ridiculed as the inverted signs of a flattering preference. No life and no calling are sufficiently sacred to escape the attacks of the female valentine-sender. When she is once put at it, she shows herself a wondrously creditable adept in the art of vituperation. She throws scorn upon the majesty of the law, as incorporate in the person of the ‘bobby,’ and even the postman, ‘the man of letters,’ who unconsciously helps her in her attacks on others, is not safe from her sarcastic illiberality. And she spurns the valet, the coachman, the page, the footman, the whole tribe of flunkies, indeed, with all the supercilious thoroughness of Alton Locke.

The reader may imagine, from the representative specimens which have been placed before him, the terms in which the scorn, hatred, and denials of the valentine poet,

writing on behalf of the ladies, are couched when it is intended to annihilate at once the hopes and the self-respect of a member of any one of the callings or occupations named, or left unnamed, above. Amongst those we have omitted from the list is the tailor; and this omission was one of set purpose. The tailor is the most *polygonal* of operatives; and the valentine poet foregoes his strictures on none of the sartorial peculiarities. The proverbs and traditions about the person of the tailor are innumerable; the implements of his craft are manifold, and for the most part susceptible of ambiguity; and many of the reflections upon his professional morality are obnoxious to the punning emblem. It is, however, when we think of the permutations, the endless combinations, of which so great a multiplicity of objects is capable, that we understand the infinite number of approaches by which the sensitive tailor may be attacked. What has been said most scurvily of him, from the time of Petruchio to the time of Dean Swift, is used to supplement the force of the scandal originated or afloat to-day. An entire article might be written on the sarcastic and sinister valentine literature which has for its object the philanthropic artiste whose one purpose in life is to clothe the naked. But the *materiel* of such literature is not difficult to be imagined, nor is the manner in which the vulgar muse would be likely to employ such *materiel* a mystery beyond the penetration of the reader.

Before closing our review of this department of literature, it is a relief to turn to the really tasteful productions which Mr. Rimmel now scatters over the land. Pleasantly perfumed, daintily embossed, and ranging in price from pence to pounds, they present a striking contrast to the mass of rubbish which they are well calculated to supersede.



LADY MARGARET'S VALENTINE.

IN our village of Kempton there was only one opinion of Lady Margaret—whether contemplated in the past or the present, whether thought of as the wife or widow of Sir Geoffrey Caryll, she was always spoken of as ‘a perfect lady.’ People were not persuaded of anything more entirely than of the perfections of Lady Margaret. Her excellence was an article of faith among us, so perfectly did our little world believe in her.

This gracious lady was beautiful in face, very graceful in movements, gentle in manner. She was affable without impertinent condescension, and respectful to everybody. The good Kempton people were very proud of her title; ‘a lady in her own right,’ they called her; dear, faithful, friendly souls, and I had listened to them in my childhood with much solemn wonder in my swelling heart as to what those words might mean.

Lady Margaret had stood much alone in the world before her marriage. She had been an orphan; she had brought no grand relations to look down on the hereditary devotion of the Kempton neighbours; and Miss Smithers, the grocer’s heiress, had had a larger fortune; but Lady Margaret stood in no need of the recommendations of money or friends, she was such ‘a perfect lady!’

As to myself I worshipped Lady Margaret with a truly devoted heart, and my mother gave her the purest admiration, and a very grateful love.

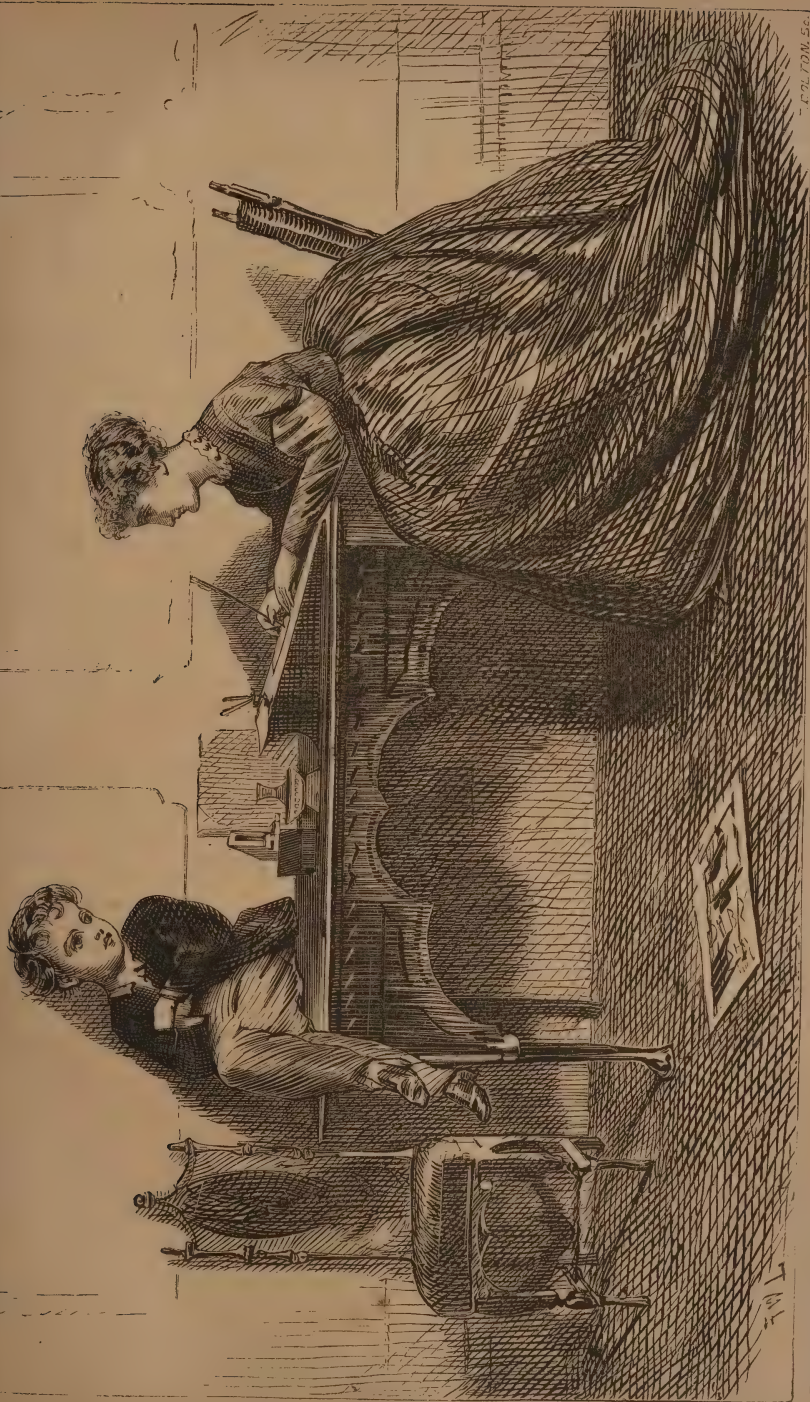
I suppose I may say that my father, James Royds, had been the first gentleman of his family. The Royds family had in long succession, from father to son, been in the place of land stewards to the Caryll property; but the late Sir Geoffrey, who had been Lady Margaret’s husband, and my father, had been ‘only sons,’ and as the boys grew into close friends it was agreed that they should not be parted. They went to Oxford together, where my father greatly distinguished himself.

He had become a barrister, and he had married early; then, in the same year, he and Sir Geoffrey died—Sir Geoffrey of a fall from his horse, my father in consequence of a fever caught in London. I was ten years old at that time, and Lady Margaret had only been two years married.

The house in which we lived had been prepared for my mother’s reception when a bride, by Sir Geoffrey. It stood within the park wall, which was covered with ivy from the ground to the coping; and it was backed by great cedars, whose huge cone-covered branches gave out sweet odours as they lay straggling in great feathery lengths across the turf. The Court was about half a mile off, and we could get to it by a pathway straight across the park, passing by the spring called the ‘Deer-pool,’ which lay on the sunny side of a dense thicket of evergreens; this path was only used by the servants of the Court, ourselves, and our two maid-servants, and the privileged feet of the village postman. My mother and I were also allowed to use ‘the private drive,’ and there my little pony carriage wheels were often heard merrily running over the well-rolled, perfectly kept, gravelled road.

On the deaths which I have recorded, the Kempton people added to their every-day thoughts many speculations as to how my mother and Lady Margaret would be left; and on both matters they were soon sufficiently informed. My mother was left in affluence, and Lady Margaret had the entire Caryll property bequeathed to her; but if a certain Captain Granby, of whom no one had ever heard before, but who now turned out to be some distant cousin of Sir Geoffrey, survived her, he was to be the future owner of Kempton Court.

Nobody cared for Captain Granby. Nobody knew where he was. In India, said somebody; so they took that matter for granted. For all practical purposes Lady Margaret



Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

THE EVE OF ST. VALENTINE.

Shrewd Young Gentleman,—‘You’re making a Valentine for some other fellow!’

was the mistress of the situation, and more magnificent sympathy was offered to her in consequence.

In the old times there had been public days at Kempton Court, such as the old king's birthday, by which George the Third was meant, when a flag waved from the porch tower, and the place had been thrown open to all who had an established right to come. But as time went on the days were changed. The accession of Queen Victoria had been kept; and in my time it had always been Lady Margaret's wedding day.

After Sir Geoffrey's death there was much wondering about these public days. For six years Kempton Court was a house closed to all but particular friends; and during all that time the wondering as to the possible fête days of the future was every year renewed. During all this time Lady Margaret had been the angel of our house. She had won my mother out of her desponding grief for my father's early death, and she made me love her as I could not hope by any description to make anybody understand. I quite worshipped Lady Margaret. The most perfect lady! I could echo the village judgment now from my own heart, and because of my own experience; and generally Lady Margaret was even more delighted in as a widow than she had been as a wife—our perfect lady! Lady Margaret used often to have me to stay with her at Kempton Court; and rather more than six years after her husband's death, when I was her guest—it being February, and in fact, St. Valentine's eve, she said,

'Mary; the people have been six years without their public days in the park. I am thinking this year of beginning them again. I wonder if it would be liked?'

I spoke positively of the pleasure it would give; and when I looked at her beautiful young face—she could not have been more than twenty-seven, I think—I felt glad that she would no longer deprive our little world of so much loveliness of person and mind.

'And you will go out again—see friends, I mean.'

'Yes,' she said; 'but I shall not go to London *this* year, I think.'

Then I knew that by degrees the old ways were to be returned to, and I was glad. Yet with my gladness there mingled a girlish regret, because I felt that Lady Margaret might become something else—something not known to me—that I, who had only known her so very well since her widowhood, might lose a something, and that what I lost others would gain. I had begun to be jealous of the world already.

She talked very merrily that evening; she spoke of her maiden life, of London, of my 'coming out'—for I was seventeen—of people who had been beauties and heiresses; of some who had married well and others who had married ill; of love in a cottage, and of those who had agreed that, considering the chances of this mortal life, 'tis best repenting in a coach and six.' I was amused and interested beyond measure. She spoke with a brilliant familiarity of the life of her youth. It came back to her in memory with evident pleasure, and we stayed up gossiping much beyond our usual bed-time.

As we stood at last on the landing of the stairs, saying good-night, she said,

'Shall we walk to the Beeches to-morrow?'

'Oh, yes,' I exclaimed; for the Beeches was a wooded hill-side, dotted about with huge masses of granite, at the foot of which a rapid river ran, with most picturesque windings; and there Lady Margaret had already given me two lessons in sketching, the spot to which we went being both sheltered and sunny, and so very agreeable for the time of year.

To tell the truth, I dreamt of the things we had talked about, and when Lady Margaret met me in the hall, after breakfast, in her short black serge, and said, 'Come, Mary, or the morning sun will be gone. And do you know it is Valentine's day?' I coloured up to my eyes, because I had said to myself over and over again, *I hope*

she will not marry again—oh, I hope, I hope!’

Away we went; the day was the brightest that ever dawned on any Valentine, I am sure; the sun was like summer, the birds were singing, the primroses were showing in the sheltered places, and when we got to the Beeches, there was the dry rustle of the beech mast beneath our feet, and gay green patches where the leaves of the blue hyacinths had pushed their way.

‘Oh, this is exquisite!’ cried Lady Margaret. ‘See the light on those glittering rocks—look how the shadow of those great boughs gets painted on them. But we have not the river yet; let us get up the bank and see how it looks from above—I declare it is hot.’

Lady Margaret was quite right. We had walked fast, we were in a place at once sunny and sheltered, and it was a moment of as much enjoyment and promise as any lady-sketcher could desire. She had got beyond me now, by a rough path up the steep bank, and she stood waiting.

‘Oh, Mary, it is delicious! So peaceful, so pretty! It seems odd to think of so much beauty going on, whether or not there be any to look at it. Nature is a prodigal. Here we are quite alone, not a creature have we seen—not a Valentine!’

And then she laughed like a girl. She took one or two steps more, so as to command the other side of a granite rock, and then she came back quickly to me.

‘Oh, I hope he did not hear. There is a man there, sitting down, drawing in water colours—what shall we do?’

‘Go home,’ I said.

‘I don’t know. The place is my own. I shall speak to him.’

She went up the bank once more, keeping me by her side. But as we neared the highest point of the intervening wall of stone, the man appeared on the top. He took off a cloth Scotch cap that he wore, and bowed to us. We were both struck by the extreme picturesqueness of his position, attitude, and general appearance; and it was with a

peculiarly sweet voice that he said—

‘I know I am on Lady Margaret Caryl’s grounds. But I hope I have not trespassed too far—too near the house, I mean.’

‘You are nearly a mile from my house,’ said Lady Margaret. The stranger again gave a little bow. ‘Do not leave your sketch unfinished. The scenery here is very fine, and you will not often get so good a day at this time of the year.’

‘Thank you!’ he said. And once more touching his hat, he turned away, as if to go back to where Lady Margaret had seen him. We, too, turned away, and I thought Lady Margaret looked disturbed.

‘We will come some other time,’—then she added, after a pause, with an odd short laugh, as if vexed at being disappointed of our sketching hour—‘when there are no Valentines about;’ and I, a little chafed, perhaps, by her manner—for the first time in my life it vexed me—said quickly—

‘Nay, it was *your* Valentine—you saw him, not I!’

‘Child!’

I started; stood still; took her hand, and kissed it.

‘I wish I had never uttered the word,’ I cried.

‘So do I,’ she said, ‘and I *said* it, as well as *saw* it first; so the whole fault of this is mine—kiss me, Mary. There! Now no more!’

And so we did not speak of it just then any more. But before the day was ended we had both laughed heartily over the Valentine, the vexation, and the adventure. We called the sketcher ‘the Valentine;’ we wondered about him a little, and finished the day by colouring up our morning walk till it glowed as a good story when we told it at ‘little tea’ to my mother. There it seemed to end. Yet, again and again, as weeks passed by, I felt an unaccountable vexation rise in my breast because Lady Margaret had seen ‘the Valentine.’ At last, when June was come, there was something else to think about. The return to the old public days was announced. The people were to have their fill of pleasure, and once

more they might go home tired, loyal, and satisfied, if they would. The day fixed upon was the 20th of June, and everybody said that they should 'make it a point to go.'

Then everybody wondered if Lady Margaret would leave off mourning on that day—if she would really wear colours. I was a very slave in my love for Lady Margaret. I did not wish her to be gay after that fashion. I hoped, feared, wondered. When the day came she kissed me lovingly, and was dressed in rich-flowing, soft-shining grey, with a white bonnet, and delicate marabout feathers in it; and the blessedness of her presence seemed to wrap me round like a garment.

Such a day it was! such lights and shadows, such warmth and gladness! such a confusion of happy sounds! The whole park, except where the deer were kept enclosed, was alive with a moving multitude, enjoying the glad fellowship of those holiday hours. Suddenly Lady Margaret came up to me.

'Mary,' she said,—'the Valentine!'

I thought she looked odd and excited. I suppose I seemed very stupid, for she went on with strange earnestness—

'Have you heard of a man—a young man, a gentleman, I mean—who has been lodging with Mrs. Bond by the river side—he is "the Valentine"—he is here!'

'Do you mean the man who came there, fishing? I heard that some youth came there on foot, with his fishing-rod. He has been ill. My mother sent him strawberries a week ago. I have never seen him.'

'That talking Miss Nancy Bennet says he has often asked about me.'

There was something just a little less than perfect in Lady Margaret's manner I thought; and the thought troubled and vexed me.

'Come with me now,' she said.

So we walked across the park together, to where people were collected under the shade of some stately oaks. But I could think only of the brilliant morning in February, and that *dreadful* Valentine—for so I called the man in my heart.

'How do you do, Mrs. Bond?' said Lady Margaret, walking straight up to the mistress of the little inn. Mrs. Bond curtsied and congratulated herself on being there. 'Not but that it was hard to come,' she said, 'for I have a lodger now, my lady, whose fishing is well-nigh for ever over. I could not leave him at home. He vowed like a wilful child that I should bring him. I had a world of difficulty to settle it.'

'And how was it arranged?'

'Why, with two poles and an arm-chair; and there he is! He is one of those who always have their own way, and such don't last long.'

We looked in the direction pointed out by Mrs. Bond, and saw a figure wrapped up in cloaks, sitting in a chair, in the shade.

'I heard,' said Lady Margaret, 'that a sick man had been brought here; I thought I would ask about him.'

'Thank you, my lady; just like you. I wish you would speak to him. There, he looks this way,—you may almost see his eyes flash.'

'He is prodigious handsome,' said a voice close by; and Lady Margaret a little shrunk aside from the touch of Miss Nancy Bennet. 'Prodigious handsome! My sister and I make him often an object for a walk—pleasant to have an object,' said Miss Nancy. 'Mrs. Bond seems to take great care of him; sets him outside to watch the river, and he admires the river, and talks of your ladyship—talks vastly of your ladyship,' giggled Miss Nancy; and though the poor creature meant no more, I am sure, than to do honour to Lady Margaret's perfection, I yet felt I could have strangled her for her manner of doing it.

'Well, and I wish her ladyship would speak to him, if she will be so kind,' said Mrs. Bond, angrily. 'He wants friends—people as can be friends;' with a fiery flash of her eyes on Miss Nancy. 'When I asked him the other day who I should send to if anything happened, he said, "The doctor or the coroner,—which you please;" and if that is not enough to break the heart of any woman who has been

wife and mother, I don't know what is.'

'What is his name?' asked Lady Margaret.

'That he don't tell,' said Mrs. Bond. 'But he pays his way, and he has got *that* natural to me, that if he didn't pay I could not turn him out. He ain't like other people. He's got a wonderful way with him; why, my old man is just like his servant, and my grandchildren—they adores him!'

'Nevertheless,' said Miss Nancy, spitefully, 'you will get into trouble if you let him die in your house without a doctor.'

'Then trouble may come, and welcome. A doctor he won't have, and not all the doctors that ever were made would keep him here; for he is dying, though slow; and I am doctor enough to know that.'

'Very mysterious!' exclaimed Miss Nancy.

'Which I never denied,' responded Mrs. Bond. 'But still I know something. Gentleman he is; ill he is; and dying he is. I wish, my lady, you would go and speak to him.'

'Good-day, Mrs. Bond,' said Lady Margaret, with one of her quiet penetrating smiles which went to the heart directly; and then, with her hand within my arm, she walked up to the languid figure in the chair under the trees.

He took off his hat as she came near. Miss Nancy Bennet had certainly not over-stated the amount of his beauty. He looked at Lady Margaret boldly with a smile which was wonderful, but strangely free. Many people stood by. There was something in his face as he looked at my kind friend which I felt vexed that they should see.

'I hope you are not too ill for the enjoyment of this day,' she said.

'I am too ill for enjoyment of any kind,' he answered, with a sweet voice, and the accent of an educated man. 'I am here on business.'

'What!'

'I had two things to do. One was to secure for Mrs. Bond a happy day; and then—my voice is weak; will you come closer to me?'

We walked to his side, and Lady Margaret stooped her head.

'Then, to try to see *you*; and ask your charity for the few days I have to live.'

Lady Margaret kept her hand on my arm and looked at the sick man kindly.

His features were as perfect as a statue's; his face might have served as a model for a young Apollo. The whole countenance was of that god-like character which belongs to such ideas—so bold, sweet, and free, without a touch of the coarse or rude; it was like the assertion of a superior nature that could neither be misunderstood nor restrained. I felt surprised at the contemplation of such living beauty; and yet there was a ghastliness when the smile died away which separated this sick man from the strong and healthy living souls that were now standing about us.

'How can I help you?' said Lady Margaret.

'By saying that, when I am dying, if you are sent for, you will come.'

'Not till then?' she said, softly.

'As you please,' he answered; and then again there was that free smile on his face which had so greatly struck me at first. It was grandly beautiful, no doubt, but, nevertheless, it was a smile that had in it more power than pleasantness.

When the day was spent, and the last of the crowd were gone, I found Lady Margaret sitting alone in the library. The door was open and the windows also. She was sitting still and thoughtful, in the cool freshness of the evening air.

'Where is your mother, dear Mary?' she asked.

I said, 'She walked home hours ago. She has sent the pony carriage for me.'

'Oh!' said Lady Margaret, 'that will suit me exactly. Send your servant back on foot, and then you, Mary, can take me a drive.'

'I should like it very much,' I answered. 'But I shall not know how to get home. I am not allowed to drive by myself by the road, and I am afraid to take Robin by the

deer park; they jump out and startle him so.'

'Never mind; I will send you home, or take you. Only stay with me now, and take me a drive.'

It was odd to hear Lady Margaret so positive, I thought. But I was glad to do as she said, and I did it. The pony carriage came, and Lady Margaret and I drove away. When we got to the lodge gates she said—

'Drive to Mrs. Bond's, my dear.'

'Lady Margaret!'

'Yes; I must see that man again. I can't get over what—what—what I felt, Mary; and this delicious air cools me. Drive on, Mary.'

I felt vexed, surprised, sorry. To blame Lady Margaret, even to doubt Lady Margaret, was a new sensation; but I drove on silently in the direction of the 'Crown and Salmon.'

'There we are!' she cried, with considerable excitement in her voice. 'Don't be unnatural, Mary. You can't speak.'

'I don't like being here,' I said.

She touched my arm and made me look at her. Her beauty was heightened so by what she had in her mind that she quite dazzled me.

'You must neither think nor speak,' she said. 'I feel sure that a very wonderful thing is going to happen to—to me.' And then she got out of the carriage and went straight into the house.

I stayed in the carriage waiting. The river murmured away. Young men who had come for a few days' fishing strolled about talking of the river, the weather, and the weight of salmon. Half an hour passed, and then Lady Margaret came back, with a face, the odd excitement of which she could not conceal.

'Go to your own home now, Mary. It is too late for anything else.' So I drove to our entrance-gate, when Lady Margaret got out, and walked straight across the park towards the Court, only saying, 'Thank you, dear; good-night.' I looked after her. I felt as if there was something wrong. I did not like the unnaturally strong interest my perfect Lady Margaret had shown in this beautiful stranger. I disliked her whole manner so much—I felt it to be so unaccountable

that I kept all about it a secret from my mother.

Days and weeks passed. Lady Margaret had sent two medical men, at different times, to see the sick man, but no entreaties of Mrs. Bond, nor of her husband, could make him see either of them. Mrs. Bond said that he must die. Lady Margaret sent all manner of dainties to the inn from the Court, which the sick man appeared to relish exceedingly.

This man then became the chief interest of our lives. He would sit in his arm-chair by the river side, refusing to speak to any one except Lady Margaret. All eyes and mouths were open to watch and to report proceedings. Lady Margaret was with him daily—once, twice a-day; and when he was worse for a few days, she remained and waited on him like a servant.

How things grew worse until they assumed unpleasant dimensions, I need not say. But Lady Margaret's perfections first grew dim, and then withered away. At last my mother cautioned me that it was a matter on which I had better not speak; and then I wept bitter tears.

Down, down, down, in popular opinion, went Lady Margaret. The whole county heard, talked, wondered, and, for the most part, condemned. At last my mother spoke to her.

'Oh yes,' she said, standing up in our morning room, 'I know people dislike my having taken to sick-nursing.' And she laughed a hard laugh, such as we had never heard from her before. Then she stopped suddenly, and wiped her eyes, which were full of tears. 'I cannot help it,' she said. 'I must go there. I cannot keep away. It would kill the poor creature if I did.'

'Indeed, indeed, you ought,' pleaded my mother.

'I can't,' she repeated, almost angrily; 'will you believe me if I say, I won't.' Then she walked out of the room. But in another moment she came back again. She kissed my mother, looking with sad, entreating eyes into her face. 'You will always stand by me,' she said. 'The Royds have always been faith-

ful to the Court. You will always make Mary think well of me?" Then she broke out in great excitement—"But, in the name of Heaven, what have I done? Are we never to visit the sick, or comfort the afflicted?" My mother did not speak. But I, in an excess of girlish excitement, cried out—"Oh, Lady Margaret, that is not the question. It is so dreadful, because people say you are in love with that horrid man;" and then a fit of crying overcame me, and I dropped my face on the sofa cushion, sobbing violently.

"Is it as bad as that?" she asked, with a trembling voice and a scared face. "But do not cry, my darling. You are a good, brave girl. Thank you for telling me. Yet, do not call that sick man, "horrid"—it is not true; and I cannot cease to care for him. But perhaps I ought to take him away, if people say such things."

She looked at my mother like one in a dream.

"Give it all up, Lady Margaret. Send the man to some consumptive hospital. Give him what you please—but not your good name. You can hardly exaggerate what people say."

She made no answer to this speech of my mother's, only going out of the house quietly. But the next evening as I was walking past the deer-pool, I turned home quickly, for there, in the shade, sat Lady Margaret, with that man's hand in hers, his head on her shoulder, and every now and then she kissed the broad white forehead, till he looked up at her with a face so bright with thankful love, that I fled away, and got back to my mother's arms, and told her all I had seen.

"We will go away for a time," she said. "Try not to think of it, Mary."

But my idol was broken; and the burthen of unbelief nearly broke my heart.

Things grew so bad, that even good old simple-minded Mrs. Bond spoke to her at last, and said that it was unseemly for one in her station to nurse a sick man of whom she knew nothing, and whose name even was unknown. But Lady

Margaret only replied that she should never desert the sick lodger, and that she would never let any one take her place by his bedside, either by day or night.

But immediately after Mrs. Bond's expostulation a new thing happened. The Kempton carriage, which was hired for all occasions by everybody, arrived at the 'Crown and Salmon,' and took the sick lodger to the railway station. There was Lady Margaret; she took their places, and, unattended, they went away together. Martin, her maid, had gone to London by a previous train.

A solemn sort of mourning fell on all hearts now. We felt shamed in her shame. But we loved her still.

Lady Margaret never wrote to any one, but Martin corresponded with the housekeeper. Mrs. Bent used to bring us these letters to read.

"It is all just as it used to be," she wrote. "She nurses him like any hired woman; and he evidently loves her fondly."

Martin spoke of the sick man as Mr. Lisle.

Then she wrote again. "I am coming home. Lady Margaret sends me back. My lady has scarcely left Mr. Lisle's room day or night for a week. He is better now, and they are going to the sea. I expect her attendance on him must have excited some surprise, though people speak of them as related, and I favour the idea. But, quite unexpectedly, Captain Granby—he who is the heir—has arrived. Lady Margaret seems to be on good terms with him, though *some* high words I know they have had. He says he will take part of the nursing of Mr. Lisle."

So Martin came back, and in a fortnight's time Lady Margaret wrote to Mrs. Bent that her sick friend was dead. She enclosed a note to Mr. Browning, the clergyman, saying, she should have the funeral at Kempton, and that the body was to be placed in the Caryll vault.

Nothing could exceed the anger of all Kempton at this news of the funeral that was to be. The vault was opened with angry words; the

once 'perfect lady' suffered from names too vile for repetition. The coffin of good Sir Geoffrey was to endure defilement from the neighbourhood of one for whom his widow had given her fair name, and stained the hitherto spotless pages of the chronicles of their house. But no one could interfere; and the day and the funeral came.

The Kempton world kept aloof; but, nevertheless, on the look out.

The funeral *cortège* came slowly up the road that flanked the park, to the village church. In the mourning coaches were Captain Granby, and, following him, Lady Margaret. Some people only saw her black veil, but others said that she was weeping in the old quiet way, as she would have wept before the fevered life of the last three months had come to her.

Then came the procession up to the open grave, and the people who were gathered round heard the burial words, and, at *one* word, started—one word but little expected. The coffin with the black inscription on the glittering silver plate showed with most conspicuous clearness this announcement:

'Olivia, wife of Charles Caryll Granby, died October 7, aged 23.'

The news spread. The good old clergyman was appealed to. He could only show a note from Lady Margaret, telling him that the sick person, once at Mrs. Bond's, and now dead, whom he was to bury, was not a man, but a woman; that she had confided her secret to her,

and that she had been taken away to die as a woman should.

'She was the wife of Sir Geoffrey's heir,' wrote Lady Margaret. 'She had left him on the morning of their marriage, having received, on her return from church, a letter from a lover whom she had believed to be dead. Her friends had over-persuaded her, knowing to how large a property Captain Granby would succeed. She had wandered about for above a year in a man's disguise, and then she formed the project of getting to Kempton and casting herself on my protection. I had the happiness of getting her to see her husband before she died.'

No particulars were ever given; no further explanation was ever made.

When Captain Granby spoke of Lady Margaret he said she was an angel.

When I went again to Kempton Court, and into the accustomed room, called by the dearly-loved voice, welcomed by the much-prized embrace, I wept tears of joy, knowing what they were saying in the village, and echoing the words in my heart—'Such a perfect lady.' One day Captain Granby brought a bright young wife to the Court; but who the first poor bride was we never knew. But every twentieth of June, though there are no more *fête* days at Kempton, Mrs. Bond has her own special rejoicing. There comes to her regularly a twenty-pound Bank of England note.

POPPIES IN THE CORN;

OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS.—No. VI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,' &c.

SOME FEBRUARY SNOWDROPS.

'POPPIES in the Corn: Lighter Papers between Sermons.' This elasticity, be it remembered, I claimed for my title, and so now I shall not wander out amid snow-bound fields in search of a fugitive glad hour, but content me with some random thoughts about a sub-

ject usually thought of and spoken of as of less than feather-weight. 'Light as love,' they say. But measles may kill, and the wise doctor will not neglect what may be scornfully called the diseases of infancy; and so it shall not be thought unworthy the leisure of a physician of spi-

ritual maladies to turn his thoughts for an hour to this lightly-held, but sometimes maiming, sometimes fatal, disease of the mind, even unrequited love.

And February is my month for such thoughts. I like, let me confess, the harmless mirth or the graceful sentiment which bursts into such brief, useless, almond-blossom on the 14th of this month. There is a spray on life which, I dare say, has its use, certainly its opal-tinted beauty, admirable even to gravest eyes, if it come borne upon the bosom of deeper water. Hence I have, I own, a tender feeling towards the gentle fooleries of Valentine's Day. I have been known to send its missives myself:—nay, let me make a clean breast of it—I *do*, even now, send them to the little ones, ay, and for the twelve years of our engaged and married life, my prudent partner has twelve poetic meditations accumulated. And that once darling blossom of my youth, even poesy, tended so fondly and carefully for long before it fell away, leaving but a poor fruit-germ where it had rested a little while with rose and silver wing; that cherished nursling seems to light life's bough again for a day when February comes round in the year. For I am bound then, at least, to pen some stanzas; and the glow almost comes back, and the thrill is faintly there, and I love soon the old abstracted up-look after *the* word or the rhyme; and I exult when it dawns clearly on thought's horizon. Yes, I love at such times to claim my small share in that pleasurable pain of which Wordsworth speaks in his sonnet never too often quoted:—

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know;" 'twas rightly said;
Whom could the muses else allure to tread
Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest
chains?

'When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains
How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues th' enthusiast to the social board,
Haunts him belated on the silent plains!

'Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
At last, of hindrance and obscurity,
Fresh as a star that crowns the brow of morn;
Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
The moment it has left the virgin's eye,
Or raindrop lingering on the pointed thorn,'

Cruel February; like a grim giant with a bright fairy for a captive, it grips this slight, graceful day, and keeps it within its den; you would hardly expect to light upon such a butterfly in such an inclement month. And yet how often is February, stern February, the indulgent jailer also of the loveliest, sweetest day of the long year, letting it escape from that snowbound cave, and wander out emancipated for the short furlough of its ephemeral existence!

The first spring day: this is February's child; and is there anything else so fair, as it hesitatingly passes forth from his lean arms; its hair of too wierdly pale a gold; its eyes of too unnaturally clear and dewy an azure; its one or two bird-songs too sweet to accord yet with the numbed year; its smile too wan, too ethereal for any of these to last? But you think not so much of its passing soon, as of its being here now, if you be of the more healthy, joyous temperament; and you revel in the present genial hour, not forecasting how to-morrow the eager north, or the keen east, or a disgusting compound of both, may bestinging and icing your face, and turning your hands numb and livid; and it is the first warm sunshine to-day, if it shall be the ox-roasting fire half-way up the chimney to-morrow.

In truth a delightful thing it is, that saunter into your garden early on the first spring day. The cheery summer sound of the first bee past your ear; the pleasant appearing of the over-brimming emerald in the buds of the gooseberry bush; the nestward trill and twitter of the tiny fussy wren in the warm-tinted hedge; the crocuses that have suddenly slipped their yellow yolks through the mould, or that have ventured to open wide in the warmth, and in which more bees are busy at work; the bright pink hepaticas, catching the eye where only a little pile of naked stalks and dead leaves lay yesterday; the sisterhood of snowy drops trembling on their blue stalks, touched with that tinge of cold green for a blush—how often, in prose or poetry, and in nature, have these again and again ap-

peared; and yet, how ever new they are, as winter unwillingly spares them from its grip.

And those are now tight-clenched buds, that shall be, in a few months more, the falling leaves, and a stir of life passes through them—

‘Those blind motions of the Spring,
That show the year is turned,’

as the new warmth of the sun falls on them. Shut in those tiny caskets, the thousand varieties of shape and colour, crowding foliage, bud and blossom and fruit-germ, nascent in February, expectant in March, awake in April, impetuous in May, serene in June, heavy in July, grave in August, smitten in September, flying in October, falling in November, huddled in December, forgotten in January. Ah! they are in the stage now which the Hebrew Byron most commended. The fallen leaves he preferred to those yet on the wind-vexed, blight-attacked bough; but the leaves in the bud, innocent yet of all sad and staining experience, he praised most of all:—

‘Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive.

‘Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.’

And thus it is in February with the buds; you see Nature yet in its swaddling-clothes, and a smile of much sweetness but of little meaning passes seldom over its baby-face.

I may well pass through the porch of thought on that first untimely spring day that straightway to-morrow’s winter nips, to musings on the subject which my title allegorizes. For—

‘In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin’s breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.’

And if I call that particular phase of the complant which I have taken in hand to consider by the name of the pale, neglected February flower, why, I am but listening to an echo

from a thought which I thus dressed in rhyme and rhythm, I remember, in old young days,

‘When lucky rhymes to me were scrip and share,

And mellow metres more than cent. for cent.’

In truth, little do these grosser matters concern me even now; but yet the press of life has driven the rhyming into a corner. However, thus I sang, after praising the rose, that Summer nurses and favours:—

‘Not so with us, we but reflect

The pallid hue of winter’s snow,
And green, pale emblem of neglect,
Dwells, half-concealed, our leaves below;

In winter’s dull and cheerless skies
For us no kindly smiles appear,
The snow that on our petals lies
Can scarce glide down them in a tear

‘The winter wind, the biting blast,
Our only childhood’s songs have been;
The driving sleet, down drifting fast,
Beat on our leaves of tender green;
Our bed, the cold and dreary snow;
Our canopy, the leaden sky;
Our fate, unnoticed here to grow;
Our future lot, unmourned to die.

‘And if perchance a sunbeam threw
Its light upon our leaves awhile,
Pale and uncertain was its hue,
And faint and chill its very smile;
But soon the sun, now cold and dim,
Shall spend the warmth, to us denied,
On gayer flowers that smile on him,
When we, who loved him first, have died.

‘And thus may love, a lonely flower,
Silent in some warm bosom grow;
Pelted by sorrow’s driving shower,
Chilled by neglect’s cold dreary snow;
And tho’ perchance more fair and pure
Than many a summer blossom gay,
Like us, it may uncheered endure;
Like us, unmourned, in death decay.

There now, I didn’t know that was such poor stuff. Never mind, I shall take the taste out of your mouth with Tennyson and Browning presently. I go on, however, to gather a handful of these snowdrops from their beds, and to examine them more particularly.

‘The pangs of misprized love.’ Hamlet reckons these in his list of the ‘shocks that flesh is heir to.’ And these pangs are, in their turn, misprized. Is there anything more the butt of scorn and ridicule, even of ferocious contempt, to those who have passed through life’s romantic flower-copses into its commonplace ordered garden, than is this anguish of unsuccessful love? Yet is there

(turn back memory's leaves and see) any anguish at all comparable to this, while it lasts? Suicide, madness, and murder—these have been in all ages some of the symptoms of the complaint the mention of whose existence as a real disease will hardly be tolerated with patience by some people. 'Stuff: nonsense: sickly foolery: childish folly: the silly dreams of boy and girl!' Ah! they have left far behind all that old delicious or agonizing madness; so far behind that the very memory of it has gone; or they have been so little careful to keep up even a small flowerplot in the heart that is now turned into a dull, useful vegetable garden, that, remembering those old feelings, they pish and pshaw them in a veritable anger at ever having been guilty of such unreasonable conduct. Yet, as a fact, that crusty old merchant, who now has nothing better than a grunt or a snub for the patient matron his wife, did once in old days, forty years ago, walk up and down his room one whole night in absolute agony, upon some astute move of that wily and capricious beauty, and underwent the same exercise the next night, in simple ecstasy, because she had, beyond his dreams, granted a kiss and a raven tress. What losses or profits since that time have, really, ever stricken or elated his heart like those? Ah! that old time of generous and unselfish devotion, when

'Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it
in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands.
'Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on
all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling,
passed in music out of sight.'

That old time, that old magic cast over life, that delicious dream-time, is all forgotten now, or remembered but to be indignantly repudiated, 'I was a fool then, sir.' It may be so: but not all those self-absorbed who thus speak to the young hearts that timidly urge precedent on their own behalf are necessarily wiser since. And, at any rate, there must still be fools (if love be the badge of these), to be tolerated until

the dust or the drought of the summer have toned down all that tender greenness.

To me there is something peculiarly attractive of sympathy in the feelings that (perhaps in some degree wholesomely for them) meet with such rough and uncereemonious treatment from those who have outgrown them. For this is it: the feelings are outgrown. Our life is short, but we pass through divers stages in it, and the next forgets the last: and at the end it is often as though we had never experienced the earlier ones at all. Just watch, for instance, and see if you will not catch yourself growing at the children's noisy romps; and yet that quicksilver was in *your* limbs and lungs once. How keen a reproach that naive remark of the children bears for many a gruff old fog—

'Mother, do you think grandfather will be in Heaven?'

'Yes, my child, I hope so. But why do you ask?'

'O, then, I'm sure we don't want to go there. For he'll come grumbling in, "*Humph, humph, what are these children doing here?*"'

And so with the youths and maidens. Considering the terrific or the mortifying affair that their lovemaking is often made to them by the elders, who would ever surmise that those old hopes, anxieties, and ecstasies had ever lashed the staid waters of the parental hearts? O we should try, more than we do, to throw ourselves and our sympathies, and our memories, into our children's ages, from infancy upwards! That is the kindest and the wisest mature or old age, to which the wee things, and the schoolboys, and the lovers, alike love to come, and to bring their confidences. It has been an old idea with me that it would be well if we could photograph our—what shall I say?—metaphysical selves at the different stages of life. It is, I repeat, quite remarkable to note how fast we not only outgrow, but forget them. Was the B.A. ever a Freshman, can we suppose; or the Don ever an undergraduate? Was the squire ever a younger

brother, or the archdeacon ever a poor curate with three children and 150*l.* a year? Was the schoolmaster ever a schoolboy; or the parent ever a lover; or the elder brother ever a little dancing two-year old? Every age has its delicate snail-horns, which it tentatively puts out, but which the next age rudely brushes, that they soon learn to shrink into themselves. But it was, believe me, a flaw in wisdom thus to repel them.

It is time to return to my special subject. Peculiarly and above all, then, it is this timid and lonely flower of unrequited love that meets most wintry storms and unsympathetic skies. Those even who have a little patience for smooth and commonplace love-making have rarely any at all for this. Galling sneers; abuse of the object that the sensitively generous heart would guard from even a thought of blame; repeated expressions of amazement at the infatuation which can persist in seeing ought to love in one so unresponsive, dull, uninteresting; and you don't notice how the pale listener winces and writhes under the torture. You are impatient with him, you are at a loss to think why he cannot at once throw off the trammels; but time was when those silky fetters found yourself a helpless captive: and the odd thing is, that you are not at least reminded by his case of those old days. I suppose the reason will be partly that you are not in love with the him or the her in question, and you will not throw yourself into the position of one who is so. What they can see in them you can't understand. They can, however, and that is just the difference. Your goose is their swan. And besides I suppose in many cases you have let that early poetry of life wane quite into the prosaic: you have kept no flowers, as I said, in the kitchen garden: the lover died out of the husband long ago. Your heart has long been unstrung, and there are now no responsive chords for the most cunning hand to sweep. So where sympathy was sorely wanted you administer a snub—nay, a handful, a good many handfuls, of

them; where a kindly word was craved for, you had but a growl to give; where wise, strong advice was sought, you gave a scolding or a sneer. And all, I dare say, because you had not kept your old photographs, and did not really know what a wound that was that you were dressing with brickdust, or sprinkling with vitriol.

But there is no mistake about the feeling, when you have it. It is a real anguish then, at any rate, however difficult it be to sympathise with, or even to tolerate, in after life, in another. Lovers are bores often, I know, and so are some parents with their children. But I am not talking of those who weary other people by their confidences, but of those who have a real agony that rather would have to be coaxed from them, than laid bare to every gaze. 'She never told her love'—that is hackneyed, but yet a story that keeps on in the telling. Grant that (happily) the tragic end is not the common end; that deep wounds heal, and perhaps hardly leave a scar after a while; that time and change happen to all. Yet you are not to refuse sympathy to one racked with toothache because by next year it may have lulled, nor to refuse to prescribe for a fever because some years hence it may be almost a forgotten experience. There is a quiet heart-broken pathos about Hood's poem, 'Fair Inez,' which may well come in here, as a song to relieve the reading:

'O saw ye not fair Inez?
She's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

'O turn again, fair Inez,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

'Would I had been, fair Inez,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side
And whispered thee so near!—

Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

' I saw thee, lovely Inez,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before ;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore ;—
It would have been a beautiful dream,—
If it had been no more !

' Alas, alas, fair Inez,
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps
And shoutings of the throng !
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sung, Farewell, Farewell,
To her you've loved so long !

' Farewell, farewell, fair Inez,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before.
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore !
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more !'

Ah yes, it was no joke, you may
be assured, that turning home to
the blank life after the rose-touched
sail had passed into the horizon.

Then, while I am about calling
witnesses, there is Locksley Hall,
with its masterly picture of a heart's
sweetness all turned sour, or of its
green and silver flower-meadow all
ploughed up.

' How beautiful the yesterday that stood
Over me like a rainbow ! I am alone.
The past is past. I see the future stretch
All dark and barren as a rainy sea.'

Thus Alexander Smith tries to set
before us that peculiar, utter blank
which seems to fall upon life under
the circumstances which we are
now contemplating. Wordsworth
has his image for the same desola-
tion :

' This soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Is left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine.'

It is curious, and laughable or
touching, according to your mood,
and belief or disbelief in the abid-
ing of these paroxysms of the soul,
to note how a weary craving for
death—most commonly for the
soldier's death—haunts this phase

of feeling, as in poetry, so often in
real life.

' I had been content to perish, falling on the
foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapour, and the
winds are laid with sound.'

But this allusion leads on to the
exquisite story of Elaine: and her
song shall suffice for an instance
of the sad yearning becoming a
prophecy—

' And in those days she made a little song,
And called her song " The Song of Love and
Death,"
And sang it : sweetly could she make and
sing.

' " Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain,
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain ;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

' " Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death
must be :
Love, thou art bitter ; sweet is death to me.
O love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

' " Sweet love, that seems not made to fade
away ;
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless
clay :
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

' " I fain would follow love, if that could be ;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me :
Call, and I follow, I follow ! let me die." '

Coventry Patmore, however, is, it
must be allowed, pre-eminently the
bard of love, and beautifully he pleads
its cause, and redeems it from the
charges of frivolity and of being a
thing too slight for the attention and
consideration of grave men. It
wakens men to beauty, he says ; to
religious thought, he might have
added: generally the world is a closed
volume to the dwellers in it :

' An idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him ; but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.

' Love wakes men, once a lifetime, each ;
They lift their heavy lids, and look ;
And, lo ! what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.'

How true this is: for you may
note that even the dullest and most
prosaic mind will at this time ' lift
its heavy eyes,' and behold some-
thing of the beauty that lay around
him unknown as a paradise-land to
the traveller in a fog. He looks up,
however, now, and the fog, that was
indeed the atmosphere of his own

mind, lifts, and he catches a glimpse of the beauty of nature, and of high and generous qualities; of the beauty of things that are true, of things that are honest, of things that are just, of things that are pure, of things that are lovely, of things that are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise. He becomes, at least in susceptibility, a poet for the nonce; and even the careless worldling is led by a pure love to some vague yearnings for and feeling after the highest beauty of religion. I have often noticed this; it is, I think, almost the rule, in a pure unselfish love. I might say much as to the reason why; I *will* only say that I suppose that when a sunbeam rests upon our brow, it naturally calls up our thoughts towards the Sun.

And here, you see, the loser may be a gainer. For how often, the prize won, the heavy lids fall again: and the fleeting light of higher thought and higher feeling leaves the face blank and vulgar.

'The gulf o'erleapt, the lover wed,
It happens oft (let truth be told),
The halo leaves the sacred head,
Respect grows lax, and worship cold;
And all love's May-day promising,
Like song of birds before they pair,
Or flush of flowers, in boastful Spring,
Dies out, and leaves the Summer bare.'

But the unreturned love keeps all the poetry and the dream-beauty; its owner never reaches the mirage, and so he never can find bare sand where it was. Bright and beautiful, with a heart-aching, witching, magic loveliness, all that sweet anguishing dream of the heart's youth always dwells on the horizon of his life; it edges and borders it always with beauty, though it be of a kind that is watery and misty, unreal and unsubstantial, seen through the dazzle of tears. This loser of the substantial reality gains the unmarred ideal through life. I often think of this as I look at the Dante and Beatrice of Ary Scheffer. How beautiful that grave, worshipping (I use the word in its ancient sense), upward look! Ah, might not the magic glory of the sunrise have died, even here, into the mere useful light of common day, but for the

fate which fixed it in everlasting morning? What a lovely spiritual thing does unrequited love appear in Dante's life; and how exquisitely allegorical seems the choosing of that unselfish earth-love to be the guide that showed to him Heaven!

Ay, here, 'where all things limp and halt,' we lose often in winning; and the blossom falls, when the fruit is come. And every butterfly's wing, with us, if our clumsy hands grasp it, loses some of the fine feather-dust. *It remains perfect*, as it dances away from you over the corn.

So the unrequited love has its profit, if men will hold to its compensation, and will not, as some, alas, do, nestle down in a sty because they cannot reach some bright particular star. It has its profit; and may much ennoble, raise, and sublimate the heart that keeps its pure fire to feed upon itself because other fuel is denied it. And Coventry Patmore has some wise words concerning this:

'If fate love's dear ambition mar,
And load his breast with hopeless pain,
And seem to blot out sun and star,
Love, lost or won, is countless gain;
His sorrow boasts a secret bliss
Which sorrow of itself beguiles,
And love in tears too noble is
For pity, save of love in smiles.
But looking backward thro' his tears,
With vision of maturer scope,
How often one dead joy appears
The platform of some better hope!
And, let us own, the sharpest smart
Which human patience may endure
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified, and pure.'

Now I think that this neglected and slighted snowdrop, this nursing of unkind and inclement skies, is worthy of this graver, wiser, deeper considering. It is the fit object for tender regard, for courtly treatment, for delicate respect. The coarse intrusion, the easy sneer, the rude reprimand, should be hushed in the presence of a real keen anguish, a high and holy feeling, a loneliness also that seems to set the soul in an empty world, with God alone to speak to.

'Yea, God doth know, and only God doth know;
Have pity, God, my spirit groans to Thee!
I bear Thy curse primal, and I go;
But heavier than on Adam falls on me

My tillage of the wilderness; for lo
I leave behind the woman, and I see
 As 'twere the gates of Eden closing o'er
 To hide her from my sight for evermore.'

Yes, this thing, Love, is just a
 sample of what Browning calls

'Earth's true food for men,
 Its sweet in sad, its sad in sweet.'

And a sample of the former is the
 keen feeling of the unsuccessful
 man, that he is unappreciated, not
 understood; that if she really knew
 him, she would and must love him.
 Not out of conceit; I don't mean
 that: I mean that dignity of self-
 belief which true unselfish love
 gives a man a right to have. (If I
 quote poetry again, you shall excuse
 this, when the theme is love.) So
 the gentler heart, that finds the
 less worthy, but more showy, rough
 heart win his treasure from him,
 will thus muse:

'But in the world I learnt, what there
 Thou too wilt surely one day prove,
 That will, that energy, though rare,
 Are yet far, far less rare than love.'

And he consoles himself with the
 vague hope that, somehow, things
 will right themselves in another state.

'Yet we shall one day gain, life past,
 Clear prospect o'er our being's whole;
 Shall see ourselves, and learn at last
 Our true affinities of soul.'

Browning's 'Last ride together'
 gives one of the most whimsical
 ways of taking a refusal: also a
 most philosophic string of consolations.
 The poem is a vast favourite
 with me. And most happy is that
 exquisite extravagance in the 'Angel
 in the house,' which makes the bride-
 groom the envier of the unselfish
 nobility of the rejected lover:—

'We left him looking from above;
 Rich bankrupt! for he could afford
 To say most proudly that his love
 Was virtue and its own reward.
 But others loved as well as he,
 (Thought I, half angered,) and if fate,
 Unfair, had only fashioned me
 As hapless, I had been as great.'

But I might run on for many
 pages more, with chat and quota-
 tion, upon this eternal subject. I
 must end my slight 'Caprice:' and
 if in doing so I touch a rather
 deeper note, be assured that without
 doing thus I could not strike the
 octave. I shall do this in rhyme,

giving a prescription for this malady
 which I find labelled 'Bitter Herbs.'

'Wild roses wreath their glowing arms
 The barren rock above;
 In the deep grove's most hidden part
 Cooeth the tender dove;
 But not to every human heart
 Cometh the meed of love.

'A nest forsaken, on a tree
 Withered, and sere, and dry;
 A rose-bush, in its pride of bloom,
 Uptorn, and left to die;
 A wreck upon a wide waste sea,
 Nor hope nor succour nigh:—

'These all are blithe and happy things
 That outcast thing beside,
 A heart that yearns for love's dear grace,
 And still must be denied;
 And fain would fill the desert place
 With bitter growth of pride.

'And yet, and yet, there is a love
 None ever sought in vain;
 A love that shines with tenfold power
 Upon the heart again;
 That to Eternity's last hour
 Unchanging shall remain.

'And thou, who mourn'st an earthly love,
 Ventured without return;
 Listen! The voice of Love Himself
 Biddeth thee cease to mourn:
 He takes from thee the twining growths
 With which thy soul was bound,
 And bids thee grow a stately plant
 Within His garden ground!'

Yes, and besides a present sweet
 in the bitter, there is, believe me, a
 hope beyond, for every pure and
 godlike spark in the heart's often
 dead hearth. With grand notes to
 this effect I end this my playing
 with the keys:

'There shall never be one lost good! What
 was, shall live as before;
 The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying
 sound:

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so
 much good more;
 On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven,
 a perfect round.

'All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of
 good, shall exist:
 Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor
 good, nor power,
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives
 for the melodist,
 When Eternity affirms the conception of an
 hour.

'The high that proved too high, the heroic for
 earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself
 in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and
 the bard;
 Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it
 by-and-by.'

THE LOVES OF THE MONTHS.

February.

I LOVE not the sweetest of love protestations
 Emblazoned by artists on paper of snow ;
 That love that is rouged, and those forced suspirations,
 You purchase for money from Cupid and Co.

Those pink chubby boys with their impudent faces,
 Their hearts and their darts and their old stock in trade,
 Bedizened with tinsel, embowered in laces,
 Shan't bear my love-song to my tender-eyed maid.

Shall a hireling muse ever sing of her splendour,
 Or trumpery poet at twopence a line?
 Shall e'er be a bookseller's shopman the vendor
 Of pæan of praise to my sweet Valentine?

I strike my own harp when I sing to my treasure,
 I'll sing my own song or for ever be still;
 And watch her eyes sparkle with exquisite pleasure
 At soft-spoken words which so easily thrill!

Yet I won't bring a harp, and I won't speak in numbers;
 We'll sit as of yore in the snug-curtained room;
 When old folks are taking post-prandial slumbers,
 We'll dream by the fire 'twixt the glow and the gloom!

When sunny-brown tresses, in firelight, gleam golden,
 And ripple down soft o'er a bosom of snow;
 When a dear, dainty waist is more closely enfolden—
 There's sweetness in silence we both of us know!

There's piercing expression in tightly-locked fingers;
 A poem, too, in whispers half broken by sighs.
 In soft dainty dimples a kiss-print still lingers,
 Whilst love gladly lurks in those drooping grey eyes.

Away with all tears, not a vestige of sadness
 Shall chequer such moments so sweetly divine!
 I'll bask in a rapture of radiant gladness—
 And whisper my love to my own Valentine.

Now, darling, pray tell me if this is not better
 Than commonplace poems one can ne'er understand?
 Than parcel, or picture, or overgrown letter,
 Duly stamped and despatched through St. Martin's-le-Grand?

Then leave such devices to boarding-school misses,
 Who love through the post at a distance of miles;
 I like to make love 'midst a shower of kisses,
 And press pouting lips till they're melted to smiles!

J. A. S.

FANCIES FOR THE FOURTEENTH.

O F all the saints
That Fancy paints
For followers of Ritual,
There's one, I own,
To whom alone
Our worship is habitual.

This saint or that
Is special at
The various solemn coteries—
St. Valentine
Can boast a shrine
With endless lists of votaries.

By ev'ry post—
A countless host—
Despatched the saint's epistles are:
Some false, some true,
Some old, some new,
(Some bitter, too, as thistles are!)

With hearts on darts
Enduring smarts,
And turtles billing cooingly,
With altar-flames
And lovely dames,
And youths who court them wooingly,

With Hymen's torch
(Contrived to scorch
Like rosin or like turpentine),
With true-love knots,
And pretty cots,
And gravel walks so serpentine,

That mark the way
Through meadows gay,
To churches, crowned with spires that are,
And all the rest
Of emblems—best
Descriptive of love's fires that are.

At each rat-tat
With pit-a-pat
The female heart affected is—
The thought 'It's mine,
This Valentine!'
In every face reflected is!

The postman's beat
In every street
Is watched with wild anxiety:
Though what they feel
They'd fain conceal,
From motives of propriety.



Drawn by J. Sweeting]

FANCIES FOR THE FOURTEENTH.

[See the Verses.

But long before
 He's reached a door,
 The window at, Miss Mary is!
 The knocker sounds—
 With agile bounds,
 Jane flying up the 'airey' is!

And thus, you see,
 In each degree,
 The drawing-room or 'kitching' in,
 Love finds a nest
 In woman's breast—
 A pleasant roost for pitching in

And that is why
 His saintship sly
 His Saint-day did declare upon
 The very day,
 The learned say,
 The birds select to pair upon!

M. OR N.

'*Similia similibus curantur.*'

By G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'CERISE,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

GENTLEMAN JIM.

THERE is no reason, because a woman is coarse, hard-working, low-born, and badly-dressed, she should be without that inconvenient feminine appendage a heart. Dorothea trembled and turned pale when the door of the Holborn gin-shop swung open and the man she most wished to see in all the world stood at her side.

He would have been a good-looking fellow enough in any rank of life, but to Dorothea, and others of her class, his clear, well-cut features and jetty ringlets rendered him an absolute Adonis, despite the air of half-drunken bravado and assumed recklessness which marred a naturally resolute expression of countenance. He wore a fur cap, a velvet jacket, and a bright-red neckcloth, secured by an enormous ring; nor was this remarkable costume out of character with the perfume he exhaled, denoting he had consumed at least his share of that

other half-quartern which postponed his departure.

Dorothea slipped her arm in his, and clung to him with the fond tenacity of a woman who loves heart and soul, poor thing, to her cost.

His manner was an admirable combination of low-class gallantry with pitying condescension.

'Why, Doll,' said he, 'what's up now? You don't look hearty, my lass. Step in and take a dram; it'll do you good.'

She glanced admiringly in the comely, dissipated face.

'Ah! they may well call you Gentleman Jim,' she answered; 'you're fit to be a lord of the land, you are; and so you would, if I was queen. But I doesn't want you to treat me, Jim, leastways not this turn; I wants you to come for a walk, dear. I've a bit of news for you. It's business, Jim,' she added, somewhat ruefully, 'or I wouldn't go for to ask.'

His face, which had fallen a little, assuming that wearied expression a woman ought most to dread on the face she cares for, brightened considerably.

'Come on, lass,' he exclaimed, 'business first and pleasure arter. Speak up, and let's hear all about it.'

They had turned from the main thoroughfare into a dark and quiet bye-street. She crossed her work-worn hand on his arm and proceeded nervously—

'You say I never put you on a job, Jim. Well, I've a job to put you on now. I don't half like it, dear. It's for your sake I don't half like it. Promise me as you'll be careful, very careful, this turn.'

'Bother!' answered Jim. 'Stow that, lass, and let's have it out.'

Thus elegantly adjured, Doll, as he called her, obeyed without delay, though her voice faltered and her colour faded more than once while she went on.

'You told me as you wouldn't love me without I kep' my ears open, and my eyes too. Well, Jim, I've watched and watched old master and young, like a cat watches a mouse-hole, till I've been that sick and tired I could have set down and cried. Now, to-day I wanted to see you so bad, at any rate, and, thinks I, here's a bit of news as my Jim will like to learn. Look, now: young master, he's a-goin' to a place they call Bragford by the five o'clock train. Oh! I mind the name well enough. You know, Jim, you always bid me take notice of names. Well, it's Bragford. Bragford, says he, quite plain, an' as loud as I'm a-speakin' now.'

'Forty-five miles from London,' answered Jim, 'and not ten minutes walk from the branch line. Well?'

'He's a takin' summut down for a young lady,' continued Doll. 'It is but a small package, what you might put in your coat-pocket, or your hat. Oh! Jim, Jim, if you should chance on a stroke of luck this turn, won't you give the trade up for good and all? If you and me had but a roof to cover us, I wouldn't ask better than only liberty to work for you till I dropped.'

Tears stood in her eyes, and for a moment the face that looked up into the ruffian's was almost beautiful in its expression of entire devotion and trust.

He had taken a doubtful cigar from his coat-pocket, and was smoking thoughtfully.

'Small,' said he, 'then it ought, by rights, to be valuable. Did ye get a feel of it, Doll, or was it only a smell?'

'He took it hisself out of the jeweller's hands,' answered Doll; 'but I hadn't no call to be curious, for he told me what it was free enough. There ain't no smell about diamonds, Jim.'

'Nor you can't swear to them neither,' replied Jim, exultingly. 'Diamonds, Doll! you're *sure* he said diamonds? Come, you *have* done it, my lass. Give us a kiss, Doll, and let's turn in here at the Sunflower, and drink good luck to the job.'

The woman acceded to both proposals readily enough, but followed her companion into the ill-favoured little tavern with a weary step and a heavy heart. Some unerring instinct told her, no doubt, that she was giving all and taking nothing; offering gold for silver, truth for falsehood, love and devotion for a mere liking, rapidly waning to indifference and contempt.

Tom Ryfe, all anxiety to find himself once more in the same county with Miss Bruce, was in good time, we may be sure, for the train that should carry him down to Ecclesfield. Bustling through the station to take his ticket, he was closely followed by a well-dressed person in a pair of blue spectacles, travelling, apparently, without luggage or impedimenta of any description. This individual seemed also bound for Bragford, and showed some little eagerness to travel in the same carriage with Tom, who attributed the compliment to his lately-constructed coat and general appearance as a swell of the first water. 'He don't often get such a chance,' thought Mr. Ryfe, accepting with extreme graciousness the other's civilities as to open windows and change of seats. He even went

so far as to take a proffered cigar from the case of his fellow-traveller, which he would have smoked forthwith, but for the peremptory objections of a crusty old gentleman who arrived at the last moment, encumbered with such a paraphernalia of railway-rugs, travelling-bags, books, newspapers and magazines, as denoted the through passenger, not to be got rid of at any intermediate station. The old gentleman glared defiance, but made himself comfortable nevertheless; and the presence of this common enemy was a bond of union to render the two chance acquaintances more than ordinarily cordial and communicative.

Smoking being prohibited, they had not proceeded many miles into the country ere the gentleman in spectacles produced a box of lozenges from his pocket, and, selecting one for his own consumption, offered another, with much suavity, to Tom Ryfe, surveying, meanwhile, with inquisitive glances the bulge in that gentleman's breast-pocket where he carried his valuable package; but here again both were startled, not to say irritated, by the dictatorial interference of the last arrival.

'Excuse me, gentlemen,' said this irrepressible old man, 'I cannot permit it! Damn me, sir,' turning full round upon Tom Ryfe, 'I *won't* permit it! I can detect the smell of chloroform in those lozenges. Smell, sir, I've the smell of a bloodhound. I could hunt a scamp all over England by nose—by nose, I tell you, sir, and worry him to death when I ran into him; and I *would*, too. Now, sir, if *you* choose to be chloroformed, I don't. I'm not anxious to be taken out of this compartment as stupid as an owl and as cold as a cabbage, with a pain in my eyes, a singing in my ears, and a scoundrel's hands in my waistcoat pockets. Excuse me, sir, I'm warm—I wouldn't give much for a chap that wasn't—and I speak my mind!'

It seemed a bad speculation to quarrel with him, this big, burly, resolute, and disagreeable old man. Tom Ryfe, for once, was at a non-plus. He murmured a few vague

sentences of dissent, while the passenger in spectacles, consigning his lozenges to an inner pocket, buried himself in the broad sheet of the 'Times.'

But it was his turn now, and not even thus could he escape. Staring grimly at him, over the top of the paper, his tormentor fired a point-blank question, from which there was no refuge.

'Pray, sir,' said he, 'are you a chemist?'

The gentleman in spectacles signified, by a shake of the head, that was not his profession.

'Then, sir,' continued the other, 'do you know anything about chemistry—volatile essences, noxious drugs, subtle poisons? I do.' (Here Tom Ryfe observed his ally turn pale.) 'Permit me to remark, sir, that if *you* don't you are like a schoolboy carrying a pocketful of squibs and crackers on the fifth of November, unconscious that a single spark may blow him into the Christmas holidays before he can say "knife!" Let me see those lozenges, sir—let me have them in my hand; I'll tell you in five seconds what they're made of, and how, and where, and why!'

Here the man in spectacles, with considerable presence of mind, threw the whole of his lozenges out of window, under cover of the 'Times.'

'You frighten me, sir,' said he; 'I wouldn't keep such dangerous articles about me on any consideration.'

The old gentleman executed an elaborate wink, denoting extreme satisfaction, at Tom Ryfe. 'If you were going through,' said he, 'I could tell you some funny stories. Queer tricks upon travellers I've seen in my time. Why I was the first person to find out the sinking floor dodge in West Street. My evidence transported three people for life, and a fourth for fifteen years. I once saw a man pulled down by the heels through a grating in one of the busiest streets in the City, and if I *hadn't* seen him he would never have come up alive. Why the police apply to me for advice many a time when people are missing. Don't distress your-

selves, says I, they'll turn up, never fear. And they *do* turn up, sir, in nineteen cases out of twenty. In the twentieth, when there's foul play, we generally know something about it within eight-and-forty hours. Bragford? Is it? You get out here, do you? Good-morning, gentlemen; I hope you've enjoyed your jaunt.'

Then as Tom, collecting great-coats, newspapers, &c., followed his new acquaintance out of the carriage, this strange old gentleman detained him for an instant by the arm.

'Friend of yours, sir?' said he, pointing to the man in spectacles on the platform. 'Never saw him before? I thought so. Sharper, sir, I'll take my oath of it, or something worse. I know the sort; I've exposed hundreds of them. Take my advice, sir, and never see him again.'

With that the train glided on, leaving Mr. Ryfe and the gentleman in spectacles staring at each other over a basket of fish and a port-manteau.

'Mad!' observed the latter, with an uneasy attempt at a laugh and a readjustment of his glasses.

'Mad, no doubt,' answered Tom, but followed the lunatic's counsel, nevertheless, so far as to refrain from offering the other a lift in the well-appointed brougham, with its burly coachman, waiting to convey him to Ecclesfield Manor, though his late fellow-traveller was proceeding in that direction on foot.

Tom had determined to sleep at the Railway Hotel, Bragford, ere he returned to London next day. This arrangement he considered more respectful than an intrusion on the hospitality of Ecclesfield, should it be offered him. Perhaps so scrupulous a regard for the proprieties mollified Miss Bruce in his favour, and called forth an invitation to tea in the drawing-room when he had concluded the solitary dinner prepared for him after his journey.

Tom Ryfe was always a careful dresser. Up to forty most men are. It is only when we have nobody to please that we become negligent of pleasing. I believe, though, that

never in his life did he tie his neck-cloth or brush his whiskers with more care than on the present occasion in a large and dreary chamber known to the household as one of the 'best bed-rooms' of Ecclesfield Manor.

Tom looked about him, with a proud consciousness that at last his foot was on the ladder he had wanted all his life to climb. Here he stood, actually dressing for dinner, a welcome guest in the house of an old-established county family, on terms of confidence, if not intimacy, with its proud and beautiful female representative, in whose cause he was about to do battle with all the force of his intellect and (Tom began to think she could make him fool enough for anything) all the resources of his purse. The old family pictures—sad daubs, or they would never have been consigned to the bed-rooms—simpered down on him with encouraging benignity. Prim women, wearing enormously long waists, and their heads a good deal on one side, pointed their fans at him, while he washed his hands, with a coquetry irresistible, had their colours only stood, combining entreaty and command; while a jolly old boy in flowing wig, steel breast-plate, and the most convivial of noses, smiled in his face, as who should say, '*Audaces Fortuna juvat!*'—Go in, my hearty, and win if you can!

What was there in these surroundings, in the orderly decorum of the well-regulated mansion, in the chiming of the stable clock, nay, in the reflection of his own person shown by that full-length glass, to take the starch, as it were, out of Tom's self-confidence, turning his moral courage limp and helpless for the nonce, bringing insensibly to his mind the familiar refrain of 'Not for Joseph?' What was there that bade him man himself against this discouragement, as true bravery mans itself against the sensation of fear? and why should he be less worthy of approbation than other spirits who venture on 'enterprises of great pith and moment' with beating hearts indeed, but with un-

flinching courage and a dogged determination to succeed?

Had Tom been a young knight arming for a tournament, in which the good fortune of his lance was to win him a king's daughter for his bride, he might have claimed to be an admirable and interesting hero. Was he, indeed, a less respectable adventurer, that for steel he had to substitute French polish, for surcoat and corselet, broadcloth and cambric—that the battle he was to wage must be fought out by tenacity of purpose and ingenuity of brain rather than strength of arm and downright hardness of skull?

He shook a little too much scent on his handkerchief as he finished dressing, and walked down-stairs in a state of greater agitation than he would have liked to admit.

Dinner was soon done. Eaten in solitude with grave servants watching every mouthful, he was glad to get it over. In a glass of brown sherry he drank Miss Bruce's health, and thus primed, followed the butler to the drawing-room, where that lady sat working by the light of a single lamp.

The obscurity was in his favour. Tom made his bow and accepted the chair offered him, less awkwardly than was to be expected from the situation.

Maud looked very beautiful with the light falling on her sculptured chin, her fair neck, and white hands, set off by the deep shadows of the mourning dress she wore.

I believe he was going to begin by saying 'it had been a fine day,' but she stopped him in her clear cold voice, with its patrician accent, so difficult to define, yet so impossible to mistake.

'I have to thank you, Mr. Ryfe, for taking such care of my jewels. I hope the man left them at your office as he promised, and that you had no further trouble about them.'

He wanted to say that 'no errand of hers could be a trouble to *him*,' but the words stuck in his throat, or she would hardly have proceeded so graciously.

'We must go into a few matters of business this evening, if you have got the papers you mentioned. I

leave here to-morrow, and there is little time to spare.'

He produced a neatly-folded packet, docketed and carefully tied with tape. The sight of it roused his energies as the shaking of a guidon rouses an old trooper. Despite of the enchantress and all her glamour, Tom was himself again.

'Business is my trade, Miss Bruce,' said he, briskly. 'I must ask your earnest attention for a quarter of an hour, while I explain our position as regards the estate. At present it appears beset with difficulties. That's my look out. Before we begin,' added Tom, with a diffident faltering of voice, partly natural, partly assumed, 'forgive my asking your future address. It is indispensable that we should frequently communicate, and—and—I cannot help hoping and expressing my hope for your happiness in the home you have chosen.'

Maud's smile was very taking. She smiled with her eyes, those dark pleasing eyes that would have made a fool of a wiser man than Tom.

'I am going to Aunt Agatha's,' she said. 'I am to live with her for good. I have no home of my own now.'

The words were simple enough—spoken, too, without sadness or bitterness as a mere abstract matter-of-fact, but they aroused all the pen-and-ink chivalry in Tom's nature, and he vowed in his heart to lay goose-quill in rest on her behalf, with the devotion of a Montmorency or a Bayard.

'Miss Bruce,' said he, resolutely, 'the battle is not yet lost. In our last, of the 15th, we advised you that the other side had already taken steps to oppose our claims. My uncle has great experience, and I will not conceal from you that my uncle is less sanguine than myself; but I begin to see my way, and if there is a possibility of winning, by hook or by crook, depend upon it, Miss Bruce, win we *will*, for our own sakes, and—and—for *yours*!'

The last two words were spoken in a whisper, being indeed a spontaneous ebullition, but she heard them nevertheless. In her deep

sorrow, in her friendless, homeless position there was something soothing and consolatory in the sympathy of this young man, lawyer's clerk though he were, as she insisted with unnecessary repetition to herself. He showed at his best, too, while explaining the legal complications involved in the whole business, and the steps by which he hoped eventually to succeed. Maud was too thoroughly a woman not to admire power, and Tom's intellect possessed obviously no small share of that quality, when directed on such matters as the present. In half an hour he had furnished her with a lucid statement of the whole case, and in half an hour he had inspired her with respect for his opinion, admiration of his sagacity, and confidence in his strength. Not a bad thirty minutes' work. At its conclusion she shook hands with him cordially when she wished him good-night. Tom was no fool, and knew when to venture as when to hold back. He bowed reverentially over the white hand, muttering only 'God bless you, Miss Bruce! If you think of anything else, at a moment's notice I will come from the end of the world to serve you,'—and so hurried away before she could reply.

CHAPTER V.

THE CRACKSMAN'S CHECKMATE.

Puckers, or Miss Puckers as she liked to be called below-stairs, was a little puzzled by her young mistress's abstraction, while she brushed out Maud's wealth of raven hair for the night. Stealing glances at herself in the glass opposite, she could not help observing the expression on Miss Bruce's face. The light was in it once more that had been so quenched by her father's death. Puckers, who in the housekeeper's room, had discussed the affairs of the family almost hourly ever since that sorrowful event, considered that it must have left his daughter in the possession of untold wealth, and that 'the young man from town,' as she designated Tom Ryfe, was sent down expressly to afford

the heiress an estimate of her possessions. A true lady's-maid, she determined to hazard the inquiry.

'I suppose, miss,' said she, brushing viciously, 'we shan't be goin' to your aunt's now quite so soon. I'm sure I've been that hurried and put about, I don't scarce know which way to turn.'

'Why?' asked Maud, quietly. 'Not so hard, please.'

'Well, miss, a lady is not like a servant, you know; she can do as she chooses, of course. But if I was *you*, miss, I'd remain on the spot. There's the new furniture to get; there's the linen to see to; there's the bailiff given warning; and that there young man from town, I suppose *he* wouldn't come if we could do without him, charging goodness knows what, as if his very words was gold. But I give you joy, miss, of your fortune, I do. I was a sayin', only last night, was it? to Mrs. Plummer, says I, "Whatever *my* young lady will do," says I, "in a house where she isn't mistress, she that's been used to rule in her poor ma's time, and her pa's, ah! ever since she cut her teeth almost;" and Mrs. Plummer says, says she—'

'That'll do, Puckers,' observed Miss Bruce. 'I shall not want you any more. Good-night.'

She took as little notice of her handmaid's volubility as if the latter had been a grey parrot, and dismissed her with a certain cold, imperial manner that none of the household ever dreamt it possible to dispute or disobey; but after Puckers, with a quantity of white draperies over her arm, had departed to return no more, she sat down at the dressing-table and began to think with all her might.

Her maid was a fool no doubt: all maids were; but the shaft of folly shot at random, went home to the quick. 'A house where she wasn't mistress!' Had she ever considered the future shelter offered her by Aunt Agatha in that light? Here at the Manor, for as long as she could remember, had she not reigned supreme? All the little arrangements of dinner-parties, picnics, archery-meetings, and such gatherings as make up country

society, had fallen into her hands. Mamma didn't care—mamma never cared how anything was settled so long as papa was pleased; and papa thought Maud could not possibly do wrong. So by degrees, and this at an age when young ladies are ordinarily in the schoolroom, Miss Bruce had grown, on all social questions, to be the virtual head of the family. It was a position of which, till the time came to abdicate, she had not sufficiently appreciated the value. It seemed so natural to order carriages and horses at her own hours, to return visits, to receive guests, to do the honours of a comfortable country-house with an adequate establishment, and now, could she bear to live with Aunt Agatha, on sufferance?—Aunt Agatha, whom she had never liked, and whom she only refrained from snubbing and setting down, because they so seldom met, but when the elder lady had been invited by the younger as a guest! 'To be dependent,' thought Maud, mentally addressing the beautiful face in the glass. 'How should you like that? *you* with your haughty head, and your scornful eyes, and your hard unbending heart? I know you! Nobody knows you but me! And I know how *bad* you are—how capricious, and how cruel! When you want anything, do you ever spare anybody to get it? Did you ever love any one on earth as well as your own way? Even mamma? Oh! mamma, dear, dear mamma, if you had lived I might have got better—I *was* better, I know I was better while I was with *you*. But now—now I must be myself. I can't help it. After all, it is not my fault. What is it I most covet and desire in the world? It is power. Rank, wealth, luxury—these are all very well as accessories of life; but how should I loathe and hate them if they were conditional on my thinking, as other people thought, or doing what I was told! I ought to have been a man. Women are such weak, vapid, idiotic characters, in general, at least all I meet down here. Engrossed with their children, their parishes, their miserable household cares and perplexities. While in

London, I believe there are women who actually lead a party and turn out a minister. But they are beautiful, of course. Well—and me? I don't think I am so much amiss. With my looks and the position I ought to have, surely I might hold my own with the best of them. But what good will my looks do me if I am to be a dependent on Aunt Agatha? No. Without the estate I am nothing. With it I might be *anything*. This lawyer thinks he can win it for me. I wonder if he knows. How clever he seems! and how thoughtful! Nothing escapes him, and nothing seems to take him by surprise. And yet what a fool I could make of him if I chose! I saw it before he had been five minutes in the room. I wonder now what he thinks of *me*!—whether he has the presumption to suppose I could ever allow him to betray that he cared for me. I believe I should rather admire his impudence! It is pleasant to be cared for, even by an inferior; and, after all, this Mr. Ryfe is not without his good points. He has plenty of talent and energy, and I should think audacity. By his own account he sticks at nothing, when he means winning, and he certainly means to win for me if he can. I never saw anybody so eager, so much in earnest. Perhaps he thinks that if he could come to me and say, "There, Miss Bruce, I have saved your birthright for you, and I ask nothing but one kind word in return," I might be disposed to give it, and something more. Well, I don't know. Perhaps it would be as good a way as any other of getting into favour. One thing is certain. The inheritance I must preserve at every sacrifice. Dear me, how late it is! I ought to have been in bed hours ago. Puckers, is that you?"

Puckers did not answer, and a faint rustle in the adjoining room which had called forth Miss Bruce's question ceased the instant she spoke aloud.

This young lady was not nervous; far from it; yet her watch seemed to tick with extraordinary vigour, and her heart to beat harder than common while she listened.

The door of communication between the two rooms was closed. Another door in the smaller apartment opened to the passage, but this, she remembered, was habitually locked on the inside. It couldn't be Puckers, therefore, who thus disturbed her mistress's reflections, unless that handmaiden had come down the chimney, or in at the window.

In this smaller room Miss Bruce kept her riding-habits, her ball-dresses, her draperies of different fabric, her transparencies of all kinds, and her jewels.

The house was very silent—so silent that in the distant corridors were distinctly audible those faint and ghostly footfalls, which traverse all large houses after midnight. There were candles burning on Maud's toilet-table, but they served rather to show how dismal were the shadowy corners of the large lofty bedroom, than to afford light and confidence to its inmate.

She listened intently. Yes; she was sure she heard somebody in the next room—a step that moved stealthily about; a noise as of wood-work skilfully and cautiously forced open.

One moment she felt frightened. Then her courage came back the higher for its interruption. She could have escaped from her own room into the passage, easily enough, and so alarmed the house; but when she reflected that its fighting garrison consisted only of an infirm old butler—for the footman was absent on leave—there seemed little to be gained by such a proceeding, if violence or robbery were really intended. Besides, she rather scorned the idea of summoning assistance till she had ascertained the amount of danger.

So she blew her candle out, crept to the door of the little room, and laid her hand noiselessly on its lock.

Softly as she turned it, gently as she pushed the door back on its hinges inch by inch, she did not succeed in entering unobserved. The light of a shaded lantern flashed over her the instant she crossed the threshold, dazzling her eyes indeed, yet not so completely but that she

made out the figure of a man standing over her shattered jewel-box, of which he seemed to have been rifling the contents. Quick as thought, she said to herself—'Come, there is only one! If I can frighten *him* more than he frightens *me*, the game is mine.'

The man swore certain ghastly oaths in a whisper, and Maud was aware of the muzzle of a pistol covering her above the dark lantern.

She wondered why she wasn't frightened, not the least frightened—only rather angry and intensely determined to save the jewels, and have it out.

She could distinguish a dark figure behind the spot of intense light radiating round her own person, and perceived besides, almost without looking, that an entrance had been made by the window, which stood wide open to disclose the top-most rounds of a garden-ladder, borrowed doubtless from the tool-house, propped against its sill.

What the housebreaker saw was a vision of dazzling beauty in a flood of light. A pale, queenly woman, with haughty, delicate face, and loops of jet-black hair falling over robes of white, erect and dauntless, fronting his levelled weapons without the slightest sign of fear.

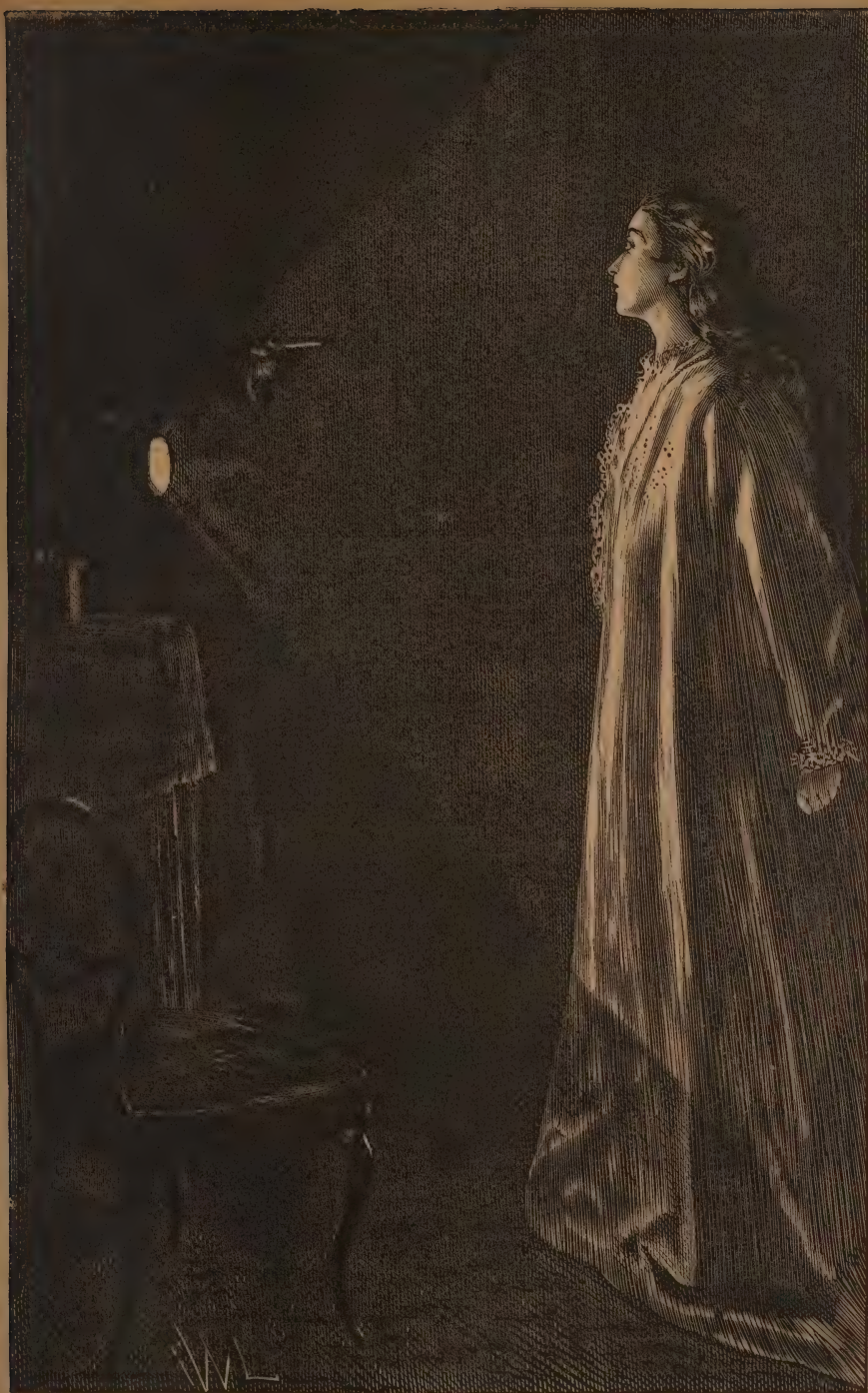
He had never set eyes on such a sight as this; no, neither in circus nor music-hall, nor gallery of metropolitan theatre at Christmas. For a moment he lost his head—for a moment he hesitated.

In that moment Miss Bruce showed herself equal to the occasion.

Quick as thought, she made one step to the window, pushed the ladder outwards with all her force, and shut down the sash. As it closed, the ladder, poised for an instant, fell with a crash on the gravel below.

'Now,' she said, quietly, 'you are trapped and taken. Better make no resistance, for the gamekeepers watching below are a rough sort of people, and I do not wish to see you ill-treated.'

The man was aghast! What could it all mean? Was he awake, or dreaming? She must be well backed, he said to himself, to assume



Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

JEWELS IN DANGER.

[See 'M. or N.'

such a position as this; and she looked so beautiful—so beautiful!

The latter consideration was not without its effect on him, even in the exercise of his profession. 'Gentleman Jim,' as his mates affirmed in their nervous English, became a fool of the deepest crimson dye whenever a woman was concerned, and this woman was in his eyes as an angel of light.

Nevertheless, instinctively rather than of intention, he muttered hoarsely—

'Drop it, miss, I warn you. One word out loud and I'll shoot, as sure as you stand there.'

'Shoot away!' she answered with perfect composure; 'you will save me the trouble of giving an alarm. They expect it, and are waiting for it every moment below stairs. Light those candles, and let us see what damage you have done before you return the plunder.'

A pair of wax-candles stood on the chimneypiece, and he obeyed mechanically, wondering at himself the while. His cunning, however, had not entirely deserted him, and he left his pistol lying on the table, ready to snatch it away if she tried to take possession. It was thus he gauged her confidence, and seeing she scarcely noticed the weapon, argued that powerful assistance must be near at hand to render this beautiful young lady so arbitrary and so unconcerned. His admiration burst out in spite of his discomfiture and critical position.

'Well, you *are* a cool one!' he exclaimed, in accents of mingled vexation and approval. 'A cool one and a stunner, I'm blessed if you ain't! No offence, but I never see your likes yet, not since I was born. Come, miss, let's cry quits. You pass me out o' this on the quiet. I dessay as I can make shift to get down without the ladder, an' I'll leave all these here gimcracks just as I found 'em. Now I've seen ye once, I'm blessed if I'd take so much as an ear-drop, unless it was in the way of a keepsake. Pass me out, miss, and I'll promise—no, I'm blowed if I think as I *can* promise—never to come here no more.'

Undisguised admiration—the ad-

miration always acceptable to a woman when accompanied with respect—shone in Gentleman Jim's dark eyes. He seemed under a spell, and while he acknowledged its strength, had no power, nay, had no wish, to resist its influence. When on such jobs as these it was his habit to observe an unusual sobriety. He was glad now to think of his adherence to that rule. Had he been drunk, he might, peradventure, have insulted this divinity. What had come over him? He felt almost pleased to know he was in her power, and yet she treated him like the dirt beneath her feet.

'No insolence, sir,' she said, in a commanding voice. 'Let me see, first of all, that every one of my trinkets is in its place. There, that bracelet would have brought you money; those diamonds would have been valuable if you could have got them clear off. You must have learnt your trade very badly to suppose that with such things in the house we keep no guard. Come, I am willing to believe that distress brought you to this. Listen. You are in my power, and I will show you mercy. If I give you five pounds now, on the spot, and let you go, will you promise to try and get your bread as an honest man?'

The tears came in his eyes. This woman, then, that looked so like an angel, was angel all through. Yet, touched as he felt in his better nature, the proletary instinct bade him try once more if her effort to get rid of him originated in pity or fear, and he muttered, 'Guineas! make it guineas, miss, and I'll say done.'

'Not a shilling more, not a farthing,' she answered, moving her hand as if to put it on the bell-pull. 'It cannot matter to me,' she added, in a tone of the most complete indifference, 'but while I am about it I think I would rather be the making of an honest man than the destruction of a rogue.'

Her acting was perfect. She seemed so cold, so impassive, so completely mistress of the position, and all the time her heart was beating as the gambler's beats, albeit in winning vein, ere he lifts the box from off the imprisoned dice—as the

lion-tamer's beats while he spurns in its very den the monster that could crush him with a movement, and that yet he holds in check by an imaginary force, irresistible only so long as it is unresisted.

Such situations have a horrible fascination of their own. I have even known them prolonged to gratify a morbid thirst for excitement; but I think Miss Bruce was chiefly anxious to be released from her precarious position, and to get rid of her visitor as soon as she could. Even her resolute nerves were beginning to give way, and she knew her own powers well enough to mistrust a protracted trial of endurance. Feminine fortitude is so apt to break down all at once, and Miss Bruce, though a courageous specimen of her sex, was but a woman who had wrought herself up for a gallant effort, after all.

She was quite unprepared though for its results. Gentleman Jim snatched up his pistol, stowed it away in his breast-pocket, as if heartily ashamed of it, brought out from that receptacle a pearl necklace and a pair of coral ear-rings, dashed them down on the table with an imprecation, and looking ridiculously sheepish, thus delivered himself—

'Five pounds, miss! Five devils! If ever I went for to ask five shillings of you, or five fardens, may the hands rot off at my wrists and the teeth drop out of my head. Strike me blind, now, this moment, in this here room, if I'd take so much as a pin's head that you valued, not if my life depended on it and there wasn't no other way of getting a morsel of bread! Look ye here, miss. No offence; I'm but a rough-and-ready chap and you're a lady. I never come a-nigh one afore. Now I know what they mean when they talk of a real lady, and I see what it is puts such a spirit into them swells as lives with the likes of you. But a rough chap needn't be a blind chap. I come in here for to clean out your jewel-box, I tell ye fair. I don't think as I meant to have ill-treated you, and now I know as I *couldn't* have done it, but I wanted them gimcracks just the same. If

so be as you'd like to see me shopped and lagged, you take and ring that there bell, and look if I go for to move a foot from this blessed spot. There! If so be as you bid me walk out free from that there winder, take and count these here now at once, and see there's not one missing and not one broke. Say the word, miss—which is it to be?'

The reaction was coming on fast. Maud dared not trust her voice, but she pointed to the window with a gesture in which she preserved an admirable imitation of confidence and command. Gentleman Jim threw up the sash, but paused ere he ventured his plunge into the darkness outside.

'Look ye here, miss,' he muttered in a hoarse whisper with one leg over the ledge, 'if ever you wants a chap to do you a turn, don't ye forget there's one inside this waistcoat as will take a leap in a halter any day to please ye. You drop a line to "Gentleman Jim" at the Sunflower, High Holborn. Oh! I can read, bless ye, and write and cipher too. What I says I sticks to. No offence, miss. I wonder will I ever see you again?'

He darted back for an instant, much to Maud's dismay, snatched a knot of ribbon which had fallen from her dress on the carpet, and was gone.

She heard his leap on the gravel below, and his cautious footsteps receding towards the park. Then she passed her hands over her face and looked about her as one who wakes from a dream.

'It was an escape I suppose,' she said, 'and I ought to have been horribly frightened; yet I never seemed to lose the upper hand with him for a moment. How odd that even a man like that should be such a fool! No wiser and no cooler than Mr. Ryfe. What is it, I wonder; what is it, and how long will it last?'

CHAPTER VI.

A REVERSIONARY INTEREST.

Although Dorothea could assume on occasions so bright an exterior as I have in a previous chapter en-

deavoured to describe, her normal state was undoubtedly that which is best conveyed by the epithet 'grimy.' Old Mr. Bargrave, walking serenely into his office at eleven, and meeting this handmaiden on the stairs, used to wonder how so much dirt could accumulate on the human countenance, when irrigated, as Dorothea's red eyelids too surely testified, by daily tears. Yes, she had gone about her work of late with a heavy heart and a moody brow. Hers was at best a dull, dreary life, but in it there grew a noxious weed which she was pleased to cherish for a flower. Well, it was withering every day before her eyes, and all the tears she could shed were not enough to keep it alive. Ah! when the ship is going down under our very feet, I don't think it much matters what may be our rank and rating on board. The cook's mate in the galley is no less dismayed than the admiral in command. Dorothea's light, so to speak, was only a tallow-candle, yet to put it out was to leave the poor woman very desolate in the dark. So Mr. Bargrave ventured one morning to ask if she felt quite well, but the snappish manner in which his inquiries were met, as though they masked a load of hidden sarcasm and insult, caused the old gentleman to scuffle into his office with unusual activity, much disturbed and humiliated, while resolved never so to commit himself again.

Into that office we must take the liberty of following him, tenanted as it is only by himself and Tom Ryfe.

The latter, extremely well dressed, wears a posy of spring flowers at his buttonhole, and betrays in his whole bearing that he is under some extraneous influence of an unbusiness-like nature. Bargrave subsides into his leather chair with a grunt, shuffles his papers, dips a pen in the inkstand, and looks over his spectacles at his nephew.

'Waste of time, waste of capital, Tom,' says he, with some irritation. 'Mind, I washed *my* hands of it from the first. You've been at work now for some months; that's *your* look-out, and it's been kept apart

and separate from the general business—that's *mine*.'

'I've got Tangle's opinion here,' answered Tom; 'I won't ask you to look at it, uncle. He's dead against us. Just what you said six months back. There's no getting over that trust-deed, nor through it, nor round it, nor any way to the other side of it. I've done *my* d—dest, and we're not a bit better off than when we began.'

He spoke in a cheerful, almost an exulting tone, quite unlike a man worsted in a hard and protracted struggle.

'I'm sorry for the young lady,' observed Bargrave, 'but I never expected anything else. It's a fine estate and it must go to the male heir. She has but a small settlement, Tom, very inadequate to her position, as I told poor Mr. Bruce many a time. He used to say everything would be set right by his will, and now one of these girls is left penniless, and the other with a pittance, a mere pittance, brought up, as I make no doubt she was, to believe herself an heiress.'

'One of them!' exclaimed Tom. 'What do you mean?'

'Why, that poor thing who was born a few weeks too soon,' answered Bargrave. 'She's totally unprovided for. With regard to Miss Bruce, there is a settlement. Two hundred a year, Tom, for life, nothing more. I told you so when you undertook the job. And now who's to pay your costs?'

'Not you, uncle,' answered Tom, flippantly, 'so don't distress yourself on that score.'

'I don't, indeed,' observed Bargrave, with emphasis. 'You've had your own time to work this, on the understanding, as you know, that it was to be worked at your own risk. I haven't interfered; it was no affair of mine. But your costs will be heavy, Tom, I can't help seeing that. Tangle's opinion don't come so cheap, you see, though it's word for word the same as mine. I would have let *you* have it for nothing, and anybody else for six and eightpence.'

'The costs *will* be heavy,' answered Tom, still radiant. 'I

should say "a Thou." wouldn't cover the amount. Of course, if we can't get them from the estate, they must come out of my pocket.'

Bargrave's eyebrows were raised. How the new school went ahead, he thought. Here was this nephew of his talking of a thousand pounds with an indifference verging on contempt. Well, that was Tom's lookout; nevertheless, on such a road it would be wise to establish a halting-place, and his tone betrayed more interest than common while he asked—

'You won't take it into Chancery, Tom, will you?'

The younger man laid his forefinger to the side of his nose, winked thrice with considerable energy, lifted his hat from its peg, adjusted his collars in the glass, nodded to his uncle, muttering briefly, 'Back in two hours,' and vanished.

Old Bargrave looked after him with a grim, approving smile. 'Boy or man,' said he, aloud, 'that chap always knew what he was about. Tom can be safely trusted to take care of Number One.'

He was wrong, though, on the present occasion. If Mr. Ryfe did indeed know what he was about, there could be no excuse for the enterprise on which he had embarked. He was selfish. He would not have denied his selfishness, and indeed rather prided himself on that quality; yet behold him now waging a contest in which a man wastes money, time, comfort, and self-respect, that he may wrest from real sorrow and discomfiture the shadow of a happiness which he cannot grasp when he has reached it. There is much wisdom in the opinion expressed by a certain fox concerning grapes hanging out of distance; but it is a wisdom seldom acquired till the limbs are too stiff to stretch for an effort—till there is scarce a tooth left in the mumbling jaws to be set on edge.

Tom Ryfe had allowed his existence to merge itself in another's. For months, as devotedly as such natures can worship, he had been worshipping his ideal in the person of Miss Bruce. I do not say that he was capable of that highest form

of adoration which seeks in the first place the unlimited sovereignty of its idol, and which, as being too good for them, women constantly undervalue; but I do say that he esteemed his fair client the most beautiful, the most attractive, and the most perfect of her sex, resolving that for him she was the only woman in the world, and that in defiance of everything, even her own inclinations, he would win her if he could.

In Holborn there is always a Hansom to be got at short notice. 'Grosvenor Crescent,' says Tom, shutting the half-doors with a bang, and shouting his orders through the little hole in the top. So to Grosvenor Crescent he is forwarded accordingly, at the utmost speed attainable by a pair of high wheels, a well-bred 'screw,' and a rough-looking driver with a flower in his mouth.

There are several peculiarities, all unreasonable, many ridiculous, attending the demeanour of a man in love. Not the least eccentric of these are his predatory instincts, his tendency to prowl, his preference for walking over other modes of conveyance, and his inclination to subterfuge of every kind as to his ultimate destination. Tom Ryfe was going to Belgrave Square; why should he direct his driver to set him down a quarter of a mile off? why overpay the man by a shilling? why wear down the soles of an exceedingly thin and elaborate pair of boots on the hot, hard pavement without compunction? Why? Because he was in love. This was also the reason, no doubt, that he turned red and white when he approached the square railings; that his nose seemed to swell, his mouth got dry, his hat felt too tight, and the rest of his attire too loose for the occasion; also that he affected an unusual interest in the numbers of the doors, as though meditating a ceremonious morning call, while all the time his heart was under the laburnums in the centre of the square gardens, at the feet of a haughty, handsome girl, dressed in half-mourning, with the prettiest black-laced parasol to be found on this side of the Rue Cas-

tiglione, for love—of which, indeed, as the gift of Mr. Ryfe, it was a type—or money, which, not having been yet paid for, it could hardly be said to represent.

That heart of his gave a bound when he saw it in her hand as she sailed up the broad gravel-walk to let him in. He was almost happy, poor fellow, for almost a minute, not distressing himself to observe that the colour never deepened a shade on her proud, pale cheek; that the shapely hand, which fitted its pass-key to the lock, was firm as a dentist's, and the clear, cold voice that greeted him far steadier than his own.

It is a choice of evils, after all, this favourite game of cross-purposes for two. To care more than the adversary entails worry and vexation; to care less makes a burthen of it, and a bore.

'Thank you so much for coming, Miss Bruce—Maud,' said Tom, passionately. 'You never fail, and yet I always dread, somehow, that I shall be disappointed.'

'I keep my word, Mr. Ryfe,' answered the young lady, with perfect self-possession; 'and I am quite as anxious as you can be, I assure you. I want so to know how we are getting on.'

He showed less discouragement than might have been expected. Perhaps he was used to this *sang-froid*, perhaps he rather liked it, believing it, in his ignorance, a distinctive mark of class; not knowing—how should he?—that, once excited, these thoroughbred ones are, of all races, the least amenable to restraint.

'I have bad news,' he said, tenderly. 'Miss Bruce, I hardly like to tell you that I fear we cannot make out case enough to come into court. I took the opinion of the first man we have. I am sorry to say he gives it against us. I am not selfish,' he added, with real emotion, 'and I am sorry, indeed, for your sake, dearest Miss Bruce.'

He meant to have called her 'Maud'; but the beautiful lips tightened, and the delicate eyebrows came down very straight and stern over the deep eyes in which he had learned to read his fate. He would

wait for a better opportunity, he thought, of using the dear, familiar name.

She took small notice of his trouble.

'Has there been no mismanagement?' she asked, almost angrily; 'no papers lost? no foul play? Have you done your best?'

'I have, indeed,' he answered, meekly. 'After all, is it not for my own interest as much as yours? Are they not henceforth to be in common?'

She ignored the question altogether; she seemed to be thinking of something else. While they paced up and down a walk screened from the square windows by trees and shrubs already clothed in the tender, quivering foliage of spring, she kept silence for several seconds, looking straight before her with a sterner expression than he could yet remember to have seen on the face he adored. Presently she spoke in a hard, determined voice—

'I am disappointed. Yes, Mr. Ryfe, I don't mind owning I am bitterly and grievously disappointed. There, I suppose it's not your fault, so you needn't look black about it; and I dare say you did the best you could afford at the price. Well, I don't want to hurt your feelings—your *very* best, then. And yet it seems very odd—you were so confident at first. Of course if the thing's really gone, and there's no chance left, it's folly to think about it. But what a future to lose—what a future to lose! Mr. Ryfe, I can't stay with Aunt Agatha—I can't and I won't! How she could ever find anybody to marry her! Mr. Ryfe, speak to me. What had I better do?'

Tom would have given a round sum of money at that moment to recall one of the many imaginary conversations held with Miss Bruce, in which he had exhausted poetry, sentiment, and forensic ardour for the successful pleading of his suit. Now he could find nothing better to say than that 'he had hoped she was comfortable with Mrs. Stanmore; and anybody who didn't make Miss Bruce comfortable must be brutal and wicked. But—but—if it was really so—and she could be

persuaded—why, Miss Bruce must long have known—’ And here the voice of Tom, the plausible, the prudent, the self-reliant, degenerated to a husky whisper, because he felt that his very heart was mounting to his throat.

Miss Bruce cut him exceedingly short.

‘You remember our bargain,’ she said, bitterly. ‘If you don’t, I can remind you of it. Listen, Mr. Ryfe; I am not going to cheat you out of your dues. You were to win back my fortune from the next of kin—this cousin, who seems to have law on his side. You charged yourself with the trouble—that counts for nothing, it is in the way of your business—with the costs—the expenses—I don’t know what you call them—these were to be paid out of the estate. It was all plain sailing, if we had conquered; and there was an alternative in the event of failure. I accepted it. But I tell you, not till every stratagem has been tried, every stone turned, every resource exhausted, do I acknowledge the defeat, nor—I speak plain English, Mr. Ryfe—do I pay the penalty.’

He turned very pale. ‘You did not use this tone when we walked together through the snow in the avenue at Ecclesfield. You promised of your own accord, you know you did,’ said poor Tom, trembling all over; ‘and I have got your promise in writing locked up in a tin box at home.’

She laughed a hard, shrill laugh, not without some real humour in it, at his obvious distress.

‘Keep it safe in your tin box,’ said she, ‘and don’t be afraid, when the time comes, that I shall throw you over. Ah! what an odd thing money is; and how it seems able to do everything!’ She was looking miles away now, totally unconscious of her companion’s presence. ‘To me this five or six thousand a year represents hope, enjoyment, position—all that makes life worth having. More, to lose it is to lose my freedom, to lose all that makes life endurable!’

‘And you *have* lost it,’ observed Tom, doggedly. He was not very brave, very highminded, very chi-

valrous in any way; but he possessed the truly British quality of tenacity, and did not mean to be shaken off by any feminine vagaries where once he had taken hold.

‘Et je payerais de ma personne,’ replied Miss Bruce, scornfully. ‘I don’t suppose you know any French. You must go now, Mr. Ryfe; my maid’s coming back for me from the bonnet-shop. I can’t be trusted you see over fifty yards of pavement and a crossing by myself. The maid is walking with me now behind these lilac-bushes, you know. Her name is Ryfe. She is very cross and silent; she wears a well-made coat, shiny boots, rather a good hat, and carries a nosegay as big as a chimney-sweep’s—you can give it me if you like—I dare say you brought it on purpose.’

How she could twist and turn him at will! three or four playful words like these, precious all the more that her general manner was so haughty and reserved, caused Tom to forget her pride, her whims, her various caprices, her too palpable indifference to himself. He offered the flowers with humble gratitude, ignoring resolutely the presumption that she would probably throw them away before she reached her own door.

‘Good-bye, Miss Bruce,’ said he, bowing reverently over the slim hand she vouchsafed him, and ‘Good-bye,’ echoed the young lady, adding, with another of those hard little laughs that jarred so on Tom’s nerves, ‘Come with better news next time, and don’t give in while there’s a chance left; depend upon it the money’s better worth having than the client. By-the-by, I sent you a card for Lady Goldthread’s this afternoon—only a stupid breakfast—Did you forget it?’

‘Are you going?’ returned Tom, with the clouds clearing from his brow.

‘Perhaps we shall, if it’s fine,’ was the reply. ‘And now I can’t wait any longer. Don’t forget what I told you, and do the best you can.’

So Tom Ryfe departed from his garden of Eden with sundry misgivings, not entirely new to him,

that the fruit he took such pains to ripen for his own gathering might be but gaudy wax-work after all, or painted stone, perhaps, cold, smooth, and beautiful, against which he should rasp his teeth in vain.

The well-tutored Puckers, dressed in faded splendour, and holding a brown-paper parcel in her hand, was waiting for her young lady at the corner of the Square.

While thus engaged she witnessed a bargain, of an unusual nature, made apparently under extraordinary pressure of circumstances. A ragged boy, established at the crossing, who had indeed rendered himself conspicuous by his endeavours to ferry Puckers over dry-shod, was accosted by a shabby-genteel and remarkably good-looking man in the following vernacular—

‘On this minnit, off at six, Buster; two bob an’ a bender, and a three of eye-water, in?’

‘Done for another joey,’ replied Buster, with the premature acuteness of youth foraging for itself in the streets of London.

‘Done,’ repeated the man, pulling a handful of silver from his pocket, and assuming the broom at once to enter on his professional labours, ere Puckers had recovered from her astonishment, or Buster could vanish round the corner in the direction of a neighbouring mews.

Though plying his instrument diligently, the man kept a sharp eye on the Square gardens. When Tom Ryfe emerged through the heavy iron gate he whispered a deep and horrible curse, but his dark eyes shone and his whole face beamed into a ruffianly kind of beauty, when after a discreet pause, Miss Bruce followed the young lawyer through the same portal. Then the man went to work with his broom harder than ever. Not Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his cloak at the feet of his sovereign mistress lest they should take a speck of mud could have shown more loyalty, more devotion, than

did Gentleman Jim sweeping for bare life, as Miss Bruce and her maid approached the crossing he had hired for the occasion.

Maud recognized him at a glance. Not easily startled or surprised, she bade Puckers walk on, while she took a half-crown from her purse and put in the sweeper’s hand.

‘At least it is an honest trade,’ said she, looking him fixedly in the face.

The man turned pale while he received her bounty.

‘It’s not that, miss,’ he stammered. ‘It’s not that—I only wanted to get a look of ye. I only wanted just to hear the turn of your voice again. No offence, miss, I’ll go away now. Oh! can’t ye give a chap a job? It’s my heart’s blood as I’d shed for you, free—and never ask no more nor a kind word in return!’

She looked him over from head to foot once more and passed on. In that look there was neither surprise, nor indignation, nor scorn, only a quaint and somewhat amused curiosity, yet this thief and associate of thieves quivered, as if it had been a sun-stroke. When she passed out of sight he bit the half-crown till it bent, and hid it away in his breast. ‘I’ll never part with ye,’ said he, ‘never;’ unmindful of poor Dorothea, going about her work tearful and forlorn. Gentleman Jim, uneducated, besotted, half-brutalized as he was, had yet drunk from the cup that poisons equally the basest and noblest of our kind. A well-dressed, good-looking young man, walking the other side of the square, did not fail to witness Tom Ryfe’s farewell and Maud’s interview with the crossing-sweeper. He too looked strangely disturbed, pacing up and down an adjoining street more than once, before he could make up his mind to ring a well-known bell. Verily Miss Bruce seemed to be one of those ladies whose destiny it is to puzzle, worry, and interest every man with whom they come in contact.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS.

I NEVER met you, lady fair,
 In all her Majesty's dominions;
 Nor know if that's your real hair
 Or only the last thing in chignons.
 And yet I much should like to learn
 The meaning of that look's dejection.
 For you are lost, I well discern,
 In deepest mazes of reflection.

Say, do you ponder o'er the one
 Who sets that little heart so beating?
 Is he, perchance, a younger son?
 Or does his passion seem retreating?
 Alas, fair maid! 'tis hard, I know,
 To see how hollow is affection.
 But still bear up against the blow,
 If that's the subject of reflection.

Perchance a cruel parent's word
 Bids fair to mar the bliss you dream of:
 Of such things in these days I've heard,
 Now Matrimony's made a scheme of.
 Well! if you're under age, you must
 Obey that parent's harsh direction—
 Renounce your love:—but there! I trust,
 That's not the subject of reflection.

Or—it may be—some handsome shawl—
 New bonnet—dress—or some such weakness
 Has seemed to make your toilette small—
 A thing that can't be borne with meekness!
 Be wise, if so, and seek relief—
 Submit your sorrow to dissection.
 I'd give my head to learn your grief,
 The subject of such deep reflection.

You've lost a locket, or a ring,
 A brooch, a purse with some amount in?
 Or dares the milliner to bring
 At time unmeet her small account in?
 I own I'm at a loss to guess—
 Your secret baffles all detection—
 Yet no! I have it—have it! yes,
 The subject of your deep reflection.

Although I never met you, dear,
 Throughout her Majesty's dominions,
 Your subject of reflection's clear,
 About it I've no two opinions.
 That I should be so blind, alas,
 As not to see! I own correction—
 The pretty face within that glass
 Is *your* sole subject of reflection.



REFLECTIONS.

[See the Verses.

GURNEL DUKE'S FIRST VALENTINE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS, BY WINIFRED SOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

THIS is a story told over the fire at a country house where I was staying the fourteenth of February of a year ago.

It was the hour after dinner, and the children were in the drawing-room. For some time previous it had been as though all the bells in the house were gone wild, as though all the spirits in the world and under the world had taken to rapping at doors, as though all the fairies, good and bad, had gone about to shower their gifts on the various members of the family, from Mr. Heath, squire, downwards, through Gooch, butler, to John Sims, stable boy. The wild clangour had now ceased, however; the uproarious mirth subsided, the contemplative mood was coming on.

It came thus on one member of the circle. 'Something of a collection, certainly! Enough to set Lory up in a fancy goods' shop. Lory, ten years of age, with fourteen; Sissy, fourteen, with eleven; Cecil, six, with thirteen; Fan, five, with sixteen; Lennard, fifteen, with six; Flo, nineteen, with twelve; Miss Wilton—with three.' A little silent merriment, for Gurnel Duke had inadvertently touched on what was a sore point; at least, so the youngsters averred, youth being magnanimous only by fits and starts. 'Ah, children, I was twenty-eight before ever I had a valentine.'

'And what was that, uncle?' cried ever so many voices.

'And what was that, Mr. Duke?' said young Ferrers, seated very close to Florence Heath.

'Ah, that's a story—a long story,' he answered, looking half-humorously, half-gravely round the group, his eye resting longest on a lady some nine years his junior, into whose face there came the brightest blush and the wickedest smile.

'Then tell us it, uncle, there's a

dear,' said Sissy, of fourteen, with fourteen's good appetite for stories. And all seconded her.

But Gurnel Duke shook his head, and appeared nowise inclined. A man of some four-and-thirty years, with broad, large forehead, dark, penetrative eyes, mouth steadfast in itself—a man, written within and without, was Gurnel Duke.

'Come, Duke,' said Mr. Heath, good-humouredly backing up the young people, perhaps himself a little curious.

'It's not a story that can well be told—not a story at all easy to tell.'

A second chorus of entreaty. A dozen characteristic speeches in a dozen characteristic tones of beseeching, assertion, disappointment, confidence, hope.

'If Uncle Gurnel tells it in his way, we must tell it in ours also, must we not, my pet?' said the lady whom his gaze had distinguished, taking little May on her lap, her voice as bright and sweet as her sweet, bright face. The saucy face and voice incited them not a little.

'Come, Duke,' reiterated Mr. Heath, who was getting an inkling of what the story might be, 'that admission was half permission, eh?'

'Well, see here, a compromise. I don't know what induced me, but last year I drew up a true and authentic account—of—a very singular episode in a man's life. I have it amongst my papers in the library.'

As Mr. Duke walked to and from the library, it was with a scarcely perceptible halt. Strangely, nothing about him became him so well. The slight stoop it occasioned gave him an air of continual courtesy, and a gentleness to an otherwise decided, authoritative bearing. We girls were enthusiasts about him, with about as much, or as little, discrimination as commonly belongs to girls.

When he returned, it was with a manuscript of many closely-written pages in his hand. 'This paper was not meant for so many ears. I scarcely know how much is told.' And he turned over a page or two doubtfully. 'Well, if I begin to use the scissors and amend, it may not be genuine; it is that now. So, young folks, come fence round your poor old uncle; a bold thing he's in for, I can tell you,' with a sly face for some of the elders. 'Lennard is appointed reader. Fire away, Lennard. The Story of Gurnel Duke's First Valentine.'

My father was a captain in the Royal Navy, and my mother the daughter of another—the last of the old Gurnels of Berkshire. But at eight years of age I had neither father, mother, nor penny in the world wherewith to help myself. From eight to twenty I lived by the grace, or charity, of a rich relative. But it is a libel on either word; for if you would know what his charity was like, I can only say, like the big, ostentatious, sordid-looking, ugly crown pieces which invariably accompanied his responses to my periodic holiday letters—as big, ostentatious, sordid-looking, ugly. These very periodic holiday-letters were a part of it. My school-master was post-diluvian in his opinions, and made strong objection, but had to content himself with leaving me entirely to my own devices in the matter, which devices at first consisted of obtaining such assistance as was to be obtained from the elder boys, and gradually, as I myself grew into an elder boy, of speaking my mind on various points after a fashion very unusual in the holiday-letter era. The responses were offensive enough; but by the time I perceived it I had grown so accustomed as to suppose it a privilege of relationship.

I thank God there were other influences at work; for such culture as Richard Duke desired for me, and supposed himself to have provided, makes a man either cross-grained or without any grain at all—unworthy, any way. My school-master gave me of his best, partly

because he was a conscientious man, partly because of a personal liking for me, partly because I promised to be a credit to the school. My comrades, too, stood by me, and I never lacked an invitation for holidays, which I must otherwise have spent at the school. With one thing and another my uncle's crop of tares, sown with half-yearly punctuality, bore but little fruit. In my visits to my schoolfellows I was familiar with that form of irritating speech in which, however much it is to be deplored, the most affectionate of relatives do at times indulge. It was not difficult to confound the spirit of my uncle's contumelious alms with this.

It is hard on a young fellow to have the solid ground—so solid it seems to him—open under his feet, as it did under mine. There are many veritable meanings that will not bear abrupt disclosures; God is merciful, and mostly the young are graduated in them. I don't say I was not a little uneasy and semi-conscious of an injurious element, but it came hard on a young fellow.

Not long after I commenced my college career a competition was announced for undergraduates of a year's standing, the prize a scholarship of one hundred pounds a-year. When, eager and hopeful, I stated my intention of competing, I was given in a roundabout way to understand that I should be running dangerously counter to my uncle's wishes; that he had formerly privately objected to my entrance for any of the school exhibitions. Which roused me to put my independence to the test. I said, in public, it was strange, after this, if I did not succeed. And I did—to receive a letter by the next post after the public announcement withdrawing my allowance, with not a single reason assigned.

'What do you do now?' asked a friend, to whom I read the communication.

'Do? Why, please God, get my name into the Wranglers' list this time three years.'

That speech and my story were carried to the head of my college. He sent for me, and offered to see

me through my academical course. I gratefully declined pecuniary assistance; he had given me the only aid I needed in keeping up in me a great respect for my kind. As has been said, 'It is not absolutely necessary that a man should see *many* men whom he can respect.' I obtained an amount of literary employment, and with a five-pound note here and a ten-pound note there, pulled through, to see myself in the three years' time third Wrangler.

Next was a fellowship, and the post of travelling tutor to Viscount Narboyne, Lord Uxford's only son. Lord Uxford was, you know, a great man in the government of that day.

A gentle-minded, delicately-nurtured fellow was my charge. A milksop, some said; but I had seen in him the lion-heart and the right instinct. I did love that fellow. Well, it is the often-repeated story. I, the friendless, penniless man, whose death *might* momentarily affect a classfellow or two—but even that, in my obscurity, doubtful—went scathless through perils many; he, the petted boy, heir to broad acres, to a vast influence, of a long patrician line, the only son of his parents, fell ill of a low fever, that has its haunts peculiarly with penury and care, and died. I did my best by him, but he died. It was in a small village on the nearer Italian coast. On the first tidings of his illness Lady Uxford was herself too ill to travel, and Lord Uxford so greatly engaged in public affairs as only to arrive the day before his son's death.

On my return to England, which was delayed until the spring by my own state of health, my first visit was to Somersley, the Uxfords' Hampshire seat. He had withdrawn from the government shortly after his bereavement, and they were living in strict privacy. Both Lord and Lady Uxford were lavish with their kindnesses. They treated me almost as a son, and on the last evening of my month's visit Lord Uxford, whilst knowing the element of independence so harshly evoked in my character, ventured to offer

me a thousand pounds besides my salary up to the very date. I am an old traveller, and I assure you there is a wonderful deal in the way a knapsack is packed. Not one man in a thousand could have offered that thousand pounds—a great sum to me in those days—so as to have it accepted. But I took it from Lord Uxford. For this is how he gave it. 'Our obligation to you neither this nor anything could remove: and, indeed, my wife and I both feel it to be the dearest thing remaining to us. We know—Hugh told me that time—you are saving money for two purposes; the one I commend, the other I do not commend. Think it over, Duke.'

I did think it over, and the next morning, in bidding him farewell, I asked his advice. 'Some years ago, my lord, as you know, I registered a resolve to repay to my uncle every farthing I ever cost him. Principal, interest, compound interest, collateral gains, I reckoned them all at fifteen hundred pounds. Your thousand has made up the sum, and a little to spare. But now it seems not a good thing to pay it. You know my provocation, my lord, and yet I am reluctant.'

'When you speak of provocation, I think, Duke, you have answered yourself.'

'But then,' said I, in extreme perplexity, 'if I don't, it helps me on so with these projects that have been my waking and sleeping dream these two years and more. And so it can look ugly, even to myself.'

'It's just one of those cases in which you are the only judge of yourself.'

And I did not repay it. Instead, I offered myself as a candidate for the mastership of an endowed school in the small town of Cumberley, in the county of Reepshire. The only difficulty the trustees made was over the excessive superiority of my testimonials. There must be something against me, or I couldn't want to come there. But a chance word in a letter of Lord Uxford's to a gentleman, a trustee, in the neighbourhood, settled that point for me. I was to have two

hundred and a house; but by the terms of the trust I was not to take boarders, nor, indeed, any pupils other than foundation scholars. These very terms, with their means of subsistence and promise of a good margin of leisure, were my inducements. But the good people of Cumberley were so amazed at my choice they set me down from the first in the category of eccentrics; and the character clung to me, as characters will cling, no more to be shaken off than the grasp of a drowning man, when they came to know more of me and my pursuits—when they came to know that I was making delicate and costly experiments towards some great mechanical discovery.

My self-imposed exclusion had a contrary effect to that intended. I had any number of invitations, I might have been intimate at any number of houses; I was decided to be quite presentable, and I had no *peculiar* relatives to turn up unawares. It came even to be whispered about that it was a *very* great man who occasionally visited me, who came and went so unostentatiously, as great men do come and go. (Lord Uxford, who, having an estate in the next county, would take me in his way.) I by no means debarred myself from society; I simply refused it ascendancy over me: I was even intimate with one family, finding many points in common with its head, Mr. Frekeston. Similarly, I never resolved, as some men do, that I would not marry, or rather attempt to marry; at the same time it always remained a thing of to-morrow with me.

Three years' sojourn in Cumberley found me in my twenty-eighth year. Three years they were of intense application, carrying me on and on, until my goal was well in sight. I had come to the end of my fifteen hundred pounds, but I reckoned, almost confidently, that in the next year's estimates my Lords of the Admiralty would ask something on my account. I had had no communication with my uncle from the time of his casting me adrift. Stay, though; I was once even introduced to him. I was

present at the evening conversation of a great London society, before whose members I had that morning read a paper. There was a little talk about me and this paper, which my uncle, also present, heard without hearing my name. Fond of the *rôle* of the rich connoisseur, he requested an introduction. I, in equal ignorance up to this point, stood bowing before a tall, fine man, with perfectly white hair, and a calm, courteous face, only when he smiled it looked as liable to breakage as china.

'Are not the Mr. Dukes relatives?' asked a gentleman near, supposing the introduction superfluous.

'Relatives? yes,' replied my uncle; 'uncle and nephew indeed—but not acquaintances.'

And asking an indifferent question or two in the most collected voice, he bowed himself away. Now, you know, I, on the contrary, felt foolishly embarrassed for some time after.

The next I heard of him was his death. I *was* mentioned in his will, for he left me a picture of my father by Opie, and nineteen guineas wherewith to buy a mourning ring. But all his other property went to Edmund Duke's children: the money to the younger sons and daughters, the freehold estates to the eldest son—now the representative of the eldest branch of the Duke family.

This Edmund Duke, now dead some three years, was another brother of my father's, more wealthy even than Richard, and married to Lady Frances Heriot, a daughter of the Marquis of Mainwaring. He had been estranged from my father—the only cause an hour's hot words; but grown men don't come easily together again. I had understood that after my father's death he expressed regret that it should have been so. Therefore my one impression of him was better than my one impression of Richard Duke. When I heard how the money was left, I thought of 'for he that hath, to him shall be given.' But I was very resolved my one talent should not be hidden in a napkin.

CHAPTER II.

It was the Valentine's day after my twenty-eighth birthday. I was freed from my pupils, it, as Founder's day, being distinguished by a whole holiday. All the morning I had been toiling over *my* work, as to myself I always called it; doing too much perhaps, for I had come to one of those full stops which used so to harass and depress me when I first commenced my researches, but which I now knew to be as much physical as mental. So I planned to take a smart gallop, return home to a light luncheon—I had respect for the saying, 'a full head, an empty stomach,'—and reapply myself to my labours with what new lights I might be blessed with.

This programme in view, I left my papers just as I rose from them; somewhat rash perhaps with one precious document of which I had no duplicate, the fruition of the whole, amongst them. But my housekeeper would have deemed it as much as her place was worth to introduce unauthorized visitors to my study.

I returned from my six-mile gallop without any definite train of thought, but in splendid trim for thinking. Braced up, and all a-glow with the exercise of riding, I walked briskly into my study. Conceive my amazement at sight of a hat, cloak, a lady's travelling gear, in fact, lying carelessly, as thrown off, on the table where my papers had been; and coiled up on the rug before the fire the owner thereof—coiled up I call it, because when she rose it was with a languid, supple motion. As I stood with the door in my hand, gazing with all my eyes, as we provincials say, and she tranquilly turned her face my way, she looked so entirely at her ease, and yet the whole tableau was so unreal, or rather, so confounding, I involuntarily thought of the witch-woman I had read of in old romances—the witch-woman who comes upon one unawares and steals away one's senses.

When she rose, which she was in no haste to do, she showed herself to be of about middle height, of a

beautiful figure—the sort of swaying, balanced figure which, if the back be turned to you, makes you curious to see the face going with it. And *her* face was pale, and almost oval, with dark eyebrows—or eyebrows, the rather, dark by contrast with her complexion—dark-grey eyes and long dark lashes; but the hair was lighter than chestnut, of a profound colour; that is, mostly all shade, but sometimes all brightness. If you saw her in a crowd you would look after her. The long black lashes and the eyelids drooped very much, except on the rare occasions when she gave you a wide, quick glance; but yet you knew the great grey eyes were lying in wait behind them, either indifferent, or insolent, or wicked, as her mood might be. Her dress was of a delicate grey-ribbed material; on the little white hands flashed brave rings; indeed everything about her though quiet, as was suitable for travelling, was also rich and costly.

From her post on the rug, and from under the haughty, drooping lids, she surveyed me as critically as though I was the intruder and she the intruded upon. And as nonchalantly as possible she followed my glance to the escritoire, where I was thankful to see my papers in not so *very* great disorder—one gets to be thankful for small mercies. 'I suppose,' said she, rising to her feet with just so much haste as suited her, 'I ought to apologize for trespassing.'

'I suppose so, too,' was on my tongue's end, for not a shade of apology did she so much as affect.

'Your housekeeper warned me out of this room as if—as if there were spring-guns or infernal machines in it,' looking to some queer, outlandish models in one corner.

'Mrs. Pell had her orders undoubted, but—'

'Yes, it was her orders; but I gave mine, you see, so it does not signify.' She had a trick of pouting her lower lip, especially when she ceased speaking, and she carried her head a little back, so you may know she had not much humility about her.

It was evident I ought to be gratified; I did manage to say, 'I am glad you took my hospitality for granted.' I spoiled it though by a second dubious glance towards my papers. 'But really—I am in ignorance—I have not the honour of an acquaintance. Is there not some mistake?' For who my visitor was I had not the faintest idea, and she spoke as though I ought to know her.

'Oh, I thought your housekeeper would have told you,' her tone on the instant more distant, and less patronizing. 'You *are* Mr. Gurnel Duke, are you not?' A doubt momentarily troubling her. 'I am Miss Duke. I have surprised you!'

'Pardon me, I still require some enlightenment. But there can be but one Miss Duke, I imagine.' And I held out my hand in somewhat tardy welcome. 'My cousin, I presume—Mr. Edmund Duke's daughter.' The slight forward inclination of her head confirmed me.

'And you are Gurnel Duke. Ah, I was sure I should find it so. Directly the porter spoke I guessed it. It is quite by accident I find myself here. Now you tell me what I am to do'—she had quite returned to her first condescension. 'I have never been in this part of England before—but your housekeeper said something about your lunch. Hadn't you better order it in?—I really could eat some.'

'Well,' thought I, 'some persons' adaptation to circumstances is something remarkable.'

'And Baker,' added she, as I went to obey her behests; 'do see that your housekeeper makes her comfortable.'

'And who's Baker?' I asked, more and more in a maze.

'Oh, you will sympathize with Baker; she's in such distress of mind; in as solemn a voice, but a spice of girlish glee in her eyes over the dismay that struggled with my desire to be hospitable. For, what this invasion portended I had as yet no knowledge. 'Yes, and Baker's comfort is of as much consequence as mine, please.'

I found Baker a rigid-looking duenna whom, doubtless, her mis-

tress could twist round her fingers—by token of her very rigidity. She was installed in the room in which I *ordinarily* received my own visitors.

'About my being here,' said my cousin, on my return. 'I am on my way to my brother's at Steeple Audley. Of course I should have taken the line by Audleybury, and then Steeple Audley—'

'Your brother's, Miss Duke, at Steeple Audley?'

'Don't you know? Frank has bought the Park estate, and he is going to live there principally. I shall be with him a great deal. Well, at Lipswich Junction, a stupid porter put us into a wrong train, and we did not find it out until we were told to leave the carriage at Cumberley—here. It does not go further, you know. They would have posted us on, but there isn't a horse in the town can go the distance—they are all lame, I think they said.'

'And it is eight-and-twenty miles.'

'Yes. So there they stood, staring at me and each other, until one remarked that there was a Mr. Duke in the town—they had heard my name a dozen times, only it took that time, you see, to dawn on them. I was sure, directly. I asked your Christian name. That no one knew. You were Mr. Duke. Were you a schoolmaster? Yes. And then I asked for a fly, and came straight here. You see I was so sure. I know all about you, although you don't know *me* at all.' The air is indescribable. I might be one of the common herd, she did not affirm it; but the 'me' was a grand assertion. You must not think that in this or anything else she was pert or fast. She had nothing of that about her. It was only that she had a low, gentle voice, and a simple, naïve way of saying the most arrogant things. She had also her airy moods and phases of clear, bright, sunshiny laughter; sometimes pungent but always pure. Yes, I got to know them all well.

'I don't see that you can get to Steeple Audley to-day.'

'I don't see that I can. Won't Frank be in terror! And there's no telegraph after Parnham. Dear me, what a stupid place this Cumberley must be! The people said I could get to Audleybury by going back to Lipswich. But then I shouldn't reach Steeple Audley until two hours after dark, and Frank would not allow that.'

'It is a fifty miles' *détour* besides. You *could* go direct from here to Audleybury about seven; but that is even more into the dark.'

'Won't Frank be anxious indeed?'

'It seems to me, Miss Duke, there are two things you want done,' said I, calling the roll of the enemy's force before mustering my own—'Your brother's anxiety relieved, and yourself lodged suitably?' She nodded attentively from her chair. 'Letting Mr. Duke know—that's no great difficulty. Send a message for the guard to put on the wires at Parnham—a train goes that way in little over an hour. Lodgings are not so easy. I have a plan—I will ask some friends of mine, the Frekestons. It could not be nicer than that you should go there. I don't know if Mr. and Mrs. Frekeston are returned from London yet. Well, if not, I must ask the other ladies of the family—that is, of course, if it meets your approval.'

'Yes, yes; you have arranged just what is best,' she said, in grave thanks, with the air of conferring a favour in accepting service. (I am trying to be a faithful describer of all this: how far I succeed I cannot tell.) The spirit of her thanks—her unhesitating reliance on my judgment of what was fitting for her—and the happy fearlessness which had been her chief security, I liked best in her. For, as Edmund Duke's daughter—I will be honest—her very apparent ease of circumstance, her beauty even, were a provocation and an offence to me. I did not know until I saw her that I had been jealous that Edmund Duke's family had been preferred before me. One cannot well forestall these jealousies, yet it is one's own fault if their springing life be not cut short. And—I will be honest to myself too—as

soon as it showed itself above ground I called my envy by its own ugly name and disowned it. But these things are not done in a moment, and in doing are apt to make one ungracious.

'Cumberley House—Mr. Frekeston's place,' I continued, half in explanation, half in deliberation, 'is a mile out of the town. But the bank—I'll go there; that's no more than five minutes' walk. If he has been there any time to-day, he'll be there now. When I have seen him I will go to Cumberley House, and speak to Mrs. Frekeston herself. Will that do for the message?' handing her what I had been writing meanwhile. 'Miss Duke to Francis Duke, Steeple Audley Park. Put into wrong train at Lipswich; brought on to Cumberley. Met Mr. Gurnel Duke; am going for the night to Mr. Frekeston's.'—'Stay, I'll add banker, because Mr. Duke will probably know the firm. They have a branch at Audleybury. Here comes luncheon.'

'And we can sit down to it with a clear conscience, can we not?' said she, smiling. 'Thank you, it all does nicely. Exactly one of my scrapes, Frank will say. But I always get out of them, you know.'

With her wide affirming eyes, quickly arched brows, head a little aside, hands laid one in the other, she looked like a happy, naughty child—happy in her immunity. There are so many harsh words going about the world, one ought to be glad for the little head on which they fell not at all, or so lightly as to be tossed off as lightly.

Then we occupied ourselves with luncheon. By-and-by the girl laid down her knife and fork, took in me, the room, herself, in a glance, and showing her appreciation of the situation by a light laugh, said, 'Don't you feel honoured, Cousin Gurnel?'

'Well, Miss Duke—upon consideration—can't say I do.' I was rather grim in my answer, between two moods, remember.

Out came the pouting lip. 'And for me to be at the trouble. But I thought you did look a miser over your compliments.' One could not

be sure whether she were laughing at me or herself.

Soon I went on my errand. When I returned, which was not for three hours, I found quite a splendour of candles in the room, the music strewn over the piano, and half-a-dozen books on the table beside the young lady, herself buried in the depths of my luxurious easy-chair. All as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Yes, the most natural thing in the world. It did not so strike me at the time, but I received it on my mind, a negative ready to furnish any number of impressions when I had the leisure. The effect was heightened by the exceptional character of the room. Now this one room in the house was to me *my* room in the same sense that, as I have said, the work I had in the morning been engaged on was to me *my* work. Books from ceiling to floor on two sides; a piano and old carved furniture on another side; strange models in one corner; bronzes and busts here and there; on the wall some choice prints and one or two good oil-paintings—not purchased out of my own means, nor, indeed, to be purchased out of them: gifts at different times from my friends, Lord and Lady Uxford; many of them once their dear son's property. And my room might have been the library in their mansion, and the girl might have been—something more than a chance visitor.

I could report the transmission of the message, and a favourable answer from the Frekestons. 'In a quarter of an hour, Miss Duke, Mr. Frekeston's carriage will be round for you.'

'In a quarter of an hour, you say? They are very kind. I hope they are not too much inconveniencing themselves.'

Problem presenting itself to me—Consideration can be shown *some* people; is it to be resented?

'They seemed only too pleased,' I assured her. 'Mr. Frekeston himself is coming for you. And Mrs. Frekeston sent a special message that you were not to trouble yourself, she would provide anything you needed.' So her affairs

arranged, she subsided into the depths of her chair.

I, standing on the rug before the fire, subsided into a reverie having to-day's events for its subject; not attempting their arrangement, taking up one, and the next moment, as fancy dictated, laying it down for another—our wont with recent experiences yet in the rough.

'You might be my brother there,' she said, suddenly breaking the silence. 'Only you are two sizes bigger, and he's not strong-looking. You are very like him.'

'A tremendous piece of impertinence on my part, isn't it now, Miss Duke?' An answer springing from the particular recollection at that precise moment occupying my mind.

The girl found me out in a moment. I quite deserved the lazy enjoyment in her eyes. Yet I must say for myself that these bubbles of jealousy in coming to the surface were dispersing themselves. I contrived to be more agreeable with my next words.

'This brother of yours, this Frank, which is he? I know so little of you, as you say.'

'Oh, Frank is the eldest. At least—well, Frances, my married sister, is older, but he's the eldest of the boys. Then comes Heriot; he's in India.'

'Heriot,—well, I do very much hope he does credit to the name,' I said, slipping back into my captious mood.

She looked full at me with a new kind of gravity on her face. 'I should hope so,' she answered, simply and yet spiritedly. 'My father was very fond of mamma, and it is her family name. And I am Maud, because it was her second name. It seems very nice to me. I like it should be so.'

I felt rebuked and told her so, and why. It appeared to afford her immense amusement.

'Don't you know, Mr. Duke,' she said, in her indolently saucy way—she was never prettier than when she was impertinent—'it is as dangerous nowadays to wear one's conscience on one's sleeve as it is to wear one's heart?'

'These Frekeston people?' she asked by and by. 'What sort are they?'

'What sort? Is it a directory definition you want?' I began to have an ear for her malice afar off. 'I told you—bankers. A census definition, perhaps, though? Mr. and Mrs. Frekeston, the other side of forty; Jane and Mary Frekeston, eighteen and twenty respectively. The sons don't form part of the household; one is in the branch bank at Audleybury, the other's in the Indian army. Or will a society definition suffice?—Give a sufficiency of dinner-parties, a great many pleasant evening-parties, once a year a grand ball—and know the county people.'

'You are giving yourself an infinity of trouble,' she quietly said, but with a flash from under the lashes. 'I only want to know if I shall have to cut them.'

She could not put me down quite as at first. 'Then for my final definition, Miss Duke—they are my very intimate friends.'

'It wouldn't do at all to cut you,' laughed she, gaily. 'You are such fun.' Which was a curious way of putting it, to say the least, for my dignity.

Just then Mr. Frekeston's carriage drove up. I was a little anxious as to how she would choose to behave, but on her introduction she thanked him with such pretty earnestness for the trouble he was giving himself, she even brought him quite out of his customary reserve. He took it for granted I should accompany them, but I declined, and when pressed for my reasons, adduced my work. 'I had this day in store for weeks, and now, if I let it slip, I should have it on my conscience as many more weeks.'

'Your conscience again, Mr. Duke,' said she, in a railing tone, with a suspicion of pique. For the proudest woman in the world cannot, I have seen, overlook—that is, cannot utterly despise—the very humblest man in the world if he will not at her gesture of bidding lie down for her to put her foot on his neck.

It says something for my persistent industry that in five minutes I was seated before my papers, that I could postpone the consideration of my singular day until my after-dinner pipe. But it was not to be a routine day.

You know the precious document of which I had by me no duplicate; search where I would I could not find it. I called in Mrs. Pell—I was no more successful. 'Miss Duke put the papers aside because as I was afraid. But,' it was my old housekeeper's opinion, 'Miss be a young lady as is more careful than she look for to be, or want to look for to be.' Small comfort! Yet positive loss was too grave a disaster to contemplate: in spite of our ineffectual search, my mind went no further than accidental displacement until Mrs. Pell suggested that 'Miss Duke lit the candles, sir.' The inference was too horrifying. I simply could not be such a spendthrift of my peace as to think about it before it was a certainty. I had my horse saddled, and I galloped down to Cumberley House. The family were assembled in the drawing-room in readiness for dinner; my little cousin, the centre of the group, and yet not giving herself airs as I half expected. 'That's right, Duke,' said Frekeston, pleasantly. 'I call it an act of pure friendship to come on second thoughts.'

'More than my due, then,' I replied. 'I only want a word with my cousin. It's stupid of me to have disturbed you all. I might have sent word up'—(for I began to hope my haste and perturbation might be overdone—the paper would surely turn up). 'I suppose, Miss Duke, you only laid my papers aside—you didn't take any?'

'Take any? oh no' (as though to say 'What a question!') 'Mr. Duke's attention, Mr. Frekeston, was divided between me and some papers all the afternoon. Stay—I gave Baker something to light the candles.'

'What is it, Duke? not that synopsis?' asked Mr. Frekeston, interpreting my anxious face.

'Yes,' said I, sharply.

'Rather a large expenditure of paper for a few candles. Are not you mistaken?'

'Baker could not light them easily,' volunteered Miss Duke. 'It was not much I gave her,' she carelessly added; 'only some paper scrawled over this way,' and she drew a figure or two after the fashion of a mathematical problem.

Some evidence is conviction. 'I must be going home,' I said. Instead, I sat down stupidly in the nearest chair.

'It is a great loss, I fear,' began Mrs. Frekeston. One knows when one's voice falls on dull ears, and she ventured no further. 'It is a bad thing, Duke,' began Mr. Frekeston, and ventured no further. The girls moved uneasily, and the doer of it all sat still at the table making no sign of regret.

At the first I was positively stupefied by the greatness and completeness of my loss, and my coming round was as the agony of one recovering from a swoon. Who should measure the extent? it was mockery for any to pretend to do it. Yesterday rich and powerful, able to move men—yes, I know now how I had loved power—to-day, beggared of the product of my life. No one knew, could know the exhaustive process it had been—the building up of that theory which was in itself so difficult, and the practice of which would, I was persuaded, and had succeeded in persuading Mr. Frekeston, be so easy and applicable.

No one knew; not Mr. Frekeston, when he said, 'Pluck up courage, Duke. You have done it once, do it again.'

'It's easy talking,' I answered, in a hard, dull voice. 'You mean kindly, but you don't know. It is all gone from me,' using the gesture of blindness, 'all, as though it never had been. What was full of knowledge is now full of emptiness.' I had meant to master my dejection until I reached home, and now to have to justify it was a hard aggravation.

'Don't lose heart in yourself, Duke,' persisted Frekeston, with increasing emphasis. 'It is enough that you have done it once. Draw

upon me to any amount you like; I shall not feel any anxiety. I believe in you, so surely you can believe in yourself.'

'It is so easy talking. It can't be done twice. I have spent two thousand pounds, but that is little—I would not hesitate to come to you for that. But it is this four years of my life. I shall never have another four years like them. I could work then with possible failure before me, but I can't do it again.' And I, too, grew more forcible and emphatic. 'You don't know what it is to fasten on a problem and force it to resolve itself. Of course I ought to have kept my notes. Have you not told me so a hundred times? But it is over now.' And with a gloomy face I stood up to leave.

But what Mr. Frekeston could not effect *she* could and did.

Rising and speaking in a quick, vivid, passionate voice, 'You are not generous, Mr. Duke, at all. It is I who have done this, and it is I who ought to make amends. I know it—you take care that I should. And yet you take care I should know I can do nothing. You are not generous.'

'It is you who ought to make amends?' I repeated after her, half concurrent.

Something quite involuntary in my manner as I watched and wondered at her made her turn scarlet and sit quietly down. I had had a momentary insight, and we were no longer strangers. I felt that we had come into that immediate personal contact, collision, affinity, whatever you please to call it, which persons frequently pass days, weeks, even years, even all their life, in each other's society without experiencing. The sensation was peculiar.

'Then it is you who *shall* make amends, Miss Duke,' I said, but I had not been quick to speak. 'It is at your bidding I recommence my work, and, please God, I will succeed. It is not the first time I might have despaired.' The Frekestons might put this down amongst gallant speeches, meant almost to mean nothing; but she and I knew how in earnest I was.

I went home to dinner after this,

and after dinner I smoked furiously. At first, that is, for by and by my pipe went out for lack of tending. Two years—I could not hope to get up my lost ground in less time. How short two years would be for my work, how long for her life. She would see any number of people; indeed that would be her occupation. She would meet her brother's friends, men of rank, wealth, talent. All of them able to offer her one or other of these, some able to offer all. It would be strange if in two years' time none could persuade her to give herself in priceless gift. I looked about my room; it had a new sense for me that would never leave it. There, a year ago, when in waiting for the northern express at Cumberley I sought out the old place. Always there would be the flutter of her wings about it; the sweet, beautiful creature who for a brief space in her flight had rested with me. And two years. I am not writing now as I wrote two pages back, and I seek to write as I felt. You will say I was in love. Perhaps I was, perhaps I was not; only I know I should have laughed at the notion then. Yet I told myself I could have been as worthy of her every whit as any. I did not thank God then that I could so tell myself, for I was bitter and rebellious. When she had spoken, in

that rare discord of resentment and penitence, of making amends, I had thought it a glimpse of a fair, frank, genuine nature. Well, I don't know that we ought to blame others. It is we who deceive ourselves often when we brand somebody else dissembler.

At length, remembering what I had bound myself to do for her, I got my papers around me, and by a mechanical act of memory did succeed in reproducing here and there a few lines of the argument, although none of the keystones of the structure. But seeing I had done something I took courage.

However, next morning the trouble was heavy on me again. About ten the carriage came round on its way to the station. I went out, and she thanked me and bade me a stiff good-bye—no one word of regret. It might be she was too proud to show how she felt the unintentional injury and her inability to atone, but I could not think it. I was utterly sore and proud and restive. Nothing went right that day; the boys seemed by instinct to know their master was out of tune. Certain little disagreeables of my situation, that at other times I could smile at, magnified themselves. At night, when Frekeston called, I said I should resign.

(To be continued.)

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

AMERICAN AND OTHER TRAVEL.

AT present works of travel are issuing from the press in considerable profusion, more so, perhaps, than will be the case in any other period of the year. There is a great deal in the *suave mari magno* principle of Lucretius, and in warm winter rooms, sheltered from the rough breath of heaven, it is pleasant to enjoy at second-hand the perils and labours of those who have partaken of very hard lines in great measure for our cosy intellectual en-

joyment. We accept all their facts with great cheerfulness, and have only a very languid desire to verify them in our own experience. Of course the Peripatetic has a very natural desire to walk about, but he prefers to do so within the limits of civilization, and has no abnormal desire for travel in barbaric regions. There is a very obvious classification in works of travel; namely, those which consist of genuine travel in regions unknown or only partially

explored, and those which, according to the literary fashion of the day, persist in describing localities which have been repeatedly described already. The fashionable taste for travel is setting very strongly in the direction of America, and according to the intrepidity and enterprise of travellers, their travels may belong either to the one class or to the other. There certainly appears to be a growing taste for travelling in America among those young noblemen and gentlemen who are looking forward to political life. It is thought that there is an increasing tendency towards Americanizing all free institutions, and at the present time America is more fertile than any other country in the social and political problems which the human race is working out. Those who have a love of danger and adventure may gratify it at any time by penetrating beyond the circles of luxurious civilization, of twenty dishes at breakfast and ice drinks to correspond, to any of the outlying regions, where the revolver is an active force, and scalping is still regarded as a conservative institution.

Let us first look, therefore, at American travel. Two books come before us which are as violent contrasts as can be well conceived.* We remember reading in our youth a story which was called 'Eyes and no Eyes.' Two lads take a country walk. They come home, and are examined about their excursion. The good boy has seen all sorts of delightful things, but the careless boy has seen nothing that is worth the seeing. Now this is just the difference between Mr. Zinke and Mr. Rose. Mr. Zinke has eyes, and Mr. Rose hasn't. Mr. Zinke is overflowing with narrative, with discussion, with anticipation; Mr. Rose shakes his head and reports that all is barren from Dan to Beersheba. There is a corresponding difference in their styles. Mr. Zinke's book is, in the

happiest sense, table talk. The style is perfect of its kind. He assumes that there is an immense amount of information common to himself and to his readers, and talks as a brilliant man of the world, with educated habits of observation and reflection, would talk when he would wish to talk his best. Mr. Rose's book is a succession of brief, jerky sentences, and may be best described as a continuous grumble. He is better known to the public as 'Arthur Sketchley,' and though we have not seen his 'Entertainment,' we will hope that 'Arthur Sketchley' is more amusing company than George Rose, M.A. The only *raison d'être* of his work seems to be this—that at a time when the admiration of American institutions is in some directions carried to excess, his steady, unvarying depreciation of them may in some degree act as a corrective. We add that when Mr. Zinke and Mr. Rose both agree in taking the same view of any matter, there can be no difficulty about accepting their united testimony.

Mr. Zinke gratefully dedicates his book to his wife, 'who, not being able to go, urged me not to lose, from consideration for her, an opportunity for carrying out a long-cherished wish to visit the United States of America.' We hold up this bright, conjugal example for imitation, and pass on. Mr. Zinke travelled in the winter, but we cannot endorse his advice that we should all do best to travel in the winter. It is not given to every man to rise superior to pulmonary considerations. Mr. Zinke and Mr. Rose both went to hear the great Beecher preach. Their respective accounts are very consistent. Mr. Rose heard him preach about the Prodigal Son, which was called a religious novel, and treated in a comic fashion. Mr. Zinke heard him talk about tobacco-smoking, 'a filthy, beastly habit.' Both observers record that the reverend gentleman's remarks were received with much applause and repeated bursts of laughter. Both of them also record frightful things about the immorality of New York. Perhaps the

* 'Last Winter in the United States, being Table Talk,' &c. By F. Barham Zinke, Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty. Murray.

'The Great Country; or, Impressions of America.' By George Rose, M.A. Tinsley.

style of morality has something to do with the style of religious instruction. Mr. Zinke discusses the progressiveness and future of America with much vigour and insight, and in a higher vein than Mr. Rose ever attains. Both agree in reporting an absence of any senatorial eloquence at Washington. Mr. Zinke urges that in dealing with America the simplest style of diplomacy, or rather no diplomacy at all, is necessary, and that the Americans are the most reasonable and teachable kind of people in the world. We are afraid that this is not exactly Mr. Rose's point of view. Mr. Zinke notes that American cities are equivalent to European capitals; American forests very like European forests, mainly pine and oak. Mr. Zinke goes into ecstasies over the hotel varieties of living; Mr. Rose pronounces everything cold, sodden, and disgusting. Mr. Zinke prefers the American oyster to the European as 'more tender, and certainly of a more delicate flavour;' Mr. Rose pronounces that they are 'dirty, unsightly, pale, sickly, and very flavourless.' Having given these specimens of variety of opinion, we shall let each very briefly tell us something more of his own story.

Mr. Zinke thinks that the vast American empire may hold together. Things are not now what they once were. A few wires overhead, a few bars of iron on the level ground, and everything is changed. He believes that it is the destiny of the nigger to die out, just as the Red Indian is dying out. 'Miscegenation' doesn't answer. The Americans will all melt into an homogeneous people. Free labour, backed by machinery, is to restore the desert of the South. It will be seen that he speaks hopefully of the Americans, though with a fair proportion of sincere fault-finding. Mr. Zinke writes with much moderation on the great and difficult subject of the day—the reconstruction of the South, and the treatment by the North of the conquered provinces. Our author gave great attention to schools. Mr. Bright was once very angry with university men, because,

he said, they did not know where Chicago is. Mr. Zinke reports that in the schools of the United States American geography is well known, but the geography of the rest of the world is almost entirely ignored. Although common schools abound, yet in great cities of Chicago it is found almost impossible to bring the children of an ignorant, vicious population to school—a great argument for the compulsory scheme. All the travellers discuss Chicago now, so that the modern Porkopolis runs no danger of having its merits overlooked. In this, the youngest of cities, the greatest ornament of the shores of Lake Michigan, there are numbers of persons who remember the first brick house. It is certainly a wonderful district, standing between the boundless lake and the boundless prairie, by the great navigable watercourse of the Missouri, and on the line of that grandest railway in the world, which unites the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The great city of Chicago, so to speak, is resting on the back of a cured pig. 'Here are more than 200,000 souls maintained in life by breeding, fattening, killing, salting, packing, and exporting incredible millions of pigs. The old and the young, the schools and the churches, the politicians and the men of science of this great city are all created out of pig. Take away the pigs, and they all disappear; double the pigs, and they are all doubled.' To such an extent do they apply machinery to butchers' work, that a stream of pigs will enter a front door grunting, and a few minutes after issue through the opposite door ready packed for exportation in the three forms of ham, bacon, and lard. He holds that the prairie is only forest cleared by fire. On the whole Mr. Zinke reports cheerfully of America, and even approves of Lynch law as a great institution. The Americans are more dignified, speak a purer English, have a more intellectual type of countenance than the corresponding classes in England. It would be a good thing if, just as we exchange our commodities among nations, so we could exchange good social customs—if

the English could only have the cheap, cool drinks of Americans, and if the Americans would only eat in the leisurely fashion of the English. Here is a custom which our new Commissioner of Police might apply. In every case of infectious illness a paper is affixed to a door of the house, stating the fact. Mr. Zincke strongly recommends his friends to do their sporting in the Rocky Mountains instead of renting moors in Scotland. So much for one of the most pleasant and suggestive books which it has been our good fortune to read for a long time.

Mr. Rose declares that the South is held by Congress just as Italy was held by Austria. While the greatest sympathy is expressed for the negro, the use of strychnine is suggested for the Red Indian. He found a considerable amount of argument in favour of the Repudiation doctrine. 'I want to know,' said a Yankee, 'what is any man to do, when all his money's gone, but to bust? and that's what you'll do some day in that used-up Old Country of yours, that you are always blowing about, where, thank God, I was not born, as is about effete, and that's a fact.' Mr. Rose was repeatedly informed that he had 'a very English accent,' which he ascribes to the fact that he did not whine, or speak through his throat. But his book is incurably marred by his prejudice. He gives, in an appendix, a very interesting account of an Hospital for Inebriates; but, though this institution may be chiefly essential to America, it might be advantageously added to the 'effete' civilization of our own country.

Another very remarkable work of travel deals with America.* Mr. Dilke, the young member for Chelsea, has written a work of philosophical travel which, in many respects, reminds us of De Tocqueville. He followed the English tongue round the world, and truly says, that 'if two small islands are by courtesy styled "Great," Ame-

* 'Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-Speaking Countries during 1866 and 1867.' By Charles Wentworth Dilke. Two vols. Macmillan.

rica, Australia, India must form a Greater Britain.' He, too, has much to say about America. He points out how America is more and more becoming denationalised. New York has become an Irish city. Philadelphia is a German. In Boston only one birth in four is American. In the empire city the Irish are beating down the English just as the English have also beaten down the Dutch. It is not impossible that when there has been a still greater immigration of Irish, Americans may be found who will embark capital and energy in Ireland. New England is great, but it is becoming infinitely dwarfed in the progress of American extension. 'To New England is chiefly due the making of America a godly nation. Thoroughly God-fearing states are not so common that we can afford to despise them when found.' Protectionism is the political faith in America. The South is now virtually abandoned to the niggers and 'mean whites.' Mr. Dilke's chapter on the Pacific railroad and the corresponding railways in British territory opens up an infinite amount of conjecture on the future commerce and destiny of the world. Many are the interesting facts which he tells us of the boundless West. Leavenworth struggles to be the capital of the West. It claims to be so healthy that when it lately became necessary to 'inaugurate' the new graveyard, they 'had to shoot a man on purpose.' He went to Utah, and discusses Mormonism in a very dispassionate—a too dispassionate—spirit. It is wonderful how the educated, sad-eyed Mormon ladies can consent to polygamy when escape from Utah is perfectly open to them.

But Mr. Dilke, as befits an aspiring politician, mainly devotes his strength to countries under British sway, and his labours will doubtless bear good fruit in the course of time. On some occasions we distrust his judgment, but we always think highly of the accuracy of his observations and their intelligence and honesty. He strongly leans to the idea that we should leave Canada to herself, and allow her, if she will, to become Republican. 'The true

moral of America,' he philosophises as he leaves her shores, 'is the vigour of the English race—the defeat of the cheaper by the dearer peoples, the victory of the man whose food costs four shillings a day over the man whose food costs fourpence.' From the old Spanish city of Panama he steams across to New Zealand, touching at Pitcairn island, a voyage of some seven thousand miles. Many of the Pitcairn islanders who had been transplanted to Norfolk Island had found their way back to their old abode. Pitcairn is now the solitary British post on the frontier of the Polynesian group as annexed by France. Then he came to the new gold-fields of New Zealand. There are good roads about the 'diggins,' made by convicts and prisoners generally—another hint for the old country. Mr. Dilke holds that the Maories were original Malays driven from the peninsula and the Polynesian archipelago, and now in gradual course of extirpation. They are a tiger-like race, and 'it is in the blood, not to be drawn out of it by a few years of playing at Christianity.' They may be savages, but they are more than a match for us in irregular warfare. Still they say of themselves 'We are gone, like the *moa*.' Mr. Dilke by no means endorses the prophecy that New Zealand will be the Britain of the South. He thinks that the position will rather be taken by Japan or Vancouver. Australia he pronounces altogether distinct and dissimilar to New Zealand. It was very hot weather at the beginning of a new year in Australia. The people of Victoria, to his eye, appear to absorb the vigour and prosperity of Australia. He well observes that the statistics of young countries 'compare the profits of manufactures with those of commerce, and pit against each other the power of race against race.' Mr. Dilke thinks that an extreme interest belongs to the political condition of Victoria, as mirroring the future condition of England, at a time when it shall have made many further steps towards democracy without becoming com-

pletely democratic. Mr. Dilke takes a strangely democratic view of things, but he allows its enormous drawbacks to be clearly seen. Democracy is no friend to free trade, neither does it improve the condition of women. He does not take a hopeful view of Tasmania, and draws a frightful picture of the horrors of the old transportation. He believes that the effect of the system will for years be a blight on the prospects of these colonies. The existence of an enormous Chinese population flooding the labour-market is a curious problem. Mr. Dilke thinks that England ought entirely to readjust her relations with Australia, or to have a separation from her, and, in any case, to recall her troops. From Australia he went on to Ceylon, meeting an American missionary who called himself 'a journeyman soul-saver,' and then on to India, 'the India hated and dreaded by our troops—by day a blazing, deadly heat and sun, at night a still more deadly fog—a hot, white fog.' He gives an amusing account of the Indian census. There was no false shame about the people in avowing their pursuits. In Allahabad, 974 people described themselves as 'low blackguards,' 35 as 'men who beg with threats of violence,' 25 as 'hereditary robbers,' 479,025 as 'beggars,' 29 as 'howlers at funerals,' and 6,372 as 'poets.' There is much that is very instructive and suggestive in Mr. Dilke's work, though at times we dislike his opinions greatly. He is too much given to hostile criticism towards Providence and his country. He calls the bounteous banana 'devil's fruit,' and speaks of the position of the two islands of New Zealand as an evil arrangement; he underrates his countrymen in the east; he believes that in the west British Columbia is bound very soon to become American; he is throughout too revolutionary and democratic. But his narratives are full of graphic interest, and it is not a young writer, however promising, who can excel both in the liveliness of his description and in the wisdom of his cogitations.

We now pass to a recent work of travel in South America. Mr. Hutchinson's work on the Paraná,* or, to speak more popularly, the river Plate, in the midst of a great mass of historical and political dissertation, has a thin thread of travel and adventure. The word means 'resembling the sea.' The other name, 'river of silver,' was given by Cabot because he here procured by barter a good deal of silver from the natives. Mr. Hutchinson can say, and tries to fire his readers with a like noble ambition, 'I've crossed the Cordilleras of the South American Andes and shot a condor.' We have, however, very rarely read a work of travel written by a man who knows the country so thoroughly, with so small an admixture of what is generally interesting. We are told a good deal about the native Indians, their manners and customs, concerning which it will only be necessary to quote the remark that their customs are barbarous, and as for their manners they haven't any. Twins are invariably put to death, as being an aberration from the normal order. They worship the tiger, or rather the jaguar. The husband never goes into mourning for his wife, but if a father dies, his grown-up daughters are shut naked in a dark room, and have bits of flesh nipped out of their legs and arms. Thus much as specimens of the manners. He mentions that the Patagonians have very small feet, whereas the meaning of the name Magellan gave them is 'large clumsy foot.' He gives us a sketch of Monte Video, and of the carnival season there, and discusses the economic question, how the superabundant beef of South America, by Liebig's or any other method, may be utilized for our own superabundant population. Mr. Hutchinson's work has certainly a good deal of information, but it is a very dead-lively performance.

A scientific American gentleman has just published in this country

* The Paraná: with Incidents of the Paraguayan War, with South American Recollections, from 1861 to 1868.' By Thomas T. Hutchinson. Edward Stanford.

a work of travel of very genuine and remarkable interest.* Mr. Bickmore is a conchologist, and he was sent out to Amboyua to re-collect the shells mentioned in Rumphius's 'Rariteit Kamer.' Extraordinary facilities were given to him by the authorities of 'the Netherlands India,' and he not only amply fulfilled his primary object, but has gathered up a thick volume of his experiences, and has ample materials for at least one other volume besides. His volume has a fair share of that sensationalism which is now invading province after province of literature; which having conquered fiction is now extending itself to science and to travel. We have accounts of volcanoes, pirates, cannibals, serpents, marriage, murder, hairbreadth escapes, and so on, with pictures to match. And yet Mr. Bickmore is a genuine man of science; one who could no doubt be learned enough to a circle of esoteric listeners, but who condescends to recount those marvels to suit weaker brethren of the book-buying species. The brilliant archipelago is a splendid empire, worth millions and millions to the Dutch, and it all belonged to ourselves until we were foolish enough to restore it to the Dutch at the end of the Napoleonic wars. We have only got Singapore left, and we may add Sarawak; both of them, happily, in a flourishing condition. To drive headlong on the brink of a precipice, to dodge about a volcano, to traverse a swinging bridge of rattan over a chasm, to be wrecked on a coral reef, to live an exciting life among earthquakes, to be tortured by bloodsuckers, to have a prolonged duel with a python, are incidents in the career of Mr. Bickmore, and alternate pleasingly with his shells and his descriptions of the flora and fauna of these islands. Mr. Bickmore has certainly done his best to season salutary instruction with the palatable condiment of adventure.

We certainly wonder what prin-

* 'Travels in the East India Archipelago.' By Albert S. Bickmore, M.A. Murray.

ciple it is in the human mind which makes people delight in reading descriptions of things with which they are perfectly familiar, or which they have heard described a hundred times before. We suppose that we should best describe it as 'realism,' the same sort of thing that makes a theatrical audience go wild when they see a real Hansom on the stage, or a skilful imitation of a train full of passengers. Now here is the Rev. Alfred Charles Smith positively adding to our literature another work on Nile travel,* a subject which has been treated already by dozens of writers in a way exhaustive to the subject and exhausting to the reader. We have had some difficulty in satisfying our mind as to what may be the 'final cause' in the nature of things of Mr. Smith's publication. We think, however, that we have found a little niche of their own for Mr. Smith's volumes. People go out to the Nile much oftener than they used to do. The doctors very commonly send out patients there for the winter. The dry air is beneficial to those who do not mind having their juices dried up by the excessive sunshine. Mr. Smith, by the way, is a regular salamander, and exults in heat. He went out for his health, and we are glad to hear that his health was all the better. For such people, under such conditions, Mr. Smith's work is likely to prove very useful. It abounds in judicious hints. Better send out a lot of books from Southampton to Alexandria; it will not cost much, and you will want them all on your 'dahabeah,' or Nile boat; better get up all you can about the Coptic church; better go in heavy for shooting, and by all means keep the skins; better hire the dragoman and the boat separately; better not flog the Arab sailors too much—these and similar hints will have a practical value to the intending tourist. The style is pleasant and readable, and to those unversed in Ægyptology will form

an excellent introduction to a large literature.

A very pleasant volume of Spanish travel is 'La Corte.'† It is especially interesting as read in the light of the French Revolution. We have a full account of an unsuccessful *pronunciamento*, which enables us to understand in what way the last successful one was got up. We have some lively sketches of the tertulias and the pollos. The writer notes the almost insulting coldness with which Queen Isabella used to be received in her own capital. Hardly a hat would be raised, and half-jeering, half-growling remarks would be heard. There is a funny scandal of her going to a masked ball and taking an active part in the revels. Again, they tell a story about her going about once in the disguise of an officer, with a military favourite of the day, and getting into a dispute with a watchman, which ended by her striking him. The man arrested her, and she was obliged to discover herself to avoid being led off to the police station. Yet the poor queen is described as having great charm and graciousness of manner. There is a life-like description of the cholera at Madrid, and altogether the work is very well worth perusing.

A few other books may be briefly noticed. Mr. R. Arthur Arnold's 'From the Levant,' resembles Mr. Smith's work in conducting us over ground which has been uncommonly well traversed already. His description of a sojourn in old Eubœa is, however, very fresh and natural. That indefatigable traveller and writer of travels, Mr. Richard Burton, gives us his 'Highlands of Brazil.' Sir Samuel Baker, having exhausted facts, has had recourse to fiction; his 'Cast up by the Sea' is perhaps as creditable as many travels. Finally, the 'Cruise of H.M.S. Galatea' is a pleasant record where a loyal personal interest in the Duke of Edinburgh lends an additional charm to the literature of travel.

* 'The Nile and its Banks: a Journal of Travels in Egypt and Nubia,' &c. By Rev. Albert Charles Smith. Two vols. Murray.

† 'La Corte: Letters from Spain, 1863 to 1866.' By a Resident there. Saunders and Otley.

THE BYRON MEMOIRS.*

There can be but little doubt that this work was written by the Countess Guiccioli, or at least edited by her. We entertain a strong suspicion, grounded on internal evidence, that some *litterateur* has at least compiled the materials in printable order under the direction of this well-known Anglo-Italic-Gallic lady. We must say, however, that the English title is altogether erroneous and misleading. It is a pretentious title, with little or no foundation in facts, and calculated to puzzle and disappoint the reader. The title of the French work, 'Lord Byron jugé par les témoins de sa Vie,' is a perfectly legitimate title, and exactly describes the nature of the work. 'My Recollections of Lord Byron' is an illegitimate title, and gives no conception whatever of its real contents. It is simply a collection, from various sources, of all that has been written concerning Lord Byron by those who have had any personal knowledge of him. We are very far from saying that nothing has been written by the Countess Guiccioli; for we think we can detect some separate passages in which she rather indistinctly proffers some slight evidence of her own, but the amount of original matter is infinitesimally small. One reason why the work was so much expected, and why it will prove so disappointing is, that it was felt that no adequate memoirs of Lord Byron had as yet appeared. The Memoirs he himself wrote were destroyed, to the great comfort of many who would have found themselves unpleasantly immortalized, but to the permanent depreciation of his own character. His Journal was also destroyed in Greece. His Life, by Moore, is altogether inadequate. Moore was a man of essentially little mind, a man lacking in moral courage, a man who courted noble society and who would omit or modify at will, that he might not give offence; and the 'Life of Byron' is an emasculated performance,

* 'My Recollections of Lord Byron, and those of Eye-Witnesses of his Life.' Two vols. Bentley.

written rather to please the living than to do justice to the dead. The result is that any genuine 'Recollections of Lord Byron,' would be a great boon; but the simple fact is, that here we have nothing of the kind. The work, moreover, is utterly wanting in discrimination. It is one unvarying eulogium, from the first page to the last. The Countess will not even allow that he had any real defect in his foot. She has, indeed, a chapter devoted to his faults, but the chapter is very brief, and the faults are made closely to resemble virtues.

Lord Byron's intimacy with the Countess Guiccioli, though not defensible on moral grounds, was, as Macaulay says, not unproductive of good. 'At Ravenna,' writes the authoress of this book, 'he frequented all the salons where he was introduced; and at the request of Count G——, became the *cavalière servente* of the countess. According to the custom of the country, he accompanied her to assemblies or theatres or spent his evenings in her family circle.' Shelley wrote to Mrs. Shelley: 'Lord Byron has made great progress in all respects. His intimacy with the Countess G—— has been of inestimable benefit to him. A fourth part of his revenue is devoted to beneficence. He has conquered his passions, and become, what Nature meant him to be, a virtuous man.' All this select group, Byron, the obliging Count G——, the charming Countess, and the illustrious lover of Mary Godwin, seem to have constructed their own peculiar theory of virtue. When we think of the Byronic viciousness, we are cut short by the Countess's terse remark, 'Lord Byron has no vices.' The lady does not think it necessary to discuss his habits of intoxication. There are just one or two passages which may be called autobiographic. Byron said that if he could have married the Countess, he might have secured the happiness he had missed in this world and was never likely to regain. 'Some days before setting out for Genoa, while walking in the garden with the Countess G——, he went into a retrospective view of his

mode of life in England. She, on hearing how he passed his time in London, perceiving what an animated existence it was, so full of variety and occupation, showed some fears lest his stay in Italy, leading such a peaceful, retired, concentrated sort of life, away from the political arena, presented by his own country, might entail too great a sacrifice offered on the altar of affection. "Oh no," said he; "I regret nothing belonging to that great world, where all is artificial; where one cannot live to oneself; where one is obliged to be too much occupied with what others think, and too little with what we ought to think ourselves. What should I have done there? Made some opposition speeches in the House of Lords that would not have produced any good, since the prevailing policy is not mine. Been obliged to frequent, without pleasure or profit, society that suits me not. Have had more trouble in keeping and expressing my independent opinions. I should not have met you. . . . Ah, well! I am much better pleased to know you. What is there in the world worth a true affection? Nothing. And if I had to begin over again, I would still do what I have done." When Lord Byron thus unfolded the treasures concealed in his heart, his countenance spoke quite as much as his words.

We naturally turn with some interest to see what the Marquise de Boissy has got to say about Lord Byron's marriage. We certainly think the poor old Marquis had some reason for his Anglophobia. We never expected that the Countess would show Lady Byron, and our opinion is completely verified. To the Italian lady the English wife is naturally the most odious being who could have crept the earth. We don't mind this, for, like Dr. Johnson, we love a good hater. While Byron's quarrel with his wife has been a standing enigma of literary history, he himself truly said that the causes were too simple to be easily conjectured. He could not at this time give her all the luxuries and comforts to

which she had been accustomed. His time of meals and rest did not suit her. There was a thorough incompatibility of mind and temper. She wanted to know when her husband would give up his 'versifying habits.' She had no joy in his glory, no sympathy with his genius; too cold and conventional to understand that daring intellect and that passionate heart. The cruel silence she so persistently retained has inflicted an undying, unhealed wound on his reputation.

We should be sorry if the false impression created by the title of the English version should make us indifferent to a certain kind of merit which the work possesses. It has a full share of crudities, exaggerations, inconsequential reasonings, marred quotations, unreasoning feelings. When she says that Byron is not equalled in directions by Plato or Augustine, we have a suspicion that neither she, nor her editor, nor her translator, are qualified to appraise Plato and Augustine. We are glad that the Countess thoroughly endorses the semi-biography of Byron given by Mr. Disraeli in his 'Venetia.' It may be necessary for some to put in a warning word against the false gloss which is here given to Byron's character. The writer of these lines some time past made inquiries at that Armenian convent at Venice which Byron so much frequented, and where he was so greatly liked, and found still lingering there the deep tradition of his immorality. The value of the work consists in the analysis, which might have been deeper, of the autobiographic passages of Byron's poetry, and the accumulative evidence respecting character which has been gathered from so many sources. If we know that in some temptations he yielded, we also know that there were many which he resisted, and that he possessed many great and heroic virtues. The general impression left by Moore is, that there is a wonderful littleness of character belonging to Lord Byron, but a larger induction of testimony goes far to correct this misapprehension. The public has too much confounded Lord Byron

with his own heroes; but his own affectation, amounting frequently to positive silliness, was chiefly the cause of this. Lord Byron possessed to the full the literary ability of projecting himself into a character, and of working it out, not for the sake of self-delineation, but according to dramatic exigencies. It appears probable that even 'Don Juan' was simply an ill-judged adaptation of a bad Italian model, and that its chief aim was merely satirical on the state of letters and society. Certainly the being who in these volumes is brought before us under so many concentrated lights; who on so many occasions was so truthful, so temperate, so self-denying, so simply and deeply affectionate, so courteous, cheerful, and light-hearted, so generous, magnanimous, and heroic, is very different to the popular notion of Lord Byron at the time when outraged British decency raged most fiercely against him, and of which the tradition has lasted till the present time.

EARNEST LITERATURE.

Not many years ago, when Mr. Carlyle's writings were studied perhaps more extensively than is at present the case, 'Earnestness' was very much the fashion with intellectual, or, for the matter of that, non-intellectual young men. It was a fashionable cant. Just as in the Byronic days young men used to have withered hearts and turned-down collars, so Carlylian youth used to go about calling every stranger 'brother,' and making the valuable remark that 'life was earnest, life was real.' It was to be regretted that their hatred of sham did not extend to themselves, and that a portion of the energy with which they reformed the universe was not devoted to reforming their tailors' bills. It so happened that at this time there was almost a complete divorce between religious and secular literature. The former was represented by a few newspapers of strong ecclesiastical and political opinions, and by comparatively few books of broad sympathies and much original thought.

It was a time for pulpit literature and for popular preachers, the importance of which has been remarkably dwarfed since the diffusion of cheap literature. A sharp line of demarcation was drawn by the newspapers between the world and the church, and they almost entirely ignored the religious life of the nation.

A remarkable change has now passed over the intellectual heavens. Every ecclesiastical appointment is chronicled or criticised; the 'Times' comes out with ecclesiastical articles which they had better let alone, and will almost at any time admit a long letter from Dr. Pusey. Religious periodicals have an enormous circulation, and more publications are issued in the province of theology than in any other department of human thought. People and publications, apparently of the most secular description, will discuss, with the utmost freedom and earnestness, the deepest problems of our existence. From time to time earnest books are written, which have required laborious thought in the writing, and demand some thought in the reading. These in the best sense constitute 'earnest literature,' although the bygone slang of 'earnestness' is not in existence, and the word, with its associated mockery, is almost eliminated. A few brief words may be given to some important new works of this description, where religious subjects are treated with reference to subjects of the evident secular interest.

In the department of history we have the commencement of a bulky historical work on the English Reformation.* This is written from the strictly Anglican or High Church point of view. Those who have followed the numerous recent histories of this period will feel a little impatient at another big work, where, at the most, we can only hope for a few new readings of facts, and another arrangement of them in support of an ecclesiastical theory.

* 'The Reformation of the Church of England: its History, Principles, and Results.' By Rev. John Henry Blunt, M.A. Rivingtons.

And this is indeed the defect of the work. Mr. Blunt may fairly claim to be a genuine historian of the good old school—learned, genuine, thoughtful. He shows that the Church of England is one and the same through its ancient and modern history, and that its variations in the two periods do not imply errors in either, but must be judged on their merits. It appears to us, though, as St. Paul says, ‘we speak as a fool,’ that Mr. Blunt does not particularly care for the reformers or the Reformation. He would have liked an external and political reformation to be wrought by Wolsey, but he dislikes the Reformation as wrought successively by Wycliffe, Tyndall, and Cranmer. Mr. Blunt is stating the opinions of a great number of people which ought, perhaps, to be heard at length, but, simply on historical grounds, there are many exceptions to be taken to his argument.

In the department of church politics we have perused with great pleasure a charming little book called the ‘Rector and his Friends.’* This title rather inadequately describes the contents, for the volume deals with every subject that is keenly discussed in the religious world. It is not difficult to see where the author’s opinions really lie, and that they are of a definite and orthodox character; but he states all sides with the utmost keenness and clearness, and a candour that is as charming as it is unique. We begin to believe that a golden age of theological discussion is coming at last.

In the department of natural science we gladly welcome a new edition of Dr. Child’s ‘Benedicite.’† It has always been a matter of regret to all those who love and seek truth for her own sake that there should be so little of science in religion, and so little of religion in science. This is pre-eminently the age of natural science; and a theology that cannot place itself in harmony with

and avail itself of natural science, will have little chance of a hearing among the devoted students of science. Now Dr. Child’s work is one that bridges the supposed chasm between these two regions of intellectual life. His work has an affinity to the Bridgewater treatises and the writings of Hugh Macmillan. He is doing in natural science what such men as Hamilton, Mansel, and M’Cosh are doing in mental science. He abounds with chapters alike eloquent and devout, thoughtful and scientific.

In the department of the pulpit we have not sermons, but a book that criticizes sermons. One of the most interesting books of the kind which we have ever seen is Prebendary Jackson’s ‘Curiosities of the Pulpit.’* It is a compilation, but it is also much more than a compilation. There is a clear historical view of patristic, mediæval, and continental preaching, with many striking extracts, and some valuable criticisms. As he approaches our own time, Mr. Jackson becomes still ampler, and the reader will gather up a critical and very suggestive view of the modern pulpit. Clerics may read it, and it is to be hoped they will, for it is calculated to do them much good; but the general reader will find it a delightful book, useful to take up at an odd half-hour, useful also for constant reference. Mr. Jackson, in discussing the homely dramatic preaching of the mediæval preachers, remarks: ‘It is observable that some of the preachers of Austria and Italy still affect the style and manner of those old times, and that the listener to their discourses might imagine that one of the distressed gargoyles had become suddenly vocal, or that a statue had stepped down from its flamboyant niche and was addressing the congregation.’ Mr. Liddon, perhaps the most eloquent preacher of our day, is said to have formed his style by the long study of continental preachers. Prebendary Jackson’s venerable

* Anonymous. Bell and Daldy.

† ‘Benedicite; or, The Song of the Three Children. Being Illustrations of Power, Beneficence, and Design.’ By G. Chaplin Child, M.D. Murray.

* ‘Condition of the Pulpit and Pulpit Literature.’ By Thomas Jackson, M.A. James Hogg and Son, York Street, Covent Garden.

father, the well-known very aged minister who has been several times President of the Wesleyan Conference, and who lately gave the Church of England such an unkind cut in return to Dr. Pusey's conciliatory proposals, has made a contribution to the work.

As we have said, popular preaching is by no means now what it used to be. With the exception of a few such men as Canon Cook, Mr. Molyneux, and Mr. Stopford Brooks, London has nothing like the array of preachers which it once had. In great measure the press has taken the place, and all sides are the better in consequence. Still we believe

that the pulpit has a mission of its own, and is not the effete institution which it is represented to be, but then it must use more vigorous efforts to reflect the mind and meet the wants of the age. An appalling calculation is sometimes made of the number of sermons that are preached. A still more appalling calculation might be made of the number of dinners that are eaten. But as individuals might strongly object to go without their dinners in order to lessen the appalling average, so there is still a feeling in the British mind that objects to baulking congregations for the sake of critics.

HELP FOR THE HALT.

SURELY some of the middle-aged readers of Charles Lamb's quaint Essay on the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis must be sensible of having, during the past few years, missed a certain class of wayfarers in our streets. The thought may not previously have occurred to them, and they may not at once discover what peculiar element has so nearly disappeared from among the passengers that they meet in their daily journeys to and from the City; but a minute's reflection will remind them that it is a comparatively unusual event to encounter a cripple—more unusual still to have their sympathies excited by a cripple, either helpless or hopelessly deformed. The two or three stunted, and, as it would seem, incurable cases which have survived that part of the begging fraternity of which they are now almost the sole representatives, are happily such rare objects that they are regarded by us, perhaps unconsciously but none the less really, as anachronisms; and we are surprised that they should continue to exhibit their grotesque and terrible distortions even as a means of obtaining alms. It may, perhaps, be concluded that their deformities are now beyond surgical aid, although in some younger and similar cases restorations have taken place which

might give them some hope. However this may be, there is no reason to expect that any such objects of public pity will take their places in the future. Whether the entire confraternity of beggars be ultimately abolished by law or not, there is great probability that the twisted limbs, bent backs, and terrible contortions that were once the acknowledged excuses for mendicancy may altogether disappear from the adult population; and that deformity, even in the case of children, will be altogether an exceptional affliction capable of being promptly and effectually remedied.

It is not alone the absence from the streets of cripples who have taken up the trade of begging, however, that gives rise to this expectation. In those neighbourhoods of London inhabited by the poorer classes, deformity is far less common than it was twenty years or even ten years ago. Those who are in the habit of visiting the homes of the working community remark with gratitude that 'the poor little cripple' of the family, once so commonly regarded alike as a burden and an object of the deepest anxiety, is no longer consigned to a life of wearisome dependence. Only the culpable neglect of parents need prevent the crooked being made straight, and the poor little lan-

guishing bodies being restored to comparative 'grace and agility, by the application of means which must be called 'surgical' only in the old and grand sense of 'chirurgical,' or hand-skilfulness, since the newer and better science of healing spares the knife and saves the patient, in the vast majority of those restorative processes that make the lame to walk and the halt to dance.

The very word 'dance' at once suggests immediate reference to one of the institutions where a great proportion of these results have been effected—to a charity now some eighteen years old, where, without governor's order or letter of recommendation, the poor of the metropolis, and especially those of the Eastern and North-Eastern end of London, may apply for advice and assistance; and where every week thirty 'new cases are received and placed under the most experienced care.

That this most admirable institution should be called the City Orthopædic Hospital is, perhaps, a misfortune, since, although the mispronounceable title is very distinctive, it by no means expresses all the objects constantly attained. To say nothing of the slight orthographic and orthoëpic difficulties attendant upon the word orthopædic, and of the probability of giving it a foot too much or too little, in endeavouring to bring it into rhythmical cadence, the calamities that are every day alleviated at this hospital for the cure of deformities include wry neck, contorted face, and all the sadly various malformations of joints and limbs that can afflict humanity. It is a pitiable, yet a cheering, rather than a depressing sight, that awaits the visitor who is permitted to note the throng of patients in that old-fashioned room of the old-fashioned house to which they so often go almost hopeless and come away rejoicing. Cheering in the obvious processes of restoration that are going on—the gradual but certain conversion of the helpless to activity, the re-formation of limbs that have hitherto been powerless—it would need a long series of visits

to note fully the marvellous work that is effected there; the singular changes that come upon the faces of the little patients steadily acquiring straight, strong, and healthy bodies in place of those poor little crippled forms; the changes, too, in the looks of anxious, yearning mothers, who note the swift but gentle hands, the earnest, encouraging looks of those who will leave no effort untried until they give the means of a new life, a new future to their little ones.

Poor little Tiny Tim! We are not informed in what particular way Mr. Scrooge manifested his interest in the crippled boy after that wonderful Christmas Eve when the visions of the Goblins did their work; but as Scrooge was a shrewd old fellow, and doubtless knew as much about charitable efforts within a certain radius of the City as most people, there can be no doubt that he took him either to our hospital in Hatton Garden, or to the house of Mr. Chance or of Mr. Stevens, the surgeons of that admirable institution. It is quite certain that he was a good deal too shrewd to leave his tiny *protégée* without their aid; and though there is no record of the boy having become an in-patient, inasmuch as there is no such name as Timothy Crackitt on the books, yet the sound of so many little crutches has been heard on those broad old stairs, that a whole army of Tiny Tims have had their lives made hopeful and happy by the list of subscriptions and donations in which Scrooge doubtless figures anonymously or only under an initial. Alas! that we should have to say it! but unless a good many more Scrooges are brought under the influence of beneficent spirits, or a good many of those who have no sympathy whatever with the sentiments once held by that converted man of business are induced to help on the good work on behalf of the children whose mute appeal no pen could put in words, the beds in those upper rooms in the old house in Hatton Garden will never all be filled, though there are patient sufferers waiting, hoping, almost wearily begging for immediate aid.

From the time when the great

necessity for some such charity led to the establishment of this hospital by the Rev. Thomas Gregory, its present chairman, and the late Mr. Ralph Lindsay, it has never been able to receive more than twelve in-patients, although the premises adjoining the house could be adapted for the reception of eighty adult or juvenile sufferers, for whom permanent cure would be almost certain. As it is, fourteen thousand patients have been treated since the foundation of the charity, by the earnest co-operation of Mr. E. J. Chance and his colleague, both eminent in the profession for their knowledge of this class of cases. These patients have received constant attention, medicine, and assistance by the loan of instruments; but it has been a hard fight. So many charities, of apparently greater urgency, claim public attention,—and it would appear that people who hear of the City Orthopædic Hospital fail to realise all that its name implies; let them think of what the cure of deformity means—of what a lifetime of hopeless, helpless suffering and dependence means,—and they will discover in its appeals something that should challenge their attention. It would be a good thing for the Institution—a good thing, too, for themselves—if some of those who are just now hesitating, and judiciously hesitating, to subscribe to some societies which seem to have been misdirected, so that they rather promote pauperism than ultimately alleviate distress,—would visit the old house in Hatton Garden, on one of the ‘patients’ days,’ and see the work that may be done there. The house itself is bare and dingy and dim enough, for no money can be spared for beautifying it, but it is a grand old place for all that: keeping up some faded indications of its former state in the midst of the general upheaving that has come to the neighbourhood, and the chaos amidst which even London cabmen fail to find a clue.

Ely Place, where the gardens of the Bishop’s palace once bloomed, and whence the poor prelate—mulcted of his estate by the dancing Chancellor, who skipped into the royal

favour of Elizabeth—still claimed the privilege of gathering twenty bushels of roses every summer, will soon be obliterated. There are no strawberries to be seen anywhere near that spot, though the Duke of Gloucester sent thither for a pottle or two from the reverend borders. Even Hatton Garden itself is being invaded, just as the episcopal palace that once stood there was ruthlessly destroyed by the Hatton family. The dancing Chancellor danced into debt, and died of a broken heart; and even when his nephew and successor died, and the widow married Sir Edward Coke, there was no peace, for the estate had got into the law courts, and—what some people might think worse—into the ecclesiastical law courts by that time, and the bishops were trying to get back the inheritance of the see, and the proud Lady Hatton, who had conquered her husband and worried the life out of that great lawyer, defied the clergy, and the bench, and the bar, combined.

Can it be wondered at that the legend properly belonging to another Lady Hatton, or to some remote lady of another name in Yorkshire, was applied to this imperious dame, and that she was popularly represented as having made a compact with the Evil One, who, coming like a satanic sheriff’s officer, in the guise of a guest at a grand ball, took her at his own suit, and that with such determination not to be foiled by her vigorous resistance, as to leave her very heart behind—that portion of her anatomy being afterwards found on a spot ever since known as Bleeding Heart Yard? At any rate it was not till her death that part of the estate reverted to the see of Ely, and a rent-charge was made on the Lords Hatton, till the family had all died out. By that time everything around had changed; orchard, and pleasant rose-garden, and stately avenues, gravelled walks and fish-ponds, had given place to high, wide-staircased houses of the Georgian era; then these became deserted of the rank and fashion for which they were built, and were consigned, metaphorically, to the



Drawn by M. A. Boyd]

READY FOR THE OPERA.

owls and the bats,—practically, to the rats, and the spiders, and the cats, that prowl in such faded neighbourhoods. One after another these tenements were occupied as offices, as workshops, as places of business, and one or two of them as private residences. One of them was tenantless in 1851—the year of the Great Exhibition—the year, of all others, when a few benevolent gentlemen had their attention directed to the terrible prevalence of various kinds of deformity amongst the

children of the poor. It was determined during that year that a hospital should be established for such cases, in some place as near as possible to the City, so that it might be readily accessible to patients coming from districts where the need was greatest. It was in this way that the old house in Hatton Garden was put to a new use, and that help to the halt and the lame was found in the place once associated with the dancing Chancellor.

T. A.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.



MR. STOYLE AS 'THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.'

THE contest for supremacy in pantomime now lies, virtually, between Covent Garden and Drury Lane. The smaller 'West End' houses, with the single exception of the Lyceum, have retired from an unprofitable and utterly hopeless attempt to compete with the two great houses. Ten years ago we had pantomimes, not only at Drury Lane, but also at the Princess's, Adelphi, Haymarket, and Strand Theatres. The Princess's was a great pantomime house some fifteen years ago, when 'Harlequin Bluff King Hal,' 'Harlequin King Jamie,' and 'Harlequin Billy Taylor,' all excellent in their way, were produced under the management of the late Mr. Maddox. Little boys, in those days, dated back by the pantomimes of past years, and spoke of 'King Humming Top's' year as sporting men speak of Musjid's year, or as old Cambridge men, of Kaye's year—but they don't appear to do so now. I gather from this fact, more than from any other, that the taste for pantomime is on the decline. The fact that it has dropped out of the regular pro-

grammes of the smaller houses may be accounted for by the employment of the vastly superior stage resources of the two larger houses, and the expenditure of enormous sums upon pantomimes by their respective managers—combined causes which have had the effect of placing competition in this special department of stage amusement out of the question; but the fact that boys don't date back by the principal pantomimes of past years is, to my thinking, conclusive evidence that, notwithstanding the augmented glories of modern pantomimes, the taste for them is on the decline. A pantomime is simply a series of two or three gorgeous spectacles, at long and dreary intervals, the culminating effect being a gorgeous but utterly

senseless heaping up of lumbering masses of gilded and silvered stage machinery, picked out with inartistic patches of red and green foil, and garnished with heavy, ugly, big-kneed, red-nosed, dirty-handed women, sitting or hanging in ridiculously constrained attitudes. The nightly achievement of this trophy is only to be brought about by a long and elaborate process of stage-carpentry, which is veiled from the eyes of the audience by a tedious series of foolish 'front scenes,'—a dramatic Slough of Despond, with no Mr. Interpreter on the other side to explain the metaphorical phenomena of the gilded mystery. This nuisance is the result of a supposed taste for what are technically known as 'development scenes,' that is to say, scenes whose culminating glory is only arrived at after a series of complicated mechanical efforts, ingenious enough in themselves, but adding little or nothing to the impressiveness of the tableau they are employed to reveal. One would think that a more startling effect would be produced by allowing the full blaze of the transformation scene to follow immediately on the heels of a dark and dismal 'front scene,' than by revealing it by a series of stages, each more brilliant than its predecessor; but this idea is not entertained in the pantomime theatres of the present day. When this 'development' was a novelty it was all very well; but now that it has been done year after year, until the playgoing public know all about it, it would surely be well to revert to the old method of exhibiting the scene, all at once, in its full glory. When I see a huge tulip in the centre of a modern transformation scene, I know, and everybody else knows, that the leaves of its calyx will be reflected, and that half a dozen common-looking women, dressed in nothing to speak of, will be found inside it. When I see such a scene complete in all its central appointments, but lacking at the sides, I know, and everybody else knows, that six or eight more common-looking women, reclining on glorified go-carts, will be trundled on at the wings, to

complete the—well, the picture. When I see a mass of clumsy clouds at the back of a scene where everything else is glittering with gold and silver foil, I know, and everybody else knows, that those clumsy clouds will work off creakily, and that a bony fairy will be discovered in a bower of chandelier drops—indeed, if I am sitting in the stalls, I shall be further prepared for the change by hearing 'Pull ninety-seven!' shouted by the master carpenter under the stage. There is no longer any surprise at these successive revelations.

It is a pity that clever scenic artists should so systematically neglect the opportunity that transformation scenes offer for beautiful fairy landscapes. A picture, something in the nature, say, of Martin's 'Plains of Heaven'—a possible, yet impossible landscape, suggestive of a preternatural state of existence, and at the same time not wholly irreconcilable with terrestrial beauty, would not only be an agreeable relief to the average playgoer, but it would also afford the artist an exceptional opportunity of displaying his imaginative powers to the best advantage. To such artists as Lloyds, Beverley, Grieve, Telbin, or O'Connor, the production of a picture of this description would surely be a more congenial employment than gilding pieces of carpentry or hooking ugly women to wires from the flies.

The best of the three pantomimes produced at the 'West End' theatres this year is undoubtedly 'Robinson Crusoe,' at Covent Garden. It does not equal the glories of some of its preposterously expensive predecessors, but it is excellently costumed, nevertheless, and its scenery is, for the most part, admirable. The ballet department is not very effective, and the dresses of the dancers in the opening scene are particularly ugly, but the procession in the forest, on Crusoe's island, is a phenomenon of tasty absurdity. The view of 'Wapping in the Olden Time' is capitally painted; so is the interior of Crusoe's hut. The opening scene, 'The Enchanted Isle,' is pretty; but there, as a

'gassiness' about all Mr. Craven's woodland scenes which, to my thinking, impairs their artistic beauty. The piece is nicely written by Mr. Byron, without too much straining after far-fetched puns; and the music is generally of a better class than usually found in such productions. The parts of Robinson and his man Friday are played by Mr. W. H. Payne and Mr. Fred. Payne, both admirable artists in their way. Mr. Stoye, a capital low comedian with a fine voice, plays the 'King of the Cannibal Islands,' and a Miss Nelly

Power, erst a favourite singer at music halls, is a clever 'Elf.' The piece, however, has its drawbacks. There is too much of the two Paynes in it; they are extremely clever pantomimists, but their 'business' is, for the most part, simply a reproduction of what they have done for many years past. This is, however, a charge which, I suppose, should weigh more heavily on the management than on them, for the transformation scene is remarkably elaborate; and the time that its preparation occupies must be filled up by adventitious means with which the



MISS NELLY POWER AS 'THE SAILOR-ELF.'

author has little to do. The Messrs. Payne are evidently relied on to afford the necessary time for the preparation of the scene, and under the circumstances they do extremely well. Mr. Stoye plays the King with amusing extravagance: his performance in the character is a good burlesque on his black pensioner in 'One Tree Hill.' Miss Nelly Power is likely to develop into a good burlesque actress, but she is at present too emphatic in her delivery. The transformation scene is simply inexpressive glitter. It is good of its kind, but it leaves no impression whatever on the mind of the spectator, except that he has been unpleasantly dazzled. The comic scenes are dreary enough, but a dance of 'Ladies of the

Period,' in a scene representing 'Lord's Cricket Ground,' is an amusing piece of characteristic extravagance. Mr. H. Payne has all the makings of a good clown, except originality of conception. He seems to me to have more sense of grotesque expression than any of his contemporaries, but his 'business' is very 'rococo.'

The Drury Lane pantomime is of course provided by the veteran E. L. Blanchard, who certainly has a peculiarly happy facility, not only in telling a nursery story plainly to an audience of children, but also of extracting a sound and sensible moral from an unpromising subject. It is not every fairy tale that bears a good moral, expressed or implied. I am sorry to think that

cunning, hypocrisy, and lying are the principal means by which the heroes of most of our nursery stories gain their ends. In 'Jack the Giant Killer,' 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' 'Puss in Boots,' 'Cinderella,' 'Tom Thumb,' and, indeed, in nearly every current nursery story, except perhaps 'Whittington and his Cat,' the hero or heroine is a simple swindler; and even Whittington, who is by far the most moral of these worthies, arrives at his civic distinctions by a concurrence of accidents with which his own industry or perseverance has nothing at all to do. Mr. Blanchard, however, skilfully contrives to leave in the background the unpromising portions of the stories he deals with, and to bring prominently forward the few good traits which his nursery heroes happen to be endowed with. I don't know, after all, that a moral is really a very effective addition to a pantomime. I suppose no wicked little boy was yet brought back to the paths of virtue by seeing a respectable young prince changed into a harlequin as a reward for his good qualities, and an all-sufficing compensation for his sufferings at the hands of a legion of demons. It is to be doubted whether such a little boy would not rather find himself encouraged in his downward path by the fact that a very wicked character (in a pantomime) is always changed into Clown—a handsome premium on social irregularity, from a little boy's point of view. But Mr. Blanchard does not allow himself to be discouraged by the moral bathos that awaits him in the transformation scene. His duties end with that scene, and as long as he has possession of the stage, he fights manfully for his moral.

'Puss in Boots' is capitally written, but it is not well put upon the stage. The scenery appears to me to have been carelessly or hurriedly painted; the masks are, in many cases, those of last year, and the transformation scene is poor. It is a pity that the masks should have been so neglected. Nothing is funnier than plenty of well-made masks, and Mr. Brunton can do better when

he feels disposed and has plenty of scope. A row of courtiers, or hunters, or retainers, in well-made head-pieces, and a marked expression on each, is always a 'safe' effect. Nothing is more readily appreciated by an audience than a cleverly caricatured mask, and in neglecting this important feature of a good pantomime, the lessee has, I think, acted unwisely. However, the pantomime contains one thoroughly comic effect, which goes far to redeem its many drawbacks. I allude to the capital parody on the sensation scene in 'After Dark,' where a truck of flour, followed by a long string of millers, takes the place of the express train. Mr. Irving is a clever and agile 'cat,' and Mr. George Cummings sings a capital song, in which he recites the miller's will; but the other parts are not remarkably well played. A very coarse travesty of the 'Rachel case' is the principal feature of the first comic scene.

Of the Lyceum pantomime, the least said the better. It is foolishly written and badly placed upon the stage. Miss Caroline Parkes, Miss Goodall, and Miss Minnie Sydney do their best to keep the interest of the story alive, but without much success. Still the transformation scene is really better than that of either Drury Lane or Covent Garden, and the extraordinary dancing of Mr. Frederick Vokes is certainly worth seeing.

So much for the pantomimes. By far the best of the burlesques is Mr. W. Brough's 'Prince Amabel,' played at the New Holborn Theatre under the title of 'Turko the Terrible.' It is remarkably well written in parts, and the music is of a higher order than we usually find in pieces of this class. Mr. George Honey plays King Turko with very amusing ferocity, and Miss Josephs is a graceful Prince Amabel. With two such artists, the pretty music receives full justice. 'Turko the Terrible' is an instructive contrast to the two other burlesques from the same pen, which are now being played at the New Queen's Theatre and at the Strand. These two pieces have more of what is popu-

larly known as 'go' in them than 'King Turko' has, but the increase in bustle and animation is only

obtained by a corresponding sacrifice in the clearness and cohesiveness of the story and in the delicacy



MR. HONEY AS 'KING TURKO.'

of the dialogue. 'The Gnome King' at the Queen's Theatre is rather incoherent in construction,

and the wit of its lines is not of a very high order. Mr. Toole, who is a very clever burlesque actor



MR. TOOLE AS 'THE GNOME KING.'

when he has his own way, is trammelled by an ineffective part, and Mr. Lionel Brough's talents are scarcely ever called into play. The only other prominent part in the

piece is Max, very brightly played by Miss Hodson. The scenery is coarse and pretentious.

The new theatre, the Gaiety, is furnished with a burlesque on the

subject of Robert the Devil; but the piece, which is rather clumsily constructed, is secondary in importance to the pretty music, fantastic dresses, romantic scenery, and effective ballet with which it is asso-

ciated. The company is not a strong one, but Miss Farren, who plays Robert with extraordinary vivacity, gives the piece a sparkle which helps materially to carry it through. The music is pretty, and



MISS E. FARREN AS 'ROBERT THE DEVIL.'

of a higher order than is common in burlesques, and breakdowns are systematically eschewed.

The Haymarket should not attempt burlesques unless it can do without Mr. Compton. This gentleman, an excellent actor in his own line, does not seem to have the smallest idea how a burlesque couplet should be given. He stands still, and 'pays out' his talk in a hard, perfunctory manner, which reminds one of a village-school child repeating its catechism. His presence is simply fatal to a burlesque. The piece in which he plays a leading part is a parody by Mr. F. C. Burnand on the 'Rightful Heir'—an unpromising subject, very amusingly treated. The stilted extravagance of the original piece is broadly and quaintly parodied in every particular, and the music is for the most part well chosen. Mr. Kendal has a capital 'make up' in imitation of Mr. Bandmann, and

sings a patter song to the air, 'From Rock to Rock,' in a manner which justified the loud encore with which it was greeted. Miss Ione Burke sings the music allotted to the part of Vyvyan's mother very charmingly, and the piece is illustrated by some capital scenery. Mr. Burnand has departed from the time-honoured practice of his brother burlesquers by writing a considerable portion of the dialogue in stilted and sonorous blank verse—a decided relief, after a long course of doggerel couplet. Altogether, this is the most meritorious burlesque that has been produced at the Haymarket Theatre since 'Pluto and Proserpine.'

St. James's Theatre, under Mdlle. La Ferte's management, is not likely to improve in popularity. The Christmas piece (which has been recently withdrawn) was a revival of Mr. Planche's 'Sleeping Beauty,' but it was so poorly

mounted and so badly played by nearly every one concerned, that success was quite out of the question while it remained in the bills. The extravaganza was played in three acts (!), and with the single exception of Miss Maria Simpson—a clever actress, whom I am glad to

welcome back to the stage—not a performer in the piece could speak fairly intelligible English. The piece, niggardly mounted in every other respect, was furnished with a capital ballet, in which the Kiralfy family danced with good effect.



MRS. KENDAL IN THE 'FEARFUL HAIR.'—P. 190.

ON FINDING AN OLD VALENTINE.

AS I gaze once more on the simple rhyme
 Which thy dear lost hand did so fondly trace,
 Too deeply I feel that nor age nor time
 Can thy sweet memory ever efface.
 And though friends may say there are others dear
 As thou wert—alas ! they can never know
 The sad aching heart, the scalding tear,
 That is hidden, a cheerful face to show !
 They tell thee my heart is roving and free
 As the wild bird which, hov'ring o'er the wave,
 Dips but its pinion into the sea,
 And turns ere the waters its feathers lave.
 Yet the bird, when the evening hour draws nigh,
 Will homeward return to his mate, and fold
 His sheltering wings o'er the nest on high,
 As he guarded it oft in days of old.

Thus is my heart—though all fancy it roves
 Unfettered, that never one thought it gives
 To thee at home—yet it fondly loves,
 And for thy presence alone it lives.
 To thee, as the bird to its nest will soar
 At the eventide, does my soul fly back ;
 And clinging to thine ever more and more,
 Still follows thy love over memory's track.

So firmly my heart doth thine image bear,
 Wand'ring alone, that the brilliant rays
 Of other beauties, though never so fair,
 But serve to remind me of other days.
 Gladly I see the dark mantle of night,
 Joyous I call on sweet sleep to free
 My soul from this earth, that in visions bright
 I may fancy once more that I welcome thee.

H. F.

*Drawn by Alfred Crowquill.*

THE SEE-SAW OF FASHION, 1688 AND 1869.

LONDON SOCIETY.

MARCH, 1869.

WITH THE COURT AT COMPIÈGNE.



EVER since the wild Merovingean kings—when the warlike Franks were wont to hoist on their bucklers when investing with sovereign power, and whose passion for the chase was only excelled by the sanguinary pleasure which they took in slaughtering their own kith and kin—were seized with a fancy to hunt in the vast forests of Compiègne, a château of some kind or other has existed on the adjacent banks of the Oise, and been more or less a favourite place of residence with successive occupants of the French throne. It has been reserved, however, for the Emperor Napoleon III. to give to the annual sojourn of the imperial court at the renowned hunting-seat of his predecessors a character peculiarly its own. For five or six weeks every autumn this Castle of Indolence, as it is spitefully called, is the scene of one round of entertainment, and receives, during that period, four distinct series of guests, comprising, in addition to the ordinary *habitués* of the court, distinguished foreigners, diplomatists, political celebrities, savants, literary men, artists, and individuals of high social standing, all of whom are received on a footing of equality unknown in any other European court, and are fêted and entertained almost from the hour they set foot within the walls of the

palace until the eve of their departure.

Compiègne is distant rather more than fifty miles from Paris, and some twenty miles from Creuil, well known to all travellers on the Chemin de Fer du Nord proceeding from the side of the Channel. The town is in no degree more interesting than an average French town of the same size, and certainly no one would break his journey to visit it were it not for the château and the fine forest with that famous restored specimen of mediæval military architecture, the Castle of Pierrefonds, situated at its outskirts. During the summer months there are excursion trains to Compiègne from Paris regularly every Sunday; but it is in the autumn season, when the imperial court is installed at the château, and the days are given to hunting, shooting, and forest excursions, and the evenings to banquets, balls, and theatrical performances; when the town, putting on its holiday guise, is decked out with flags from one end to the other, and troops of soldiers constantly parade the streets, and martial music is heard from morn till night; when the air is sharp, the ground covered with hoarfrost, the trees tinged with crimson and yellow, and the whilome silent forest is alive with huntsmen decked out in the imperial green and gold, and choruses of deer-hounds drown the enlivening notes of the *réveillée*, the *débuché*, the *but l'eau*, the *royale*, the *hallali*, and the *retraite* which come issuing out of the secluded forest glades—it is then that he who would see fair Compiègne aright should secure his ticket for the special train.

If the reader should only happen to occupy a high grade in one of the principal foreign missions at Paris, the chances are that sooner or later he will be invited to spend a week at the château, when his letter of invitation will apprise him of the day and hour that a special train will be at the service of himself and between one and two hundred other guests of the Emperor. If he hunts or rides, he will be expected to bring with him his

own saddle-horse, for which quarters will be provided in the palace stables; but should he fail to do so, and he is anything of a horseman, Mr. Gamble will, no doubt, mount him from the imperial stud. Accommodation will be found for his valet and for his wife's *femme-de-chambre*, should madame accompany him, in one or other mansard of the château. The hour at which the special train starts is so timed that those travelling by it may reach the palace in the imperial carriages that await its arrival at the station between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. The amount of luggage conveyed by these special trains would astonish one, did not one know that at Compiègne, where everybody condemns the extravagance and luxury in which everybody indulges, the milliner reigns triumphant. When a lady has to bring with her at least three times as many toilettes to wear during her week's sojourn as the wealthiest bride would think necessary to render herself attractive during the longest honeymoon, it requires of course a good many trunks to contain them. Leaders of fashion are invariably in force at Compiègne, and we all know that they are constrained, not only to dress themselves half-a-dozen times a day in *toilettes du matin*, *négligés élégants*, *toilettes de promenade*, *de cheval*, *de chasse*, *de dîner*, and *de bal*, but that they would lose all their *prestige* if they should once happen to be seen a second time in the same dress.

As one drives away from the station and crosses the little bridge over the Oise one finds oneself on historic ground. It was here that, some four and a half centuries ago, the Maid of Orleans was taken prisoner by the English troops besieging Compiègne. After having proudly borne her standard before the French king at his coronation in the cathedral of Reims, she had accompanied him to Compiègne, to be received there with open arms. When the English attacked the town, with her customary daring she made a sortie across the bridge at the head of six hundred men, who met with a re-

pulse, however, and they all had to run for it. Just as Joan was about to pass the gate, the barrier was closed, and she was made prisoner. The townspeople sounded the alarm-bell, but no one went to her relief; and, as we all know, she subsequently expiated her patriotism by a cruel death. Guillaume de Flavy, governor of the town, was accused of having ordered the gate to be shut, and found his reward in after years in a severed windpipe at the hands of the barber who ordinarily shaved him, and who had been instigated to this sanguinary deed by the governor's wife—she maintained because of her husband's treachery towards the Maid of Orleans, but people said that jealousy had far more to do with the affair.

The bridge crossed, we soon found ourselves in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, with the restored handsome mediæval clock tower rising up on our left hand, and a few yards further on note the church of St. Jacques, where Joan received the sacrament a few days before she fell into the hands of her executioners, when, according to the old chronicle, with a presage of her approaching fate, she told the people she was 'betrayed and would soon be delivered up to death.' Here a sharp turn of the road conducts to the broad Place du Palais—one of those level, naked, gravelled spaces, planted round with a few trees, seemingly to show that vegetation will flourish after a fashion in such an arid waste, which are peculiar to continental Europe, and at the extremity of which stands the château, with nothing remarkable about it except its strong family likeness to the Paris Palais Royal, and built by the famous Gabriel, architect of the Petit Trianon, on the site of the old castellated structure reared five centuries ago by the mediæval French Solomon, Charles the Wise.

Although both Clovis and Charlemagne had their hunting-seats here, the first palace of any pretension was built by Charles the Bald, pet son of the old age of irrelative Louis the Débonnaire, whose

deposition and degradation for the highly heinous crimes of marching an army in Lent and assembling a parliament on Holy Thursday, was pronounced in the church of Compiègne. And not only did Charles build for himself

'a lordly pleasure house
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell,'

but a strong castle to boot on the banks of the Oise to guard against surprise and capture at the hands of the shaggy Norman corsairs, who every now and then sailed up the Seine as far as Paris, whence they swooped down on the towns in the interior. Louis the Lazy, last king of the Carlovingian race, was crowned at Compiègne, and died there a year afterwards; and then for almost four centuries the place makes no further figure in history—not, indeed, until the epoch when France, prostrate after the decisive defeat of Poitiers, deprived of its king, whom French chivalry had been powerless to defend, and devastated alike by its 'natural enemies,' and its own unpaid soldiery, was moreover a prey to intestine disputes between the Dauphin and the bourgeoisie, with the famous Stephen Marcel, provost of the Paris merchants, at their head.

It was the old, old story: those who laboured and paid the taxes wanted to have a voice in the government, and those who had the upper hand were determined to dispense with their troublesome counsels. In this dilemma the Dauphin convoked the states of the Langue d'Oil at Compiègne, a proceeding which resulted in civil war, out of which ultimately came that terrible rising of the peasants, known as the Jacquerie, from the nickname of Jacques Bonhomme, commonly given by the nobles to their oppressed serfs. 'Jacques Bonhomme,' they were accustomed to say, 'only parts with his money when it is cudgelled out of him, but Jacques shall pay, for he shall be well thrashed;' and Jacques was duly belaboured, and his hard-earned savings extorted from him. The Dauphin, on subsequently suc-

ceeding to the crown as Charles the Fifth—dignified in history as Charles the Wise—built a palace at Compiègne, known by the name of the Louvre, and some of the external walls of which are standing at the present day.

Guests on arriving at the château are at once conducted to their apartments, comprising ordinarily a sitting-room, bed-room, and dressing-room, furnished comfortably enough, but with no approach to palatial magnificence; and over the outer door of which they will observe their names already inscribed on a little tablet. A printed card hung up specifies the times when the post, which has a special bureau within the palace, comes and goes, and the hours of arrival and departure of the railway trains. Tea and other refreshments are at once served to each guest by a footman, who remains attached to his person throughout the whole of his stay, and waits behind his chair at dinner in all the refulgence of the green, crimson, and gold imperial livery.

If the guest is a single man, the chances are that he will be lodged on the right wing of the palace, where the guard have their quarters, and where it would be inconvenient to ladies to be installed. He will have to pay his homage to the Emperor and Empress immediately before dinner on the day of his arrival, and if he wishes to be on thoroughly comfortable terms with himself during his stay, he will do well, the next morning, to leave his card at the apartments of the principal officers of the household, chief among whom is General Rollen, a shrewd, bluff old soldier, whose principle of life has always been regularity and order before everything, and whose duty it is to carry on a perpetual struggle with the anarchy ever ready to invade the imperial household—with its separate tables for the Emperor and his guests, for the governor of the palace, the heads of departments, the principal valets de chambre, the subordinate valets de chambre, the footmen, the cooks, the inferior servants, &c.'

Early breakfast is served to each

guest in his own apartments, and at noon the Emperor emerges from his private cabinet, and, in company with the Empress, meets the different visitors assembled in the château in the long gallery, whence they proceed to the breakfast-room, where every one has his place at table assigned him and which he retains throughout his stay. After *déjeuner* there will be a stag hunt in the forest with the imperial pack, a run with the Marquis de l'Aigle's boar-hounds, or a battue in the preserves, or an excursion in carriages, on horseback, or on foot either to the château of Pierrefonds, or to some one of the many other interesting localities with which the forest of Compiègne abounds, with the Empress if not the Emperor forming one of the party.

We may here remark, *en passant*, that the forest, though vastly inferior in every respect to that of Fontainebleau, is no less than thirty miles in circumference, and that it is pierced through by upwards of three hundred and fifty distinct roads, some of which are six miles in length in a straight line; that there are nearly three hundred open spaces, called 'carrefours,' where these roads intersect each other, and that no less than seven-and-twenty brooks take their rise within its limits, and as many as sixteen lakes and ponds are scattered over its surface. The oldest trees are to be found in the neighbourhood of the Carrefour des Puits des Chasseurs; they are beeches, and more than two hundred and fifty years old, while many of the oaks at the Carrefour de la Michelette have been planted between one hundred and fifty and two hundred years. The forest gives employment to about eight hundred woodcutters and road-makers, whose wages, with that of the forest guards, amount to something like ten thousand pounds per annum.

On days when a hunt takes place, the imperial voitures de chasse, chars-à-bancs, and basket-carriages will be found drawn up, toward one o'clock, in the 'Promenade des Roses' at the foot of the terrace before the garden front of the château,

on which occasions the *maître des équipages* of the court gives his orders with all the gravity of a general officer about going into action. The glossy, punchy-looking steeds have the orthodox little silver bells jingling at their collars and foxes' brushes dangling at their ears; while the postilions and outriders in gorgeous green, scarlet, and gold liveries, leather breeches, tall jack-boots, gold-laced hats, and

powdered hair, à *catogan*, with the Nimrods of the day in Louis Quinze hunting costume, their grand *couteaux de chasse* slung at their hips, and the ladies in silks and satins, furs and velvets, caught up above their knees à la Camargo, in brilliant-coloured *jupons*, coquettish-looking gaiters, or tall betasseled light-leather boots, and jaunty little hats trimmed with the plumage of some bird of prey, give one the



notion of the opening scene of some elaborately got-up ballet.

The imperial party descend the terrace-steps, and the Empress, accompanied by her most distinguished lady guest—to-day it is our own charming Princess of Wales—takes her seat in her little basket-carriage, drawn by a pair of remarkably handsome and equally diminutive horses. The Emperor will either

drive himself in an open phaeton or else proceed to the rendezvous, with several of his more favoured guests, in one of the numerous charrs-à-bancs. Whips crack, bells jingle, couriers, estafettes, and outriders apply their spurs, and the horses' hoofs ring again over the hard-frozen ground, and soon the *cortège* is lost to sight in the depths of some trim forest avenue.

A meet of the imperial hunt is one of the prettiest sights imaginable. Picture to yourself a large circular open space, whence some ten or twelve long avenues diverge and lose themselves in distant vistas, with the sky above mildly, melancholy pale, and some trembling rays of sunshine breaking through the misty clouds. On the green turf, thickly strewn with withered autumn leaves, huntsmen, dogs, and horses are assembled. There, in dazzling livery, are the whippers-in and prickers, the piqueurs in knee-breeches and braided coats, and large curled horns slung over their shoulders, and the valets-de-chiens, lithe little fellows, standing firmly on their wiry legs, with silver-buckled shoes and white stockings rolled above their knees, each with his eight coupled dogs well in hand. The hounds, of pure English breed, large and powerful build, with deep open chests and heavy jaws, carry their tails aloft in the air; all are marked with a 'V,' signifying 'vénerie.' Near them are some cavaliers of the imperial hunt, the very pink of swelldom—green frock-coats laced with gold and silver, scarlet velvet collars embroidered at the facings, and scarlet waistcoats laced to match, buckskin breeches and tall jack-boots, three-cornered laced cocked-hats à la Louis Quinze, known as lampions, and with the inevitable large hunting-knife slung in a silver-mounted sheath at their left hip. Interspersed among them, in riding-habits of corresponding splendour, elaborate lace neckties, and jaunty three-cornered hats, are some amazons of the Bois de Boulogne, who have what is called the 'button,' with other cavaliers sporting the English scarlet swallow-tail, white cords and top-boots, or in ordinary cutaway tweed coats; also a score or more of officers of carabineers and cent-gardes. Moving in and out this troop of equestrians are numerous grooms holding impatient horses in readiness for members of the imperial party, whose arrival is momentarily anticipated. Ranged in a half-circle, on the opposite side of the cleared space, are scores of open carriages filled with elegantly-

dressed women from the neighbouring châteaux, including many young and pretty ones in *costumes courtes*, with herons' plumes in their coquetish little hats. Outside the line of vehicles, and restrained by both mounted and foot gendarmes from intruding between the wind and all this nobility, are a crowd of villagers, to whom, in these days, more civility is certainly shown than they were accustomed to meet with under the old *régime*; for Louis XVI. whenever he 'met a fool' in the forest would invariably take him to task and bid him go home and mind his business. Altogether the scene is a perfect pell-mell of beauty, splendour, and fashion—of elegant toilettes and picturesque uniforms, high-conditioned horses and well-trained dogs, and with just a touch of rusticity discreetly retained in the background; the whole presenting a picture of dazzling brilliancy, and framed as it were by the surrounding trees in their rich, ruddy, golden autumn garb.

Moving silently, yet with a certain restlessness, among those privileged to enter within the circle, are several individuals in bourgeois costume, all in black and having stout walking-sticks in their hands and red ribbons in their top button-holes. We are not surprised at gendarmes and every one, indeed, making way for them, for they are familiar to us of old as agents of the secret police charged with watching over the personal security of the Emperor. While the court is at Compiègne, they may be observed at the railway station, on the arrival of every train—one encounters them, too, of a morning loitering on the 'Place' in front of the château, as though admiring the architect Gabriel's handiwork, passes them later in the day in the avenues of the forest, finds them at the rendezvous within the charmed circle of beauty and fashion, and will be certain to meet them to-morrow at the shooting party, when the 'tableau' of dead game is laid out; and either they or some of their brethren will be seated at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel de la Clôche, a couple of hours afterwards, taking stock of all the

guests, and listening with all their ears to the conversation going on. Thus it is that the sovereign-elect of one knows not how many millions reigns securely upon his splendid throne.

The cracking of whips and jingling of bells are heard, and the gendarmes open a road, as, with a whirlwind of dead leaves flying up from beneath the horses' hoofs, the court *voitures de chasse*, preceded by outriders at full gallop and with mounted esquires on either side of the carriages of the Emperor and the Empress, emerge from one of the side avenues. The vehicles halt within the circle; ladies and gentlemen dismount and exchange compliments and congratulations with friends whom they recognise; postilions see to their panting steeds, cavaliers ride forward, grooms advance with led horses, and gendarmes keep back the gaping crowd. Altogether there is a most amusing tumult, and while it lasts one cannot do better than observe the many beautiful women—our own handsome Princess, with whom for the moment the Emperor is chatting, and the Empress smiling in every direction among them—robed from head to foot in furs, in velvets trimmed with chinchilla, lined with sable or bordered with miniver or ermine, whom the occasion has brought together. A circle is soon formed round a half-dozen amazons preparing to mount—for no Frenchman would miss the opportunity for a study of *gambettes* and the various modes of draping them, in knickerbockers and dapper little gaiters, or high be-tasselled boots and virgin white caleçons of icy aspect, or black pantalons held down by polished leather straps. This incident terminated, our eyes wander in search of the Emperor, who, warmly wrapped up in his paletôt, stands dreaming a few paces off from the Empress's carriage, occupied with the care of keeping his cigarette alight, and with every eye fixed upon him and following his slightest movements with anxiety. Turning, he casts an uneasy glance around, and seeing that some privileged individuals are cleverly

manœuvring to draw nigh to him, without appearing to do so, he turns on his heel and lights a fresh cigarette, but addresses not a word to any one.

A sudden movement is observed—the crowd sways back, and the graceful beauties in the carriages stretch their little necks to the verge of dislocation in their anxiety to see what is going on, as the grand huntsman, conducting the Prince of Wales and Prince Imperial—one on either side of him—and preceded by the hounds held in by the *valets-de-chiens*, leads the way to the Carrefour du Capitaine, where the stag is to be started. Distant horns are heard sounding the notes of the *débuché*, the dogs spread over the wood, and between the trees one catches sight of the long line of horsemen galloping at the heels of the pack. In their wake is a still longer line of carriages, reminding one for a moment of a return from the races, with the same attempts to break the line, the same grazings, joltings, and collisions, followed by the same mutual recriminations. Spite of all the splendour of the cavalcade, one soon discovers that the *badaud* element is not wanting—the class of people who do not know what a hunt is, and who grumble that it is badly managed, because they have lost sight of the hounds, although significant yelps, that at times break out in full chorus, are not wanting to indicate their whereabouts. It is true the pace is of the fleetest, still no one takes part in these runs to study the stratagems of the stag, or the instinct of the hounds, but simply to have a good gallop down a grass ride and take one's chance of being in at the *hallali*. While indulging in this laudable expedition, it is necessary to bear in mind that it is contrary to established etiquette, when one finds oneself in the same avenue, to pass either the court carriages or such cavaliers as wear the uniform of the imperial hunt, and who are known as 'buttons,'—no allusion to incipient Jeameses with metallic eruptions all over their chests, but so termed by reason of their being presented by the grand

hunter with the buttons that figure on their green, scarlet, and gold uniforms. Besides the privilege of attending all the imperial meets, the possession of the buttons confers another, not less appreciated—that of dining at the imperial table on the evening of a hunt; for the grand huntsman, the Prince de Moskowa, after having ascertained the Emperor's pleasure, almost invariably invites all those present at the meet in this uniform to be the guests of the Emperor that evening.

The old etiquette at a royal hunt enjoined that no one should come between the king and the game, as doing so usually put his sacred majesty sadly out of temper. Chateaubriand mentions that when he was *débutant* at a royal hunt, and by this reason mounted on a horse from his majesty's stud, his too spirited steed ran away with him, and, spite of all his efforts to control the animal, bounded to where the deer had just been brought down a moment or so before the king made his appearance. The young sportsman at once sprang from his horse, and uncovering himself, bowed his head reverently, wondering whatever would happen to him for this unintentional act of temerity. To his surprise the king, instead of darting so much as an angry glance at him, merely burst out laughing, and said, good-humouredly, 'It hasn't lasted long.' 'These,' observes Chateaubriand, 'were the only words I ever heard Louis XVI. utter.' Hunting, gluttony, and lock-making, were, as every one knows, the sole passions that roused the sluggish temperament of poor Louis XVI.; and whenever he was at Compiègne he gave his days to hunting, just as he did when at Choisy, Versailles, Marly, Rambouillet, and Fontainebleau. He kept no other diary except his hunting-book; and his *naïve* entry therein of 'Nothing,' on the day the Bastille was taken, because he had not been out either hunting or shooting, has given rise to much superfluous indignant comment. In any case he merely adhered to the traditions of the court; for, as Madame Campan records, in the reign of his prede-

cessor, whenever there was to be no hunt the courtiers of Versailles would say to each other, with a yawn, 'The king does nothing to-day.'

Although at every turn in the forest

'With puffed cheek the belted hunter blows
His wreathed bugle horn,'

sounding whenever deer or dogs are in sight, still the Nimrods of the Boulevards complain that the fault of the imperial huntsmen lies in not blowing their horns far oftener than they do. A distant echo merely, say they, would let the people in the carriages know whether they were upon the right scent. They hear, however, little else beyond the tinkling *grelots*—the little silver bells at the horses' collars—which deaden even the sound of the animals' hoofs among the rustling leaves; consequently the procession, so compact at the start, is broken and dispersed long before the close; and, in the hope of arriving more quickly at the goal, many cavaliers get lost in the labyrinth of tall trees free from all underwood, which are the glory of the forest of Compiègne. Every now and then the outlying holly-bushes and the tall red bracken will be suddenly agitated by the young fawns who, scared almost out of their lives, endeavour to take refuge among the vehicles from the dreaded hounds, who on their part do not even deign to notice such small game. Every moment a new picture presents itself. In this retired circular glade, carpeted with a bluish verdure, and whence numerous openings in the forest radiate, relays are encountered, waiting for the more enthusiastic sportsmen. Further on a pack of dogs, guided by their whipper-in, descend the side of a heath-covered slope, sniffing as some graceful Diana canters by, with her face aglow, her little mouth half open, and her beautiful brown hair, escaped from its bands, streaming in the wind. Then, grouped around a forest signpost, we alight upon a number of mounted officers who, having missed the pack, debate among themselves as to the course to be taken, and all at once dash off through the lofty colonnade



WITH THE COURT AT COMPIÈGNE.

[See the Sketch.]

of trees, and we in their wake. Ere long the stag, with his head thrown back, and bounding along at a terrific pace, followed by the hounds in full cry, is caught sight of, when he proves to be a pricket who will evidently not be tired out this side of sunset, although the circuit he has already made is considerable. Some few sportsmen, whose horses are covered with foam and sweat, succeed in keeping him in sight, as we do ourselves until we discover that it is getting cold and dark, and remember that for four long hours we have been riding with our face to the wind, and that the court-carriages have already taken the road to the château, and that it is time we thought about dressing for dinner.

Later we do not regret our resolution to turn our horse's head homewards, for at the dinner-table we learn that the chase had to be abandoned, and that another stag rather than the hunted one will figure at the *curée* in the evening. Every one is full of the accident to the Prince of Wales, who, it is said, was unhorsed by a stag of '*dix cors*' charging directly at him, whereas the startled deer crossed his path unwittingly, and was evidently far more frightened than the Prince was hurt.

When the run has a successful termination, the chances are that the horns will sooner or later sound the *bat l'eau*, indicating that the stag has taken to the water. Next they will give out the first part of the *hallali*, when one becomes aware that the animal is at last brought to bay. Ere long a rifle-shot, followed by the second part of the *hallali*, intimates that all is over. Only one or two privileged ones are in at the death; others simply hear the notes of the distant horns, which are answered in due course by other horns sounding the *retraite*, while by far the greater number of those who were present at the start neither hear nor see anything of the death, but learn, perhaps, at dinner that the stag was brought to bay near Oise; that he made the customary gallant defence, struggled energetically with the dogs when all his

ruses had failed him; and that when at last he was pulled down, a bullet from a rifle made an end of him. The procession of carriages and horsemen, followed by the cart containing the dead stag, and brought up by the tired hounds, and with the *piqueurs* still sounding the *retraite*, not unfrequently returns along the borders of the lake of St. Pierre—a broad sheet of water tinged with the splendours of the setting sunlight, and surrounded by wooded hills of a mixed golden and purple hue, and which mirrors on its surface the brilliant and animated picture grouped upon its banks.

The imperial hunt is under the direction of the Prince de Moskowa, who has beneath him his cousin the Baron Lambert, lieutenant de vénerie, one of the gayest and wittiest men at the Imperial court, and than whom no one understands better how to improvise a ball, an acting charade, or a *tableau vivant*. He composes, too, the neatest couplets, plays the piano, dances like a young man of twenty, remains the last in the salon, and then repairs to the smoking-room of the château, to pass still another hour or two before retiring to rest. The next morning he will be in the forest with the rising sun, superintending the *valets de chiens*, and satisfying himself as to the size of the animals selected for that day's hunt. Of indefatigable activity, always ready for anything, and always good-humoured, he is the life and soul of these Imperial gatherings.

In the days of the ancient *régime* the king's hunt was far more splendidly officered, for its superior grades comprised a grand huntsman, a captain-general, a grand falconer, and a chief of the wolf-hunting train; while among the keepers of the hounds, which numbered over sixty couples, were two of noble blood, who were specially charged with the care of the greyhounds. There were, moreover, a certain number of pages whose duty it was to follow the king on horseback whenever he hunted, and carry his lap-dogs on cushions before him. The ladies of the court accompanied the hounds in open carriages drawn by thorough-

breeds ridden by postilions at full speed. The king and his immediate suite, with a little army of subordinate officials and courtiers in their train, were mounted on richly caparisoned steeds, with large crimson velvet saddles embroidered over with gold, and big horse-pistols peeping out of the holsters, rich trappings, heavy bits and bridles, clanking stirrups, and formidable spurs, that altogether kept up such a constant clatter as to drown the cry of the hounds, and well-nigh the blasts of scores of bugles. There was game in plenty in those days of the *capitaineries*, when within a circuit, say of a hundred miles, no one but a noble dared destroy a single head of game, even on their own land, under pain of being condemned to the galleys for life; when, as we learn from the travels of Arthur Young, partridges and pheasants used to run along the high-roads that intersected these *capitaineries* as plentiful and tame as sparrows, rising at times so near to you that you might knock them down with your walking-stick, and when deer, hares, and rabbits bounded by in shoals; when all the great lords had their châteaux in the midst of immense forests abounding in deer, wolves, and wild boars, which roamed unrestrained over the entire country, ravaging the crops which the wretched peasants had raised to support themselves and families, when woe to them if they complained, for they were punished as rebels. As one injustice usually leads to another, it was made imperative on their part to cultivate certain crops for which game was known to have a preference; and it was a criminal offence for them to hoe or weed their fields at stated seasons of the year, or to mow their hay or clear away their stubble except at specified periods, for fear of disturbing the young partridges or depriving the old birds of shelter. There was a certain inconvenience attending this profusion of game, for at the royal hunts it was a constant cause of complaint that the dogs went off in all directions after any species of game that crossed the scent, which served to

bewilder the huntsmen, and caused them to be separated many miles apart from one another spite of incessant blasts from innumerable bugles.

During the entire sojourn of the court at Compiègne the Empress daily charges herself with regulating the places of the guests at dinner, which, unlike those at breakfast, are changed every day. The Emperor occupies the centre of the table, the Empress being seated immediately opposite to him. Usually the posts of honour are assigned to different guests each evening, but it is noticed that when the Prince and Princess de Metternich are staying at the palace they occupy these positions more frequently than any one else.

The number of guests at the imperial dinner-table varies daily. A minister, who has been detained in consultation with the Emperor, one or two public functionaries summoned from Paris on urgent affairs, several officers, and strangers of note, presented, perhaps, at the hunt, together with a few neighbouring provincial notables, are generally added to the ordinary guests, which has the effect of rendering the organization of the imperial table somewhat complicated and difficult. The officers of the household courteously range themselves at the ends of the apartment, so as to leave all the central places at the disposition of the guests. As no vacant seat is permitted at the table, any guest whom circumstances may prevent from being present has to warn the adjutant-general of the palace beforehand of his intended absence.

We enter the antique-looking salle, which is brilliantly lighted up. On all sides gilt columns, springing from the floor, sustain the lofty, arched roof—so lofty, in fact, that it appears lost in shadow, its rich paintings and gildings being only here and there apparent. The table, surrounded by its hundred guests, and flooded with light shed by a quadruple range of lustres, derives additional brilliancy from numerous candelabra of Christoffe's finest workmanship. Ranged down

its entire length are a series of elegant epergnes, counterparts of those which belonged to Louis XV., and every one of which represents some episode connected with the chase, such as valets de chiens holding back their leashed hounds, the dogs breaking cover, a run, with the hounds in full cry, the stag at bay, piqueurs sounding the hallali, the curée, &c. The light sparkles on the various pieces of this artistic service of plate, plays on the flowers and fruits with which they are filled, and on the beautiful porcelain vases containing rare large-leaved tropical plants, that impregnate the warm air with vague perfumes, and makes the richly-engraved glasses glisten with all the tints of the rainbow.

The Emperor and Empress are served at table by their own private pages, and behind the chairs of the guests are ranged a double row of stately footmen, all newly shaven and powdered, and with fresh and shining complexions, and whose pink silk stockings tightly clasp their well-developed calves. For a moment they stand, motionless as statues, in their heavily lace-embroidered coats and crimson breeches, while square-built valets, less gorgeously attired, noiselessly bring in dishes of delicate viands and bottles of rare wines, which they are continually receiving from an army of inferior servants, while 'officers of the mouth,' with dress-swords at their sides, promenade the apartment from one end to the other, giving orders in an undertone with a somewhat anxious air.

Every dish is served upon and eaten off silver plate, and it is only at dessert that silver gives place to the most exquisite Sèvres porcelain. Throughout the entire repast the band of the Imperial Guard, stationed in an adjoining gallery, plays a variety of airs, but so softly as not to interfere with the conversation which is carried on in a subdued murmuring tone, hardly louder than the flutter of a fan. The dinner at an end, the guests, preceded by the Emperor, with the Empress on his arm, return to the salon through the Salle des Gardes, the walls of

which are decorated with bas reliefs representing the triumphs of Alexander, in the same order in which they entered the dining-hall. Coffee is shortly after served by the palace *maîtres d'hôtel*, in the *Galerie des Cartes*—an elegant apartment, hung round with numerous paintings, by Coypel, of scenes from *Don Quixote*—the Emperor and Empress's cups being handed to them by the prefect of the palace on duty. Both the Emperor and Empress promenade the apartment all the time, chatting first with one guest then with another, and endeavouring to put the more diffident among them entirely at their ease. After a brief interval, the Empress causes the gentlemen to be informed that they are at liberty to spend half an hour in the smoking salon of the palace, and then passes with the chief of the ladies into the *Salon de Famille*, where every one is privileged to follow her, although, unless one is a personage of some distinction, it is in better taste not to do so uninvited, in order that the small apartment may not be inconveniently crowded. The invitation will not fail to come, as in the course of the evening the Empress usually returns several times to the *Galerie des Cartes* for the purpose of inviting such guests as she may chance to find there.

The Emperor commonly remains in the gallery—at one end of which are arranged several games, such as English billiards, *toupie hollandaise*, &c.—to play his favourite game of drawing-room quoits, on a covered mahogany table, some five or six yards long, with a white spot, surrounded by concentric circles, at the further end. The quoits, which are covered on the under side with cloth, are thrown on the table as though it were a lawn, the object of course being to place them as near as possible to the white point. It is amusing to observe the extreme care with which the Emperor casts his first few quoits, and the good humour with which, spite of the skill on which he piques himself, he accepts his defeats at a game at which he has scarcely a formidable rival, except, perhaps, the Duchess

de Mouchy. While the 'head of the state' is thus engaged, the Empress will be seated at a large table in her salon chatting with the persons assembled around her, and teaching the ladies games of patience, solitaire, ring puzzles, &c.

As, however, on this particular evening there is to be a *curée aux flambeaux* in the Cour d'Honneur of the palace, the guests, at the conclusion of dinner, pass at once to the apartments commanding a view of the court, while the Emperor and Empress and their more distinguished visitors take their places in the balcony above the principal entrance to the château. Half an hour previously a crowd will have assembled on the 'Place du Palais,' eagerly waiting for the signal to be given which will admit them within the palace gates. Soon a low rumbling noise is heard, and in the dim light one recognizes a couple of valets de chien wheeling a barrow containing the head, skin, and entrails of a stag, over the paved courtyard. These were hardly deposited at the foot of the *perion* ere the entire corps of huntsmen, with their large curling horns slung over their shoulders, make their appearance. Following them come the whippers-in, with the hounds, which are brought to a halt just within the palace gateway, and which at once range themselves in order of battle, sniffing at the prey, which they know to be their own, at the further end of the court. The chief huntsman, with raised whip, takes up his position beside the remains of the stag, and all now being in readiness, the crowd rush in pell-mell, lining either side of the wide court, while soldiers with grounded arms keep the centre clear. Two-and-thirty imperial footmen, of gigantic stature, in liveries of green, crimson, and gold, spotless silk stockings, and big, cocked hats, and with their hair elaborately frizzed and powdered, now emerge from the palace, bearing long staffs, surmounted by blazing cressets, in their right hands, and proceed to plant themselves a few feet apart in front of the entire line of spectators. The windows gazing on to the balcony of the

palace, which is brilliantly lighted up, are now thrown open, and the Emperor and Empress, with their principal guests, step out as the huntsmen commence to play the *royale*. The dogs, silent until this moment, tantalized at the sight of the head and antlers of the stag, which one of the valets exhibits to them, now commence yelping loudly. The chief huntsman lowers his whip, the horns sound *à la curée*, and the entire pack, every tail erect in the air, bound forward with something of the impetuosity of a charge of cavalry. When arrived within a few feet of the stag, the huntsman again raises his whip, at which signal the dogs suddenly halt, howling and quivering with excitement. The horns commence to sound again, the dogs are driven back, and after a brief interval are a second time urged forward, to be, however, again arrested by the raised whip of the chief huntsman. This manœuvre is repeated a third time, when the valet adroitly throws aside the head and skin of the stag, and exposes the entrails to view, and amidst a blast of trumpets the hounds, yelping loudly, precipitate themselves upon their prey. After the lapse of a few moments one hears nothing but low growls and the crunching of bones by powerful jaws. Then the compact canine mass agitates itself, writhes, as it were, spreads out and contracts. Now and then some hound, discontented with its place, will detach itself from its fellows and retire a little on one side, whence it will spring head foremost and hind legs in the air into the very centre of the *mêlée*. At other times a dog who has seized a tit bit will escape from the crowd to eat it undisturbed: one or two of his companions, indignant at such a selfish proceeding, will start in pursuit, and for a moment a combat seems imminent, but the whip of some huntsman at once puts a stop to it, and drives the delinquents back to their places. In less than ten minutes every morsel is devoured, the horns sound the retreat, the imperial party retires, the windows of the château are closed, the torches are extinguished, the crowd

disperses itself, and the pack are conducted back to their kennels.

Theatrical performances invariably take place once or twice a week in the private theatre of the château during the sojourn of the court at Compiègne. On these occasions the stage carpenters and machinists arrive from Paris by early morning train to make the necessary preparations. The actors, on their arrival at three o'clock in the afternoon, find imperial carriages in waiting at the station to conduct them to the château, where they are received by an intendant, who shows them to their rooms, where their dresses have already been conveyed. Dinner is served to them at half-past four o'clock by a dozen servants, and at its termination they usually stroll about the town until between the hours of six and seven, when they have to commence their preparations for the evening.

The theatre, which is entirely without decoration, communicates on one side with the Galerie des Cartes, and on the other opens upon what are styled the 'Princes' apartments,' so termed on account of their being reserved for crowned heads and princely guests. The front of it looks upon the park, and at the back is a long corridor of service which extends through the entire left wing of the palace. Towards eight o'clock the doors are opened for the admission of persons outside the palace who have received tickets of invitation, which they hand to footmen in full livery, who conduct them to their places. By eight o'clock the theatre is ordinarily quite full, excepting the central balcony, which is reserved for the Emperor and Empress and their respective suites. The pit, which is filled exclusively with officers of all ranks and all arms, and superior *employés* of the various ministries in full official costume, presents one mass of mingled uniforms. The side balconies are occupied by a double row of ladies, all in ball-dresses, if anything more *decolletées* than ordinary, the front seats being appropriated in every instance to the younger beauties. The upper balconies, which are divided off into boxes, each

having three rows of seats, affording accommodation to fourteen persons, have the front and portions of the other rows filled with ladies, the remaining seats being occupied by gentlemen in ordinary evening dress. It is the same with the side galleries, placed very high up, only the toilettes are less elegant than those in the balconies. The centre gallery is occupied by sub-officers and privates of the grenadiers of the guard, whose band composes the orchestra.

Gradually the central balcony is partially filled by ladies belonging to the court, and gentlemen, more or less decorated with continental orders, seat themselves behind them. The toilettes, silk robes à queue, are not particularly remarkable, except that they are equally *decolletées* with those already mentioned. An exception, however, must be made in favour of the toilette of the Duchess de Mouchy, whose white gauze robe spangled with silver over a tunic of cerise satin and bordered with garlands of silver grapes and vine-leaves, of their natural size, had a most striking effect, and created quite a sensation.

Suddenly the buzz of conversation ceases, and the audience all rise—the occupants of the pit turning their backs to the stage—as the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, and followed by Prince and Princess Murat, the Turkish and Italian ambassadors and the ladies and gentlemen of their suite, enter the balcony, and take their seats while the orchestra plays a lively march. The Emperor, who is in full evening dress, black knee-breeches and stockings and wears the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, gives a single searching glance round the theatre and remains for the rest of the evening with his elbows on the arms of his chair and his head inclined forward to the left side. He scarcely speaks twice to the Empress during the entire performance.

The Empress, who is on his left hand, sits very erect in her gilt arm-chair, thanks to a cushion which one of her ladies has taken

care to place against its back. She seems slightly bored—possibly the performance is not to her taste—and two or three times produces a rather irritating noise by suddenly opening and shutting her fan. She is very simply dressed in a robe and tunic of dark-green silk, extremely *decolletée*, like all the others, and her hair, which is looped up above her forehead, has a white aigrette fastened with a diamond brooch at the left side.

Behind the chairs of the Emperor and Empress are a couple of chamberlains, wearing the cross of the Legion of Honour round their necks, who continue standing in readiness to receive orders until they are replaced by other chamberlains, at the conclusion of each act, when the Emperor and Empress invariably leave the balcony. On their re-entry, the orchestra again plays a march. Every time the Emperor or Empress come in or go out the audience rise.

At the conclusion of the last act, just as the curtain was about to fall, both the Emperor and Empress commenced to applaud, when, as a matter of course, every one followed their example. At no other point in the performance did any one venture to express his approbation. Refreshments, it should be mentioned, were handed round by the imperial footmen several times in the course of the evening.

Ordinarily when the performance is over the chamberlain on duty, in the absence of the grand chamberlain, after having received the Emperor's orders, proceeds to the green-room, and says in stately style to the assembled artistes, 'The Emperor thanks the manager and the actors, and addresses his compliments to the author.' In addition to the large sum paid to the manager for the services of his company, the transport and adaptation of scenery, &c., a gratuity of three hundred francs is accorded, by the Emperor's orders, to each of the principal actors, and smaller amounts to the inferior ones, according to their professional status. Some of these performances—that of 'Le Bossu' for instance—are said to have cost no

less than seventeen thousand francs (640*l.*).

Members of the company of the Théâtre Français enjoy the privilege, at the conclusion of the performance, of repairing to the salon and paying their respects to the Emperor and Empress, who usually compliment each individual actor in turn. Before leaving the palace for the special train which is to convey them back to Paris, the performers are invited to a supper, which takes place at half-past twelve o'clock, in the *salle à manger* of the officers on duty, and is usually presided over by M. Bertora, secretary of the chamberlain's service, the manager of the company, whose duty it is on these occasions to propose the Emperor's health, being seated immediately opposite to him. The repast is ordinarily a very gay one, as several of the palace guests—notably those connected with literature and art—make a point of being present.

On those evenings when no theatrical representation is given at the château there will either be dancing or music and singing; or else *tableaux vivants*, or acting charades, will be represented in the Empress's little drawing-room theatre. It was upon this miniature stage, a few seasons back, that the Empress herself played the principal rôle in a piece written expressly for her by Octave Feuillet, and that the young Marquis de Massa's lively 'Commentaries of Cæsar,' in which the Princess de Metternich acquitted herself so admirably in the rôle of a Paris *cocher*, was represented. On the Empress's fête day a charade is generally performed there, at the conclusion of which the actors who have assisted at the representation descend the small flight of steps leading from the stage to the auditorium and present bouquets of choice flowers to the Empress, at which signal the other guests quit their seats, and passing through the Galerie des Cartes, the Salle des Gardes, and the Corridor du Midi on to the stage come and offer bouquets in their turn. The Empress, as she receives these floral offerings, kisses the young girls on the fore-

head, shakes hands with the ladies, and bows gracefully to the gentlemen. These bouquets, composed of the rarest flowers, are so numerous, and many of them are of such magnitude—one presented last season, by a commandant of carabineers, required a couple of men to carry it to the château—that they form a perfect floral mountain in front of the Empress, rendering it necessary for a path to be cleared through them before she can extricate herself. They are at once placed upon the large quoit-table in the Galerie des Cartes, which is transformed, as it were, for the time being, into a long bed of brilliant flowers.

On state occasions, when some crowned head or foreign prince is the guest of the Emperor at Compiègne, grand balls are given in the Galerie des Fêtes, but the ordinary *petits bals* take place in one of the salons, under the direction of the German musician Waldteuffel. Quadrilles, waltzes, and cotillons are the customary dances, though the latter have lost much of their originality since the withdrawal from court of the Marquis de Caux—the cavalier *par excellence* of these lively dances—since his marriage with Mdlle. Adelina Patti. The dance preferred before all others by the Emperor is the Boulongère, the grand sounds of which he takes great delight in directing. He also regards with much interest the various national dances with which some of his foreign guests frequently entertain the company. One evening last season some eight distinguished beauties of the court, among whom were the Princess de Metternich,

the Duchess de Persigny, the Countess de Pourtalès, and the charming Mdlle. de la Gravière, improvised what they styled a ‘dance of death,’—a wild, frenzied kind of reel, an intermingling of the Auvergnese bourrée, the Apaches war-dance, the Highland fling, and the Irish jig.

The young Prince Imperial usually stands up in a couple of quadrilles and waltzes once or twice with his cousin, Mdlle. d’Albe, after which he retires for the evening with military precision, at nine o’clock. The Emperor, who betakes himself to his cabinet somewhere about eleven, is understood to be busily engaged there long after the last of his guests are fast asleep. As midnight approaches the Empress rises from her seat, advances towards the door of the salon, addressing a few words to those she encounters on her passage, and on reaching the threshold of the apartment, turns round and curtsies to the company, who bow to her in return; accompanied by her ladies of honour on duty, she then retires for the night.

On the morning of departure from this hospitable imperial residence, the guests on leaving the breakfast-room assemble in the salon to pay their parting respects to the Emperor and Empress, who reply to each and all by a few kind words. The imperial voitures are drawn up in the Court of Honour, the guests take their places, whips crack, wheels rattle, and in a few minutes the sound of the railway whistle is heard, and we are rushing back to Paris at the rate of from forty to fifty miles an hour.



DAYS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

SPRING'S delights nowhere shine with gayer promise than at Sydenham; or, in other words, the most miserable of English seasons is made less miserable by means of the many miles of hot-water pipes—fifteen is it? or fifty? or five hundred?—at the Crystal Palace than anywhere else in the kingdom. The peculiar mingling of rhapsody and statistics with which it was once the fashion to write about that building would now seem a little rococo. You remember, of course, that everybody who put pen to paper in the early days of 'Paxton's wondrous dome' was accustomed to mention that it realized the dreams of poesy, and comprehended several thousand odd hundred tons of building materials. Still, though this kind of thing has gone by, with the first editions of Sam Phillips's guide-books, and the original quotation of shares in the market, I think one may almost venture on that most dangerous of rhetorical figures, the hyperbole, in speaking of the Crystal Palace. There never was anything like it before; there is nothing else like it now; there never will be its counterpart elsewhere, in our day at least. Nobody saw the smallest objection when the building was opened with the greatest solemnity. Indeed, it was the general opinion of all classes that the Crystal Palace turnstiles would continually click-click a modest song of praise to the march of mutual improvement societies, model mechanics with their wives and children, and bands of hope. A light writer, whose decided want of veneration was to some extent compensated by a mixture of candour and shrewdness, jocularly sketched a future for the Crystal Palace, the contemplation of which caused the hair of the serious to stand on end. A very small and rather profane spirit of prophecy was upon the trivial, careless, Cockney author, when he rattled away in his well-known style about pic-nics, and

dinner parties, and promenade concerts, and tight-rope dancing, and horsemanship, and performing dogs, and all the rest of it. But it was to come about in time. Any shrewd and practical showman would have told the directors much the same thing, and, as the event has proved, would have told them aright. Pity that it should be so, but so it is, and we must make the best of it even as we best may.

After all, is it so very bad a thing that we have to amend our philosophy? Is it, in any manner or degree, bad that here is a common pleasure-ground and perfect gymnasium for all classes? Is there reason to regret the discovery that people are not to be schooled through their amusements, as children are fraudulently physicked with sugarplums? It was a foolish mistake to suppose that the world was thus to be brought, by the payment of holiday shillings, into a suddenly intellectual and goody-goody condition. But the philanthropists who fell most deeply into that mistake need not absolutely despair of seeing some of their plans succeed. Though the plurality of visitors to Paxtonburgh may have a queer way of showing, at the time, any improvement or elevation of mind, you may depend upon it that they are the better for every moment they move or stand among the instructive objects lavishly grouped around them. To hope for more than this, to count upon a great deal more, indeed, was, as we are all obliged now to admit, a silly proceeding. It was 'optimism,' and that is as dangerous a guide in all dealings with humanity as a habit of making sanguine estimates in commerce. Calculations of enormous profits are always doubted by the wary; and the propounders of schemes for the regeneration of mankind by statues, tropical vegetation, and models of everything in the whole range of the Penny Cyclopædia, would do better, perhaps, to start with a



Drawn by H. H. Staunton.]

DAYS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

[See the Paper.]

modest purpose of accomplishing, say four or five per cent. of social good, than to set out at once with the determination of putting ninety-nine parts of the habitable globe to rights, hardly allowing so much as the possible loss of a hundredth.

Forgetting and forgiving those bygone fallacies of hope, which have this at least to be said in their excuse, that without them the Crystal Palace would never have been built at all, let us look around, and behold Paxton's monument in the bewildering circumspection. A venerable white beaver hat, rather briskly and sternly disposed to question anybody's right of brushing it the wrong way, seems to be sadly wanting from the view. It covered, whenever its owner took a walk, all the plans of this huge, or, let us say, grand cucumber-frame. Mr. Paxton, knighted in '51 for his design of the Exhibition building, was, above all things, a gardener. There is a story of somebody who cut a great figure in the fashionable world, less by his wealth, which was prodigious, than by his accomplishments, which were beyond all telling. One night he let a kindred spirit, a young man coming on town, into his secret. He laid bare to him the heart of his mystery. The two had been everywhere, and had seen everything. In all London interiors, the darling of fortune had shone with such conspicuous and unmatchable brilliancy as to win the admiration even of men. His companion, in particular, had envied him, without the bitterness of envy. So, when they were alone, in slippered ease, confidence was ingenuously won by the younger man's frank outpouring of sincere flattery. Then it was that the rich and the rarely-gifted personage, in a mood half kindly and half cynical, told his fresher friend that he, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers, was leading partner in a large grocery establishment, and dealt principally in pickles. 'You—you a grocer!' cried the youth. 'No; impossible! I cannot, will not, believe it.' 'Nevertheless,' rejoined the man of god-like presence, 'it is true; I am grocerer than you

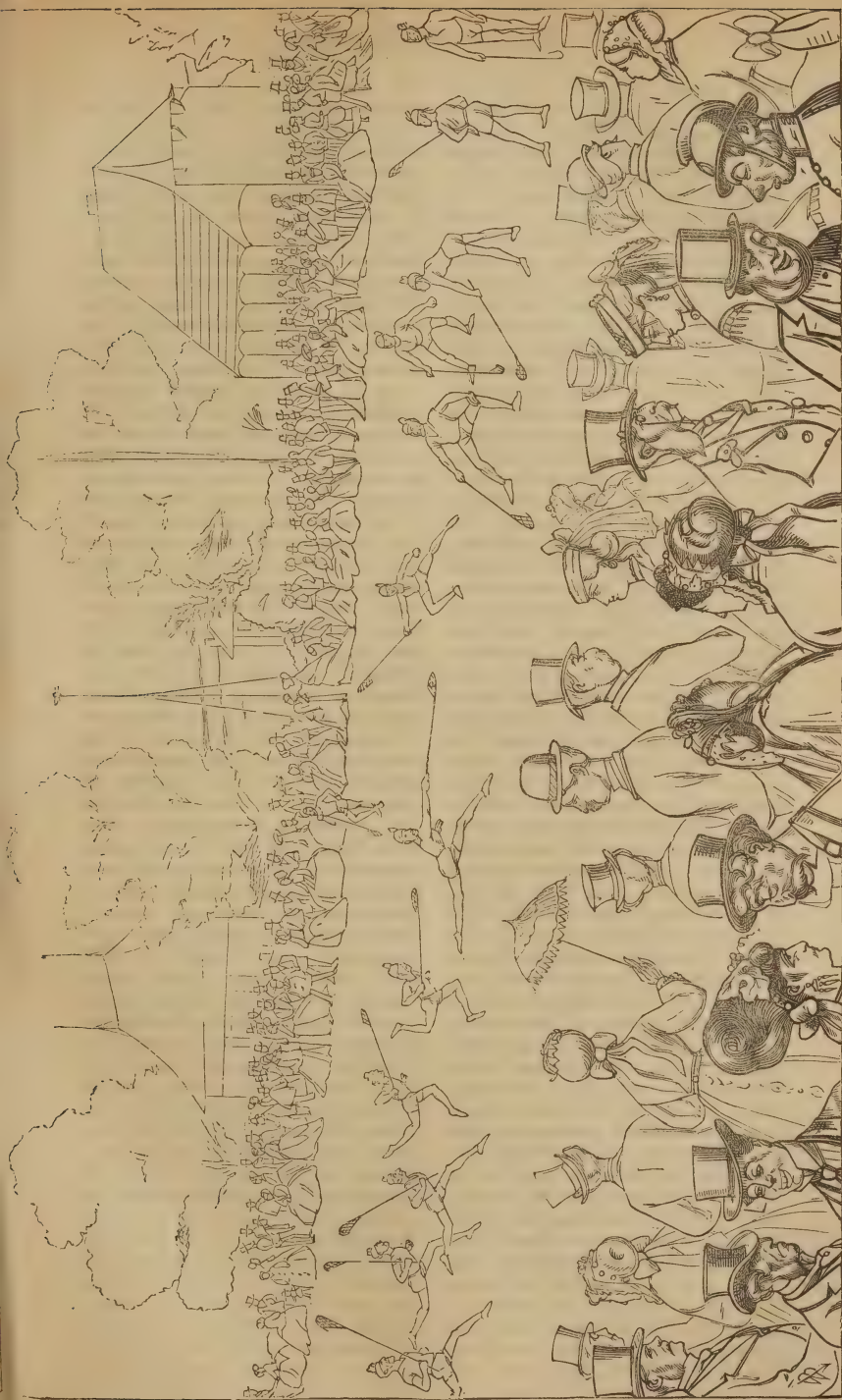
can imagine a fellow to be; I am the grocerest of human creatures.' Poor Sir Joseph, on the contrary, did not think, or appear to think, that his distinction was that of being the easily-principal gardener of the universe. He shrank somehow from the chief honour which lay continually in his path, and would probably not have objected if he had seen an inferior horticulturist stoop to pick it up. 'Ah! brother,' as a certain delightful artist of humour and melancholy might have said, 'which of us has what he wants? which of us wants what he has?' I dare say if I could play a lion even better than I know that I can play it, I should yearn the more madly to play Bottom the Weaver.

I am far from saying—indeed, it would be absurd to say—that Sir Joseph hid his talent. These very gardens and terraces, these mounds of geranium-bloom, and pyramids of roses, these winding paths and groups of colour, skilfully disposed to catch the eye at every turn, avouch the contrary. Nor is there warrant for the assumption that he who laid out this great pleasure-ground would have done wisely to leave a builder's work for other hands. It was a bold and successful thought to magnify houses of glass into palaces of crystal; but it was the thought of a gardener, who had been all his life planning green-houses and conservatories, as well as lawns, and shrubberies, and flower-beds. And there is, I cannot help thinking, matter for very grave protest in the theory which has been so long and persistently maintained by Paxton's admirers, that the sagacious old gardener actually struck out a new type of 'modern English architecture.' There is, properly speaking, no architecture at all in the glazed iron frame of the Sydenham Palace. To have urged this truth on Sir Joseph Paxton would have been needless cruelty. The mere hint of it vexed and angered him; and there was, perhaps, no conceivable argument that he would have been less fitted to hear with equanimity than the argument which struck at his pretension to rival Wren and supplant the honours of

Inigo Jones. Who could find it in his heart to grudge Sir Joseph his really pardonable vanity? Had he not hit upon the very best design for the very biggest building in the world by merely sketching on a blotting-pad the elevation of one of his Chatsworth palm-houses?

And there the building is; shorn of its fair proportions, injured by tempest and flame, alas! but still a wonderful building, wonderfully furnished forth; and would you ask where in it stands Sir Joseph Paxton's monument, I say, look round. Look at the far-reaching reticulation of iron-work, spread to encompass all the marvels and beauties of nature, science, and art. Look at the loveliest flowers, the most gracefully, bending plants, reflected by the water from whose margin and very midst they spring. Look at those crowds of people, who are also observant; for in them, as much as in the objects they regard, is an enduring memorial of the architect-gardener. Among them on all days of the year—on the patrician Saturdays of the opera season, when birds of gay plumage are convoked by birds of rare voice, and the centre transept is a sight never to be forgotten by him who has once seen it; on the ordinary shilling days, when excursionists roam with happy heedlessness of plan from picture-gallery to porter-pump, and from the top of the tower to the bottom of the grounds; on popular occasions, Licensed Victualistic festivals, Foresters' festivals, festivals of Odd Fellowship, and of all institutions given to festivity; on days of bird-shows, flower-shows, archery meetings, athletic sports, all holidays in the calendar and out of it—the ample white beaver hat is missing as a once familiar and patriarchal presence—a genius of the place, that should be there as constantly as the excellent manager and his walking-stick, or as the back hair and bâton of the chef d'orchestre. That things so permanent in their seeming character should be as fugitive as the shadows on terrace and fountain; briefer than the prologue, which was no less brief than woman's love! The sense of a loss, and a want that

we may vainly long to fill, the yearning after days and glories that are irrevocable, shall not, however, keep me from a single day's enjoyment of scenes that I have haunted summer and winter for fifteen years. I have heard those say who have official duties at the Crystal Palace, that custom has not staled for them its infinite variety—a sufficient proof that the variety *is* infinite as well as charming. Many inhabitants of the pleasant neighbourhood which has grown round the palace gardens must be almost as regular in their attendance as the secretary and the clerks. I dare say these young ladies, whom our artist has depicted as a segment of the Saturday audience, are constant frequenters. They have the quiet look of habit, the appreciative but unsurprised expression which contrasts in a very noticeable manner with the bewildered stare of novices who have never read, or have failed to follow, the injunction of Horace, 'not to admire.' I don't think they are *ennuyées*, bored, or *blasées*; I hope they are above the petty affectation of being so; for I think there can be no doubt that this affectation is infinitely more vulgar than the undisguised and, if you will, the foolish marvelling of the many. Perhaps they may not be altogether insensible to the tedium of too much overlearned music, though they do not yawn or close their eyes. I have sometimes wished, like Christopher Sly, that 'a good piece of work' were 'ended.' There is this excuse, too, at the Crystal Palace, for such Gothic distaste of the subtle beauties of harmony—that surrounding objects and noises are wont to beckon away the attention. I have sat through a symphony without being able to take my eyes from an inflated bladder-elephant, carried up from a toy-stall by the specific levity of hydrogen gas, and pulled down again by a string abdominally attached to his form. Ninety-six ascents of this ludicrous paradox of airy bulk I counted while the fiddles performed the never-ending still-beginning movements of Op. something or other. Funny at first, but maddening by repe-



‘LA CROSSE’ AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.
Drawn by ‘William Brunton.’

tion, were the phenomena of this flimsy elephant's flight and downward return. He ascended with a swaying wobble, like a tortoise endowed with aerial motion; then, on reaching the end of his tether, he trembled with a gelatinous spasm, and came down again, wobbling more than in the passive exertion of going up. He was just about to make his ninety-seventh ascent, when he was bought by a boy who had escaped from the reserved seats and the classical symphony.

Though, wet or dry, the Crystal Palace is an unfailing resort of pleasure, it is well to have the choice of a fine day. Indeed, there are some days of the year when the tens of thousands who make holiday in a mass would be inconveniently squeezed within the building, to say nothing of their losing the delights of open-air amusement. There is racing and chasing on the soft elastic turf; and nowhere can kiss-in-the-ring obtain a sanction more sedate than that implied in the mere circumstance of the game's being overlooked by such an educational institution as the Crystal Palace. Moreover—and I say this without disrespect to the intelligent artisan—he is certainly a more cheerful spectacle of enjoyment, in himself, when he gets among the green trees and on the winding walks and sloping lawns, than when he is dragging his faculties through the 'courts' that are designed to teach him archaeology and every other ology at a glance. You meet him with a sort of dissatisfied, impatient gravity in his face, as he walks ahead of his wife and children, now and then turning back and calling on those wayworn pilgrims to 'come along.' But outside he is another being. He has his children by the hand, or is running after them, or away from them, or is lying on the grass while they sit upon his Sunday waistcoat and tumble over his dusty boots. Indeed for all healthy-minded per-

sons the grounds at Sydenham, in favourable weather, have a special charm. A noble cricket-ground, much frequented by lovers of the eminently English pastime, is often put to other purposes quite as worthy as those of bat, ball, and stumps. There is a Canadian game, brought to England by certain Indian players, and known as 'La Crosse,' a game that ought to flourish here as well as on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It is played according to the same laws as those which govern the game of football; but it is not like football in any other respect than its having sides, and goals, and goal-keepers, and rules which are in common. The ball is of india-rubber, and the implement with which it is driven here and there is an elongated racket, the handling of which requires great practice in order to attain such perfect skill as that shown by the Canadian players, who, while running at full speed, pick up the ball with the curved end of the 'crosse,' and carry it on the light catgut net, and drop it, and pick it up again, with marvellous dexterity and judgment.

To the German Gymnastic Society, whose head-quarters are at St. Pancras, and whose head is Mr. Ravenstein, athletic exercises in the Crystal Palace grounds owe much of their great and growing popularity. Physical training, muscular culture, the education of the body and limbs as well as of the head, will continue to flourish in the midst of such great encouragement and with the impetus of so fair a start. If, as is too evident, the vast and unrivalled collection of objects within the Crystal Palace has not fulfilled its purpose of schooling the people quite so thoroughly as the sanguine friends of enlightenment fancied it would do, the fine stretch of ground appropriated to healthful recreation has proved, almost unexpectedly, a perfect college of physical manliness.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

ON THE NEW PIER AT BRIGHTON.

IT is a clear, bright day to-day; the wind a soft south-west; the clouds cirrus-cumuli, and beautiful with the frail sculptures that delight the denizens of cloudland. This is the fog end of the Brighton season; but in this well-filled pier, and in the gorgeous fancy ball of last night, where more than a thousand came together, an unpractised eye would hardly detect any falling off during the last few weeks. Of course it is very different to the early autumn season, which every one knows so well, when the carriages are four-deep on the parade, and the band draws crowds on the pier both morning and afternoon. Yet our band held on bravely till the middle of January, when the wind blew cold, with touches of east, threatening a worse future visitation. Christmas, rather abruptly, makes a section of the Brighton season. All those who have a stake in the country troop off, according to immemorial custom, to their country-houses at Christmas tide. This makes a difference. Still, the resident society of Brighton is very large, and countless visitors prolong their stay far into January, or even February. This fancy ball is a kind of scenic wind-up to the general season. I am off myself; but let us have a final 'blow upon the pier,' for the sake of any atmospheric ozone that the salt breezes may bring us.

There seems to be always somebody on the pier. I went there very early one January morning, and found there two or three transparent Saturday-to-Mondayers, bound to town by an early train, but firmly resolved to squeeze all the good they could out of the British Channel. I am not sure they will not bring their rods, and shiver on the iron steps over some fishing. I believe, too, that there are some demented individuals who will pace

about till they are shrouded in the evening sea fog, or perhaps in another kind of fog in the smoking pagoda. But the chief time is, on a clear sunny day, between twelve and half-past one. Then, in the brilliancy of sunlight, sky and water, and in the excitant atmosphere, Brighton is by no means unlike Nice; and although it has not the climatic advantages of Nice, it is also without the mistral, the Alpine blast, and the unequal temperature. The season at Brighton should last until the winds, or, more properly, until the hurricanes set in. But it is always season at Brighton. There is never a time when the jaded Londoner will not come down for a day or two 'to pick up.' Within a few days I have spotted a brace of London editors, a fashionable physician, a learned judge, an author or two, a mob of fashionables; and for the ball people come from all parts of the country; and not in the time of the fourth George could the scene in the Pavilion have been more magnificent.

Now the peripatetic, by his very *raison d'être*, has to promenade this pier; and as he 'promenades himself,' as the French say, he philosophizes. Just as Burns wrote on the 'two brigs' at Ayr, somebody ought to write a poetical colloquy between the two piers of Brighton. That old pier, which is now so slighted and solitary, may yield a moral on the transitory nature of earthly—or, to suit a pier, let us say amphibious glory. But—a hint for the weak-chested—that walk below the cliff opposite the old pier collects the wintry sunshine, and is the warmest spot just now in all Brighton. The two Steynes have, however, lost their favourite haunt; and Regency Square, which used to affect to grumble at the new pier as marring its sea view, finds it both an ornament and a convenience, and takes

things contentedly. Let me tell you that the music is not bad on the new pier, and the programme always seems uncommonly well selected. And heroically it is gone through, whether the sounds are on every side drunk in by delicate musical ears, or the performers gather the curtains of their orchestra close around them, and fiddle away to the roaring elements. There are certain people, I perceive, who are regular *habitués* of the pier, and the weather must be violent indeed that keeps them away. There are one or two gentlemen who gaily affect a sailor-like attitude, and are supposed to have found their weather legs, and to be now pacing the quarter-deck. Then there are several invalid-chaises, where the invalids look so cheerful that I am glad to believe that they must be getting much better; and I am sure they have my good wishes that the good air may do well for them. Then there is the hardy individual, who, like Charles Kingsley, has a special affection for the east wind, and shows particular skill in selecting the most exposed corners in the most boisterous weather. Then there is a certain amount of flirtation, and one or two little scenes occur that have just the suspicion of an assignation about them. It is so easy, the last thing at a party, to tell an agreeable acquaintance that if it is fine you will be sure to be hearing the band play to-morrow on the new pier.

Human faces have an indescribable attraction for me: they are library and picture-gallery in one. Did you ever hear how much time, on an average, it takes a physician to understand a medical case? As a rule, it takes him just two minutes. The other minutes of his morning call are to be put down to a little gossip, and pleasant manners, and perhaps your own social charms. Now, as a moral philosopher, dealing with men and women whom I compassionately regard as literary patients, I think that two minutes, well employed, would in many cases enable me to form a tolerably correct moral diagnosis. There is many a face that flits past me, where the

transient glance is not enough, and which I should like to arrest just for two precious minutes, just thoroughly to comprehend the general impression, and, as in a palace of truth, make a few interrogatories that must needs be faithfully answered. Socrates used to do that sort of thing in the fashionable walks of old Athens; and I need hardly say that I consider myself a second Socrates. 'Ah! my military friend, Colonel, I presume—I beg your pardon, General—home from India, I am sure; have some anecdotes about the mutiny and Calcutta balls; belong to the Ragged Club; a little touched in the liver, but sound in wind and limb; a little proud of the station you have won, and taking all fair moderate enjoyment out of it.' This is an honest man, with perhaps only some slight stain of wine upon his conscience, and the expletives which Sterne tells us the Recording Angel wipes out with a tear. I feel certain that my diagnosis is correct. My next military friend is a little bent and bowed, looks anxious, and wears rusty cloth, and I mentally put him down as a shareholder in Overend and Gurney. The young ecclesiastic with the Mark of the Beast waistcoat probably went to support Mr. Purchas yesterday, and perchance he wears a cassock beneath his overcoat. He is very sore just now on the Judgment of the Privy Council; but all his real troubles are before him. He entertains vague expectations from the Ecumenical Council. Theoretically he holds firmly the dogma of the celibacy of the clergy; but he is a little shaken in this opinion by the bright eyes of some Ritualistic belle. You see, my friends, I am only taking the most transparent cases, where, in an analogous case, a physician, as he pockets a fee, could hardly refrain from that ganglionic action which is called blushing. There are other cases more interesting; not only the class of ladies of whom I specially approve, who have sweet sunny faces, courteous, pleasant manners, and wide, affluent natures; but faces whence, if I could be in the confidence of

those men and women, I might derive in abundance stories of incident and passion sufficient for any number of novelists lacking the faculty of invention.

I know no place that surpasses Brighton for fine female faces with a certain type of intellectual beauty. For the highest kind of womanly loveliness there are several requisites absolutely necessary. You must have sound physical excellence, and, if possible, regular features. In a lighted room a girl with regular features can, in these days, get herself up in any desired style of loveliness. You must have the physique as a necessary groundwork; but much more is necessary to make up beauty. Those who have respect to the physique alone help to harrow up the feelings of the Lord Chamberlain. This is the reason why you never see beauty among very poor people; there are, at the best, merely features and form—which, unrelieved by expression, simply make what the Laureate calls an ‘animalism.’ You must have, beyond this, to attain to beauty, the expression of intellect, the expression of culture, the expression of innocence and goodness. Such expression gives nobility to any face; and with it beauty is glorified indeed. I must also desiderate the grace and freedom conferred by a highly refined and polished state of society. It is the want of this that deprives many a pretty, clever face of the dignity essential to beauty. Now the Brighton belles seem to me to combine all these excellences in an unusual degree. The bracing climate gives fine health. The society of the place confers manner and brightens intellect. The culture and goodness must virtually come from the young ladies’ mothers, who deserve a dissertation on their own maternally beauty. Taking one place with another, and dealing with women as they are, I think that the Brighton belles have a higher style of face than can be found elsewhere. The Devonian faces are pretty, but they chiefly affect those who are admirers of rusticity.

Here on the pier the young ladies are listening to what the wild waves

are saying, just as little Paul Dombey did yonder. There are a good many of Dr. Blimber’s young friends about to-day, and I believe I passed Feeder, B.A., and his Cornelia outside the gates. Almost unwittingly I am at my diagnosis again, and am thinking what kind of symptoms smiles may be. Now let me confess that I am not altogether a believer in smiles, thereby exposing myself to the most ungenial suspicions, but meaning thereby the smile set and fixed on the countenance. Mr. Charles Dickens has taught me to admire the portly smile of universal philanthropy which of course is necessary at Christmas as mistletoe itself. If some one on the pier is smiling genuinely at some merry thought or conceit, almost involuntarily I smile back again, just as I should yawn if he yawned; or if one smiles on the eloquent prattle of children, all this is intelligible enough. There are wonderful children on the pier, by the way, beautifully behaved, and turned out as completely as if from a book of fashions. This is all very well for the pier, and children should be as beautiful as art can make them on occasions; but I don’t like children always so spic and span on the coast. There should be honourable dust upon their clothes, and glorious rents in their raiment, and the hair wildly dishevelled; and among the boys I do not object to a few cuts and bruises. It is impossible, however, by dress or undress, to spoil the loveliness of the little children, and I always smile on those who smile on them. But there are some dead, set, stereotyped smiles on some faces which I detest. There is the inane smile of self-complacency and vanity, very irritating on the faces of those who ought to be allegorically laying their faces in dust and ashes. Now, there is a face, clever and well-bred, which I meet here, always falsified by an expression of self-glorification, as if the owner had just made another discovery of his cleverness, and was internally congratulating himself. I can very well understand the fine generalisation that a friend of mine makes of such people, ‘Never spoke a word to the fellow,

but I should like to punch his head.' Then, again, there is the sort of smile which is often little less than insulting to those towards whom the insult is directed. That handsome, dressy girl has no business to give that contemptuous smile towards the governess with her young charges. Mark you, I am not going to talk any nonsense about governesses. As a rule, from their circumstances, self-consciousness, and sensibility, they lack manner, knowledge of the world, grace, *esprit*. I don't think that, generally speaking, they are over well educated, using the word in its best sense. It is notorious that schoolmistresses are, as a class, rather uneducated. Still, that insolence of beauty—when a girl has looks, fortune, position, and knows it all so well—which shows itself in a smile of assumed superiority, must, I think, be offensive to every right-minded person. As for those over-dressed among men, their stereotyped smiles or sneers are now put down as mere vulgarity, for which they will perhaps themselves 'some day blush. It is, in fact, affectation, and, on my soul, I loathe all affectation, and at the present time there is so much of it. I will tell you a good saying of Lord Macaulay's about it. He and a man I know were discussing Edward Irving. Macaulay, in his brusque way, said that Irving was a hypocrite, because he wore his hair in so singular a fashion. The other man pleaded that it was only affectation. 'Well,' said Macaulay, 'and what is affectation but hypocrisy in trifles?' I think this is one of the best definitions of affectation I have ever heard—that it is really nothing else than a kind of hypocrisy. So the affected smiler is a hypocrite, and Shakespeare tells us that he may also be a villain.

There is a great deal to talk about, that fancy ball especially, which almost eclipsed the officers' balls, only there was a sad falling-off in costumes. It was allowable to attend in simple evening dress, and then higher prices were rightly charged for the tickets. There was a considerable preponderance of mere

evening dress, which is not desirable, and ladies seemed to hesitate about using patches, wigs, or powder. There was not much originality in the characters. There was a great run on the Louis Quinze period. Night, with her sables and her stars, the seasons, with all their floral adaptations, are now pretty well exhausted. There were beautiful little recesses where I should think that a good deal of future clerical morning work for months was cut out. A ball like this always sets an infinitude of gossip about.

Other subjects come on the *tapis* not so pleasant. There was rather a curious little law case tried here the other day which occasioned some painful gossip. A Mr. Ade, a draper in the Western Road, prosecuted an old lady upwards of seventy for shoplifting. There can be no doubt but the old lady put the collar in her muff, and when she was followed and spoken to on the subject she brought it out. But there is all the doubt in the world whether she had intended to commit a felony. The poor old soul, through all those weary threescore years and ten, had preserved a blameless character; and a man from Swan and Edgar's came down to say what respect they had for her during the many years in which she had dealt at their place of business. I do not admit any exculpatory plea of kleptomania, but it is easy to suppose that an error might be made with failing faculties at so advanced an age. A little absence of mind was the most merciful, and probably the most correct view of the case. The jury—Heaven preserve me from having anything to do with juries—having a common tradesmanlike cause with the prosecutor, convicted her. I verily believe that trial by jury is the most iniquitous and haphazard proceeding possible. If you happen to see Lord Kingsdown's 'Autobiography,' just published for private circulation, but of which a very liberal use is made in the last number of the 'Edinburgh,' you will see in what profound contempt this great lawyer held the institution of a British jury. I am sure I tremble in my peripatetic shoes. I

remember being in a bookseller's shop, and, having settled in my own mind that I would purchase a book, deposited it in my pocket, and having given a great deal of attention to various objects, I unconsciously pocketed the volume, and walked off with it without going through the preliminary ceremony of paying for it. What a mercy it is that I escaped being handed over to the tender mercies of a British jury! Fortunately I rectified the mistake before it was discovered. It would be no answer to the charge that I was an absent man, and the day before had left a quantity of change upon the counter. The poor old soul was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. She told the judge he might as well have taken out his black cap, and ordered her to be put to death at once. I believe it was a most unrighteous conviction; and I cannot pass the shop without a thrill of horror.

As I look out from the pier on the Channel waters, a remarkable literary coincidence occurs to me. Both Wordsworth and Arthur Hugh Clough commence a sonnet with the self-same line—

'Where lies the Land to which yon ship must go?'

Now this is very curious if it is an exact coincidence of phraseology; but most probably it was a wandering line in Clough's memory, whose parentage he had forgotten, and which he assumed to be his own. And this reminds me. Looking up one of our best and best-known scholars once, my eye lighted on some Latin poetry he had been writing, and I caught the line—

'Mira manus tangit citharam neque cernitur ulli.'

Meeting him in company that evening, we were talking of the effect of associations in celebrated localities, and I told him one of the Latin writers had very poetically struck it off, and I quoted the line. An hour or two afterwards my friend came to me with a very puzzled expression, asking for the authorship, and adding that it was an extraordinary fact that he really thought he had composed such a line himself. He was quite relieved when I told him the

facts. This man, who writes Latin poetry as well as Horace and better than Lucan, might as originally have produced one of their lines as Clough did this of Wordsworth's.

A large ship slowly appears upon the offing. I mentally repeat to myself that line of double authorship—

'Where lies the Land to which yon ship must go?'

'Suppose you try it,' comes a comical whisper. 'Get into a small boat with a lot of fivers'—the lot of fivers' is merely an artistic touch—'and make arrangements that the ship shall take you wherever it is going. Would it take you to summer belts of ocean, laving palm-fringed lands, or bear you to the ice and lichen of Labrador?' And then, in this pre-eminent place of meeting and parting, I repeat to myself some lines of my own poor muse—probably an unconscious echo of some one else:

'Oh friend, we meet, like ships at sea—
One moment,—then most silently
The depths will sever thee and me.'

But stop. The band is just finishing off with an air from 'Il Flauto Magico'—that wonderful opera where Mozart anticipated Moore, and by which Mr. Mapleson made one of the best operatic hits of late. It is 'God Save the Queen' now, and I must go and lunch, if I really mean a drive in this exceptional sunshine from Cliftonville to Kemp-town. Sauntering thus, we move and gossip on the Brighton New Pier.

COLERIDGE AND KEBLE.*

That venerable judge, Sir J. T. Coleridge, has just published a Memoir of his friend, John Keble, the poet, which it requires no prophet to tell will be one of the most valued works of this age. There is something very touching in the friendship between these two. The judge has kept all the letters that passed between them for upwards of forty years—letters written in the fresh morning of life, and others written

* 'A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble, M.A., late Vicar of Hursley.' By the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge, D.C.L. Oxford and London: James Parker and Co.

when he was a very old man, counting up the friends who were vanishing one by one, and whom he must soon follow; and these letters breathe an intensity of mutual affection, reveal lives in calmness, purity, and high intellectual thoughts very far removed from ordinary lives, that our modern days may recall all that we know best of ancient worth; and we are thankful for a work so salutary and so elevated. Both the author and the subject were remarkable men. Keble had taken his double-first and a fellowship at Oriel before he was nineteen. Sir John Coleridge also, after high academical distinctions, pursued a brilliant career at the bar, became one of our most useful and honoured judges, and voluntarily retired from the bench to pass many years of a serene old age in his Devonshire home. He has a son who has inherited his abilities and his great legal fame, and we trust also the unspotted goodness of his sire.

Much in this volume is unsuited for discussion in these pages, but there is much also of great literary and social interest. There is especially a letter from Dr. Newman here giving an account of the memorable interview, which he, Dr. Pusey, and Mr. Keble had at Hursley not very long before the latter's death. They had not met for so many years that the old men could not at first recognise each other, and Keble afterwards wrote

'When shall we three meet again?
When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.'

We see how strenuously he supported Mr. Gladstone and how hopefully he thought of him. Here is a brief extract from a letter:

'H. is just returned from spending two very pleasant days with Lord Derby at Highclere. Lord D. was full of fun, but H. is regretting that he omitted to ask him why he renders *βοῶντις* "stag-eyed." However, you see we have two strings to our bow. Homer and good wit are in fashion, whether we are Whigs or Tories.' He was *naïvely* astonished at the amount of money which came in for his poems, but he wished that people would con-

sider his prose as well as read his poetry.' But this *considering* Keble's prose is very hard work; the style is so exceedingly repellent and unpopular. He did not much approve of what the younger Coleridge was doing with his Abolition of Tests Bill. 'But I cannot say how much I am obliged to the said John for what he has done for us in the matter of confession.' This refers, Sir J. T. Coleridge tells us, 'to a legal opinion given in a matter which arose out of the extraordinary case of Constance Kent and to services in it as her legal adviser,' meaning, we suppose, the confession made to Mr. Wagner of Brighton.

Both the legal knights Coleridge have parts, though unequal, in the volume. The Solicitor-General writes a long letter which is reprinted by his father as a postscript to the work. Both father and son, when they went the western circuit and came to Winchester, used to slip away for the quiet refreshment of a day at Hursley. Sir John Duke Coleridge does not appear to have got on quite well with the aged saint and poet. The two got into conversation on the subject of Charles the First. The lawyer took a view adverse to the king, on the strength of the Naseby letters. 'On this, he said, I remember, with a tenderness and humility, not only most touching but to me most embarrassing, that "it might be so; what was he to judge of other men? he was old, and things were now looked at very differently; that he knew he had many things to unlearn and learn afresh; and that I must not mind what he had said, for that, in truth, belief in the heroes of his youth had become part of him." I am afraid these are my words and not his, and I cannot give his way of speaking, which to any one with a heart I think would have been as overcoming as it was to me.' On one occasion when they were walking together in London, and the barrister was talking on a sacred subject—that of the inspiration of the Scriptures—which he thought would be the great religious question of the time, 'He showed great dislike to the

discussion, and put it aside several times, and on my pressing it upon him, he answered shortly, that most of the men who had difficulties on this subject were too wicked to be reasoned with. Most likely he thought a young man's forwardness and conceit needed rebuke, and he administered it accordingly; but, besides this, it was an instance of that in him which would be called severity or intolerance.' We may, however, suggest to the Solicitor-General that severity is not necessarily 'intolerance.'

The present writer was often, so to speak, on the track of Keble, nor was he ever moved so much by any criticism as when he heard that Mr. Keble's approbation had not altogether gone with some papers which he had written. He knew something of those last winters on the coast, where Mr. Keble's words and ways will always be treasured with affectionate recollection. He had also the pleasure of hearing almost the only speech which Mr. Keble ever addressed to a large mixed assembly; and albeit it was spoken somewhat in stammering and broken words, yet the intense feeling, always so peculiarly manifested in Keble's mode of speech, and the intense reverence with which his hearers listened to him, made this one of the most successful speeches that was ever heard. The process of years brought a considerable gap between Keble the high-and-dry country divine and Keble the imaginative poet with a divine sadness on his soul. We believe that he himself used to say that his days of poetry were all gone. But his was the same ever affectionate and courteous nature, carrying with it its own atmosphere of gentleness and devoutness. Hursley is already for his countrymen and countrywomen as hallowed a locality as Bemerton or Olney. The quiet, pastoral landscape, the woodlands and park, the beautifully-adorned church with its heaven-pointing spire, the parsonage and hall where squire and parson were linked in most loving amity, the shadowed fountain over which the poet had written the beautiful verse

of inscription—all make up a picture of the purest English landscape, unspeakably grateful and soothing in these days of controversy and unrest. The poet and saint has received a glorious commemoration in the college which is about to rise in his honour at Oxford, and there is another stately commemoration in his friend's biography, perchance *cere perennius*.

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF LYNDHURST AND BROUGHAM.

It was well known among the group of law lords that Lord Campbell was engaged in writing the lives of some of them. His presence was therefore a *memento mori* to them, and, as Lord Brougham said, armed death with a new terror. Nevertheless, Brougham called him 'dearest Jack,' and when he was made Lord Chief Justice of England drank his health in a bumper of still champagne. And all the while 'his noble and biographical friend,' as he called him, was putting down in his note book every little incident that could make his friend ridiculous or despicable. Lord Campbell evidently intended to give him an acquittance in full, and contemplated with unscrupulous malice the future explosion of the magazine which he had heaped up with so much care. We do not wonder that all London, especially legal and political London, is getting a great deal of wicked enjoyment out of this mischievous work, which must breed much contempt towards the law lords commemorated, their biographer in particular, and high personages in general. If the treatment of Lord Brougham in this volume is highly ungenerous, the continuous venomous attack upon Lord Lyndhurst abounds with rancorous malignity. We would only advise every reader, while perusing this volume, to consult the opening article of the last 'Quarterly Review.' They will there find an authoritative answer to that which never rises to the dignity of autho-

* 'Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham.' By the late John Lord Campbell, LL.D., F.R.S.E.: Murray.

ritative accusation. Nothing is more amusing or irritable than the air of assumed superiority over men infinitely greater and better than himself, and whose memory will live when his own is gradually forgotten or execrated for this nefarious attempt to blast their fair fame. With all his defects Brougham belonged to the very first order of great men in his wonderful oratory, his wonderful intellectual versatility, and the prodigality of his mental gifts. Lord Lyndhurst was not only a great orator, a great magistrate, but a statesman of the very highest order. It may be altogether doubted whether Campbell was capable of doing justice to the scientific side of Brougham's character or the high intellectual side of Lyndhurst's. If ever Lord Campbell's own life is written it will be seen how essentially ignoble, selfish, and vulgar that life was. This last dastardly work was alone needed to show how real paltriness of nature may be found in union with massive abilities and the attainment of the highest earthly distinctions. He has forgotten the proverb that those who live in crystal palaces must not fling stones. The scandal will not be forgotten how the Liberal Attorney-General, John Campbell, perpetrated his iniquitous job in making himself Lord Chancellor of Ireland to sit on the judicial bench for a single day; how he intrigued with base arts again and again to oust better men from their places that he might worm himself into them; how, when first law officer to the crown, he betrayed his government and encouraged rebellion by declaring that chartism was at an end when chartism was most rampant. As a literary man impudent plagiarisms and wilful malversations of truth have been discovered against him. His was a coarse, vulgar mind, that seemed to have no higher aim in life than the attainment of substantial worldly success. Soon after he had declared that he did not mind sudden death—sudden death came to him. He might have been respected for his industry, earnestness, and cheerfulness, and have been admired for

the perpetual luckiness of his stars, had not this pitiable revelation of a mean, envious, untruthful nature been made. There were a Zoilus to Homer, a Lauder to Milton, and there is a Campbell to Lyndhurst.

It will not be necessary to go into a full exposure of Lord Campbell's biography. In the very first page he asserts that Lyndhurst was ashamed of his origin, although he lived in his father's house, and to the last proudly contemplated his father's pictures on the wall. *Ab uno disce omnes*, and the Quarterly Reviewers will give efficient help. Much as we disapprove of the work, we are as bad as our neighbours, and go to it for what gossip we can find. And there is abundance of it, with much shrewd wisdom and many capital stories, and the abundant alloy of which we have spoken. He finds fault with Lyndhurst in the Exchequer, but most reluctantly admits how great a magistrate he was, and recalls that wonderful extemporary judgment, a day long, in the Attwood case, by all accounts the most wonderful judgment ever heard in Westminster Hall. Lord Campbell contemptuously speaks of the intolerable nuisance of judges on circuit having to entertain country gentlemen to dinner, but Lyndhurst liked it, and with a true *bonhomie* that Campbell hardly comprehended, averred that he not only could make *himself* entertaining to *them*, but that he could make *them* entertaining to *himself* in return. Lord Campbell has a theory of his own respecting the friendship of Brougham and Lyndhurst. When Brougham was omitted in Lord Melbourne's ministry, but the Great Seal was put into commission and still dangled before Brougham's eyes, Lyndhurst took a malicious pleasure in tormenting him. Sir John Campbell, then Mr. Attorney, after arguing a case at the bar of the House of Lords, proceeded to the foot of the throne to say a word to the Premier. 'I then heard Lord Lyndhurst halloo out to Lord Brougham, so as almost to be heard distinctly in the gallery, "Brougham, here is

Campbell come to take his seat as Chancellor on the woolsack.” He declares that Lyndhurst afterwards used to flatter Brougham, successfully angled for a new supporter, and set him on to torment his old friends. When Campbell asked him one day what he was going to do about a certain bill before the house, ‘Me,’ exclaimed he, ‘what I mean to do! I never open my mouth now and I oppose nothing. Ask Brougham there what he means to do. He is the man now. Brougham, lend me your majority—and “I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.”’ It appears to us that this was not intrigue, but, as in the former instance, merely ‘chaff,’ and, if it may be said without irreverence, at times these great law lords were almost romping like schoolboys. When Lyndhurst was at Dieppe, ‘I heard he was assisting his great friend, Baron Alderson, to fly paper kites—and amusing himself by turns with the writings of the Greek and Latin fathers on divorce and the amorous novels of Eugène Sue.’ Although four times Chancellor, he is represented as not being a great judge. To save trouble, in appeals, he used generally to *affirm*. On the other hand, Lord Cottenham was always inclined and ready to *reverse*. Of Cottenham, ‘The wags in the Court of Chancery went so far as to say that he always presumed the decree to be wrong till the contrary was proved, the odds being *two to one* against Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, and *three to one* against Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce.’ He is evidently very sore on the complete sway which Lyndhurst had over the House of Lords in the time of the Melbourne ministry, when he remorselessly threw out all their bills he could and made his cutting sessional reviews. After the repeal of the Corn Laws the Whigs retaliated against the Conservative Government. There was a Bill before the Upper House, to which Campbell saw no objection. ‘But the Protectionist Peers, headed by the Duke of Richmond—to show their spite—offered to coalesce with us in throwing it out, and we, alas! had not the virtue to withstand the

temptation. Accordingly it was thrown out on the second reading, and I must with shame confess very factiously.’ Lord Campbell gives anecdotes of Sir Robert Peel’s contemptuous treatment of Lord Lyndhurst. But we may be very sure that Sir Robert Peel had no real feeling of contempt towards Lyndhurst. He knew that Lyndhurst was a thorough Conservative, which he was not, and possessed that confidence of the party which he was about to forfeit. Lord Lyndhurst might perhaps once and again have been Premier; almost to the age of ninety he was a living power in the House of Lords, with a supreme sway over that august assembly while, from all we hear, every one was laughing at Campbell’s vanity and overweening pretensions.

The following are specimens of Lord Campbell’s offensive and libellous style: ‘Although the new Lady Lyndhurst, like her predecessor, *tried* to become a leader of fashion, she *preserved an unsuspected reputation*,’ &c. This is just the kind of remark to be made by some spiteful old woman, who deserves to be ducked in a pond or tossed in a blanket. Again, we are solemnly assured that it was not a fact that Lord Lyndhurst’s servants were bailiffs in disguise. We are also informed that he took no bribes. Again, he tells us that Lord Lyndhurst had ‘a sinister smile of great cunning and some malignity.’ ‘He might have risen to celebrity as a diner out. His great resource was to abuse or ridicule the absent. He was accustomed, when conversing with political opponents, to abuse and laugh at his own colleagues and associates.’ The *animus* which dictates these virulent remarks—to a great degree, we believe, absolutely mendacious—is very perceptible.

Towards Lord Brougham he is equally merciless. He has, with great industry, collected all the good stories that belong to the decline and fall of the Chancellor. He tells the story of his drinking bumper after bumper of wine in the course of his great Reform speech, and when he went upon his knees to

implore the peers to pass the bill, it appeared doubtful to the House whether the effects of the liquor would suffer him to rise. The account of the famous Scottish progress is racily given. Going northward, he dined with the bar mess, on the northern circuit, instead of dining with the judge, and then sang comic French songs to the young fellows, and then declared that he would willingly exchange the Great Seal for a brief at Nisi Prius. Then he went to the proud Duke of Hamilton, Brandon, and Châtelherault, who had a lingering notion that he was the rightful king of Scotland. He stayed at another great house, and romped with a lot of young girls, who, to tease him, carried away the Great Seal and hid it. At last the Chancellor became quite frightened about that mystical document, on whose safety the British Constitution is supposed to depend. The girls then agreed that it should be put somewhere in the drawing-room, that the Chancellor should be blindfolded and hunt about for it, and that one of the young ladies should play loudly on the piano if he came near it. In this way the Chancellor discovered it in a tea-chest; but a very pretty narrative of his little game was somehow sent to Windsor Castle. At Inverness, he discovered an old Edinburgh friend, and the two passed the evening at Brougham's hotel, drinking whisky toddy. When post-time came, he told his friend to go on with the toddy, but he must take up a few minutes by writing to the king; and going to a side table, he knocked off an epistle to his Majesty, which, when received, gave dire offence. He obtruded himself at Oxenford Castle, though he knew Earl Grey was coming and he was not wanted; and although the young Ladies Grey did all they could to avoid him, he succeeded in making himself very agreeable to them. Afterwards, Campbell met him at supper at Lord Jeffery's: 'We sat up till long after cock-crow, and Brougham was most good-natured and agreeable.' *Noctes cœnæque Deûm!* But perhaps Brougham showed his greatest *brusquerie* to the

king himself. Lords of the bed-chamber stared at his unceremonious and dictatorial tone. When he had to give up the Great Seal, he sent it to the king in a bag, as a fishmonger might send a salmon. Brougham also showed his bad manners at the court of Queen Victoria. When he dined at Buckingham Palace, he went away directly after dinner, instead of going with the rest of the gentlemen into the gallery. Afterwards, at the queen's drawing-room, instead of passing her Majesty, on his own accord he stopped to speak to her, and told her that he was going to Paris, and could he take anything for her to Louis Philippe! We have heard that Louis Philippe and Brougham would sit up all night talking, and Brougham once had a notion that he might be a naturalized Frenchman without ceasing to be an Englishman, and have a great parliamentary career in France, in the days when France had a constitutional government.

Lord Campbell thinks, and most persons will certainly think the same, that Lord Melbourne acted shamefully by Brougham, in deceiving and betraying him. But then Lord Melbourne said, 'Although he will be dangerous as an enemy, he will be certain destruction as a friend.' He could not act with him, and would not try to do so. We are almost afraid to say all that we have heard of Lord Brougham,—kicking through the panel of a door; swearing in his judicial robes; taking up his hat and walking away from a Cabinet Council. Henceforth he was stranded high and dry, and no turn of affairs ever floated him again into office. But it may be said, both of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, that the last days were the best days. Lord Campbell has little mention or appreciation of this, but so it was. In these last days they were best understood and best honoured. Lyndhurst was 'the old man eloquent,' the British Nestor, the warning patriot, the unselfish parliamentary debater. When upwards of eighty he recovered his sight, and his youth was renewed as an eagle's. The new generation had forgotten

Brougham's perversity, and dwelt on the historical glories of cheap knowledge, freedom of the press, the 'Edinburgh Review,' and the trial of Queen Caroline. And of each of these eminent men, Brougham

and Lyndhurst, sundered so long by political animosities, and then united in loving amity to their ninetieth year, it may be said, as of Cardinal Wolsey, that—what was best of all—he died fearing God.

COUSIN CAR.

ONCE again, ah! happy doom, love,
 We are wandering to-day,
 Where the snow-storms of the bloom, love,
 Melt in madrigals of May,
 Where the autumn fields have flung us
 All their wealth in draughts of dew,
 Sung us merry songs, and flung us
 Peals of love from bells of blue.
 Summer's gold is not denied you,
 But the sweetest thought by far
 Is to think that I'm beside you
 When you whisper, Cousin Car!
 Once again round you are thronging
 All my tired thoughts again,
 All my weary days of longing,
 All my weary nights of pain;
 Cheerless springs without their madness,
 Summers slaughtered at their birth,
 Autumns unrelieved of sadness,
 Winters destitute of mirth;
 Friends and never one to cheer me,
 Gleams of heav'n without a star;
 But you'll linger now you're near me
 Just a moment, Cousin Car!
 'Twas in autumn that we parted
 In the rain-mists years ago,
 Pale, and chill, and broken-hearted
 For the love that killed us so;
 Autumn dying with a tear, sweet,
 Changed to winter but to prove
 That the death-knell of the year, sweet,
 Was the winter of our love.
 All was darksome desolation,
 But the saddest thought by far
 Was to think that separation
 Lasts for ever, Cousin Car!
 Now the dawning of the day time
 And the triumph of the showers,
 And the shouting of the May time,
 Summer's golden wealth of flowers
 Tell us Nature has been sleeping,
 But has left her dark retreat,
 And our eyes that have been weeping
 Seem to sparkle as they meet.
 In the miles of blue above me
 I am gazing for a star;
 Come and tell me that you love me,
 Kiss me, darling Cousin Car!

CLARENCE CAPULET.

M. OR N.

'Similia similibus curantur.'

By G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'CERISE,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

DICK STANMORE.



SHE had certainly succeeded in puzzling Dick Stanmore and already began to interest him. The worry would surely follow in due time. Dick was a fine subject for the scalpel, good-humoured, generous, single-hearted, with faultless digestive powers, teeth, and colour to correspond, a strong tendency to active exercise, and such a faculty of enjoyment, as, except in the highest order of intellects, seldom lasts a man over thirty.

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Like many of his kind, he *said* he hated London, but lived there very contentedly from April to July, nevertheless. He was fresh, just at present, from a good scenting season in Leicestershire, followed by a sojourn on the Tweed, in which classical river he had improved many shining hours, wading waist-deep under a twenty-foot rod, any number of yards of line, and a fly of various hues, as gaudy, and but little smaller than a cock pheasant.

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Now he had been a week in town, during which period he met Miss Bruce at least once every day. This constant intercourse is to be explained in a few words.

Mrs. Stanmore, the Aunt Agatha with whom Maud expressed herself so unwilling to reside, was a sister of the late Mr. Bruce. She had married a widower with one son, that widower being old Mr. Stanmore, defunct, that son being Dick. Mrs. Stanmore, in the enjoyment of a large jointure, which rather impoverished her step-son, though arbitrary and unpleasant, was a woman of generous instincts, so offered Maud a home the moment she learned her niece's double bereavement, which home, for many reasons, heiress or no heiress, Miss Bruce felt constrained to accept. Thus it came about that she found herself walking with Tom Ryfe *en cachette* in the Square gardens, and leaving them, recognized the gentleman whom she was to meet at luncheon in ten minutes, on whose intellect at least, if not his heart, she felt pretty sure she had already made an impression.

'I won't show her up,' said Dick, to his neatest boots, while he scraped them at his mother's door; 'but I *should* like to know who that bumptious-looking chap is, and what the h-l she could have to say to him in the Square gardens all the same.'

Mr. Stanmore's language at the luncheon-table, it is needless to say, was far less emphatic than that which relieved his feelings in soliloquy; nor was he to-day quite so talkative as usual. His mother thought him silent (he always called her 'mother,' and, to do her justice, she could not have loved her own son better, nor scolded him oftener, had she possessed one); Miss Bruce voted him stupid and sulky. She told him so.

'A merrythought, if you please, and no bread sauce,' said the young lady, in her calm, imperious manner. 'Don't forget I hate bread sauce, if you mean to come here often to luncheon; and do *say* something. Aunt Agatha can't; no more can I. Recollect we've got a heavy afternoon before us.'

Aunt Agatha always contradicted. 'Not heavier than any other breakfast, Maud,' said she, severely. 'You didn't think that tea at the Tower heavy last week, nor the ghosts in the mess-room of the Blues. Lady Goldthred's an old friend of mine; and it was very kind of her to ask us. Besides, Dick's coming down in the barouche.'

Maud's face brightened, and, be sure, Dick saw it brighten.

'That accounts for it,' said she, with the rare smile in her eyes; 'and he thinks we shan't let him smoke, so he sulks beforehand, grim, grave, and silent as a ghost. Mr. Stanmore, cheer up. You may smoke the whole way down. I'll give you leave.'

'Nonsense, my dear,' observed Aunt Agatha, sternly. 'He don't want to do anything of the kind. What have you been about, Maud, all the morning? I looked for you everywhere to help me with the visiting-list.'

'Puckers and I took a "constitutional,"' answered Miss Bruce, unblushingly. 'We wanted to do some shopping.' But her dark eyes stole towards Dick, and although his never met them, she felt satisfied he had witnessed her interview with Tom Ryfe in the Square gardens.

'I saw you both coming in, Miss Bruce,' said Dick, breaking the awkward pause which succeeded Maud's misstatement. 'I think Puckers wears twice as smart a bonnet as yours. I hope you are not offended.'

Again that smile from the dark eyes. Dick felt, and perhaps she meant him to feel, that he had lost nothing in her good opinion by ignoring even to herself that which she wished to keep unknown.

'I think you've very little taste in bonnets, whatever you may have in faces,' answered the young lady; 'and I think I shall go and put one on now that will make you eat your words humbly when I appear in it on the lawn at Lady Goldthred's.'

'I have no doubt there won't be a dry eye in the place,' answered Dick, looking after her, as she left the room, with undisguised admira-

tion in his honest face—with something warmer and sweeter than admiration creeping and gathering about his heart.

So they all went down together in the barouche, Dick sitting with his back to the horses, and gazing his fill on the young beauty opposite, looking so cool and fair in her fresh summer draperies, so thoroughly in keeping with the light and sparkle of everything around—the brilliant sunshine, the spring foliage, the varying scenery, even to the varnish and glitter of the well-appointed carriage, and the plated harness on the horses.

Aunt Agatha conversed but sparingly. She was occupied with the phantom pages of her banker's book; with the shortcomings of a new housemaid; not a little with the vague sketch of a dress, to be worn at certain approaching gaieties, which should embody the majesty of the chaperon without entirely resigning all pretensions to youth. But for one remark, 'that the coachman was driving very badly,' I think she travelled in stately silence as far as Kew. Not so the other occupants of the barouche. Maud, desirous of forgetting much that was distasteful to her in the events of the morning, and, indeed, in the course of her daily life, resolved to accept the tangible advantages of the present, nor scrupled to show that she enjoyed fresh air, fine weather, and pleasant company. Dick, stimulated by her presence, and never disinclined to gaiety of spirit, exerted himself to be agreeable, pouring forth a continuous stream of that pleasant nonsense which is the only style of conversation endurable in the process of riding, driving, or other jerking means of locomotion.

It is only when his suit has prospered that a man feels utterly idiotic and moonstruck in the presence of the woman he adores. Why, when life is scarce endurable but at her side, he should become a bore in her presence, is only another intricacy in the many puzzles that constitute the labyrinth of love. So long as he flutters unsinged about its flame, the moth is all the happier for the warmth of

the candle, all the livelier for the inspiration of its rays. Dick Stanmore, turning into the Kensington Road, was the insect basking in those bright, alluring beams; but Dick Stanmore on the further side of Kew, felt more like the same insect when its wings have been already shrivelled and its powers of flight destroyed in the temerity of its adoration.

Still it was pleasant, very pleasant. She looked so beautiful, she smiled so kindly, always with her eyes, sometimes with the perfect, high-bred mouth; she entered so gaily into his gossip, his fancies, his jokes, allowing him to hold her parasol and arrange her shawls with such sweetness and good-humour, that Dick felt quite sorry to reach the Portugal laurels and trim lawns of their destination, when the drive was over from which he had derived this new and unforeseen gratification. Something warned him that, in accordance with that rule of compensation which governs all terrestrial matters, these delights were too keen to last, and there must surely be annoyance and vexation in store to complete the afternoon.

His first twinge originated in the marked admiration called forth by Miss Bruce's appearance at the very outset. She had scarcely made her salaam to Lady Goldthred, and passed on through billiard-room, library, and verandah, to the two dwarfed larches and half-acre of mown grass which constitute the wilderness of a suburban villa, ere Dick felt conscious that his could be no monopoly of adoration. Free trade was at once declared by glances, whispers, and inquiries from a succession of well-dressed young gentlemen, wise doubtless in their own conceit, yet not wanting in that worldly temerity which impels fools to rush in where angels fear to tread, and gives the former class of beings, in their dealings with that sex which is compounded of both, an immeasurable advantage over the latter.

Miss Bruce had not traversed the archery-ground (twenty-five feet, from target to target), on her way to

the refreshment tent, ere half a dozen of the household troops, a bachelor baronet, and the richest young commoner of his year, were presented by her host, at their own earnest request. Dick's high spirits went down like the froth in a glass of soda-water, and he fell back discouraged, to exchange civilities with Lady Goldthred.

That excellent woman, dressed, painted, and wound-up for the occasion, was volubly delighted with everybody; and being by no means sure of Dick's identity, dashed the more cordiality into her manner, while careful not to commit herself by venturing on his name.

'So good of you to come'—she fired it at him, as she had fired it at fifty others—'all this distance from town, and such a hot day, to see my poor little place. But isn't it pretty now? And are we not lucky in the weather? And weren't you smothered in dust coming down? And you've brought the beauty with you too. I declare Sir Moses is positively smitten! I'm getting quite jealous. Just look at him now. But he's not the only one, that's a comfort.'

Dick *did* look, wondering vaguely why the sunshine should have faded all at once. Sir Moses, a little bald personage, in a good-humoured fuss, whom no amount of inexperience could have taken for anything but the 'man of the house,' was paying the utmost attention to Miss Bruce, bringing her tea, placing a camp-stool for her that she might see the archery, and rendering her generally those hospitable services which it had been his lot to waste on many less attractive objects during that long sunny afternoon.

'Sir Moses is always so kind,' answered Dick, vaguely; 'and nobody's breakfasts are so pleasant as yours, Lady Goldthred.'

'I'm *too* glad you think so,' answered his hostess, who, like a good-hearted woman as she was, took enormous pains with these festivities, congratulating herself, when she washed off her rouge, and doffed her robes of ceremony at night, that she had got through the great penance of her year. 'You're always so good-natured. But I *do*

think men like to come here. The country air, you know, and the scenery, and plenty of pretty people. Now, there's Lord Bearwarden—look, he's talking to Miss Bruce, under the cedar—he's actually driven over from Windsor, and though he's a way of being so fine and *blasé* and all that, he don't look much bored at this moment, does he? Twenty thousand a year they say, and been everywhere and done everything. Now, I fancy, he wants to marry, for he's much older, you know, than he looks. To hear him talk you'd think he was a hundred, and broken-hearted into the bargain. For my part, I've no patience with a melancholy man; but then I'm not a young lady. You know him, though, of course.'

Dick's reply, if he made one, was drowned in a burst of brass music, that deafened people at intervals throughout the afternoon, and Lady Goldthred's attention wandered to fresh arrivals, for whom, with fresh smiles and untiring energy, she elaborated many more remarks of a similar tendency.

Dick Stanmore *did* know Lord Bearwarden, as every man about London knows every other man leading the same profitable life. There were many whom he would have preferred as rivals; but thinking he detected signs of weariness on Maud's face (it had already come to this, that he studied her countenance, and winced to see it smile on any one else), he crossed the lawn, that he might fill the place by her side to which he considered himself as well entitled as another.

His progress took some little time, what with bowing to one lady, treading on the dress of another, and parrying the attack of a third who wanted him to give her daughter a cup of tea, so that by the time Dick reached her, Lord Bearwarden had left Miss Bruce to the attentions of another guest, more smart than gentlemanlike, in whose appearance there was something indefinitely out of keeping with the rest. Dick started. It was the man with whom he had seen Maud walking before luncheon in the Square.

People were pairing for a dance on

the lawn, and Mr. Stanmore, wedged in by blocks of beauty and mountains of muslin, could neither advance nor retreat. It was no fault of his, that he overheard Miss Bruce's conversation with the stranger.

'Will you dance with me?' said the latter, in a whisper of suppressed anger, rather than the tone of loving entreaty with which it is customary to urge this pleasant request.

'Impossible!' answered Maud, energetically. 'I'm engaged to Lord Bearwarden—it's the Lancers, and he's only gone to make up the set.'

The man ground his teeth and knit his brows.

'You seem to forget,' he muttered—'you carry it off with too high a hand. I have a right to bid you dance with me. I have a right, if I chose, to order you down to the river there and row you back to Putney with the tide; and I *will*, I swear, if you provoke me too far.'

She seemed to keep her temper with an effort.

'Do be patient,' she whispered, glancing round at the bystanders. 'Surely you can trust me. Hush! here comes Lord Bearwarden.'

And taking that nobleman's arm, she walked off with a mournful, pleading look at her late companion, which poor Dick Stanmore would have given worlds to have seen directed to himself.

There was no more pleasure for him now during the rest of the entertainment. He did indeed obtain a momentary distraction from his resolution to ascertain the name of the person who had so spoilt his afternoon. It helped him very little to be told the gentleman was 'a Mr. Ryfe.' Nobody seemed to know any more, and even this information he extracted with difficulty from Lady Goldthred, who added, in a tone of astonishment—

'Why, you brought him, didn't you?'

Dick was mystified—worse, he was unhappy. For a few minutes he wandered about behind the dancers, watching Maud and her partner as they threaded the intricacies of those exceedingly puzzling evolutions

which constitute the Lancer quadrilles. Lord Bearwarden was obviously delighted with Maud, and that young lady seemed by no means unconscious or careless of her partner's approval. I do not myself consider the measure they were engaged in threading as particularly conducive to the interchange of sentiment. If my memory serves me right, this complicated dance demands as close an attention as whist, and affords almost as few opportunities of communicating with a partner. Nevertheless, there is a language of the eyes, as of the lips, and it was not Lord Bearwarden's fault if his looks were misunderstood by their object. All this Dick saw, and seeing, grew more and more disgusted with life in general, with Lady Goldthred's breakfast in particular. When the dance ended, and Dick Stanmore—hovering about his flame, like the poor moth to which I have compared him, once singed and eager to be singed again—was hesitating as to whether he, too, should not go boldly in and try his chance, behold Mr. Ryfe with an offensive air of appropriation walks off with Miss Bruce arm-in-arm, towards the sequestered path that leads to the garden-gate that leads to the shady lane that leads to the shining river!

It was all labour and sorrow now. People who called this sort of thing amusement, thought Dick, would go to purgatory for pastime, and a stage farther for diversion. When he broke poor Redwing's back three fields from home in the Melton steeple-chase he was grieved, annoyed, distressed. When he lost that eleven-pounder in the shallows below Melrose, because 'Aundry,' his Scottish henchman, was too drunk to keep his legs in a running stream, he was angry, vexed, disgusted; but never before, in his whole life of amusement and adventure, had he experienced anything like the combination of uncomfortable feelings that oppressed him now. He was ashamed of his own weakness, too, all the time, which only made matters worse.

'Hang it!' thought Dick, 'I don't see why I should punish myself by

staying here any longer. I'll tell my mother I must be back in London to dinner, make my bow, jump into a boat, and scull down to Chelsea. So I will. The scull will do me good, and if—if she *has* gone on the water with that snob, why I shall know the worst. What a strange, odd girl she is! And oh! how I wish she wasn't!

But it takes time to find a lady, even of Mrs. Stanmore's presence, amongst five hundred of her kind jostled up in half an acre of ground; neither will the present code of good manners, liberal as it is, bear a guest out in walking up to his hostess *à bout portant*, to interrupt her in an interesting conversation, by bidding her a solemn good-bye hours before anybody else has begun to move. Twenty minutes at least must have elapsed ere Dick found himself in a dainty outrigger with a long pair of sculls, fairly launched on the bosom of the Thames—more than time for the corsair, if corsair he should be, to have sailed far out of sight with false, consenting Maud in the direction of London Bridge.

Dick was no mean waterman. The exercise of a favourite art, combining skill with muscular effort, is conducive to peace of mind. A swim, a row, a gallop over a country, a fencing bout, or a rattling set-to with 'the gloves' brings a man to his senses more effectually than whole hours of quiescent reflection. Ere the perspiration stood on Dick Stanmore's brow, he suspected he had been hasty and unjust; by the time he caught his second wind, and had got fairly into swing, he was in charity with all the world, reflecting, not without toleration and self-excuse, that he had been an ass!

So he sculled on, like a jolly young waterman, making capital way with the tide, and calculating that if the fugitive pair should have done anything so improbable as to take the water in company, he must have overhauled, or at least sighted them ere now.

His spirits rose. He wondered why he should have been so desponding an hour ago. He had made excuses for himself—he began to make them for Maud, nay, he was

fast returning to his allegiance, the allegiance of a day, thrown off in five minutes, when he sustained another damper, such as the total reversal of his outrigger and his own immersion, heels uppermost, in the Thames, could not have surpassed.

At a bend of the river near Putney he came suddenly on one of those lovely little retreats which fringe its banks—a red-brick house, a pretty flower-garden, a trim lawn, shaded by weeping-willows, kissing the water's edge. On that lawn, under those weeping-willows, he descried the graceful, pliant figure, the raven hair, the imperious gestures, that had made such havoc with his heart, and muttering the dear name, never before coupled with a curse, he knew for the first time, by the pain, how fondly he already loved this wild, heedless, heartless girl, who had come to live in his mother's house. Swinging steadily along in mid-stream, he must have been too far off, he thought, for her to recognise his features; yet why should she have taken refuge in the house with such haste, at an open window, through which a pair of legs clad in trousers, denoted the presence of some male companion? For a moment he turned sick and faint, as he resigned himself to the torturing truth. This Mr. Ryfe, then, had been as good as his word, and she, his own proud, refined, beautiful idol, had committed the enormity of accompanying that imperious admirer down here. What could be the secret of such a man's influence over such a girl? Whatever it was, she must be Dick's idol no longer. And he would have loved her so dearly!—so dearly!

There were tears in the eyes of this jolly young waterman as he pulled on. These things hurt, you see, while the heart is fresh and honest, and has been hitherto untouched. Those should expect rubbers who play at bowls; if people pull their own chestnuts out of the fire they must compound for burnt fingers; and when you wager a living, loving, trustful heart against an organ of wax, gutta-percha, or Aberdeen granite, don't be surprised

if you get the worst of the game all through.

He had quite given her up by the time he arrived at Chelsea, and had settled in his own mind that henceforward there must be no more sentiment, no more sunshine, no more romance. He had dreamt his dream. Well for him it was so soon over. *Semel insanivimus omnes.* Fellows had all been fools once, but no woman should ever make a fool of him again! No woman ever *could*. He should never see another like *her*!

Perhaps this was the reason he walked half a mile out of his homeward way, through Belgrave Square, to haunt the street in which she lived, looking wistfully into those gardens whence he had seen her emerge that very day with her mysterious companion—gazing with plaintive interest on the bell-handle and door-scraper of his mother's house—vaguely pondering how he could ever bear to enter that house again—and going through the whole series of those imaginary throes, which are indeed real sufferings with people who have been foolish enough to exchange the dignity and reality of existence for a dream.

What he expected I am at a loss to explain; but although, while pacing up and down the street, he vowed every turn should be the last, he had completed his nineteenth, and was on the eve of commencing his twentieth, when Mrs. Stanmore's carriage rolled up to the door, stopping with a jerk, to discharge itself of that lady and Maud, looking cool, fresh, and unrumpled as when they started. The revulsion of feeling was almost too much for Dick. By instinct, rather than with intention, he came forward to help them out, so confused in his ideas, that he failed to remark how entirely his rapid retreat from the breakfast had been overlooked. Mrs. Stanmore seemed never to have missed him. Maud greeted him with a merry laugh, denoting more of good-humour and satisfaction than should have been compatible with keen interest in his movements, or justifiable pique at his desertion.

'Why here you are!' she ex-

claimed gaily. 'Actually home before us, like a dog, that one takes out walking to try and lose. Poor thing! did it run all the way under the carriage with its tongue out? and wasn't it choked with dust, and isn't it tired and thirsty? and won't it come in, and have some tea?'

What could Dick say or do? He followed her upstairs to the back drawing-room, meek and submissive, as the dog to which she had likened him, waiting for her there with a dry mouth and a beating heart, while she went to 'take off her things;' and when she reappeared smiling and beautiful, able only to propound the following ridiculous question with a gasp—

'Didn't you go on the water then after all?'

'On the water!' she repeated. 'Not I. Nothing half so pleasant, I assure you. I wish we had! for anything so slow as the whole performance on dry land, I never yet experienced. I danced five dances, none of them nice ones—I hate dancing on turf—and I had a warm-water ice and some jelly that tasted of bees'-wax. What became of you? We couldn't find you anywhere to get the carriage. However, I asked Aunt Agatha to come away directly somebody made a move, because I was cross and tired and bored with the whole business. I think she liked it much better than I did; but here she is to answer for herself.'

Dick had no dinner that day, yet what a pleasant cigar it was he smoked as he coasted Belgrave Square once more, in the sweet spring evening under the gas-lamps! He had been very unhappy in the afternoon, but that was all over now. Anxiety, suspicion, jealousy, and the worst ingredient of the latter, a sense of humiliation, had made wild work with his spirits, his temper, and indeed his appetite; yet twenty minutes in a dusky back drawing-room, a cup of weak tea, and a slice of inferior bread and butter, were enough to restore self-respect, peace of mind, and vigour of digestion. He could not recal one word that bore an unusually favourable meaning, one look that might not have been directed to a brother or an in-

timato friend, and still he felt buoyed up with hope, restored to happiness. The reaction had come on, and he was more in love with her than ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

NINA.

It might have spared Mr. Stanmore a deal of unnecessary discomfort had the owner of those legs which he saw through the open window at Putney thought fit to show the rest of his person to voyagers on the river. Dick would then have recognized an old college friend, would have landed to greet him with the old college heartiness, and in the natural course of events would have satisfied himself that his suspicions of Maud were unfounded and absurd.

Simon Perkins is not a romantic name, nor did the exterior of Simon Perkins, as seen either within or without the Putney cottage, correspond with that which fiction assigns to a hero of romance. His frame was small and slight, his complexion pale, his hair weak and thin, his manner diffident, awkward, almost ungainly, but that its thorough courtesy and good-nature were so obvious and unaffected. In general society people passed him over as a shy, harmless, unmeaning little man; but those who really knew him affirmed that his courage was not to be damped, nor his nerve shaken, by extremity of danger—that he was always ready with succour for the needy, with sympathy for the sorrowful—in short, as they tersely put it, that ‘his heart was in the right place.’

For half a dozen terms at Oxford he and Dick had been inseparable. Their intimacy, none the less close for dissimilarity of tastes and pursuits, since Perkins was a reading man and Dick a ‘fast’ one, had been still more firmly soldered by a long vacation spent together in Norway, and a ‘thrilling tableau,’ as Dick called it, to which their expedition gave rise. Had Simon Perkins’s heart been no stouter than his slender person, his companion

must have died a damp death, and this story would never have been told.

The young men were in one of the most picturesque parts of that wild and beautiful country, created, as it would seem, for the express gratification of the fisherman and the landscape painter, Simon Perkins—an artist in his very soul—wholly engrossed by the sketch of a mountain, Dick Stanmore equally absorbed in fishing a pool. Scarce twenty yards apart, neither was conscious, for the moment, of the other’s existence, Simon, indeed, being in spirit some seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, putting more ochre into the virgin snow that crested his topmost peak, and Dick deftly dropping a fly, the size of a pen-wiper, over the nose of a fifteen-pounder that had already once risen to the gaudy lure.

Poising himself, like a Mercury, on a rock in mid-stream, the angler had just thrown eighteen yards of line lightly as a silken thread to an inch, when his foot slipped, and a loud splash, bringing the painter, like Icarus, out of the clouds with a run, startled his attention to the place where his companion was *not*. In another second Simon had his grip on Dick’s collar, and both men were struggling for dear life in the pool. Stanmore could swim, of course, but it takes a good swimmer to hold his own in fisherman’s boots, encumbered, moreover, with sundry paraphernalia of his art. Simon was a very mild performer in the water, but he had coolness, presence of mind, and inflexible tenacity of purpose. To these qualities the friends owed it that they ever reached the shore alive. It was a very near thing, and when they found their legs and looked into each other’s faces, gasping, dripping, spouting water from ears, nose, and mouth, Dick gathered breath to exclaim, ‘You trump! I should have been drowned, to a moral!’ Whereat the other, choking, coughing, and sputtering, answered faintly, ‘You old muff! I believe we were never out of our depth the whole time!’

Perkins did not go up for his degree, and the men lost sight of



Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

NINA:—UNDER THE WILLOWS.

[See 'M. or N.'

one another in a few years, cherishing, indeed, a kindly remembrance each of his friend, yet taking little pains to refresh that remembrance by renewed intercourse. How many intimacies, how many attachments outlast a twelvemonth's break? There are certain things people go on caring for, but I fear they are more intimately connected with self in daily life than either the romance of friendship or the intermittent fever of love. The enjoyment of luxury, the pursuit of money-making, seem to lose none of their zest with advancing years, and perhaps to these we may add, the taste for art.

Now to Simon Perkins art was as the very air he breathed. The greatest painter was, in his eyes, the greatest man that lived. When he left Oxford, he devoted himself to the profession of painting, with such success as rendered him independent, besides enabling him to contribute largely to the comfort of two maiden aunts with whom he lived.

Not without hard work; far from it. There is no pursuit, perhaps, which demands such constant and unremitting exertion from its votaries. The ideal to which he strains can never be reached, for his very successes keep building it yet higher, and a painter is so far like a baby his whole life through, that he is always learning to see.

Simon was still learning to see on the afternoon Dick Stanmore sculled by his cottage windows—studying the effect of a declining sun on the opposite elms, not entirely averting his looks from that graceful girl, who ran into the house to the oarsman's discomfiture, and missing her more than might have been expected when she vanished up-stairs. Was not the sun still shining bright on that graceful feathery foliage? He did not quite think it was.

Presently there came to the door a rustle of draperies, and an elderly lady, not remarkable for beauty, entered the room. Taking no notice of Simon, she proceeded to arrange small articles of furniture with a restless manner that denoted anxiety of mind. At last, stopping short in the act of dusting a china tea-cup

with a very clean cambric handkerchief, she observed, in a faltering voice, 'Simon, dear, I feel so nervous I know I shall never get through with it. Where's your Aunt Jemima?'

Even while she spoke there appeared at the door another lady, somewhat more elderly, and even less remarkable for beauty, who seated herself bolt upright in an elbow-chair without delay, and, looking austere round, observed, in an impressive voice, 'Susannah, fetch me my spectacles; Simon, shut the door.'

Of all governments there must be a head. It was obvious that in this deliberative assembly Miss Jemima Perkins assumed the lead. Both commands being promptly obeyed, she pulled her spectacles from their case and put them on, as symbols of authority, forthwith.

'I want your advice, Simon,' said this strong-minded old lady, in a hard, clear voice. 'I dare say I shan't act upon it, but I want it all the same. I've no secrets from either of you; but as the head of the family I don't mean to shirk responsibility, and my opinion is, she must go. Susannah, no weakness. My dear, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Nina, run up-stairs again; we don't want you just now.'

This to a pretty head with raven hair, that popped saucily in, and as saucily withdrew.

Simon looked wistfully after the pretty head, and relapsed into a day-dream. Was he thinking what a picture it would make, or what a reality it was? His aunt's voice recalled him to facts.

'Simon,' she repeated, 'my opinion is she must go.'

'Go,' said her nephew, vacantly; 'what do you mean, aunt? Go?—where?—who?'

'Why that girl we're all so fond of,' replied Miss Jemima, growing every moment more severe. 'Mr. Algernon used to come here twice every quarter, usedn't he? Never missed the day, did he? and paid his money as regular as clock-work. Susannah, how long is it since he's been to see us?'

Susannah sobbed.

'That's no answer,' pursued the inflexible speaker. 'To-morrow week it will be ten months since we have seen him; and to-morrow week it will be ten months since we've had a scrap of his handwriting. Is that girl to remain here, dependent on the bounty of a struggling artist and two old maids? My opinion is that she ought to go out and gain her own livelihood; my feeling is, that—that—I couldn't bear to think of the poor dear in any home but this!'

Here the old lady, whose assumption of extreme fortitude had been gradually leading to the inevitable catastrophe, broke down altogether, while Susannah, giving rein to her emotions, lifted up her voice and wept.

'You knew who she was all along, Jemima,' said the latter, gulping sadly at her syllables: 'you know you did; and it's cruel to harrow up our feelings like this.'

Simon said nothing, but on his homely features gathered an expression of resolve, through which there gleamed the bright radiance of hope.

Miss Perkins wiped her eyes and then her spectacles. Resuming her dignity, she proceeded in a calmer voice—

'I will not conceal from you, Susannah, nor from you, Simon, that I have had my suspicions for several years. Those suspicions became a certainty some time ago. There can be no doubt now of the relationship existing between our Nina and the Mr. Algernon, as he called himself, who took such an interest in the child's welfare. When I saw Mr. Bruce's death in the paper, I knew that our pet had lost her father. What was I to do? When I consented to take charge of the child twenty years ago—and a sweet pretty babe she was—I perfectly understood there must be a mystery connected with her birth. As head of the family, I imparted my suspicions to neither of you, and I kept my conjectures and my disapproval to myself. This seemed only fair to my correspondent, only fair to the child. When I learned Mr. Bruce's death, it came upon me, like a shot, that he was the Mr.

Algernon who used to visit here, and who furnished such liberal means for the support and education of that girl up-stairs.—Susannah, I cannot make myself understood if you will persist in blowing your nose!—Since Mr. Bruce's death no Mr. Algernon has darkened our doors, no remittances have come to hand with the usual signature. Simon, my impression is that no provision whatever has been made for the poor thing, and that our Nina is—*is* utterly destitute and friendless.'

Here Miss Susannah gave a little scream, whereat her sister glared austere, and resumed the spectacles she had taken off to dry.

'Not friendless, aunt,' exclaimed Simon, in a great heat and fuss; 'never friendless so long as we are all above ground. I am perfectly willing to—stay, Aunt Jemima, I beg your pardon, what do you think ought to be done?'

The old lady smoothed her dress, looking round with placid dignity.

'I will first hear what you two have to propose. Susannah, leave off crying this minute, and tell us what you think of this—this *very* embarrassing position.'

It is possible that but for the formidable adjective Susannah might have originated, and, indeed, expressed, some idea of her own; but to confront a position described by her sister as 'embarrassing' was quite beyond her powers, and she could only repeat feebly, 'I'll give her half my money—I'll give her half my money. We can't drive her out into the cold.' This with sobs and tears, and a hand pressed helplessly to her side.

Miss Jemima turned from her with contempt, declaring, in an audible whisper, she had 'more than half a mind to send the foolish thing to bed;' then looked severely at her nephew.

'This girl,' said he, 'has become a member of our family, just as if she were a born relation. It seems to me there is no question of feeling or sentiment or prejudice in the matter. It is a mere affair of duty. We are bound to treat Nina Algernon exactly as if she were a Perkins.'

His aunt took his face in both her hands, squeezed it hard, and flattened his nose with a grim kiss. After this feat she looked more severe than ever.

'I believe you are right,' she said; 'I believe this arrangement is a special duty sent on purpose for us to fulfil. I had made up my mind on the subject before I spoke to you, but it is satisfactory to know that you both think as I do. When we give way to our feelings, Susannah, we are sure to be injudicious, sometimes even unjust. But duty is a never-failing guide, and—oh! my dears, to part with that darling would be to take the very heart out of my breast; and Simon, I'm so glad you agree with me; and Susannah, dear, if I spoke harshly just now, it was for your own good; and—and—I'll just step up-stairs into the store-room and look out some of the house-linen that wants mending. I had rather you didn't disturb me. I shall be down again to tea.'

So the old lady marched out firmly enough, but sister and nephew both knew right well that kindly tears, long kept back from a sense of dignity, would drop on the half-worn house-linen, and that in the solitude of her store-room she would give vent to those womanly feelings she deemed it incumbent on her, as head of the family, to restrain before the rest.

Miss Susannah entertained no such scruples. Inflicting on her nephew a very tearful embrace, she sobbed out incoherent congratulations on the decision at which her elder sister had arrived.

'But we mustn't let the dear girl find it out,' said this sensitive, weak-minded, but generous-hearted lady. 'We should make no sort of difference in our treatment of her, of course, but we must take great care not to let anything betray us in our manner. I am not good at concealment, I know, but I will undertake that she never suspects anything from mine.'

The fallacy of this assertion was so transparent that Simon could not forbear a smile.

'Better make a clean breast of it

at once,' said he. 'Directly there's a mystery in a family, Aunt Susannah, you may be sure there can be no union. It need not be put in a way to hurt her feelings. On the contrary, Aunt Jemima might impress on her that we count on her assistance to keep the pot boiling. Why, she's saving us pounds and pounds at this moment. Where should I get such a model for my Fairy Queen, I should like to know? It ought to be a great picture—a great picture, Aunt Susannah, if I can only work it out. And where should I be if she left me in the lurch? No—no; we won't forget the bundle of sticks. I'll be the maul-stick, and you and Aunt Jemima shall be as cross as two sticks; and as for Nina, with her bright eyes, and her pleasant voice, and her merry ways, I don't know what sort of a stick we should make of her.'

'A fiddlestick, I should think,' said that young lady, entering the room from the garden window, having heard, it is to be hoped, no more than Simon's closing sentence. 'What are you two doing here in the dark? It's past eight—tea's ready—Aunt Jemima's down—and everything's getting cold.'

Candles were lit in the next room, and the tea-things laid. Following the ladies, and watching with a painter's eye the lights and shades as they fell on Nina's graceful beauty, Simon Perkins felt, not for the first time, that if she were to leave the cottage she would carry away with her all that made it a dear and happy home, depriving him at once of past, present, and future, taking from him the very cunning of his handicraft, and, worse still, the inspiration of his art.

It was no wonder she had wound herself round the hearts of that quiet little family in the retired Putney villa. As like Maud Bruce in form and feature as though she had been her twin sister, Nina Algernon possessed the same pale, delicate features, the same graceful form, the same dark, pleading eyes and glossy raven hair; but Mr. Bruce's elder and unacknowledged daughter had this advantage over the younger, that about her there

was a sweetness, a freshness, a quiet gaiety, and a *bonhomie* such as spring only from kindness of disposition and pure unselfishness of heart. Had she been an ugly girl, though she might have lacked admirers, she could not have long remained without a lover. Being as handsome as Maud, she seemed calculated to rivet more attachments, while she made almost as many conquests. Between the sisters there was a similitude and a difference. One was a costly artificial flower, the other a real garden rose.

CHAPTER IX.

THE USUAL DIFFICULTY.

Maud's instincts, when, soon after her father's death, she felt a strong disinclination to live with Aunt Agatha, had not played her false. As inmates of the same house, the two ladies hit it off badly enough. Perhaps because in a certain imperiousness and hardness of character they were somewhat alike, their differences, though only on rare occasions culminating in a battle royal, smouldered perpetually, breaking out, more often than was seemly, in brisk skirmish and rapid passage of arms.

Miss Bruce's education during the life-time of her parents had been little calculated to fit her for the position of a dependant, and with all her misgivings, which, indeed, vexed her sadly, she could not yet quite divest herself of an idea that her inheritance had not wholly passed away. Under any circumstances she resolved before long to be at the head of an establishment of her own, so that she should assume her proper position, which she often told herself, with *her* attractions and *her* opportunities was a mere question of will.

Then, like a band of iron tightening round her heart, would come the thought of her promise to Tom Ryfe, the bitter regret for her own weakness, her own overstrained notions of honour, as she now considered them, in committing that promise to writing. She felt as people feel in a dream, when, step

which way they will, an insurmountable obstacle seems to arise, arresting their progress, and hemming them in by turns on every side.

It was not in the best of humours that, a few days after Lady Goldthred's party, Maud descended to the luncheon-table fresh from an hour's consideration of her grievances, and of the false position in which she was placed. Mrs. Stanmore, too, had just sent back a misfitting costume to the dressmaker for the third time; so each lady being, as it were, primed and loaded, the lightest spark would suffice to produce explosion.

While the servants remained it was necessary to keep the peace, but outlets, mashed potatoes, and a ration of sherry having been distributed, the room was cleared, and a fair field remained for immediate action. Dick's train was late from Newmarket, and he was well out of it.

To do her justice, Maud had meant to intrench herself in sullen silence. She saw the attack coming, and prepared to remain on the defensive. Aunt Agatha began quietly enough—to borrow a metaphor from the noble game of chess, she advanced a pawn.

'I don't know how I'm to take you to Countess Monaco's to-night, Maud; that stupid woman has disappointed me again, and I've got literally nothing to go in. Besides, there will be such a crush we shall never get away in time for my cousin's ball. I promised her I'd be early if I could.'

Now Miss Bruce knew—I suppose because he had told her—that Lord Bearwarden would be at Countess Monaco's reception, but would not be at the said ball. It is possible Mrs. Stanmore may have been aware of this also, and that her pawn simply represented what ladies call 'aggravation.'

Maud took it at once with her knight. 'I don't the least care about Countess Monaco's, aunt,' said she. 'Dick's not going because he's not asked, and I'm engaged to dance the first dance with him at the other place. It's a family bearfight, I conclude; but though I

hate the kind of thing, Dick is sure to take care of *me*.'

Check for Aunt Agatha, whom this off-hand speech displeased for more reasons than one. It galled her to be reminded that her step-son had received no invitation from the smart foreign countess; while that Maud should thus appropriate him, calling him 'Dick' twice in a breath, was more than she could endure. So she moved her king out of position.

'Talking of balls,' said she, in a cold, civil voice, 'reminds me that you danced three times the night before last with Lord Bearwarden, and twice with Dick, besides going down with him to supper. I don't like finding fault, Maud, but I have a duty to perform, and I speak to you as if you were my own child.'

'How can you be sure of that?' retorted incorrigible Maud. 'You never had one.'

This was a sore point, as Miss Bruce well knew. Aunt Agatha's line of battle was sadly broken through, and her pieces huddled together on the board. She began to lose her head, and her temper with it.

'You speak in a very unbecoming tone, Miss Bruce,' said she, angrily. 'You force me into saying things I would much rather keep to myself. I don't wish to remind you of your position in this house.'

It was now Maud's turn to advance her strongest pieces—castles, rooks, and all.

'You remind me of it often enough,' she replied, with her haughtiest air—an air which, notwithstanding its assumption of superiority, certainly made her look her best; 'if not in words, at least in manner, twenty times a day. You think I don't see it, Mrs. Stanmore, or that I don't mind it, because I've too much pride to resent it as it deserves. I am indebted to you, certainly, for a great deal—the roof that shelters me, and the food I eat. I owe you as much as your carriage-horses, and a little less than your servants, for I do my work and get no wages. Never fear but I shall pay up everything some day; perhaps very soon. You had better

get your bill made out, so as to send it in on the morning of my departure. I wish the time had come to settle it now.'

Mrs. Stanmore was aghast. Very angry, no doubt, but yet more surprised, and perhaps the least thing cowed. Her cap, her laces, the lockets round her neck, the very hair of her head, vibrated with excitement. Maud, cool, pale, impassible, was sure to win at last, waiting, like the superior chess player, for that final mistake which gives an adversary checkmate.

It came almost immediately. Mrs. Stanmore set down her sherry, because the hand that held her glass shook so she could not raise it to her lips. 'You are rude and impertinent,' said she; 'and if you really think so wickedly, the sooner you leave this house the better, though you *are* my brother's child; and—and—Maud, I don't mean it. But how *can* you say such things? I never expected to be spoken to like this.'

Then the elder lady began to cry, and the game was over. Before the second course came in, a reconciliation took place. Maud presented a pale, cold cheek to be kissed by her aunt; it was agreed that they should go to Countess Monaco's for the harmless purpose, as they expressed it, of 'just walking through the rooms,' leaving thereafter as soon as practicable for the ball; and Mrs. Stanmore, who was good-hearted if bad-tempered, trusted 'dear Maud would think no more of what she had said in a moment of irritation, but that they would be better friends than ever after their little tiff.'

None the less, though, for this decisive victory did the young lady cherish her determination to settle in life without delay. Lord Bearwarden had paid her considerable attention on the few occasions they had met. True, he was not what the world calls a 'marrying man,' but the world, in arranging its romances, usually leaves out that very chapter, the chapter of accidents, on which the whole plot revolves. And why should there not be a Lady Bearwarden of the pre-

sent as of the past? To land so heavy a fish would be a signal triumph. Well, it was at least possible, if not probable. This should be a matter for future consideration, and must depend greatly on circumstances.

In the mean time, Dick Stanmore would marry her to-morrow. Of that she felt sure. Why? Oh, because she did! I believe women seldom deceive themselves in such matters. Dick had never told her he cared for her; after all, she had not known him many weeks, yet a certain deference and softness of tone, a diffidence, and even awkwardness of manner, increasing painfully when they were alone, betrayed that he was her slave. And she liked Dick, too, very much, as a woman could hardly help liking that frank and kindly spirit. She even thought she could love him if it was necessary, or at any rate make him a good wife, as wives go. He would live in London, of course, give up hunting and all that. It really might do very well. Yes, she would think seriously about Dick Stanmore, and make up her mind without more delay.

But how to get rid of Tom Ryfe? Ignore it as she might—strive as she would to forget it in excitement, dissipation, and schemes for the future, none the less was the chain always round her neck. Even while it ceased to gall her she was yet sensible of its weight. So long as she owed him money, so long as he held her written promise to repay that debt with her hand, so long was she debarred all chances for the future, so long was she tied down to a fate she could not contemplate without a shudder. To be 'a Mrs. Ryfe' when on the cards lay such a prize as the Bear-warden coronet, when she need only put out her hand and take Dick Stanmore, with his brown locks, his broad shoulders, his genial, generous heart, for better or worse! It was unbearable. And then to think that she could ever have fancied she liked the man; that, even now, she had to give him clandestine meetings, to see him at

unseasonable hours, as if she loved him dearly, and was prepared to make every sacrifice for his sake! Her pride revolted, her whole spirit rose in arms at the reflection. She knew he cared for her too; cared for her in his own way very dearly; and 'C'est ce que c'est d'être femme,' I fear she hated him all the more! So long as a woman knows nothing about him, her suspicion that a man likes her is nine points out of ten in his favour; but directly she has fathomed his intellect and probed his heart; squeezed the orange, so to speak, and resolved to throw away the rind, in proportion to the constancy of his attachment will be her weariness of its duration; and from weariness in such matters there is but one short step to hatred and disgust.

Tom Ryfe must be paid his money. To this conclusion, at least, Maud's reflections never failed to lead. Without such initiatory proceeding it was useless to think of demanding the return of that written promise. But how to raise the funds? After much wavering and hesitation, Miss Bruce resolved at last to pawn her diamonds. So dearly do women love their trinkets, that I believe, though he never knew it, Tom Ryfe was more than once within an ace of gaining the prize he longed for, simply from Maud's disinclination to part with her jewels. How little he dreamt that the very packet which had helped to cement into intimacy his first acquaintance with her, should prove the means of dashing his cherished hopes to the ground, and raising yet another obstacle to shut him out from his lovely client!

While Maud is meditating in the back drawing-room, and Aunt Agatha, having removed the traces of emotion from her eyes and nose, is trying on a bonnet up-stairs, Dick Stanmore has shaken off the dust of a railway journey, in his lodgings, dressed himself from top to toe, and is driving his phaeton merrily along Piccadilly, on his way to Belgrave Square. How his heart leaps as he turns the well-known corner—how it beats as he skips into his stepmother's house—

how it stops when he reaches the door of that back drawing-room, where, knowing the ways of the establishment, he hopes to find his treasure alone! The colour returns to his face. There she is in her usual place, her usual attitude, languid, graceful, indolent, yet glad to see him nevertheless.

'I'm in luck,' says Dick, blushing like a schoolboy. 'My train was late, and I was so afraid you'd be gone out before I could get here. It seems so long since I've seen you. And where have you been, and how's my mother, and what have you been doing?'

'What have *you* been doing, rather?' repeats the young lady, giving him a cool and beautiful hand, that he keeps in his own as long as he dares. 'Three days at Newmarket are long enough to make "a man or a mouse," as you call it, of a greater capitalist than you, Mr. Stanmore. Seriously, I hope you've had a good week.'

'Only lost a pony on the whole meeting,' answered Dick, triumphantly. 'And even that was a "fluke," because Bearwarden's Bacchante filly was left at the post.'

'I congratulate you,' said Maud, with laughter gleaming in her dark eyes. 'I suppose you consider that tantamount to winning. Was Lord Bearwarden much disappointed, and did he swear horribly?'

'Bearwarden never swears,' replied Dick. 'He only told the starter he wondered he could get them off at all; for it must have put him out sadly to see all the boys laughing at him. I've no doubt one or two were fined in the very next race, for the official didn't seem to like it.'

Maud pondered. 'Is Lord Bearwarden very good-tempered?' said she.

'Well, he never breaks out,' answered Dick. 'But why do you want to know?'

'Because you and he are such friends,' said this artful young lady. 'Because I can't make him out—because I don't care whether he is or not! And now, Mr. Stanmore, though you've not been to see your

mamma yet, you've behaved like a good boy, considering; so I've got a little treat in store for you. Will you drive me out in your phaeton?'

'Will a duck swim?' exclaimed Dick, delighted beyond measure, with but the one drawback to supreme happiness, of a wish that his off horse had been more than twice in harness.

'Now before I go to put my bonnet on,' continued Miss Bruce, threatening him with her finger like a child, 'you must promise to do exactly what you're told—to drive very slow and very carefully, and to set me down the instant I'm tired of you, because Aunt Agatha won't hear of our going for more than half an hour or so, and it will take some diplomacy to arrange even that.'

Then she tripped upstairs, leaving the door open, so that Dick looking at himself in the glass, wondering, honest fellow, what she could see in him to like, and thinking what a lucky dog he was, overheard the following conversation at the threshold of his stepmother's chamber, on the floor above.

A light tap—a smothered 'Who's there?' and the silvery tones of the voice he loved—

'Aunt Agatha—may Mr. Stanmore drive me to Rose and Brilliant's in his phaeton?'

Something that sounded very like 'Certainly not.'

'But please, Aunt Agatha,' pleaded the voice, 'I've got a headache, and an open carriage will do me so much good, and you can call for me afterwards, wherever you like, to do our shopping. I shan't be five minutes putting my bonnet on, and the wind's changed and it's such a beautiful day!'

Here a door opened, whispers were exchanged, it closed with a bang, a bell rang, an organ in the street struck up 'The Marseillaise,' and ere it had played eight bars, Maud was on the stairs again, looking, to Dick's admiring eyes, like an angel in a bonnet coming straight down from heaven.

In after days he often thought of that happy drive—of the pale, beautiful face in its transparent little bonnet, turned confidingly upwards to his

own, of the winning ways, the playfully imperious gestures, the sweet caressing voice—of the hope thrilling to his very heart that perhaps for him might be reserved the blissful lot of thus journeying with her by his side through life.

As they passed into the Park at Albert Gate, two of his young companions nodded and took off their hats, elbowing each other, as who should say, 'I suppose that's a case!' How proud Dick felt, and how happy! The quarter of a mile that brought him to Apsley House seemed a direct road to Paradise; the man who is always watering the rhododendrons shone like a glorified being, and the soft west wind fanned his temples like an air from heaven. How pleasant she was, how quaint, how satirical, how amusing! Not the least frightened when that off-horse shied in Piccadilly—not the least impatient (neither, be sure, was he) when a block of carriages kept them stationary for ten minutes in the narrow gorge of Bond Street. Long before they stopped at Rose and Brilliant's it was all over with Dick.

'You're not to get out,' said Maud, while they drew up to the door of that fashionable jeweller. 'Yes you may, just to keep my dress off the wheel, but you mustn't come in. I said I'd a treat for you; now tell me without prevarication—will you have sleeve-links with a cipher or a monogram? Speak up—in one word—quick!'

Sleeve-links! and from *her*! A present to be valued and cherished more than life itself. He could hardly believe his senses. Far too bewildered to solve the knotty point of cipher *versus* monogram, he muttered some incoherent syllables, and only began to recover when he had stared blankly for a good five minutes at the off-horse's ears, from the driving-seat of his phaeton.

It took a long time apparently to

pick out those sleeve-links. Perhaps the choicest assortment of such articles remained in the back-shop, for thither Miss Bruce retired; and it is possible she may have appealed to the proprietor's taste in her selection, since she was closeted with that gentleman in earnest conference for three-quarters of an hour. Dick had almost got tired of waiting, when she emerged at last to thank him for her drive, and to present him, as she affirmed, with the results of her protracted shopping.

'There is a design on them already,' said she, slipping a little box of card into his hand with her pleasantest smile, 'so I could not have your initials engraved, but I dare say you won't lose them all the same.'

Dick rather thought *not*, hiding the welcome keepsake away in his waistcoat pocket, as near his heart as the construction of that garment would permit; but his day's happiness was over now, for Mrs. Stanmore had arrived in her brougham to take his companion away for the rest of the afternoon.

That night, before he went to bed, I think he was fool enough to kiss the insensible sleeve-links more than once. They were indeed choice little articles of workmanship, bearing on their surface two quaint and fanciful designs, representing a brace of Cupids in difficulty, the one singed by his own torch, the other crying over a broken bow.

At the same hour Maud was enclosing an order for a large sum of money in a letter which seemed to cost her much study and vexation. Even Miss Bruce found some difficulty in explaining to a lover that she valued truth, honour, and fidelity at so many hundred pounds, while she begged to forward him a cheque for the amount in lieu of the goods marked 'damaged and returned.'



GURNEL DUKE'S FIRST VALENTINE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

BUT the morning succeeding changed all this.

A letter in a strange hand. But I soon made it out to be signed Francis Duke. And when I had read that letter I lived afresh.

'15th of February, Steeple Audley Park.

'DEAR DUKE,—My very sincere thanks for your extreme kindness to my naughty little sister, who took such a strange method of showing her gratitude. To relieve your anxiety at once, your missing papers were found within the leather cover of a dressing-case which my sister's maid had with her for safety, and which she had occasion to open when at yours—about the last place one would have thought of for it.

'I do not like to send the packet by post. It is some time since my Cambridge days, but it is not difficult to perceive its value. I am at Audleybury nearly every Saturday; let me meet you there by appointment; at the Angel Hotel, say; or, should you require it before, you can come to Audleybury—let me leave it with Prekestons's people at the bank. You must allow me to repeat my thanks, which I cannot do too emphatically. Hoping soon to make your acquaintance,

'I am, dear Duke,

'Yours faithfully,

'FRANCIS DUKE.

'Gurnel Duke, Esq.'

'Brother and sister nothing alike,' I said, as I refolded the letter. I did not resign my situation. I waited until next day's post, when I wrote, making an appointment for Saturday week at the Angel, Audleybury. I did it upon deliberation, and I knew the road I was taking.

At the Audleybury station on the Saturday I fell into conversation with a friend, and did not observe the Lipswich train come in by an adjoining platform. 'You're an ob-

ject of curiosity,' said my friend as he left me. 'A gentleman has twice stepped back to have a look at you.'

'Yes, Frank,' said a very nonchalant voice, as I turned my head in the direction indicated; 'no need to be ecstatic—it is Mr. Duke.'

On the Lipswich platform, not two yards from me, stood Miss Duke and a tallish fellow in dark-brown shooting suit and knickerbockers. He had strongly-marked features, brown hair, not very dark, and worn rather flat, small moustache, and long whiskers, pleasant brown eyes—a very pleasant-looking, gentlemanly fellow, with a kind voice, as I noticed immediately. Although so near, he had yet to traverse one platform and half another to reach me. This he did, paying me the compliment of considerable haste, his sister contriving to keep up with him and yet maintain her nonchalance. Seeing his object I went to meet them.

'Mr. Gurnel Duke, I believe,' said he, holding out his hand and speaking with a warmth and animation as novel to me as agreeable. 'You are so exactly one of us in face and appearance I knew you as soon as I set eyes on you—by that and my sister's description.' Servile imitation of her brother, however, did not show to be one of Miss Duke's faults.

'You bound for the city? our way too.' And his arm was promptly within mine. 'Oh, you go up St. Peter's Street?—then meet us in an hour and half at the Angel for luncheon.' And when I did so meet them, he could not be too cordial. But with Miss Duke it was not more than a word or two she could vouchsafe me at all. Sitting by us, scarcely joining in the conversation, watching us with the disdainful eyes, the backward carriage of the head, the scornful, critical mouth, and the pale, delicate face in a frame

of some light wavy kind of fur—fur, I remember, on the small hat and fur on the trim collar—she looked the counterpart of some fine-toned, old-world picture. She was evidently a child still in her brother's eyes—he must have been two-and-thirty—and he enjoyed her caprices as one would those of a child.

'Maud is always in something of this sort, Duke—always lights on her feet, though. The remotest chance in the world, wasn't it, that she should meet with you? Quite a romance—the train, the unknown cousin, and the porter delivering her as so much goods. Valentine's Day, too, to complete the matter. Didn't you take her for a valentine, come by the afternoon's post?' Miss Duke contrived to throw an additional degree of scorn into her face. 'She told me of your dismay.'

'I have never owned a valentine,' I replied; 'so I am not apt at making them out.'

'This your first experience?' persisting in his joke. 'At your age, and in this Christian country!'

'Mr. Duke is one of those enthusiasts whom people leave to their own devices,' said Miss Duke, loftily.

'Ah, so wrapt up in his own devices as not to accompany a lady to a house where she was a stranger. Ha! ha! Maud told me all your misdemeanours as well as your kindnesses. She says the abstraction of your papers was a judgment on you.'

I had quite shaken myself out of my devices for this day that I had given myself, so I was dreadfully ashamed for my inadvertence, which had never occurred to me before. However, I did not make the worse blunder of attempting a late apology, for Miss Duke seemed angry now as well as scornful.

'Don't think,' Frank continued, 'Maud was not sorry enough. She had an idea money could replace it, because she heard Frekeston say it was cheap at five thousand. So I was to try everywhere. Yes,' I said, 'of the Tycoon of Japan, the Lama of Thibet, the sun, moon, or stars, if she could find me their business address. I was quite as

likely to be successful with them as with——'

'Really, Frank,' interrupted Miss Duke, petulantly, 'I don't think what you said or I said either is worth repeating.' So we went to the safer ground of general topics.

'But what have you to do that you can't bear 'us company?' Duke urged, when I spoke of leaving them. 'My sister has not been here before, and we are to go the round of the lions. You know more of Audleybury than I do, so, don't you see it would be both a pleasure and an advantage if you could come?'

Since he was so desirous, I saw no reason why I should not accede; I was not so much disturbed, because I resented it as an injustice, that an affected disregard of my presence on Miss Duke's part appeared her rule for the day. I supposed it her first lesson in our relative positions. Perhaps I mastered it more easily and equably than she expected—or liked. Either circumstances favoured me, or she did not approve of the way in which I was engrossed by her brother.

'Oh dear, the horrid man!' she said to herself, as the tide of passers-by took Frank in front, and brought us side by side. Then to me, 'Ah, well, can I not leave it to you to see that he does not trouble me?'

'It is a rare courage, Miss Duke, with which you swallow the least of two evils,' said I, grimly. I tried hard to conceal the delight her imperative request produced in me; it is an open question how far I succeeded. 'Now, Gurnel Duke,' said I to myself, 'if you can't make good your standing with her, it is nobody's fault but your own.'

The crowded state of this particular thoroughfare afforded excuse for me to offer my arm, and, afterwards, there was plenty of occasion why she should not relinquish it. The gentleman whose approach had so excited her apprehension I recognized as Sir Warren Waters, a rich baronet living not far from Audleybury. He was simply the typical bore. His coat-collar and cravat were platitudes in themselves, his face a commonplace, the fashion of his hair precise to a pro-

verb. Bearing down upon Miss Duke, he got stranded on Francis Duke's shore. By dexterous steering I carried myself and companion past the two gentlemen, and—we made such excellent use of our advantage—not until we, a full quarter of an hour later, halted for the sexton to admit us into St. Wilfrid's—old St. Wilfrid's, the glory, every one knows, of Audleybury—did they get up with us.

'I have fallen in with a friend, Maud,' said her brother, unwittingly.

'Oh, Sir Warren! How do you do?' shaking hands as demurely as possible. 'Frank, how *did* you manage to lose us?' The little rogue! thought I, hugely enjoying myself behind the scenes and my sober face.

'How did you manage to disappear? I think it is. I just shook hands with Waters, and you were—yards in front. Ah, my cousin, Waters. Allow me to introduce you. Mr. Gurnel Duke, Sir Warren Waters.'

'Lord Uxford's friend, I presume?' said Sir Warren, deriving relief from my cousinship.

In accordance with my duty, I soon devised another separation.

'I think you must be dreadfully deceitful, Cousin Gurnel,' says Miss Duke, with a great air of apprehension for me, when we find ourselves apart. And again I see in it something vastly enjoyable.

Was not I proud of my afternoon's companion? And if I succeeded with her in nothing else, I succeeded in showing I could think of other things besides my own devices. With laudable patience poor Sir Warren toiled after us until we left for the station.

'Have I done your bidding?' I ventured to ask, as we stood together on the platform.

'Con amore,' said she, turning her laughing eyes on me. Ah, little witch, she took payment for all, never doubt, then or after.

'I am glad to have met you, Gurnel,' said Mr. Duke, warmly, in bidding me good-bye; 'we ought to have known one another before.'

'And I am glad to have met you,'

Francis Duke,' I answered. 'I have not been happy in my experiences of my relatives. To-day, for the first time, because of you, I understand the feeling of kin.'

'Well! Now I know, Frank, what disparagement by inference is,' said Miss Duke.

But she appeared more amused than anything else. I looked quietly at her, with a reflection of her amusement in my face; but behind was an anxious sense that she was only tasking me with the old lesson, translated into much more involved and subtle language.

'You will come to see me at Steeple Audley,' said Frank: 'you are going to be the great man of the family, and I mean to begin paying court early.' And so good-bye was said.

Do you think that day cured me? I went often now to Audleybury, and saw them often, for, Francis Duke not being in robust health, the physicians recommended country air, and, in consequence, they did not go to town for more than three weeks this season. I had no more such days as that; it had had its purpose, and had fulfilled it. She treated me to all sorts of caprices, most of all to a superb indifference. She did not need now to make too open show of it. A tone, a gesture sufficed now for me to understand her mood, and she knew it, be sure. What she meant it is difficult to say; but I think, at times, the displeasure and distaste her manner seemed to evince were more than half real. I ought to have kept away, but I did not. When Francis Duke asked me to Steeple Audley for the Saturday to the Monday, I ought to have refused, but I did not. I cannot allege against her that she gave me any inducement.

'Lord Haileybury will be with us, Frank,' she said, with very thinly veiled meaning, when he gave me the invitation the previous Saturday. Lord Haileybury was the Marquis of Mainwaring's eldest son (the marquis of another generation).

'I don't forget, Maud,' he returned, a little severely.

When I went the following Satur-

day, I found Maud Duke waiting luncheon in the morning-room. Frank and Lord Haileybury came in a few minutes later. On Frank's introduction, Lord Haileybury used nearly Sir Warren's words. 'The Mr. Duke, Lord Uxford's friend, I believe.' A fine, suave young man the speaker was, with the whole House of Lords in his courtesy, if you know what I mean.

'We will be with you directly,' said Frank.

As they passed out, Maud spoke. 'Lord Uxford's friend!—always Lord Uxford's friend!' with scornful emphasis. 'Cannot you succeed in establishing your own identity?'

I answered her with some of her own audacity; indeed I did once hear her say, 'We Dukes have all something in common. I have more faith in myself than in anything or anybody else on earth, and it is the same with you, Mr. Gurnel.' So I answered her, slowly walking to where she stood: 'Some day it shall be Miss Duke, Gurnel Duke's cousin, and so on, as the case may be. I can wait for that as I can wait for most things.' I spoke with that perfect conviction which is the strongest of all things.

'As the case may be?' she answered, at haphazard, to cover her defeat, or she would certainly have taken care not to apply it personally. 'All the Dukes now are your cousins.'

'Now, but in the future? Wife and children, maybe.'

'I should like to see *your* conception of a wife,' said she, with her arrogant, irritating little laugh.

'My wife is for the future also. I can wait for her as I can for most things.' And after that, perhaps the boldest thing I had yet said, Miss Duke dropped the subject. Soon Mrs. Gilbert and the two young men came in. Mrs. Gilbert was the elderly lady living with them since Miss Duke had resided with her brother.

During my three days' stay she treated me better than I might have expected after her very decided hint that I was *de trop*; Lord Haileybury was not at all advanced before me. I was not blinded by it,

I knew what it was; from the sort of doctrine I had heard her preach, I laid my better fortune to my being a relative, consequently not to be put down with impunity by others, however often and severely by my lady herself. So the patrician cousin and the commoner cousin fared alike. Still I went away with Haileybury for my *bête noir*. I was obliged to own him a very nice fellow—a sterling fellow. So much the worse. Was he not to remain a fortnight longer, whilst I had to go back to my school drudgery?

My progress with my great scientific work was slower now. I had to go to Mr. Frekeston for funds. I often stumbled and fell—for, for this long time it was a trackless road—yet I worked on doggedly. Then the midsummer vacation drew near, and Francis Duke asked me to pass the whole six weeks at Steeple Audley. I accepted, even while her face dared me to do it. Blind, foolish, you will say: no, blind I was not; foolish, maybe; and even reckless. Ah, conduct is not always to be judged by the issues, favourable or otherwise. The whole six weeks!—that is, with the exception of a few days for London. And at the end of the first three weeks I felt that it was well I had that break, so that I might find my feet again, and breathe the healthy outside atmosphere. There was always abundance of time when it was we three and none else, although we saw plenty of company. Even then, riding, driving, boating, archery, croquet, it was with her, always with her. Positively I had no time given me to recover my sober senses. Dangerous work, over the pit's mouth always, especially for a poor charity schoolmaster, as in my pride I called myself. Goes the old song—

'Fanciful exceedingly,
Was the Lady of the Lea.'

Ay, Maud Duke not less so. What was she not? So petite, and yet so fearless, with such a gentle, soft movement of voice and step, and yet so audacious. Yes, she had 'gotten her beauty so by heart,' a touch of her finger was as a rod of iron to command. She had her re-

sources so well under control. She lifted her great grey eyes to you—grey as the river, where it runs deep and indolent under the shadow of the bridge—and you were at her feet, to be spurned with saucy gesture of head and hand, as though it all were a game of an hour for her special pastime. Some day, perhaps, some man thus spurned would take her in his strong arms and keep her there for his revenge. But very often, although one knows perfectly what is needed for success, one feels it too daring to attempt in one's own person, and one tries half-measures, in spite of a constant miserable consciousness of their uselessness. So it might have been with me: so it was, in fact; but I went away for a space, and I felt myself a man again. I told myself what I would do, and I told myself it would be ill with me if I did not do it.

When in London, I met Lord Uxford, and was persuaded to return with him to Somersley; so that, altogether, I was a week away from Steeple Audley. For the first time I learned that Lord Uxford was acquainted with Miss Duke, through staying a fortnight in the same house with her only the Christmas before.

'So you are with the Dukes for some time?'

And my kind old friend gave me one of his shrewd, speedy glances. I met it openly, fully; although in so doing I must betray my secret. The next day in bidding me good-bye, Lady Uxford holding my hand in hers in the kind, motherly way she had come to use towards me—poor lady, sometimes, I believe, she thought I *was* her boy—seemed to have something on her mind to speak, but she refrained, and only looked pityingly at me. As I came through London, I passed an hour with a scientific friend. Alluding to the expensive nature of my pursuits, he said, 'Shame, Duke, the other family had all old Richard Duke's tin. Didn't want it a bit. Why the two girls, let alone the brothers, had twenty-five thousand from their father. And then old Dick's fifteen. I say it's a confounded shame.'

But his information did no more to turn me from my purpose than Lady Uxford's pity.

Maud Duke's womanly instinct taught her from the first of my return how it went with me. How clever she was in her fence! Leaving off none of her old lures, her caprices, her insolent speeches, her sudden commands; trusting to her wit to evade anything serious if it loomed too near. And for me, I held on, also trusting in my power to compel her attention when I chose. I held on, finding work my best tonic. I had for my work a part of the library to myself, an afterthought of the designer, which could be shut off at will by drawing out a sort of screen or folding-door. But sometimes Frank came to write letters there as more comfortable than the larger room—indeed in the regular way it was his study—and if Frank, often his sister. One morning when they both so came he was called out, but she remained. I kept on as steadily as the distraction of her presence would allow. She saw my attempt; her mood the day before had been a supercilious silence, to-day it was active mischief. She took up a sheet of paper on which I had been working, and, I suppose, thought of her old escapade.

'I don't like the look of your productions at all, Cousin Gurnel' (and I don't think she did; I think she had a great spite against them). 'They are sorcery, I know they are. And shouldn't sorcerers and all belonging to them suffer the punishment of fire?' And looking after me with wicked eyes, she held the paper near a taper her brother had lighted for sealing his letters. 'You won't dare me to it?'

'No, I won't; but I warn you, if you burn it, you will be what it won't suit you to be—my debtor.'

That really deterred her, although for bravado she held the paper before restoring it so near as to singe the corner.

'Your calmness, sir, does credit to your nerves. Inwardly you know you are a raging furnace.'

'If I were having a tooth pulled,

Miss Duke, my state of mind would not be equable exactly, yet I don't think I should go into hysterics. But,—and having removed the injured corner, I locked the paper in my desk—‘but, I should avoid the toothache as much as possible after.’

‘First causes,’ laughed she. ‘Poor old Gurnel!’ (It was not often she used my name like this)—‘poor old

Gurnel! haven't I found out all the weak places in your harness!’

And the touch of her hand on my shoulder as she passed was almost a caress, the sort of caress one might use to a faithful dog.

I took her hand and held it firmly. I looked her full in the face.

‘You have found the weak places in my harness? Then you will also have found the strong ones. You



know then that I am not one to be “killed wi’ disdain”—as you read from your favourite Massey, yesterday.’

I couldn't say how I spoke, nor how I looked. She, I know, drew herself up and tried for the briefest space to look me down; but I held my own, and she snatched her hand from mine and turned away pale and proud. She sat a little while with her face to the window, then she left the room. There was a

dinner-party on for the evening; Sir Warren Waters and others. She was no longer reticent in her disdain; all the scornful, bitter things she could say she did, but nothing would I allow to draw a retort from me; it was sometimes she who flinched, not I; I was only solicitous lest her brother should hear and chide her. Next day she was invisible to me until luncheon.

‘Frank,’ she said then, when we had talked on indifferent topics some

time, 'Mr. Duke *was* in a bad way yesterday, oh, in a frightful bad way. He was quoting poetry!'

'What was the subject?—that's the thing.'

'Oh,' returned she, mockingly, 'his profession of faith. Now can't you guess?'

But then her face suddenly blazed.

'I was near proving a martyr to it, any way,' I replied, drily.

The last morning of my six weeks came. Miss Duke, I knew, was in the study, under the impression that I had vacated it for good. She was furnishing it with fresh flowers, as was her wont; the open doors giving passage to the garden. She started as I entered, supposing me on a business expedition with her brother. I had, in fact, accompanied him some way.

'How will it do?' said she, appearing absorbed in her bouquet. 'It wants a rose or two more, does it not?'

'The roses will keep. It is my last morning.'

I had come in by the doors, and so stood between her and them.

'Why don't you tell me news?' said she, indolently, affecting an easy manner, but now quite aware of what was coming, by token that she unsettled all the flowers in the vase, as though dissatisfied with them, and unconsciously commenced pulling the best rose amongst them to pieces. 'I wouldn't deprive Chop, the butcher's boy, and Snip, the tailor's son, of you for a little. I can be generous sometimes, you know.'

A promising beginning!

'Frank's gun, and loaded too,' I exclaimed, seeing a gun across two chairs to the right.

'Careless boy!' she returned, seizing gladly on the diversion. 'He will be back soon by that. Where did you leave him?'

'At Stapleton Grange. He'll be a quarter of an hour yet. I left him to finish his round alone, as I had something to do here that would not wait. I want to ask you—'

'Then you had better not,' she hastily interposed. 'I tell you I'm not in a listening mood this morning. Come, do as you are bid,' she

added, gently, 'and help me gather my roses.'

But I was not to be fooled by her gentleness.

'No, I have thought on it too long and too anxiously to be put off now with a light word.'

An ominous flush came into her cheek, as though she were determined to make an injury out of my persistence.

'You'll think so when I tell you that I came when your brother invited me, on purpose that I might look everything in the face, and see if my courage were still equal. I know how rich you are, how scornful you are.' She had sat down with a scoffing assumption of much-enduring resignation. 'I know, without you reminding me, that I am only a poor charity school-master. But none of this changes me in the least.' I began to labour in my speaking, as men do who know that any one ill-advised word may cost their happiness. 'I am not good at speaking of my love for you. But this I know, that before all I want you for my wife, and if you cannot love me, I cannot forget it all and dream again a dozen, twenty times, as some men will.'

A great, rich, swelling crimson rose-leaf fell from her hand at my feet. I looked on it with ruth that had something more than that leaf for its object, I suspect. But I have that leaf in my pocket-book at this moment.

'It's getting stale,' she said, affecting levity, although I could see she was either angry, annoyed, or something. 'It never rains but it pours. Here has Sir Warren Waters been before you on the same errand. I was a quarter of an hour making him understand, and then I had to speak in his own precise fashion. Now a shower to-day and another to-morrow would be so much more agreeable.'

'I don't care how precise you are if you will only be serious.'

'Your own grave face is not prepossessing enough to be an inducement. What! you will have an answer? Then—poor cousins, like poor nephews,'—she stayed with a strange pause—'are so much in the

way, you never do know when you have taught them their place.'

And then she was laughing silently over her satire, and the strong curb I had to put on my anger.

'That's a hard speech, but I can bear it.'

'Ah, but you wouldn't expect me to say it again, or anything like it, if I were foolish enough to be your wife.'

And again there was a change in her, and her eyes were flashing defiantly, and she was speaking quickly.

'I don't think you would.'

'Yes, that's even more easy to understand. I should have to be very humble; and you, if I begged you ever so, would not so much as give up that work of yours, which you put before everything.'

'I hope—I should not,' said I, slowly and painfully—all the more since she listened for my reply. 'But I pray God I may never have the temptation.'

'I will take care you have not, Mr. Duke.'

'I cannot tell you a lie about it, as some men would.'

'I say I will take care you have not the temptation. You had better rest with that for an answer. You won't like Sir Warren's.'

'Sir Warren is a worthy fellow, deserving more grace than I expect you gave him; but he is not worthy of you. I don't say I am, Maud—'

'Not Maud, sir, for you—Miss Duke, if you please.'

'I don't say I am, Maud.' I was getting dogged and importunate. 'But I swear you should never know what it was to be ashamed for your husband, to see him an inferior.' She rose restlessly from her chair, all flushed and hasty and trembling. 'What am I to do to make you see how I love you? But you see it. I have been at your mercy all these weeks because you see it.'

'You are a little insulting, Mr. Duke,' she said, coldly. 'You don't know yet how to ask a woman to be your wife, in spite of your superior wisdom. You want your reply? Very well.' She was nearest the

door now. 'I return my humble thanks for the honour intended to be conferred on me, but I beg to be allowed to decline it, as too high for me.'

And she made me a low sweeping courtesy, in withdrawing to the door.

Simultaneously it seemed to me there was a loud report, a sharp scream, and I fell as though struck down by a giant hammer. I lay full length on the floor,—and I may as well tell you, I did not find my feet again for four months. Standing half turned from me in her disdain, she made me that mocking courtesy in retiring, and forgetting the gun loaded and cocked on the chair, brought it violently to the ground. Both barrels went off, neatly lodging their contents in my feet and knees at a few yards' distance.

From sheer fright she took a backward step towards the garden; the next moment she was kneeling at my side. I lay still as death for a brief space, I know, and then her poor pale little face went to my heart and brought back life to it.

'Don't be frightened, dear,' I said, trying to smile. 'There's some of me left. You won't kill me with disdaining, Maud.'

Trying to put a good face on it, but signally failing, for a cold faintness had come over me, not from pain so much, I did not feel that yet, but from the shock.

'Don't,' she sobbed, either because of my jest or my faintness.

For her sake I fought off the deadly sickness resolutely, else it seemed to faint would be the greatest blessing and relief. I made her understand to help me against a chair, so that my head might be higher. She had to put her arms quite round me to raise me—I used to feel the clasp of those arms in the long days and terrible nights.

'I shall do well now,' and I smiled reassuringly into the great grey eyes painfully waiting on my gestures—to interpret them so readily. Without any foolish ado, for all her poor little bursting heart, she sped away gamely as I bade her, and I went off immediately into semi-consciousness, from which I was only

roused by the bustle of many people and Francis Duke's voice—

'Good God, then Maud has shot you?'

'Maud? It's all your confounded carelessness,' said I, in a voice momentarily loud, but then falling away into something very undignified and feeble.

'Oh, my God, my gun, I see!'

'A gun on full cock in a room where at any time it might be caught by a lady's skirt! Are you not ashamed of yourself?' I went on, in rather absurd crescendos and diminuendos. And then, I believe, I asked them to raise me that I might see what the hurt was—for what with the shock and my desire to shield her it was not very plain what I did say or want. But when they did raise me a little I knew enough to tell them to cut off my boots at once. 'And Mrs. Gilbert, you and Miss Duke go,' I added, sharply. For, poor child, she was standing white and shivering behind her brother. I did not keep my consciousness many minutes after that, and when I came round again it was to find myself on the sofa, Frank giving me brandy, and blunt old Dr. Upson examining my wounds. 'Great loss of blood,' I heard.

'Doctor'—up came his moon-spectacles and his mastiff-face—'can I be best moved to-day or to-morrow morning?'

There were instantly ever so many deprecating tongues; but he did me the honour of heeding me alone.

'I should not advise removal to-day.'

'Was that my question?'

'Humph!' said he, stung to candour. 'I'll answer for it, where you are to-night you will be this day three months. That is, barring accidents.'

'Now that I can understand. It is twenty-eight miles to Cumberley. Put your heads together and devise, as quickly as you can, the best means of getting me there.'

'I'm master here,' said Francis Duke, firmly, 'and I say you don't go. So no more.'

'And I am my own master; and I

say you don't dress or stanch my wounds, or anything, until I have your word to get me off to-day.' I was not like fainting now, because the pain was just too great.

At length they, finding my will not at all weakened, agreed to arrange a sort of bed in the carriage; Frank and the doctor to go with me.

'Don't let Miss Duke know until we are off,' I said. Somebody—I suppose it was Frank—told me afterwards, she made not a word of reply when informed of my departure; and when he used to return from his visits to me—they were very frequent, and sometimes for two days together—she never made any inquiry, but would come and stand by him, whatever he might be doing, until he had told her all there was to tell, when she would go quietly away.

CHAPTER IV.

I think I may safely say the worst part of my life is over now that I have the three months following upon that accident to take into the reckoning. A terrible time I had of it in more ways than one. To speak of nothing else, there were for two months three, and sometimes four surgeons examining and probing and experimenting, and then shaking their heads in company over it all.

But about October a young fellow, one of my scientific friends, came down for pheasant-shooting to a country-house near. He called on me, and laughed and talked and asked questions, and looked graver than any pair of them, and ended by prophesying the boldest things. However, my friend Easton was firmer than any about my not putting foot to ground this long while; and old Dr. Upson was right in that respect. It was now November, and I was where I had been that day three months. But Frank was always saying, 'As soon as they give permission we must have you to Steeple Audley.'

I never said anything to the contrary, contenting myself with an

evasive answer, or none at all. One day he dropped in in rather serious mood. 'You are picking up famously, my dear fellow,' he said. 'Must get Easton to fix a day for Steeple Audley at once.'

I said nothing against it, according to custom. After luncheon he drew his chair to the fire, at right angles with the sofa from which I was forbidden to rise, although not bound to an entirely recumbent position. He was silent and thoughtful awhile.

'That little sister of mine, Gurnel,' he said, at length, 'has been staying at Haileybury House, you know.'

'Yes,' my heart giving a great leap.

'These three weeks. Well, she came home yesterday. Haileybury—you know Haileybury—has asked her to be his wife, and, Gurnel, she refused him. It troubles me much,' he said, after a pause. 'I am not made for a Methuselah. I should like to see her married to some good fellow—and he is a good fellow. Not many girls would have done it,' with a half-smile, after another pause. 'Forty thousand a year and a marquise in prospective—and such a fellow as he is.'

He sat thinking it over a little bitterly, and I lay with my head in a whirl. When I spoke I had first to clear my throat nervously.

'Frank, you have often invited me to Steeple Audley. You may not have noticed, but although I have never refused in so many words, I have never said I would come.'

'No,' said he, shaking off his abstraction. 'But, old fellow, you will now. Fix a day right off.' And he came and stood by me.

'You never asked me, Frank,' keeping my eyes from his, 'the particulars of that accident.'

'No, and my sister never told me. I did not like to ask her, and I did not like to ask you.' And then he looked at me with a sudden apprehension. I made no reply. I knew my simple silence would suffice.

'I suppose you would have me understand there was more in it than we suspected?'

'Frank,' said I, very tardy with my words, 'you and I have come to be such friends. As the friend you are, I ask you, when you reach home, to ask Miss Duke for what happened. She will tell you, I think. Then, Frank—when you have heard all, and she has had your counsel—if Miss Duke will be my hostess, and herself invite me to Steeple Audley, I will come.'

His face grew very grave; he went back to his chair by the fire. I lay condemned, as it seemed, of his silence, and every disadvantage of which I had ever been conscious hastened to have its fling at me. After a few minutes he returned to my side.

'Gurnel,' he said, 'I'm very anxious about this; so anxious I should like to go back to my first arrangement of getting home to-day. I suppose I must ask you nothing? Whatever follows, Gurnel, you must not think ill of us. I'll write to-morrow, or perhaps come back here.'

And, making his few preparations, and saying the least he could in making them, he left me to pass about the most wretched night of my life.

'Whatever follows, you must not think ill of us,' was all I could hear.

'What the deuce is this?' said Easton, when he called the next morning, and straightway ordered a cooling draught and no end of things.

But about twelve my quickened ear caught the sound of a foot taking two stairs at a time, and I fainted, for I was foolish in those days before I got back my strength.

'Come out of this as soon as you conveniently can, my good fellow,' said a cheery voice at my side, as I became conscious of things mundane, 'when I'm engaged to deliver you safely by the 11.30 train to-morrow.' And he handed me the daintiest note.

Frank, during the next ten minutes, took a general survey from the window of the Cumberley street traffic.

'DEAR MR. DUKE—I have been looking some time for you to come to us at Steeple Audley. We think

it would do you so much good—the country air. Remember me to Dr. Easton, and tell him from me he *must* give you leave.

‘Yours very sincerely,

‘MAUD DUKE.’

Could I not guess how she looked as she wrote this word and that—this *naïve* and suggestive word and that? Ah! what deep draughts of it I took!

‘When are we to go?’ I asked; but it was not for an age.

‘To-morrow, if you are man enough,’ replied Frank, satisfied now with the amount of acquaintance he had obtained with the Cumberley streets. ‘You don’t look like packing up yet quite. It will have to be “Glass with care,” I see.’

The morrow did not find me much improved; but Easton had been initiated, I think, for he said, since I was bent upon going—he had never heard it from me—the sooner the better. Certainly the process of conveying me by rail was a species of packing. However, I arrived at Steeple Audley—which is all that concerns us—safely. When I had been duly deposited in one of two rooms on the ground-floor that had been arranged for me, Frank left me with the advice, easier justified than observed, to get some rest—I was not to consider myself received as yet, and he spoke with a half-smile. Weak, and not a little fatigued—in consequence nervous and irritable—in the absence of real occupation I set myself to the fashioning of as effective a bugbear as could be. Tricking it out in apparel of which I had at any time a largish stock, daubing it in the frightful colours of my sick fancies, and then—falling down and worshipping. There is more bogey-worship among the men and women of this high-pressure nineteenth century than is supposed. I mean some day to write an exhaustive article upon the subject. Well, by dint of diligent application I had made myself as uncomfortable as my worst wisher could have desired; was calling myself a fool, ungenerous, imbecile, for coming to this house at all, and was expressing my mood in the bolt-

upright position of unrest I had assumed, when the door opened, and beside his step I heard the soft sweep of her dress.

‘I have brought your hostess, Gurnel, to see you; come, old fellow, but you’re not going to disgrace me with Easton, you know.’ He was a little disturbed for her as well as for me, I fancy. ‘Well now, you’ll have to entertain each other until dinner, for I have an engagement.’ And he left us at once.

She stood a little back, until I turned painfully. Then she came nearer and gave me her hand. She was so gentle and timid I did not think any more of my foolish imaginations. Her face was very hot on one side, and very pale on the other; she was trembling all over, and gave me such quick, frightened, pleading glances. I suppose I was altered. She had not seen me, you know, since the accident. I used to set myself squarely against things; I have been more than once called a rock of offence by—somebody; and when a big fellow like me is broken down, his bigness seems to hang in rags about him.

It surely must all go from me if I spoke, so I only looked, and looked, and held fast by her hand.

‘I’m glad you are come,’ she said, when the silence threatened to be embarrassing.

‘Sit down, won’t you?’ I said. ‘Your head is so high a poor fellow cannot see into your face.’

She blushed very much as she pulled the chair towards me that I held out my hand for, and seating herself, began talking very fast. ‘So the doctors don’t think with Dr. Easton exactly?’ The sight, or the thought of the sight rather, of my swathed feet seemed to come upon her as almost positive physical suffering, but still she went on. ‘But he says he will cure you. He has told Frank so.’

‘Yes, I have great faith in the one doctor.’

‘And I have greater faith in the country air,’ she replied, nervously.

I am of that temperament. I cannot

‘—course about
The subject most at heart.’

I must hear the best or ask the worst when once I have made up my mind that it is expedient to know. 'I cannot talk with you of indifferent things as I can with other people.' I spoke passionately, almost chiding her. 'It is like setting food before a starving man and bidding him be content with eyesight. I want *you*, Maud. Am I such a fellow that you can have nothing to say to me? All these days and nights I have lain and wondered whether you *could* mean it all then. I cannot endure now to speak with a long toil of words. Will you be my wife, Maud? For God's sake, don't cheat me this time.' She had drawn shrinkingly back when I had interrupted her so vehemently.

'I should make you a very bad wife,' she said, quite piteously. 'I don't know at all—I am sure I don't know whether—you shouldn't want me to answer.'

I tried to see what her face was like, but crippled as I was I could not take the law into my own hands. So when she had spoken in that piteous tone, my dull, doubting mood returned on me, and I saw nothing but the spectre of my own creation.

I dropped her hand as though it burnt. 'Oh, my God,' I exclaimed, 'I am a miserable man! No woman shall marry me for pity's sake who cannot marry me for love's sake. Why,'—writhing under the pain of an instinctive attempt to rise, 'I cannot so much as escape with my misery.' If I had been strong and capable, she might have refused me seven times, yea, seventy times seven, and I would have persisted. But now—a cripple, and of her doing!—there would always be that frightful pity scaring off love. The worst part of those worst three months of my life was that moment.

I want to describe what followed—how am I? There followed some minutes of bitter quiet, then restless little movements at my side, ending in this remarkable speech: 'Of all the stupid, stupid fellows!' pushing back her chair impetuously, and a sort of scornful desperation in her voice. I think she was very much

inclined to laugh though—or cry. Not being one to leave a task half done, she did not let it remain there. 'I'll—I'll—declare he will not understand.' You would have thought for all the world she was addressing some other person present—that I was not even there.

I gathered myself up as I had not for months; I drew her to me so that I could look straight down into her face and nothing else for her.

'Don't trifle with me,' I said, stoutly, almost sternly. 'What does it mean? I cannot bear what I once could.'

She was between laughing and crying, and blushing and resisting, and then, I scarcely knowing how, she had her arms round my neck, and was saying vehemently, scoffingly, 'I don't pity you in the least, sir, not in the least. And I won't,—I won't—never; not if you can't walk again as long as you live.' Yet the tears came into her eyes. 'Pity you? What *do* you want to be pitied for, sir, when you can have a girl like me?'

I cannot reproduce the fine scorn—I wish I could. I laughed aloud—it was so rich, so illogically convincing, such an exquisite joke that I should want pity. I scarcely know what I said or did, only that I held her close, close to me. God bless her tender little heart for the way she took of showing me my mistake! I don't believe any other woman could have done it as well, could have so completely assured me, while so completely preserving her womanly reticence. 'Let me hear it again,' I said. 'I want to get the sound into my ears, Maud, so that it should never leave them.'

But the need gone, her lips closed shyly over her love.

'You are not to excite yourself,' she said, adroitly freeing herself. 'Don't you know Frank gave me ten minutes' lecture before I came in, and now look at you?' Seating herself with saucy propriety in the chair, and trying to smooth her bright hair, which had got into pretty disorder.

I watched her admiringly. 'I can understand,' I said, 'why the poets made the syrens combing their

golden hair on the strand. Women have such a deft coaxing way of doing it.'

'How clever you are growing,' she answered, demurely. 'I shouldn't wonder that I made something of you now before I have done.'

'But, I have a dreadful secret to tell you, Maud, that not even your brother knows yet.' She would not believe in its dreadfulness, though she had to come nearer again before I found it possible to break it to her. 'Little Maud, it is not a poor charity schoolmaster this time who wants you for his wife; we have done with him now. It is a man who can make cabinet councils take him for their subject, and Lords and Commons discuss him and his doings. Yes, and they have offered him twelve thousand pounds down for his invention and such a post beside as that it will be his own fault if he be not a made man.'

How her whole face sparkled. 'You proud man, you!' caressing my lucky left-hand coat sleeve, and thinking only of my good fortune and advancement. But when she, with a very wise little face, had considered it some time, she gave me an arch, shy, side glance. 'I didn't think you were such a great man. I am quite afraid of you.' And I had my revenge.

'You proud woman, you!' said I, for I saw this time she was pluming herself not a little, and I did not know which I liked most. I found as we went on talking that Lord Uxford had stood—as when has he not?—my very good friend that Christmas.

'Why, it is time to dress for dinner,' said she, very suddenly discovering the necessity.

'Three quarters of an hour,' I urged. To be immediately snubbed for my presumption.

'Well?'—And I collapsed, as you would have done too. 'I'll bring you a cup of tea myself,' she added, with reassuring patronage. 'And if you are a good boy we may come to you in the evening.' Which continued the programme for many evenings, until I could travel on crutches as far as the dining-room.

It turned out to be the approach of her brother, and not the approach of dinner, that sent her away. Almost immediately he came into the room, the 'Times' in his hand, 'Where is Maud?'

'Just gone,' and I tried to practise her demureness.

'I say, old chap, what's this in the "Times"? Here—the Secretary of the Admiralty's speech. What does it all mean?'

I looked slowly down the page. 'Yes, I suppose, as usual, there were some to object; but they have their money's worth, though it is I who say it. It means—why, it means that you were willing to take for a brother-in-law, and Maud was willing to take for a husband, a poor unknown man, who chances meanwhile to have become something else.'

'And you knew it?'

'Three days ago I did.'

'I am not an ambitious fellow, Gurnel, but I have my ambitions. I confided my sister to you, a poor man, as I thought, and I felt it would be well with her. But I am glad of this—I am very glad of this.'

'Of course you are, old fellow. And, tell you what, I'm the happiest and luckiest dog alive.' His reply is not worth recording, for, to tell the truth, although I am sorry to have to confess it of one to be so nearly related to me, from this time we never could get Frank to speak rationally when one particular subject was approached. There was in the evening when Maud, going about the room with suspicious want of purpose, took up the 'Times' in a fit of equally suspicious abstraction, and sat down to it at the table—it was worth seeing Frank come quietly behind my little woman buried in the portentous paper, and with the most comical face read over her shoulder.

'What, Maud?' She started, and was in great confusion. 'Reading the parliamentary reports? I thought it was only the births, deaths, and marriages ladies ever cared for. Aha! Miss Maud.' He was told to 'Get away, you impertinent boy.' But the paper was very

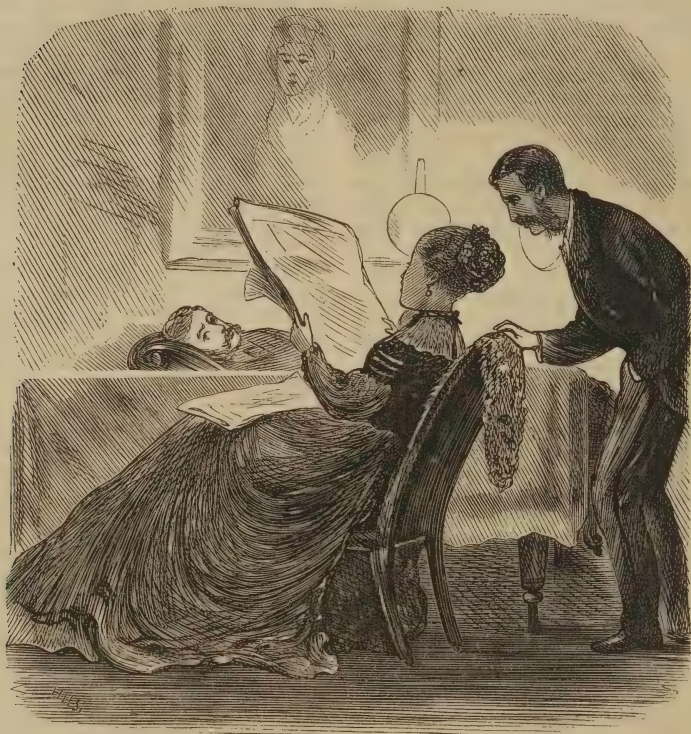
speedily put aside until a more favourable opportunity.

When, three days later, Easton came, he opened his eyes wide over the progress I had made. Something being said about consulting his colleagues, he bowed low to Miss Duke, 'my most skilful colleague.'

Lord Uxford was on the Continent at the time of my accident. On his return he came on a visit to me at Steeple Audley Park. He vowed he

had guessed all an age ago, 'so far as you are concerned, sir, at all events.' At dinner, the first day, the old nobleman led us into a delightful embarrassment, delightful to Frank, at least.

'Well, how did this accident occur? I have not heard the particulars yet. Had not Miss Duke a narrow escape as well? Gurnel's letters were very vague. You don't always get these mathematical



geniuses to condescend to ordinary details.'

Maud was deeply interested in the contents of her plate. I sat dour, and close and pugnacious, as was my habit in these not infrequent situations, whereas Maud would commonly carry them off airily enough.

Frank elevated his eyebrows, and so did Lord Uxford, when Frank absurdly explained. 'The fact is—

my sister was not quite sure of her bird, and so she winged him. I don't know that I can be more explicit, my lord.'

You must not think it was all paradise for me: quite the contrary. I do not think, by-the-by, I should much like the old paradise; perhaps it is not meant that we should.

And so, to make a long story short — the next Valentine's day I went up the aisle of Steeple Audley church on

one crutch, and came down, my wife on my arm, with none; for in the confusion some one pushed into my hand Lord Uxford's stout old oak stick; and when, on his return from church, I would have given it back, he bade me keep it; and I have used it, and it alone, ever since.

'And here it is,' said Mr. Duke, coming into the circle, and holding up the stick he always carried. 'It has an old friend's face now. I would not lose it for worlds. The giver, as you all know, is dead.'

'Uncle Frank's name is Frank,' said sturdy Cecil Heath, of six, astride a low stool by the fire.

'And mamma's name is Maud,' said a round-eyed damsel of five, edged on to the same stool, and paying infinite attention to the young gentleman, chiefly in the way of handing him various sweet morsels out of a marvellous red and silver bag.

We all laughed.

'Ay, we laugh,' said Gurnel Duke, drily; 'but we men and women make our greatest discoveries much after the manner of these children.'

'It is all very nice of Gurnel,' said Mrs. Duke, coming forward to her husband's side, so that we

noticed how like she was to what she had been described. There had been a period in the telling of the story when her face had been closely shaded by her hand; her husband had given her one swift glance, and then had kept his eyes steadily away from her. 'It is all very nice of your uncle,' she said, 'and very clever, to have written this all down and then to bring it against me. I was obliged to ask for luncheon that day as a diversion, or he would never have done staring at me. I shall write my version now—ready for next Valentine's, if you like; then you'll see what a goose he sometimes made of himself.'

'Appearances, my dear; do think of appearances,' laughed Mr. Duke. 'Ferrers,' so sharply as to bring Ferrers round as sharply; 'had you any valentine to-day besides what the postman brought and those delivered at the door?'

Ferrers turned scarlet, and, singularly to relate, so did Flo.

'Ay, we laugh,' said Gurnel Duke, more drily still. And, sure enough, we all did fill up the pause with laughter—all except Flo and young Ferrers.

And that is the story I heard told over the fire at the country house where I was staying.

WINIFRED SOUTH.



A MONTH'S SOJOURN AT WILDBAD.

AFTER visiting in turn a whole series of the German Bads and Brunnens in the anxious quest of health, I resolved to repair to that most out-of-the-way resort for invalids, Wildbad—a spot far in the recesses of the Black Forest, where, nestled many many feet above the level of the sea, it rests in the shade and perfume of the pines. It is one of those places which, but for its hot springs, would probably have remained a village unknown to all Europeans save the Würtembergers, for it is in the way to nowhere; and such an air of *tristeness* is there about it that the ordinary traveller would hasten through it, as a train does through a tunnel, rather than loiter in its cheerless solitudes. I never shall forget the strong sense of depression, bordering on melancholy, that I felt, and seemed to feel increasing as I drew near this most lonely retreat. Not the sun, as he shone down in all his splendour, nor the lively mountain torrent, as it hurried past me, no, nor yet the merry chirping of the feathered tribe, of which there was abundance, seemed to mitigate, at least to me, the gloom of the locality. Everything, on the contrary, wore, to my mind's eye, a funereal aspect. That sombre, unbroken mantle of pine forest, as it lay stretched along the hill-tops, looked like an extensive pall. The dress of the peasantry had something dismal about it. The oxen and the sheep were supplied with bells, whose notes resembled death-knells, while the very tread of these dumb creatures was solemn enough for the saddest of all ceremonies. But, after a spell of suffering one is prepared to forego all other considerations for the single one of health; and, martyr as I had been for months to rheumatic pains and aches, my mind was quite made up for any season of privation and self-denial that might help to rid me of my tormentor; so that, had Wildbad been tenfold as *triste*, I should have repaired to it and willingly spent there the period allotted for a cure. Accordingly, when I

drove up to the door of the capital hotel (*de l'Ours*), it was with the determination to undergo at least a month of it; and I had certainly no reason to regret, when I came away, my sojourn in this lonely village. I have applied without hesitation the term 'capital' to the inn where I took up my quarters, knowing well that my passing word of encomium will be endorsed by all who have lodged at Klumpp's Hotel. How scrupulously clean the house itself! How excellent the fare! And then the landlord—poor fellow! since gone to his rest—what a model of a host was he, and how keen his appreciation of the English character! Three other large hotels there are, kept going solely by folks who come to bathe—'Kurgasts,' as the Germans call them—all full to overflowing in the season, one year being much the same as another, and no such thing being known as an abatement in the supply of visitors. The Government, too—that is to say, the King—must be making a good thing out of these same Kurgasts, for the springs and the baths are royal property, and every farthing you pay for the privilege of dipping goes into the royal coffers. These springs, like most of the hot-spring family, undertake to do great things, and to cure a whole multitude of the maladies to which humanity is subject. Not gout and rheumatism alone, by any means, but divers more disorders, are said to lie within the grasp of their healing power. Every form of nervous or cutaneous infirmity, and every kind of weakness, including even certain types of the cerebral, can, it is affirmed, be cured or alleviated by these wonder-working waters; and here, as elsewhere, traditions are abundant of the little short of miraculous achievements of this modern Bethesda. The crowds that are said to have come to Wildbad upon crutches, and to have left those articles behind them on taking their departure, are so numerous that enough should by this time have accumulated to supply every cripple

in Europe with a pair; and if some speculative man has not already turned this fact to profitable account, here assuredly is an opening for those disposed to deal wholesale in these appliances. Droll anecdotes are likewise told of invalids who have carried off another cure, different entirely from the one sought, the springs having seemingly taken in hand the wrong complaint and dealt effectively with it. A paralytic, I was assured, who had come to Wildbad with one eye fast closed, had gone away with both wide open, though such had not been his aim in bathing. His limbs were what he hoped would benefit; but his hopes, alas! in this respect, were doomed to disappointment, and the poor fellow returned home limping as he came. Powerless to effect the restoration desired, the springs did for him what they could, and gave him back his eye. The Wildbad doctors accordingly rarely if ever turn away an intending Kurgast. 'Give the waters,' they say, 'by all means a trial; they must benefit you somehow. If they don't cure this they will, perhaps, cure something else you may have wrong about you. Your sufferings, moreover, may be but symptoms, and these springs attack, not the symptoms but the disorders that cause them; so be not disheartened if you do not experience immediate relief. Slow, though thorough, is the cure; and it matters not though symptoms linger for a space, when we know the cause is disappearing.'

The Kurgasts have the option of bathing in public or in private. Of course aristocrats prefer the more exclusive system, and give a wide berth to the crowd. If, however, you have a fancy for the public bath the doctors must first examine you, to see whether you are physically eligible for the company of other bathers. Certain distempers disqualify you for mingling with your fellows in the water; and if your skin, for instance, happens to be in an unhealthy state, your dips must be in private. Being of a sociable turn I went in for the public bath, my infirmities belonging happily to the incommunicable class, and so

not such as to render me a dangerous companion. The public bath consists of a chamber, I should say, at a guess, some twenty feet by twenty, surrounded by a number of dressing and drying cells, the doors of which open into the water. At a depth of about two feet there is a soft bed of red sand, quite level, and very pleasant to the feel; and every here and there a crop of bubbles may be seen rising from the bottom, that indicate the position of the numerous springs from which the bath is constantly replenished.

Habited in the regular bathing garment, I slipped in from my cell, the water feeling nice and warm; and though I cannot appeal to Fahrenheit or Centigrade for figures, the temperature must be somewhat over that of the blood, otherwise a chill would be experienced. All above the surface of the water is a mist, the vapour rising thickly to the roof, from whence, again, it keeps perpetually falling in big, cold drops upon the bathers' heads. To swim in water so shallow is, of course, out of the question; so you sit still on the sandy bottom, watching through the fog the hands of the clock to tell you when the time is up. Thus, with three parts of the body in the water, and about one-fourth enveloped in steam, the bather passes the half-hour or the hour prescribed in his case, inhaling all the while the mist surrounding him, and thus securing for the water an internal as well as an external form of application. Some dozen or so of afflicted fellow-mortals were already in the bath before me, on most of whom were looks that told of pain, while others seemed so hearty and well-favoured as to render their ailments matters of conjecture to the uninformed beholder. Amongst these latter was a burly Frenchman, who, despite my disguise, detected at a glance my nationality.

'You air from England, sair,' observed the discerning Mussoo.

'Yes, I am; but how did you guess that? Certainly not from my dress.'

'Ha! I do always know an Englishman ven I see him.'

'Have you mixed much with my countrymen, then, that you recognise them so readily?'

'I haif been in England, and I haif lairnt de English langvidge; but I haif not so mush mix vid de English gentlemans.'

'Not when you were in England?'

'Non, sair, I maked not many friends ven I vos dair, for two reasons: vun vas because I not speak de langvidge so vell as I do now, and de oder because I find de Englishmans so ver vat you call—*sais pas*—'

'Ah! I know what you mean. Your countrymen all complain of finding us so very *dry*.'

'Dry, dry! Non, ma foi! non. I not mean *dry*, not at all. I find it much more damp dan France. De greater number of days it did rain, and ven it not rain it maked such terrible—how you call—*brouillard*?'

'You do not understand me, I see. I did not mean *dry*, exactly; I meant that you found us so *distant*.'

'Vat! distant? Oh, non! de distance vas noting. I did cross from Calais, and in less dan two hours I vos in England.'

I saw it was a hopeless business; so abandoning the subject of English peculiarities, I went into matters of more immediate interest.

'Have you derived much benefit from the Wildbad waters?'

'I could vish dat I could tell you. It is my hope de benefit is coming, yet I feel it not.'

'But you do not seem much like an invalid; do you suffer much pain?'

'Non, sair; I haif no pains. I suffer in de nerfs; I haif ver strange feelings. I tink odd tings and I hear odd tings, and sometimes I see odd tings, ven dair is noting at all. I cannot expleek it, not to no one. It is all in de nerfs, all in de nerfs.'

'Does the doctor say the waters are likely to do you good?'

'Oh, yes! He says I shall be better ver soon, and after I am gone away, den I shall find most de bene-

fit. Oder doctors haif told me just de same.'

'Then you have tried other remedies before coming to Wildbad?'

'Yes, I have tried ver many. Every year I do make a tour of de Bads. I come from Viesbad, I go on from Vilbad to Loèche, vair one bades all de day in de vater; from dair I go to Karlsbad. Afterwards I shall try de grape cure at (I have forgotten the name of the place), and den my doctor *chez moi* at Paris, he says it will be time for me to come back to him for de vinter.'

Ah! thought I, doctors are much the same everywhere. The Paris practitioners are, apparently, no better than their brethren on this side of the Channel. To trade upon the fancies and delusions of the weak-minded is clearly one of the recognised arts of the faculty. My nervous friend was but a representative man, one out of a numerous class who are as good as so much a year regularly to their medical advisers. A story is told of a somewhat hippish old lady, a resident of Brighton, who on mentioning to her doctor her intention of visiting Cheltenham for a season, the latter gave her a letter of introduction to a medical friend of his at the latter place, purporting to enter at the same time into an elaborate diagnosis of her case with a specification of the treatment she would need. The lady, however, changed her mind, and went elsewhere instead of to Cheltenham, and curiosity having tempted her to open her doctor's letter, it was found to run as follows:—

'DEAR —,—The bearer of this note is a rich old dame who bleeds freely. Keep her a month or so, and then be sure and send her back to me, as she is one of my best in vestments.—Yours, &c.'

And no doubt the Paris physician appreciated equally the prize he had in this stout Frenchman. I had, almost daily, interviews with this interesting individual, in the course of which the notions he divulged to me touching the peculiarities of England and the English were highly entertaining. Amongst the rest, he shared the conviction which

I have heard freely expressed abroad, that one half our population dies of consumption and the other half of gout; that what conduces to the former malady is the excessive dampness of the English climate, and that the only refuge from its baneful effects consists in imbibing plentifully the strongest alcoholic liquors. Porter, gin, and whisky are, accordingly, the antidotes in vogue amongst the masses; port wine and brandy the specifics with the upper ten. Unfortunately, however, these potent remedies, if taken in sufficient quantities, have a tendency to bring on the gout; such is the theory with foreigners; so it comes to this, that we unhappy Englishmen have the option either of drinking hard and paying the penalty in gout, or, should we prefer abstaining, consumption stares us in the face as the alternative.

But to return to the bath. It is in their wonderfully soothing power that the excellency of the Wildbad waters consists, and to this property is to be attributed any efficacy they possess in complaints arising from irritation of the nervous system. My own experience of their effects in this respect quite confirmed the reputation that had reached me of their soothing virtue. A sense of pleasant languor, and a strong tendency to drowsiness, invariably follows an hour's immersion; and on coming from the bath, you are directed to lie down for a while till this wears off, resisting vigorously the inclination to fall asleep. What is dreaded if you yield to this temptation I forget, but I remember finding Morpheus too many for me, and despite my arming myself with book or newspaper, he defied and overcame me again and again. The doctor told me this would never do. Some anti-soporific must be had recourse to, otherwise—well, so he suggested by way of a preventive measure that I should be rubbed down or shampooed for a full half-hour after returning to my room: 'And who is to shampoo me?' inquired I. 'I will send Professor——to you. He is very skilful in the operation,' was the doctor's reply. That term 'Professor,' to

which we in England attach so important a significance, is a common enough title all over Fatherland, every man assuming it who has become familiar with the smallest of sciences, and pursues it as an avocation. An instructor in calisthenics or an operator upon corns would each be dubbed professors of their respective arts. I did not as yet know what ordinary folks 'Professors' were in these localities, so when my doctor talked of sending a live professor to shampoo me, it was with feelings of mingled awe and hesitation that I consented to be manipulated by this important personage—feelings which the suspicion of a heavy fee being demanded after each visit did not tend to mitigate. But I might have spared myself all my misgivings in the matter, for on the said professor making his appearance, he proved to be a most unformidable individual, and thankful for the douceur of a few kreutzers when he had done handling me. I noticed, however, while his garments were most unpretending, he wore a very smart blue cap with a gold-lace band upon it, broad enough for a post captain of our navy, the gay article contrasting oddly with the rest of the professor's homely garb. I felt there must be some meaning in that cap, and time after time, as he appeared with it, I lived in hope some light might be thrown thereon; at last I grew irrepressibly inquisitive, and asked him the question point blank. 'What cap is that I see you wear?' The man had spent some years in America, and, saving the odious nasal twang, spoke English admirably, so our dialogues were always in that language.

'That cap,' said he, 'is given me by my government, and I wear it by virtue of my office.'

'Indeed! Then you are in government employ? what may your office be?'

'I am chief overseer of the Brün-
nen's deputy, &c., &c.' This was about half the man's title, which, in spite of my utter inability to comprehend the nature of the office, I had for some time off quite pat, as I made him repeat it every time he

visited me, in the hope I might at length make out what it meant.

'And are the duties attached to your office very arduous?' I asked.

'Oh no! By no means arduous.'

'Little, perhaps, beyond wearing the government cap?'

'Well, not much more,' replied he, smiling.

'I hope your government pays you well for holding the appointment.'

The salary is very small indeed; but I hope to find it increase as I rise in the office.'

Under the combined action of his fingers and his tongue—for he was a great talker—I was rendered proof against any inclination to snooze without the effort, which all know is a most painful one, of fighting against sleepiness; and the next part of the programme in my case as a Kurgast was to set off regularly for a good stretch, 'a constitutional,' of a couple of hours or so; and of all places under the sun, if only you don't mind its stillness, Wildbad stands approached by very few localities as regards the beauty and variety of its walks. For some miles round the grounds are carefully and tastefully laid out for the comfort and enjoyment of the walking visitors. There is the pathway by the rapid river (the Enz), or the shady track between the fir-trees up the steep hill-side, or the open level road for you to choose from; while each, at intervals of a hundred yards or so, is supplied with easy benches whereon the weary or the weak may rest and contemplate. If you select one of the forest-paths you should certainly adopt the precaution of providing yourself with a pocket-compass, otherwise the chances are you will get hopelessly bewildered in the mazes of the Schwarzwald; and to be benighted in its 'blackness' amongst the pole-cats and the badgers, though no doubt a diversion, is one of which the enjoyment might be a question. Klumpp told me that walking-parties frequently lost their way in the woods, and that on more occasions than one he had been obliged to send out scouts with horns and dogs

in quest of some walking wanderers whose long absence had given cause for anxiety. For my part, however, I confess I pity those who, while at Wildbad, are destitute of walking powers. What those must undergo who cannot get about and enjoy the solitary outlet which the place affords is dismal to contemplate. Here are no shop-windows to peer into from your chair, no club or reading-room to lounge in, no kursal by way of a rendezvous for idle hours; all you can do is bathe and walk, walk and bathe; and if you are unable to walk, why you must bathe only, bewailing your woes in the interim until it is time to bathe again. But, while on the subject of walking, I must here mention a rather eccentric, though most agreeable, addition to the list of Kurgasts that made his appearance while I was there. This was a Count———we won't mind names—he was a Pole, and I struck up quite an intimacy with him. We had been apprised of his expected advent some days previously; and our landlord having informed us that he was coming with his 'retinue,' we expected, to use a slang term, rather a 'swell' in the new comer.

The travelling-carriage—a hired one—accordingly drew up in due course at 'the Bear,' and the eyes of most of the inmates, my own included, were all intent upon the unlading *voiture*, conjecturing the while where might be disposed 'the retinue.' A man in livery dismounted from his seat beside the *cocher*, and then from the inside there alighted two, and only two, gentlemen. 'Which is the Count and which is the retinue?' was the instantaneous and not unnatural question. It appeared that the small party of three included Herr Graf, retinue and all, the suite consisting merely of the count's doctor and his valet. The count himself was a dapper, shortish man of about five-and-forty, particularly brisk and talkative, and immediately at home with every one he came across; but of the two, the doctor looked much more the invalid; tall, pale, and thin, with a peculiar look of delicacy on his countenance, his

seemed a case for baths, or other restoratives of some sort, far more than the lively gentleman he was supposed to have the charge of.

According to his own account, the sufferings of the latter were not acute, but a constant sensation, as he described it, of *du sablon dans le soulier* worried, he said, his very life out, and drove him to the Wildbad springs. From his never parting for a moment from his doctor, I fancied at first there might be a screw loose in the upper story; but I soon found he was as sane as any man need be, possessing, too, an unusual amount of that uncommon thing called common sense. He was one of those men one sometimes meets abroad who, though probably not knowing a syllable of Greek or Latin, had mastered several living languages besides his own, speaking, in addition to Polish, German, French, and Italian, and understanding English as he read it into the bargain. He was also an accomplished man, could play and sing admirably, was a first-rate fencer, draughtsman, &c., while as a companion he was so full of wit and anecdote that he soon became an immense favourite at Klumpp's. He had, however, one dominant propensity, which, whether the result of habit or the mere symptom of a restless disposition I could not tell, but the man was for ever on the walk; he seemed, in fact, possessed with a sort of perambulating mania, and the miles of ground he must have traversed during his stay at Wildbad might have been computed at some hundreds. Regularly twice a day would he turn out with his medical attendant for an extensive stretch of some hours' length, the unfortunate doctor appearing on his return oftentimes the picture of exhaustion, while the count would seem quite fresh and ready for another start. I remember how we pitted the former from our inmost souls, and trusted he was well paid for this painful tax upon his nerve and muscle, while the speedy breaking down of his slender frame under these forced marches was predicted by us all in unison. But even when in doors the count was not at rest;

for no sooner would he come into his room than off he would set again, pacing up and down like a panther in a cage, and maintaining all the while an animated conversation with the exhausted doctor, who might at intervals be heard languidly returning his monosyllabic answers. I occupied the adjoining chamber, and could not well help being cognizant of the count's peculiarities, for a door, always locked, led from my room into his, which, though under certain circumstances might have been a great convenience, I found, with my restless neighbour, the reverse of an accommodation. The first sounds where-with my ears were greeted in the morning, and the last I overheard at night, were the count's footsteps as he paced his pointless journey; and, often in the dead of night, when all else was still and silent, have I lain awake listening to the same monotonous tramp, tramp, the uneasy man availing himself of the intervals between his slumbers to indulge his restless propensity. This habit of excessive walking he persisted in all the while I was at Wildbad; and I remember well, amongst the last objects I caught sight of from my *voiture* as I left the place was the indefatigable count striding vigorously up a steep hill-road, with his medical companion, as usual, a pace or two behind him. This same Pole was a great patriot, and wont to wax very warm upon the subject of his country's wrongs; but some years after, taking up the 'Times' one morning during the period of the insurrection I lit upon a paragraph running somewhat to this effect: 'There has been another engagement between the Russians and the Poles near the town of —, and one of some importance to the former from their having succeeded in capturing and killing a Count —, one of the ablest and most efficient of the Polish leaders. It would seem that through an act of treachery he had been enticed with a handful of followers into an ambuscade, when the Russians, after their manner, put every man of them to death.'

It made me very sad as I read

this account of the death of poor Count —.

Whether by dint of bathing, the generous diet at the 'Bear,' or the invigorating air of Wildbad, I picked up rapidly, and after about a fortnight's stay, had grown so strong that I readily assented to a proposition of Klumpp for a day's sport in the Black Forest. The Black Forest abounds with game of all sorts, furry as well as feathered, and leave is easily obtained to bag as much of it as you can. As, however, I was told that the sport which the caper keiley, or cock of the wood, afforded threw every other kind into the shade, it was agreed that we should lay ourselves out for it exclusively, and for the first few hours, at any rate, not expend powder and shot on any other kind of game.

Now the caper keiley is particularly wild and shy of man, and to get a shot at him at all—at least in that neighbourhood—you have to go to work right warily. The easy, luxurious plan of the English sportsman, of starting off when breakfast has comfortably gone down, and lounging through the turnips or the stubble in the brightest part of the day, is something very different from the effort you must make if you have a design upon the caper keiley. Long ere dawn of day you have to hie away into the densest and most retired parts of the forest, before these birds are yet astir, and there await in quiet the first gleams of twilight, when they begin to feed.

The clock had just struck two, when Klumpp and I, each armed with a rifle, turned out into the darkness in order to get a start of the caper keileys. The Forest looked particularly 'Black,' I thought, that morning as we entered it, and a slight breeze stirring, which caused the pine-tops to give forth that sound peculiar to them, between a whistle and a murmur, increased the dreariness of the adventure. I could not see my way a bit; but Klumpp, who appeared to have cat's eyes, led the way, while I, stumbling and tripping at every step, followed him as best I could.

A faint light was just beginning

to show overhead, when my guide ordered a halt, for which I was not sorry; and forthwith, with as little noise as possible, we commenced loading our pieces. As we stood and listened, we heard all sorts of wild sounds, all equally strange to me, but which Klumpp interpreted, naming instantly the bird or beast to which the sound belonged: but there was one most peculiar, and quite distinct from all the rest, which he affirmed to be the note of the bird we were in quest of. It was a prolonged strain, made up of a variety of tones, sustained so long that the creature must fain have had good lungs that gave it forth.

'He lies over there,' said Klumpp. 'Stop! wait till we hear him again.'

At the interval of a minute or two the notes were repeated from the same quarter, so I was for starting off at once.

'No! stop!' said Klumpp again; 'we shall lose him if you don't wait a second. Now then, come on; come quickly!'

He dashed off, I following, but he soon stopped again quite abruptly.

'What on earth is the matter?' I exclaimed; 'the bird is over there.'

'Hush!' replied my companion, in a whisper; 'we have to wait for a certain note; it is only during those moments that the caper keiley will allow himself to be approached.'

I learned a very curious fact on that occasion touching this singular bird. It would seem that, being inordinately shy, and gifted with a wonderfully acute sense of hearing, he presents during his song—if his note will bear the name—an opportunity for the sportsman to get close up to him. After giving forth a series of harsh, guttural sounds, his strain suddenly changes, and you hear a sort of 'Flo-p, flo-p, flo-p.' Now, as soon as this 'flo-p' begins, the bird falls into a kind of swoon; his eyes close, his head is slightly thrown back; he loses for the moment all consciousness of what is passing, and you can get as near him as you please. It is even said that, during the few seconds that the swoon lasts, you might take him up in your hands and do any mortal thing with

him. The interval is, however, very brief; and no sooner is the 'flo-p' ended, and the ordinary cadence resumed, than there is a resumption of all the bird's energy and keenness. So my friend Klumpp was following the regular tactics which the sportsmen of those parts adopt for circumventing the caper keiley; he was listening for the 'flo-p, flo-p,' in order, when he heard it, to come up with the game. After some three or four of these stolen advances, he whispered to me he was sure we were within gunshot of the bird, could we but see him. It was getting daylight, and we strained our eyes very hard to catch a glimpse of the wary warbler, when the welcome notes struck up again, and Klumpp deserted him, not more than thirty yards from us.

'Be ready!' said he—I was to have the first shot—and don't attempt to fire till the bird becomes insensible.'

Breathless with excitement, I seized my rifle and cocked it; when, in place of subsiding into the 'flo-p flo-p' which I was eagerly awaiting, the good-for-nothing fellow broke out into a loud shrill scream, and was off and out of sight before I could raise my piece to my shoulder. 'You see,' observed my companion, 'how sharp a bird he is: he must have heard the click of your rifle, or else he must have seen you, and now I dare say he won't alight for miles.'

I felt much mortified at this bad beginning, especially as it seemed the blame rested with me; so by way of making atonement for my blunder, I now told Klumpp he must take the first shot while I looked on. There was now nothing for it but to sit still and abide another chance. But we had not very long to wait before the ear of my experienced fellow-sportsman detected distant sounds that set us once more on the move. Soon I heard them too, and now a second, much nearer, was distinctly audible. Profiting by my late experience, I went to work this time more cautiously, and after a series of stealthy advances, we succeeded in getting within range. Once more the bird struck up his

song—for the last time, poor fellow! Klumpp was ready to take advantage of the favourable moment, and simultaneously with the change of note he raised his rifle, and brought the bird to the ground. We ran to secure our first prize. I had never before had a caper keiley in my hands, and as I felt his weight—some eight or ten pounds—I surveyed his handsome plumage; I felt we were quite repaid our trouble in bagging such noble game as this. My eagerness to shoot a similar specimen now increased many fold, but Klumpp said we must start off at once for a good long trudge, as the report of his rifle would frighten the caper keileys far away from the spot where we were. Away we went accordingly, and it must have been a full hour before the chance of another shot presented itself. We heard our birds once or twice, but they seemed to shift their position between times, and we appeared to wander in the wrong direction. At last, however, one came flying over head, and perched on one of the low boughs of a fir tree. Klumpp said he was within easy shot, and begged me to fire before the bird had time to look about him; but mistrusting my own powers as a marksman in a moment of excitement, I waited for the 'flo-p flo-p' in order to give myself a better chance; and I felt so doubtful of my own skill, that I made him promise to take aim too while I did, and in the event of my missing my mark to let fly instantly. Nervous and flurried, I succeeded in covering the bird, bang went my rifle, and almost at the same instant off went Klumpp's. We hurried to the spot, but this time the game was not so easily bagged, for I had not killed him, but only broken one of his wings; seeing this, Klumpp had thought it best to fire, but I do not think his shot took effect. My gentleman now led us a pretty chase, and his pace on foot was so tremendous that I thought he would make good his escape, but we managed to run him into a sort of hollow, where I literally flung myself upon him, and enjoyed the unutterable satisfaction of appropriating my

first caper keiley. Each laden with our prize, we resumed our way, but we had no more sport. It was drawing towards noon, and Klumpp said, further pursuit of the caper keiley that day would be useless. He proposed, however, to proceed to another part of the forest, where deer was to be had, but I felt I had already done quite enough, and a little more, and indeed it took me several days to recover from that one day's fatigue. I accordingly declined, though with much reluctance, the experiment of such another day in the Black Forest, and, with the exception of now and then a long constitutional with the count, refrained from all undue exercise during the remainder of my stay.

Thus, one way or other, the month at Wildbad, upon which I had entered with so much dread, sped by with amazing rapidity, and altogether I had reason to change the opinion I had formed of the place on first making its acquaintance. By degrees it lost to me that melan-

choly air and that aspect of unmitigated *tristeness* which struck me as its peculiar characteristic; and I came to the conclusion that, should I at any time be at a loss how to spend a few weeks in healthful recreation, I might perhaps do a worse thing than bring my rod and gun to this retired, out-of-the-way retreat; for, assuredly, between the trout in the Enz and the game in the Schwarzwald, I should find plenty of out-door recreation as I imbibed the tonic aroma of the pines, while in another way I should not fall off under the regimen of 'The Bear.'

Of the virtue of the waters I can freely speak. I came to them a martyr to rheumatic pains; I went away cured, nor have I suffered since; and though I should be loth to pronounce the Wildbad bath infallible as a specific in every such case, my experience would lead me certainly to bid none despair of finding relief who may be suffering as I did, until they have tried a month of it at Wildbad.

R. G. H.





STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.
COUNTESS SPENCER.

Drawn by the late George H. Thomas. Engraved by William L. Thomas.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY CUSTOMS.

I.

THE time-honoured customs of universities—the various and original pranks of college students—are always interesting. The authors of ‘Tom Brown,’ and ‘Cuthbert Bede’ have rendered familiar to every English and every American household the pastimes and amusements of venerable Oxford; we are held spell-bound over the exciting narrative of the races and cricket-matches, the manifold tricks and orgies of the undergraduates; we are shown the romantic and the ludicrous side of English university life. Although the American universities are much younger than their British sisters, they are quite old enough to have acquired many traditional customs, hallowed by the lapse of time, and handed down from scholastic generation to generation, as precious heirlooms of the student world, to be faithfully practised, with all their ancient spirit, by each succeeding college class. The age at which youths generally enter the universities is an age when the romantic, the ludicrous, and the love of fun are especially vivid. We propose to narrate some of the customs which prevail at Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, the students of which adhere more strictly, perhaps, than those of any other American college, to the traditional ceremonies and celebrations handed down from past university life. Yale is the third American university in point of age, Harvard, and William and Mary being the two elder, and was founded at the beginning of the eighteenth century, by those sturdy Puritans who had settled, shortly before, in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. She has always been the nucleus and champion of the stern old Puritan theology, was established especially to promote that faith; and, as far as her government goes, is more religiously strict than any of her rivals. Yet, under this stern shadow of Puritanism, there have grown up some of the wildest and gayest of

student customs; customs heavily frowned upon by the learned faculty, who have again and again striven—in vain—to root them out: faithfully followed, year after year, by the succeeding classes. There is something very odd in this contrast, between this soberness and strictness of the university itself, and the overflowing fun and gaiety of its students. Perhaps the one has produced the other; at all events, there they are, side by side.

Of course, in Yale, as in Oxford, the freshman is to the rest of the undergraduates the fittest, and fairest, and choicest of game. He was born, and fate manifestly sent him to college, to be victimized. He is outrageously verdant, and it is clear to all the undergraduate world that they are as well doing him a substantial service, as affording themselves amusement, in ‘polishing him down.’ Against the poor pet child of a doting mamma and sisters, and a proud Paterfamilias, all his fellow-students are resolutely leagued, from the moment that he makes his appearance upon the scene. The ‘town’ may be a fair target for an open, toe-to-toe fight; the ‘town’ is worthy of a marshaled array of ‘gown,’ of a pitched battle with the favoured sons of the gentry; the freshman has not even this respect paid him, but is waylaid in the dark, is victimized amidst a hundred mysteries, receives no notice of the attack, and is disarmed and helpless—even had he the courage to resist—before the attack begins. He is one little, feeble, helpless fellow, against a hundred giants; he has but to suffer, whimper, and submit. Especial woe comes to that freshman who, puffed up by home fireside praises, by being considered the pride of his native village, or by a free allowance of ‘the needful’ from indulgent papa, attempts to ‘make a spread’ on his entrance into the university world. His unutterable assumption, in putting on airs, at-

tracts the persecutors of his rank; they promise themselves an exceptional treat in 'taking him down;' and, unless he is a very unusually pugnacious freshman indeed, he very soon is 'taken down,' with a vengeance. The inventions which the undergraduate brain has conceived, with a view to this end, might almost shame the Inquisition itself: and if the effect of an invention is a proof of its genius, the inventors might vie with the priestly inventors of mediæval Spain. The presumptuous freshman is seldom dealt with in vain; his second term finds him a 'sadder and a wiser man.'

When our freshman leaves his native village for 'college,' he is a somewhat puny, very innocent youth in short jackets. He has, perhaps, prepared himself for the much-dreaded examination under the tender care of the village parson, who has taught him, in a fatherly, fostering way, in the seclusion of the parsonage study. The simple-hearted parents—let us suppose the father to be a New England farmer—have been led, by the reverend tutor's encomiums, to believe that their boy is a very paragon in quickness to learn; that he is certain to eclipse all his fellows when he gets to his destination; and that he has only to reach it to carry off every prize which comes in his way. With what patience and devoted zeal does mamma work away on his wardrobe—completing with her own motherly hand his stock of undershirts and stockings, his innumerable scarves and jackets, not forgetting the while to stow away in snug corners of his trunk sundry jars of home-made jams and pies, honoured by family tradition. How sister Grace, too, declines to attend the choir rehearsals, not having time to devote to the ordinary duties of society, for fear that the beaded watch-fob, the embroidered slippers, the ornate pincushions, and the fancy cravats with which Bobbie must be supplied, will not be done in time! Paterfamilias bustles about the farm, proud and happy; he is going to escort Bobbie to the university town, and 'see him through

all right,' and must arrange the cattle and crop matters before he leaves them. Bobbie himself—now the hero, soon, alas! to become the martyr—is in a strange confusion of bliss and sorrow—joy, that he is at last really to be a collegian, and regret, not seldom tearful, at leaving these kind, tender hearts that are so fond of him. At last the day comes, and all is ready promptly in time. Bobbie has had a little evening party, to bid farewell to his village cronies and companions—not forgetting the little rosy-cheeked favourite of his childhood, who lives next door, and who now looks on her sweetheart with a kind of awe, seeing what he is about to become. The worthy parson has called to give him a few parting admonitions and to speak a few words of encouragement, and has gone again, bidding him 'God speed!' The coach-horn sounds—the coach is here at the door. Embracings—hysterical and oft-repeated—and genuine domestic parting, full of 'Oh's!' and other maternal and sisterly ejaculations, sobs, and tears. Bobbie and father are on the coach—in a moment more the home group can just see their hats whirling round the turn of the road—and now they have disappeared.

The coach having brought the pair safely to the railway station, the luggage stowed away, and the tickets bought, Bobbie and father ensconce themselves in one of the long carriages, and anticipate a quiet and rapid journey to the university town. But I want you to mark well a dashing-looking young gentleman, who enters the carriage at one of the little stations about midway to their destination. He is dressed at the top of the fashion—wears bulging trousers with perpendicular pockets, a short bobby coat, a little flat hat, slightly askew on his head, and a cane. We, who have seen something of the university, know him to be—though Bobbie and papa are far from guessing it—a student of students. As he stands in the doorway of the railway carriage, he glances keenly down it, sharply scanning the passengers on either side; his eye lights and rests

long on Bobbie and papa. He seems content with his contemplation of them, for he no longer takes the trouble to look at anybody else. Evidently he has found what he is looking for; but what does he want with them? Presently, with the jauntiest air in the world, with a cool and insinuating assurance which is amazing, he glides up the carriage, and, with the politest of student-like bows, seats himself directly opposite our rustic pair. With consummate art, and a most overpowering politeness, he opens a conversation with Bobbie's papa; descants on the pretty autumn landscape through which they are gliding; talks with marvellous ease and familiarity of the prospects of the harvest and the comparative value of the farms on the road; ingratiates himself firmly with Bobbie's papa by his studied politeness and deference to papa's opinions, papa declaring to himself what a capital young fellow this is! By-and-by our young gentleman leads, by gradual steps, to the subject of going to college. He presumes that Bobbie is on his way to the university,—perhaps he is going to stand the freshman examination? 'Yes, sir, he is.' (What a clever fellow, to guess that, thinks Pater.) 'Delighted to hear it, sir. I am from the university—perhaps I can be of some use to your son—will be *very* happy to do anything I can for him.' 'Ah, indeed! How very fortunate!' The conversation becomes more familiar than ever, our flashy student now exerting himself to his utmost to be agreeable, as they approach the university town. Shortly before arriving, he broaches a proposition that father and son should permit him to call a cab, and that they should all three ride up to the hotel—near the university buildings—together. He will be happy to take supper with them, and after that, perhaps they would like to visit a meeting of one of the literary societies with him? 'Very glad to, indeed,' answers Bobbie's father, beside himself with delight at so much politeness and friendly trouble on the part of their new acquaintance. But the project so prettily arranged

in the railway carriage is not destined to be carried out. At last the train stops, the guard shouts out 'New Haven!' (the university town), and there is a great hubbub and bustle of passengers getting in and out. It is dark, and even were it not, they would not know it, for the New Haven station is underground, and one of the dampest and blackest of possible holes. It is astonishing—there is a great crowd on the platform, and a very unusual noise of screaming and scuffling: a sort of limited pandemonium, hard to be accounted for. But Bobbie and papa have hardly time to ascertain the cause of this unwonted hubbub; their new friend seems to have become infected by it, for he grows very excited, and urges them to keep close to him, and hurry to the cabs as fast as they can through the crowd. They have scarcely found themselves on the platform, however, when two parties of students—for the makers of all this noise are students—rush frantically towards them. 'Here's Bugby with a freshman!' is the cry from one side, and 'Bugby, stick to 'em tight!' echoes from the other. Bobbie and papa, wholly mystified, are frightened out of their wits to find themselves become the centres of a hot and heavy scuffle. Bobbie finds himself of a sudden seized by the arm, and tugged stoutly one way, then seized by the collar and tugged with equal pertinacity the other way. Fists fly about his head, aimed, not at it, but on both sides of it, with bewildering and alarming rapidity; he is pulled this way and that, and falls about, almost out of his wits with fright. Meanwhile papa has been fairly jostled off to the other end of the platform, and is making a hopeless yet desperate attempt to push his way back to his dearly-beloved son. In vain—for before he succeeds in getting half way to him, he sees a remarkable thing. A great burly student, full six feet high, is mounting the staircase of the station, surrounded by a choice bodyguard of fellow-students, who are acting as coverers of his retreat, by keeping off the skirmishers of the hostile party who are hanging about their

rear; and the big fellow's arms are wound tightly around poor Bobbie, who is shivering with fright, but finds resistance wholly unavailing, as he is carried along. Fond papa's feelings, on seeing this heartrending sight, may be better imagined than described; but we must leave him to indulge them in the station, while we follow the fortunes of his persecuted offspring. The next thing that Bobbie knows, he is thrust by his Titanic bearer into the darkest corner of a cab, and, accompanied by three students, is driven rapidly through the dark strange streets. The treatment to which he has been unexpectedly subjected has almost benumbed his senses, and he has become quite docile. His companions give him sundry instructions, and assure him that if he will only keep quiet, and do what they tell him, not a hair of his head shall be harmed. This is very consolatory, and he becomes as obedient as a slave. The cab stops: one of the students whips out a long handkerchief, with which they proceed to hoodwink Bobbie's eyes. He is taken out of the cab, and hurried up a long flight of stairs. At the top, his gaolers take off the bandage, knock at a door, and lead him into a large and brilliantly-lighted hall. Bobbie is dazzled with the flare, and abashed by the multitude of faces which are all staring at him, from the semicircular benches which are ranged about the room. He has, however, little time for reflection: his conductors pull him to a seat; then one of them whispers to him, 'What's your name?' Bobbie answers mechanically, 'Robert Barnley, sir.' 'All right,' whispers the other. 'When I pull your sleeve, stand up; and when that fellow up in that chair asks you a question, just say, "I do."'

It is all over before Bobbie can understand what they are about. One of the students who had captured him stands up, and 'begs to propose Mr. Robert Barnley, of the freshman class, as a member of this society.' The question being put and agreed to, amid great uproar, Bobbie feels a twitch at his elbow,

and a push from behind, and tremblingly 'gets upon his feet.' He is asked something about promising to obey the laws, and serve the interests of this society, and mechanically answering, in a faint voice, 'I do,' is pronounced a member of the 'Brothers in Unity.' He is then very coolly told that he is free to go and meet his papa at the hotel, and makes the best of his way there forthwith. Of course Barnley senior has learned all about the matter by this time, and is complacently awaiting his hopeful in the reading-room.

The English reader will, no doubt, suspect what the cause of all this hubbub is. At Yale University, there are two great rival literary societies, between whom the mass of the undergraduates are divided, and bearing respectively the very euphonious titles of 'Linonia,' and 'The Brothers in Unity.' It is the ambition of each of these societies to obtain as members a majority of each incoming class; and the society obtaining a majority of the freshmen is entitled to crow victoriously over its discomfited rival. To achieve this object, many stratagems are employed on both sides, and the 'campaign' is conducted, during the first week of the scholastic year, with great vigour and cunning. Deputations go to the country towns, where are situated the principal preparatory schools, and endeavour to 'pledge' the youths about to leave school for the university to join their own society. On the days when freshmen may be expected on the railways, emissaries of the societies are sent one way and another, to intercept them, and to win them over as best they can; and the scenes like that above described not seldom take place in the little, black New Haven railway station.

But other terrors are in store for our friend Bobbie, to which the first was nothing worth mentioning. In the first place, on the morning after his arrival, he has to face that long-dreaded terror which has weighed on his mind very heavily for the past three months—'Freshman Examination.' He is observed,

on this memorable morning, to hold his father's hand nervously as he sits awaiting the fatal hour in the hotel saloon. The first twinges of that nauseous disease, home-sickness, have come over him, and betray themselves in his 'pallored visage.' But he sees other embryo freshmen hanging about the hotel as forlorn, as puny, as innocent, as verdant as himself, 'screwing themselves to the sticking point,' and is somewhat consoled; for even freshman misery loves company. Barnley, senior, relieves him still further by continually whispering in his ear the stale, but ever grateful, praises of the good clergyman at home. The hour arrived, he marches with a bravely firm step into the great hall where his companions in the examination are assembling, and where weazen, spectacled professors, and stiff, solemn tutors are preparing for the business of the day. There are little single desks sprinkled about the hall, and along the walls are higher desks for the professors and instructors. Bobbie is assigned his desk, and presently a tutor comes along, and places a printed paper before him. Bobbie takes it up, looks at it, reads the questions nervously through, and at once makes up his mind that there is not one which he can answer. However, he concludes, after a brief moment, devoted to the very depths of silent but harrowing despair, to read them over once more. Then he becomes cool enough to try to write down the answers. He finally finishes the answers, reads them over, thinks they are right, but is haunted thenceforth till the end of the examination, with a fear that they may be wrong. So it is with all the papers; so it is on the second and final day of the examination, he not sleeping a wink during the intervening night. Unutterable is the joy that fills his breast—fully compensating him for the two days' misery he has endured—when he is told by a long tutor, with squinting eyes and shaggy hair (whom he dreaded as a monster during the examination, but whom he now adores henceforth), that his papers are satisfactory, and that his name

has been entered on the freshman's roll as 'passed.' He hastens to make papa a sharer in his delight, and the next morning papa struts off down to the station, the veriest human peacock in the town, absolutely certain *now* that there's nobody in the university quite the equal of his darling Bobbie. When night has shed her sable mantle o'er the world, and the hope of the Barnleys sits lonely in his, as yet, half-furnished college 'den'—a ground-floor room, he being 'fresh'—the excitements of the two past days are forgotten, the glory of being really and truly a 'college man' has become faint and stale, and the mother's joy and the father's pride has sunk into the unspeakable miseries of home-sickness. He feels exactly the sense of desolation which, the novelists give us to understand, falls peculiarly to the lot of the jilted lover; he verily believes he can never smile again. Though he has yet many ordeals, especial to the freshman, to pass through, it is doubtful whether he will feel a pang half as sharp as in this yearning to see home once more.

Before he has been in the university many weeks—just as he is getting settled down, and acquainted with his classmates, and the home-sickness is beginning to wear off somewhat—he becomes a martyr to a certain time-honoured custom called 'Freshman Initiation.' The academic course in American universities occupies four years; there are therefore four classes—the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior. At Yale there flourish in each of the classes several *secret societies*, invested with a great deal of mystery, to gain entrance to which is, of course, an object of ambition with all new comers. The freshmen enter the freshman secret societies, in which they continue as active members during their freshman year; when they become 'Sophs,' they leave the freshman societies and become *honorary* members of them, and if they gain admittance, they then join the Sophomore societies as active participants—and so on through the course. These secret societies hire rooms in some un-

frequented part of the town, and there hold weekly meetings; some of them are jovial, others literary, in their objects. Each society has for its badge a little gold breast-pin, bearing mysterious and allegorical symbols. To the young student's mind these secret societies have a great and almost indefinable attraction—curiosity and romance entering largely into the desire to belong to them. They are much more select than the large literary societies before described; they aim less at the victory of numbers; each candidate must receive a nearly unanimous vote before being admitted; and the effort is made by each society to obtain the greatest number of good fellows, scholars, writers, and speakers of a class. It is these societies which create that excitement of 'college politics,' which is so marked a feature of Yale university life, and which we will describe hereafter. When a new freshman class enters the university, the outgoing members of the freshman secret societies set to work to 'pledge' all the most promising-looking of the new comers; and in a short time perhaps two-thirds of the freshmen have 'gone' (that is, promised to join) to one or other of the mysterious fraternities. When the society lists are completed, preparations are made for the great orgy called 'Freshman Initiation.' All the freshman societies combine for the purpose of initiating their new members in common, and in public; of course this initiation does not involve the making public any of the supposed terrible secrets of any of the fraternities. 'Freshman Initiation' usually takes place on a night late in September or early in October, in the basement of the Connecticut 'State House,' a large building imitative of the Greek Parthenon, which stands on a spacious green fronting the university edifices. The 'State House' is the place where the State Legislature meets, New Haven being the capital of Connecticut. The students, by some means or other, manage to hire the entire basement floor for the object of freshman initiation. On the day preceding this

ceremony, all the freshmen who are of 'the elect' are notified that at ten o'clock that evening, they will be waited upon and conducted to the ordeal. The tremors of the victims during that day may be imagined; awful stories have already reached their ears of the doings of the night; and as the time approaches, their fears increase, and the suspense of uncertainty adds to the discomfort of their situation. Promptly at ten, as our freshman sits quaking, making a feeble pretence of poring over his big Greek dictionary, three heavy, ominous raps sound upon his door; and immediately after two mysterious forms, cloaked and black-masked, enter his room with little ceremony. They approach the victim, and laying their hands on his shoulder, ask him in deep, terrific tones if he is ready. Having received his stuttering reply, they proceed to hoodwink him, first commanding him to *carry his purse with him*. Each takes him by one arm, and he is marched off into the street. He is not carried directly to the grand rendezvous, but has to pass through various preliminary trials, according to the inventive powers or caprice of his conductors. Some will lead the blindfolded freshman up to the door of a private mansion, place him opposite it, ring the bell, and leaving him there—he being entirely unconscious where he is—dodge around the corner, and watch the scene. When Bidly answers the bell, she finds herself face to face with this hoodwinked figure, and the ensuing colloquy may be conjectured. Others will make their victim walk a ladder blindfold, or march unconsciously off a hillock—the tricks of this sort are many and various, as the genius of the initiators prompts. After 'trying him' by making a tour of the streets and compelling him to do numerous things, the masked inquisitors usually 'pull up' at one of the public restaurants frequented by the university students—and they are especially apt to find their way hither if their 'fresh' is known to have plenty of money. The scene at the restaurant on initiation night is a most lively and curious one.

Parties are constantly coming in and filling up the stalls, leading pale and forlorn hoodwinked freshmen, and, giving them here a respite from blindness by removing their bandages, compel them to 'stand treat.' A scene of festive gaiety follows, the mulleted freshman sitting submissively by, staring at his masked companions, and deriving some consolation from the sight of his classmates here and there undergoing a similar tax to himself. He is glad enough to buy a moment's peace and eyesight on any terms; so he makes no objection even to the proposal for a supper of champagne and partridges, though such fare is far more costly in America than in the mother-country. The restaurant revel over, 'fresh' is once more bandaged, and now the inquisitors, hilarious with wine, hasten with him to the principal ceremony of the night. Let us enter the State House basement before them, and with our eyes open. At the door we are confronted by two Titanic collegians, their features concealed by grotesque black masks and false beards, their figures covered by a gaudy dress, and opposing the entrance of the unentitled by naked swords crossed before the door. A small printed ticket, however, furnished by the committee of the Initiation, serves as a charm to withdraw the swords, and in another moment we find ourselves in a large, dimly-lighted, dampish subterranean hall, where there is a very pandemonium of shouting and yelling, loud laughter, and frantic rushing hither and thither. Out of this hall we pass into numerous apartments right and left, prepared in a variety of ways for the business of the night. The whole space is swarming with hundreds of disguised and fantastically-dressed students, with here and there a privileged townsman or 'friend from a distance' gazing, unmasked, with great glee on the performances which are proceeding. The disguises are of great variety, and of the most elaborate character—some amusing, others designed to inspire terror in the already frightened freshman, others wholly unique and

curious—the student's mind being very inventive in this direction. In one of the longer rooms the 'Initiation' has already begun. A party of masked students have got behind a poor, hoodwinked 'fresh,' and are rushing him backward and forward with tremendous speed. The neophyte endeavours to hold back, being a victim to that sensation one always has when blindfolded, of running against or over something. In another corner of the room some of the maskers have got a huge blanket, and, holding it horizontally by its ends and sides, are tossing two blindfolded freshmen, so that with every lurch they touch the wall. But these tortures seem but trifling when we turn to some of the other rooms. Here in a low, dark passage way, several maskers, dressed in the deepest and dearest black, are grouped around an upright skeleton, whose sockets glisten with a dull, phosphorescent light. A freshman, having gone through the previous trials, is brought up face to face with this ghastly figure, and his bandage removed. A student with some power as a ventriloquist stationed behind the skeleton, addresses the victim as if through the skeleton's mouth. The figure seems to command him, in a hollow and cavernous voice, to shake it by the hand. The freshman, after some resistance, yields and obeys. Instantly a thrill and quiver shoots over his frame, and he becomes as ghastly pale as the skeleton itself. Master freshman will learn the secret of all this hereafter in the recitation hall—he has to thank *electricity* for this ill turn. Nearly all the further trials hint of the grave and grim death. Next he is brought to a room where stands a masked figure dressed as a headsman. Beside him stands a guillotine, in perfect working order; and the victim, again permitted to see for what he is destined, is laid upon the floor, and his head inserted beneath the fatal and glittering axe. As he stoops for this purpose, he turns white to see, lying beside the guillotine, a blood-stained cloth. The executioner sets the deadly invention of the quiet old French

doctor in motion, and it descends with a whiz upon the neck of the freshman—stopping short, however, within an inch or two of it. We, as spectators, however, know that the guillotine axe is of harmless pine, painted a shining steel colour; and we have had time to perceive, which our freshman is too flurried to do, that there are firm steps above where his head is placed. This test over, he is led to a cold, damp, cellar-like apartment, with no floor—only the damp ground for footing—and where he is hastily enveloped in a particularly damp and uncomfortable shroud. There is a long narrow hole in the ground, in the middle of the room; beside it, a coffin. The neophyte receives a solemn lecture from a grim-looking fellow who stands with folded arms above the grave, and then is compelled to step into the coffin and lie flat and still on his back. The ropes which pass under it are grasped—the coffin is swung—and then with a slow, swaying motion, it descends into the grave. All of a sudden there is total darkness—then a board is placed over the top of the hole, and our poor freshman, for the first and last time in his life, experiences what it is to be buried alive. If he has in his childhood been unhappily the victim of nurse's and governess's ghost stories, and is afraid of the dark, his situation is really terrible. It lasts, however, but a moment; he is drawn up again, and passes on to other trials of his courage and presence of mind. The next thing is to take him into a room brightly illuminated by torches, where a kind of high court has been organised. On a raised platform, and disguised with much effect, sits the judge who is to 'put him to the question.'

All sorts of ridiculous queries are put to him, some of which he would fain rather not answer, but finds it best to. Then a cloth is raised just below the judge's chair, a coffin is discovered, and in it a corpse, with a gash across its forehead—a corpse, however, of *wax* only. The forehead of this ghastly object the freshman is forced to kiss—and that ends his 'initiation.' These performances

are all going on simultaneously in the different apartments, and the effect of passing through the noisy crowds of maskers from one to the other is very curious. The orgy is kept up till long after midnight—and the newly initiated find themselves, weary with fright and excitement, back in their rooms some time in the neighbourhood of the dawn. As the morning service at chapel is a very early one, many are fain to sit up awaiting it, being fearful, freshman like, of committing the sin of oversleeping, and thus gaining one of the much-dreaded demerit marks. The governments of the various universities, united with a growing public opinion among the students themselves, have succeeded in softening down very much the severity of the tricks to which freshmen were wont to be subjected. Many traditions exist at Yale and Cambridge of the ordeals to which the unfortunate lower classmen used to be put. 'Smoking out' used to be one of the commonest punishments to which freshmen who 'put on airs' were subjected; and, indeed, I believe it is still practised to a degree in some of the American colleges. This process is a very simple one, as its name indicates. A party of students proceed to the 'swelly' freshman's room late at night, after he has retired; rouse him out of bed; shut down all his windows; and proceed to light pipes 'all round.' They smoke and smoke and smoke, until the room is filled with the clouds which have issued from their mouths; and they do not usually reckon without their host in thinking that they will make their victim thoroughly ill. Sometimes, however, the 'smokers out' catch a tartar. I was once present on one of these occasions when the tables were completely turned on the would-be persecutors. As soon as they had got to smoking, their involuntary host took a pipe and commenced smoking too. They smoked fast and heavy; he puffed away, and easily kept pace with them. The result was, that after an hour or two of 'cloud compelling,' in which the fortress at-

tacked stood his ground heroically, three of the besieging party themselves capitulated, and were forced to hasten abruptly from the room to avoid a most ignominious exposure. It is a very common trick to rouse the freshman from his slumbers, make him get upon a table, and dance and sing for the amusement of his unwelcome guests. Sometimes a freshman, who has become obnoxious by reason of some attempt at foppishness, is forced to sign a paper, solemnly declaring that he will not use gold eye-glasses, or wax his moustache, or wear baggy trousers or diamond studs, for a year to come—that is, until he has bloomed out into the freedom and glory of Sophomore dignity. The terrors of further persecution are held over him, and, unless he be unusually resolute, he is fain to keep to his extorted vows. A more cruel custom, now happily fallen quite into disuse, was that of putting a freshman under the pump on a cold night in mid-winter. Such a case once resulted fatally, and that was a warning not likely to be forgotten. At Yale there used to be—and may be still for all I know—a society of wild fellows belonging to the Sophomore class, and handed down from one class to another, which assumed the classical name of ‘The Court of the Areopagus.’ Its objects were at once festive and inquisitorial. The name of the ‘Areopagus’ became a terror to all freshmen. The court met in secret in the rooms of its members, and all its doings therefore were invested in the freshmanic mind with the dread which is inspired by mystery and deeds done in the dark. Some morning it would be rumoured that the Areopagus had taken Snagsby, of the freshman class, into training; every freshman would thrill with the fear that his turn would come next. Snagsby’s classmates would gather about him, and overwhelm him with questions; but likely as not, Snagsby would maintain an impenetrable silence, having taken the most awful oaths and adjurations not to reveal what he had seen and suffered. It seemed to be the peculiar object of the court to

try and punish the new comers to the university; it was said that they went through the forms of a criminal trial; that they judged and condemned their prisoners with great mock solemnity and ceremony; and that, thereupon, the judges became the executioners of their own sentences. Tremendous stories were told of the unique costumes, the terror-inspiring disguises of the ‘Areopagi;’ and it was nearly always found that, somehow or other, they managed to cower their victims into perpetual dumbness as to their doings. Once, however, the awful Court of the Areopagus got hold of an exceptionally bold and fearless freshman. He did all that they commanded; took the oaths under compulsion; submitted with charming meekness to all the ordeals enjoined in his case. The next morning he went straight to the President and Professors of the university, and coolly exposed the whole affair. A number of the redoubtable ‘Areopagi’—including several clergymen’s sons—were forthwith expelled the university, and the court for a while ceased its operations—to revive again, however, the next year, with all its ancient terrors and activity. A custom which used to prevail at Yale, but which was several years ago successfully put down by the university authorities, was that of the ‘Annual Base Ball Match,’ between the Sophomores and the freshmen; this was only one more occasion for the persecution of the latter class by the former. The Sophomores, during their first year, practised base ball constantly with a view to this particular occasion; while the freshmen, many of them never having played the game before, were as verdant and unskilful in that as in other university pastimes, and consequently were pretty roughly handled in the annual game. Another custom, still in vogue, is that of ‘rushing’ the freshmen. The Sophomores, at the close of the chapel exercises, gather, *en masse*, in front of the chapel door where the freshmen come out, and make ‘a perfect blockade,’ the freshmen form in a body, and endeavour to ‘rush’ the Sophomores away;

and the struggling and scuffling which ensues is very apt to bring the college tutors who perform also the duties of proctors in America) down upon the offenders. The punishments for these and like offences consist of marks of demerit, a certain number of which entail successively 'letters home,' 'warnings,' and suspension or expulsion;

or if the offence is a very serious one, the latter severe remedy is at once applied. There are many differences between American and English universities, as will be seen by what has already been written: and I hope to make the contrast yet more apparent in a second article.

GEO. MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN ;

Or, The Second-class Ball.

I.

JUNGLEPORE was one of the most charming stations in the North-west provinces of India. It was open to only one objection: it had been burnt down. It had played too serious a part in the drama known as 'The Mutinies' to escape some of their most striking effects; and when the piece had at last ceased to run, the place was quite unfit to be seen, and ought to have denied itself to visitors.

There was nothing to object to as far as Nature was concerned. Our ancient friend, in fact, had favoured Junglepore rather more than most parts of the provinces. It was green rather than otherwise, even in the hottest weather, and in compliment to its grass, was made the headquarters of a troop of Horse Artillery. A native proverb says that, in the absence of any other, the castor-oil plant may pass as a tree; but though some dusty, dark hedges here and there indicated the presence of that particularly ugly shrub, there was no occasion for it to do duty in its more dignified capacity; for the spreading peepul was in profusion, while topes of mangoes contributed to make things pleasant to the eye, and to keep the rays of the sun at a respectful distance.

But as regards the works of man, the best friend of Junglepore must have admitted that it looked simply awful. People managed to live in it, but only the grossest flattery could describe it as habitable. A few months before the time of which

I write, everybody not prevented by Sepoys over whom they had no control, ran away; and when some of them came back they might well be excused for not recognizing their former home. The church had no spire to speak of; and though its walls had insisted upon standing, its interior had been very hardly dealt by. As suggestive of other details, I may mention that the pulpit was found in the middle of the road outside. The jail and the public offices were utterly unfit for purposes of punishment or government; and as for the private houses—bungalows for the most part—the mildest damage done to them was the demolition of their roofs, window-frames, and furniture; so you may be sure that a great deal of patching-up was required before a few of them could be made available for shelter.

The society of the place was but as partially restored as the place itself. There was understood to be a judge who occasionally appeared in a ruined kutcherry, supported by ruined clerks; and a magistrate who exercised his functions in a similarly mournful manner, with the support of a blighted police. But of these and other officials little was seen in private life. From force of habit they gave one another dinner-parties now and then; but the effort was melancholy, and sociality evidently did not thrive. Some of the younger men of the station got more together, and tried to give a tone to

amusement, foremost among these being some of the officers of the troop of Horse Artillery before alluded to. But the reader will understand the state of things better if I introduce him to a party of the youth of the station.

II.

It is in a verandah of the Artillery Barracks that our friends are assembled, just as the sun is setting behind the barren hills which bound the peepuls and the mangoes and the castor-oil plants of the immediate vicinity. The building is one of a series of similar ranges, and is appropriated as the officers' quarters. It is a row of single rooms, open both back and front, the doors, made of green jalousies, being windows as well, and having a tiled roof, which will not burn quite so soon as tinder, as is the case with a thatched one. The doors are mostly open, so there is no difficulty in seeing that the furniture within is of a very primitive character, a camp-bed and a camp-table being the principal items in each. Outside one of the doors is a group of young men, one stretched on a charpoy, which has been brought out for the purpose; another in a rocking chair; and the rest sitting as much at their ease as circumstances will allow. They are mostly smoking—the eternal Manilla, of course—and looking listlessly out upon the open space before them, where the horses of the troop are picketed in a double line, and indicating by obvious impatience as to halters and heel ropes, and a general chorus of neighing, that the time has come for the distribution of their evening gram.

The conversation is intermittent, and in the nature of a sustained growl.

'This is certainly the most confounded hole that ever a man was sent to,' remarks one.

'I've seen nobody outside our own mess—counting, of course, the honorary members—for six weeks,' says another.

'Nobody has asked me to dinner

for three months,' is the plaint of a third.

'I heard that the Brig. had some people last night—some of the civilians and the Staff,' said the first speaker. 'There was no champagne, and the little claret that there was was boiling.'

'Well, of course wine will be boiling this weather if there's no ice,' was the practical rejoinder; and the speaker added, 'But I should not care so much about that if there was something like society; but what's to be done in the way of fun with only two ladies. It's a thousand pities that we did not begin sooner to make up to the other set. They are the only people who do anything, and I hear they enjoy themselves immensely. I'll wager what you like that we shall not get to this ball of theirs. For my part, I think the Myrtle girls are just as much ladies as anybody I've met in India. If they did not keep that infernal shop—but, however, I'm quite ready to forgive that, as far as I am concerned.'

There was a general expression of opinion that the Myrtles might keep fifty shops if they would only make themselves agreeable. Mrs. Myrtle, it may be here mentioned, was the milliner, or rather one of the milliners, of the station; and her daughters, Flora and Adelaide, the most admired girls, almost, in the provinces. The 'infernal shop' was against them, as we have seen, and kept them out of society proper, otherwise the girls might have made the best matches in India. Even when the station was full, and there were plenty of places to go to, these young ladies always had a following of men who were very handsomely prepared, for the sake of the *beaux yeux*, to be affable, and forget the claims of their own elevated social position. But Mrs. Myrtle, though a very good-natured person—she was too stout to be otherwise—carried prudence to any extent, and 'did not choose her daughters to mix with people who would not know them upon equal terms, and whose intentions were not to be trusted.' Besides, as she well remembered, some experiments which

had been made in the way of exceptions to the rule had not turned out quite successful. Youthful officers who had been admitted to balls at which her daughters were present had not always conducted themselves like models of propriety. Some had exaggerated refreshment; others had exaggerated affection; and a few, still more scandalously, had exaggerated a combination of the two. As Mrs. Myrtle remarked, 'Gentlemen who were gentlemen ought to behave themselves as such;' and it happened, unfortunately, that scarcely any of the gentlemen, so called, with whom she had been brought into social contact, had come up to her ideal. There was a general jealousy, too, on the part of the 'second class' society, as it called itself, half seriously and half cynically, of the intrusion of the first class. The latter, in India, draw rather a sharp line in their associations; not sharper, perhaps, than they draw in England, but marked in a greater degree, because they have a more or less personal knowledge of those whom they do not include in their circle, and those whom they do not include in their circle have a more or less personal knowledge of them. These are conditions inseparable from a limited community, in which the small people are a little larger than they would be at home, and, though living in a society which has only an official standard, are apt to take colonial views as to one person being as good as another. These are very small matters to discuss, but they *will* intrude themselves in India; and I am referring to things as they are, rather than things as they ought to be.

Apart, too, from the awkward fact of gentlemen not always behaving as such when admitted to inferior circles, there was a special jealousy on the part of the 'second class' men, who fared far worse than their female friends when exposed to the inroads of the superior rank. The one sex could make some allowances for offences committed in their cause; but the other sex found themselves inconveniently supplanted, and by no means able to hold their own

against the attractions of their rivals. So, between one consideration and another, there was, at the time to which I refer, a more than usually strong line drawn between classes in Junglepore; and the hopes of any of the first class being admitted to the second class ball—a subscription affair just coming off—seemed very small indeed. Valiant attempts had been made on the part of our Artillery friends and others to make acquaintance with the Misses Myrtle, but with a strong tendency towards failure rather than success. Had the ladies exclusively adhered to the millinery line there would have been no hope; for unmarried gentlemen, even though 'behaving themselves as such,' could not go to the shop with the continual excuse of wanting bonnets and ball-dresses. But, happily for occasional opportunities, Mrs. Myrtle had found it necessary, in the absence of ladies in the station, to extend her commercial operations to articles required by men. She very prudently, in fact, enlarged her stock-in-trade to such matters as wine, beer, brandy, gunpowder, riding-whips, and other odd things, including a couple of saddles, which were very carefully avoided by everybody—buying a saddle in a milliner's shop would have been rather too strong a concession even for the distracted days of the mutinies. But the wine, the beer, the brandy, the gunpowder, and the riding-whips, notwithstanding the appalling prices of those articles, gave an excuse for gentlemen who had nothing else to do to pay visits to the establishment; and there, if they were very fortunate, they might chance to see one of the Miss Myrtles. But even then a glimpse included most of the gratification; for those young ladies were understood to be 'above the business,' and never interfered in commercial transactions. Their shop, too, was quite like a private house; you could not enter the drawing-room, in which the stock-in-trade was displayed, without a sense of interference with an interesting family. So exclusive, indeed, were the beauties of Junglepore, that their numerous admirers

of the upper class had very little opportunity of gratifying their admiration except at church on Sundays, when staring, at any rate, was privileged, and indulged in, I am afraid, to a very improper extent.

The party in the verandah were in the last stage of laziness. Talking, even, had become a bore. And the horses in front being now engaged with their gram, the only sound heard was the occasional popping of a bottle of soda-water, as one after another—of the men, not the horses—sought the resource of a ‘peg.’ A very ordinary incident, or rather an incident which would have been ordinary in ordinary times, came to their relief; a gentleman on foot was heard inquiring of a native servant which was the ‘mess kote.’

‘Somebody going to drop us a ticket. That’s a novelty, at any rate—reminds one that one is a gentleman.’

This remark was made by Honeydew, the junior lieutenant of the troop, a ‘pretty’ specimen of a boy, who sought to carry off his juvenile appearance by treating things in general with a cool air of patronage, and measuring them by a ‘gentlemanly’ standard upon all possible occasions.

‘Don’t think he looks much like one himself,’ observed Captain Gallivant, the senior officer of the group. ‘Competition Wallah, I suspect; wonder if he’s brought a wife.’

‘He’s new at any rate,’ said Larkall, another lieutenant, ‘and if he brings us some fun I’ll forgive him.’

‘You and your fun will ruin us with the Myrtles,’ growled Gallivant. He was about to explain why, when Honeydew exclaimed—

‘By Jove!—friend of mine—have him in.’

Honeydew was off the verandah in an instant, and in another minute had brought back the stranger, who had just gained the information he sought, and was proceeding on his way. With cheerful affability Honeydew presented him all round to his friends—‘Mr. Mildmay, civil service, just appointed

to this lovely place—Bloaker’s Joint, you know.’ Bloaker was the magistrate and collector, and one of the unpopular officials who were so seldom seen or heard of.

Mildmay was at once made at home, promptly supplied with a peg, and offered his choice of half a dozen cheroot-cases, represented in their extremes by Gallivant’s embroidered bijou, in which reposed some delicate Number Threes, and Honeydew’s young portmanteau, bursting with an uncompromising crowd of Number Ones. Mildmay was at his ease at once, as men are apt to be who are early placed in positions of respect and responsibility, but there was little in his appearance to distinguish him from the ordinary youth of Britain. He had a keen, clever face, but was insignificant in his general exterior, and might have passed for an industrious clerk on a high stool and a low salary. There are such men in all grades of life, from dukes downwards, and perhaps I might say upwards too. As Honeydew once said in his patronizing way, ‘Kings are an odd lot to look at in these days.’ Honeydew, by the way, who dressed not wisely but too swell, was not very proud of his friend’s inattention to outward effect. The matter was probably in his mind when he said presently—

‘And how came you here in this lowly manner, on foot?’

‘I carried myself because I had nothing to carry me,’ was the careless answer. ‘My solitary horse is on the road, and so is my heavy baggage. I came up from Calcutta in light marching order for the sake of speed, and am staying at the Dāk Bungalow. I arrived only this morning, and as you were the only man I knew in the station, I thought I would leave my first card at your mess after presenting myself of course to Bloaker.’

‘Who did not ask you to dinner, of course, so you’ll dine with us.’

‘Delighted,’ was the quiet reply, involving no reference to the want of hospitality elsewhere. ‘But my walk brought me a pleasant adventure. I met two of the most charm-

ing girls you ever saw, and saved the life of the prettiest.'

'You—you don't say so!' gasped Gallivant, with an earnestness that made them all laugh.

'I do indeed,' proceeded Mildmay. 'I was passing near the church, not much admiring the edifice by the way—'

'It was a very gentlemanly church,' interposed Honeydew, 'before the Hon. the East India Company's 99th Mutineers spoiled the steeple.'

'Well, I was passing by the church when two young ladies riding ponies came cantering by. There was one of the most hideous faqueers you ever saw, painted like a stage devil, crouching by the side of the road; and the nearest pony shied at him, as the animal well might—no ordinary shy, but a bound from one side of the road to the other. The girl must be a very good rider to have kept her seat as she did; but she was in great danger of losing it immediately after; for the pony, upon being urged to pass the monster again, took to rearing, and I thought would have fallen upon his rider. It was at this juncture that I went to her assistance, seized the bridle in what I am bound to pronounce a very dexterous manner, and not only stopped the brute, but caught the girl in my arms just as she had lost her seat and was falling to the ground.'

There was a general murmur of interest, above which was heard a sympathetic, 'By Jove!' from the susceptible Gallivant. 'And what then?' asked half a dozen voices.

'Well, just as she was safely on her feet, and she and her sister were thanking me in the prettiest manner possible, up came the two syces, of course too late to be of any use, and after them, riding another pony, came a young cub of a fellow, a little younger than the girls, and evidently a brother, from the utter insensibility he showed to their beauty. He thanked me, too, in a surly way, then said that the damsel in distress might have his pony and he would take hers; and this being settled, and the syces

busy changing the saddles, I had no excuse for remaining, so made my most insinuating bow and passed on.'

'And what were the girls like?' chorused the group, and Honeydew added in addition, 'One was a chestnut and the other was a bay—wasn't it so?'

Honeydew's illustrative mode of description was very properly rebuked by his friends, Gallivant being particularly indignant. I don't think Mildmay either much liked the way of putting the case, but he proceeded good-humouredly—

'Well, one was dark—I mean as to her hair and eyes—and the other lighter and brighter. They were both beautiful girls, the lighter one especially. I particularly noticed her hair, because her hat fell off, and it all came down; and when she raised her eyes I noticed that they were the colour of the cornflower, with a deep light like that of a sapphire.'

'Bravo!' said Gallivant, 'you beat Honeydew at description. You are a lucky fellow—we all know who were the girls you met—they had grey habits, hadn't they?'

'Yes,' interposed Honeydew, 'not quite gentlemanlike. Mofussil, you know, wouldn't do for the Row, or even the course in Calcutta.'

'Yes, they had grey habits,' said Mildmay. 'And you know them, it seems. What is their name?'

'Myrtle—Flora and Adelaide,' replied Gallivant. 'They are the belles of the station.'

'And what are they—military or civil?'

'Neither, in the sense you mean. Their mother keeps the milliner's shop just out of cantonments; the one in the large compound filled with trees.'

'I saw the house this morning, but I saw no signs of its being a milliner's.'

This was a sore point of Gallivant's, to which he had already made allusion.

'No,' he said, 'Larkall and some of his particular friends stole the board last night, as they have done several times before. There are

two milliners in the station—living at its two extreme ends, about four miles apart. When Larkall and his friends have exhausted all other ways of being witty, they go out in the middle of the night, steal Mrs. Myrtle's board, and plant it in Mrs. Ivy's compound; and by way of justice to both parties, bring Mrs. Ivy's board away and set it up in Mrs. Myrtle's compound. As the two are something more than rivals, and not upon speaking terms, it takes about three days' negotiation on the part of mediating friends to effect an exchange. The consequence of games such as this is, that people like the Myrtles are afraid of us, and won't let us go to their balls, even when we are so hard up for society as we are at present. There is one just coming off now, and we are trying to get invitations through a very decent fellow, a railway contractor, who not setting up to be anybody in particular, manages to have the run of the only pleasant society in the place. He is doing everything he can for us, but I know he will not succeed.'

Before Mildmay could make any comment upon these important revelations, the noise of hoofs was heard, and a rider, unexceptionably mounted, dashed up to the verandah. It was no other than Mr. Siding, the railway contractor, just alluded to. He was a pleasant-looking, off-hand person, scrupulously dressed in rather a sporting manner, contrasting, therefore, remarkably with most of the officers, whose mufti had become somewhat accidental after all the campaigning they had gone through. Honeydew, who did not consider him quite a gentleman, resented this careful array as much as he deprecated the negligence of some of his friends, and declared that Siding always looked 'in a commercial state of cleanliness.' But most of the men took very kindly to him, and to do Siding justice, it must be said that he repaid their attentions with profuse hospitality—rather a rare thing in Junglepore in those days.

His presence upon this occasion was hailed with great interest, for

he brought news of the ball. 'It's all up,' he said, in answer to the inquiries made on every side. 'I did my best, but could do nothing. The answer to the application, however, is a curiosity. Here it is—it is addressed to me by the manager of the affair.'

And Siding read aloud:

'DEAR SIR,

'I am sorry to be obliged to give an unfavourable reply to your application, on the part of your friends, for tickets for the ball. The Committee met last night to consider the question, and came to the unanimous resolution that no officers or gentlemen could be admitted.

'I am, &c., &c.,

'JOHN MANGO.'

There was a roar of laughter at this humble if not insolent epistle, followed, however, by expressions of disgust. Then came a little talk upon the subject, in the midst of which Larkall declared that he had an idea. 'You accuse me,' he said, 'of doing you harm with my fun. We'll see now if it can't be to your service. Siding, dine with me at the mess to-night, and help us to talk over my plot.'

There was not too much time for Siding to accept the invitation, and make a hasty change of toilet at his bungalow close by. For the dressing-bugle went while they were talking, and they all separated to meet again in the bare, whitewashed bungalow adjoining, where the mess was held—an institution now, by the way, shorn of most of its glories, for the plate was at a bank in Bombay, and the arrangements were generally in the rough. There was the band to be sure, but it had had no new music for a year and a half. There were drawbacks, but they did not interfere with a pleasant evening, nor prevent the discussion of Larkall's plot, and a determination upon a course of action in pursuance thereof.

III.

On the following morning, in accordance with previous arrangement, Mildmay went to breakfast with Siding, who, hearing for the first time that his new friend was at the Dāk Bungalow, insisted upon putting him up until he could find a house for himself. Breakfast over, and a cheroot discussed, the pair stepped into Siding's buggy—which had grasshopper springs and the best stepper in the station between the shafts—and drove out upon the business which had brought them together. Mildmay seemed nervous, and on the way said—

‘Upon my honour, if I think about this affair much more I shall insist upon returning. I feel ashamed already of the part I am expected to play.’

‘Nonsense,’ answered Siding; ‘if I introduce you as Mr. Mildmay, C.S., neither the mamma nor the girls will have anything to do with you. If I present you in the comparatively humble position of a patrol in the Customs Department—a post held by the late Mr. Myrtle—they will make a great deal of you, and not only get you a ticket for the ball, but enable you, with a little management, to get our three friends in besides.’

‘Well, I suppose I am pledged—and I must change my name too. If Bloaker hears of this, and reports me, I shall be in a nice scrape.’

‘Never mind; you’ll get out of it, I dare say. I’ll write a name for you on my card. What shall it be? Something like your own, eh? It won’t look well to call you Mild—let’s take the other syllable, and make you May. It’s a pretty name, and will interest the girls at once.’

‘Well, as you please; but I feel very like a swindler.’

The high-stepper was by this time wafting the pair upon the grasshopper springs through the gate and into the compound of—need I say Mrs. Myrtle? Siding, as a friend of the family, did not drive up to the entrance of the ‘infernal shop,’ but went round to the back of the house, where a

young lady in white was reading in the verandah.

Disturbed by the noise of wheels, the young lady in white raised her head, and Mildmay recognized his friend of the preceding day, whom he had rescued from the refractory pony.

Mildmay felt frightfully confused, although the sight was so far from being unexpected that the lady was the main object of his visit. She was even more unmistakably impressed, for she coloured deeply as she rose from her seat and took the card which the syce placed in her hands.

‘You will find mamma within,’ she said, hurriedly, after returning the gentlemen’s salute; then adding abruptly, ‘I will go and tell her,’ as an excuse for a hasty disappearance.

Mrs. Myrtle was serving some customers. ‘What an awful situation,’ thought Mildmay—but Adelaide, the elder of the daughters, was in the apartment opening upon the verandah, and received the visitors with less embarrassment than her sister, but some confusion as far as the stranger was concerned. Siding, who was subject to no weakness of the kind, soon put her at her ease, however, and told all the necessary falsehoods about his friend with the most unblushing assurance. Adelaide—the bay beauty, according to Honeydew’s description—was a beauty beyond doubt; and when Flora presently joined them he was doubtful for some minutes which to most admire. Adelaide’s eyes were hazel, and her style was generally the richer and more sunny of the two. But the cornflower orbs with the sapphire light were soon shining in his heart beyond all hope of removal. The more he gazed, and the more she talked—for Mildmay could not take much part in the conversation—the more convinced was he that a crisis in his life had come which comes to few men more than once. And with it arose the bitter remembrance that he was an impostor—that he was gaining her friendship, and his quick perceptions told him that it might be something more,

under a false name, and with a false account of his condition in life. Truly, his fraud was on the generous side; but it was no less fraud for all that, and he felt how much to his discredit his motives might be misconstrued. He experienced, too, not a few of the practical difficulties of the swindler who pretends to be what he is not. He knew nothing of the society into which he had intruded, had none of what may be called its watchwords, and was in danger of betraying himself every time he ventured out of the very shallow water in which he could alone feel safe. But for Siding he would have sunk even in that. But Siding was completely unabashed, and played his part with such easy assurance as to give him a certain inspiration. When Mrs. Myrtle came in he made himself as pleasant to that large lady as he had been to her daughters in her absence; and Mildmay was appalled to find the interest which his own assumed character gave him in her eyes. He had evidently made a favourable impression upon all three ladies, and their cordiality cut him like a knife. Siding saw the advantage already gained, and presently put in an appeal for the ball. It was received in the readiest manner. Of course Mr. May should have a ticket, which could be easily given, as Mrs. Myrtle had still several to spare. The latter was a welcome piece of news, but Siding was too prudent to avail himself of it at the time. Questions, as he afterwards said, might have been asked, and the further appeal would be better made in writing. The preliminary point gained, Siding rose to go, and Mildmay, however disposed to stay all day, felt it a wonderful relief to accompany him.

Once more in the free air Mildmay breathed again, and his heart bounded higher than the grasshopper springs with a renewed sense of freedom. But his conscience smote him awfully, and he needed all Siding's worldly philosophy to carry him through the course to which he was committed. At Siding's bungalow, after tiffin,

however, he was induced to write a note asking for three more tickets, for friends, whose names he took care not to mention, and then he awaited the event in something like the spirit of a criminal condemned to execution. It must be confessed, however, that consideration for his friends would never have borne him through the ordeal, and that whatever his original motive, that which impelled him now was the pure selfishness of love. For the sake of the cornflower eyes with the sapphire light he would have gone anywhere and done anything. I mention this fact lest the reader should assign to Mildmay more of the character of an angel of conscientiousness than he had a fair right to claim.

You may be sure, too, that he was fairly demoralized when the four tickets punctually came in the course of the afternoon.

IV.

Our three friends of the Artillery had no scruples about availing themselves of the opportunity which they had taken so much pains to obtain. Their names were not mentioned in the previous application, so that they had not been personally refused, and neither of them was afflicted with sufficient modesty to spoil his pleasure upon the occasion. That they should care so much about a ball seems more compatible with the character of young ladies fresh from school than that of officers in Her Majesty's service. But allowance must be made for the hard life they had led for many months past, and the stagnant state of Junglepore, giving so little play to the reaction which sets in after a severe campaign. Moreover, the difficulties thrown in their way aroused their ardour. The same pleasure offered to them in the natural course of things would probably have been received with comparative indifference. However that may be, they were certainly remarkably ready for the festivity upon the night when it came to pass.

This was only two nights after

Mildmay's call upon the Myrtles, and there had been no meeting in the meanwhile between the new allies. The scene of the entertainment was a garden house a short distance from the station, lent by a native banker for the occasion, with the customary courtesy of his class. Thither our friends betook themselves with some punctuality after mess.

Appearances promised well upon their arrival. The grounds were light with coloured lamps, which would have looked brighter but for the moon taking the duty somewhat out of their hands. Between the two the effect was highly festive; and if the reader will picture to himself an eastern garden with its narrow walks and its sunken beds, its broad-leaved trees, and its many-coloured flowers, its streams, its fountains, and its fruits that scent the air, he will save me a great deal of trouble in description. Perhaps, however, I should mention that the house in the midst looked as much like a fairy palace as a house can be expected to look that has been built by men and paid for by money. And it should also be added that the stranger who admired it from without was destined to a fresh kind of sensation when he regarded it from within. The apartments were large and lofty, and all being thrown open, were presented at once to the eye. But I cannot say that their appearance was strictly oriental. The houses of great men in the East have very little about them that is eastern, except the private apartments, including those devoted to the ladies of the family, where, I need scarcely say, visitors are not introduced; and the mansion in question was not occupied, and only occasionally visited by its owner. It was given up, therefore, to all those incongruous accessories which native gentlemen, who are generally ready to buy and hold it a degradation to sell, are apt to find accumulate upon their premises. Their idea of furnishing, one would suppose, to be that of crowding as many movables as possible into a certain prescribed space. In the

apartments devoted to the ball there was a decidedly curious gathering. Chandeliers of all fashions and all dates hung from the ceiling, less for their light than as independent decorations, for the greater number were not illuminated at all. On the floors, except where a clearance was made for dancing, were tables of European patterns, of every possible kind—dining-room tables, drawing-room tables, card-tables, sofa-tables, and even dressing-tables with looking-glasses set upon them in regular form; and upon all these tables objects of more or less ornament were lavishly displayed. Here you might see a cruet-stand, there a statuette; here a mariner's compass; there a dumpy level used by engineers. Upon a sideboard stood an architect's model of some almshouses, and upon a pedestal, intended for a statue, was an English rat-trap, designed upon improved principles. Stuffed birds and animals were in every direction. The walls were embellished with looking-glasses and pictures wherever they could be placed. The latter were of uncertain schools of art as far as the paintings were concerned. The prints included most of those painfully familiar works given away by the Art Union of London, but were for the most part French; of a sentimental and affectionate character, all highly coloured as you may suppose, and producing a gorgeous effect. There was a certain proportion of native works of art, and the furniture, too, included specimens of wood carvings from Bombay, Chinese cabinets, and a great many articles of Eastern manufacture. In some of the smaller apartments were beds, of British or native origin, as the case might be, having the appearance of being placed there less for use than to be stowed out of the way. This, indeed, was the general effect of the furniture and decorations, which suggested the idea of being displayed for sale.

V.

Dancing was well on, both inside and outside of the house, to the music of a military band stationed in the verandah, when our friends arrived. Their appearance—the military men being in uniform—created some surprise; and a few of the guests looked as if they regarded their presence as an intrusion. Presently, one of the committee, to prevent mistakes, asked them, civilly enough, if they had received invitations, and these being produced there was nothing more to be said. So the new comers soon made themselves at home, and established very amicable relations with everybody. Mrs. Myrtle presently took an opportunity of telling Mildmay that he had made a mistake in bringing officers to the ball, but of course excused him on account of his want of knowledge of the customs of the society. Her daughters, by the way, not nearly so exclusive as their mother, were rather glad of the mistake than otherwise; and the sentiment, I suspect, was shared by most of the girls present.

And the officers, it must be said, in the language of Mrs. Myrtle, being gentlemen, 'behaved themselves as such.' They were guilty of none of the exaggerations alluded to just now. By different modes they all succeeded in pleasing—Gallivant by an impartial course of 'spooning' with his partners; Honeydew by that genial audacity which was always the admiration of his friends; and Larkall by a light jocularly which was equally his own, and always at the disposal of others. As for Siding, his foot was evidently upon his native heath, and his name was Macgregor to all intents and purposes. His cleanliness, Honeydew always maintained, was more commercial in evening dress than in morning; but this æsthetic objection was not perceptible to the ordinary eye, which saw nothing that was not charming in the shiny precision of his toilet, and the healthy assurance which marked his deportment. The only one of the party who caused scandal

was Mildmay. The manner in which he appropriated Flora Myrtle to himself, was by one and all, with the exception of the lady, pronounced to be simply disgusting. He never left her side, and as Gallivant sullenly remarked, 'There was no getting near her.' Mildmay danced with her as often as decency would allow; and when anybody attempted to appropriate her in the intervals, the pretender was always told that she was tired, and preferred sitting down. This was very sad to see, and there was but one excuse for Mildmay—that he was desperately in love.

Thus matters proceeded until supper, which passed over harmoniously enough, with the exception of a little dispute between two of the ball committee, one accusing the other of interested motives in ordering an extra case of champagne to be opened—the liberal gentleman being a dealer in that refreshment, and entrusted with its supply upon that occasion. The matter was hushed up, but caused a little scandal and some severe remarks from Honeydew, who enlarged to his friends upon the awkwardness of meeting men with whom it was more probable than not that you had unsettled accounts. 'I have met six people this evening,' he said, 'to whom I owe bills. By Jove, it's very like coming to a meeting of one's creditors.'

After supper the proceedings enlivened, as is usual at that period; but there was less dancing and more walking about the garden; and the guests, it might be observed, did not walk alone, nor usually, when in couples, with persons of the same sex. There was, indeed, a great deal of love-making going on, which I hope ended happily. As for some of our friends the intruders, they were not destined to get through the night without embarrassment.

I have mentioned how badly Mildmay was conducting himself. After supper he was worse than before, and fairly carried Flora away from everybody, walking with her among orange trees, and sitting by her near fountains in a most

abandoned manner. He thought she had never looked so lovely—he had seen her just twice previously—as on that evening. The cornflower eyes looked a little darker than by day, and the sapphire light a great deal deeper. Her hair and her complexion were both more brightly beaming; and the happiness which shone in her face was a world of beauty in itself. She was faultlessly attired, too, in a cloud of some zephyr material which gave one an idea of what muslin must be in a happier state of existence. In such a radiant presence who would not wish to abide? If there be any, Mildmay was certainly not of the number. And Flora could bestow that presence upon no more loved object. Mildmay was not, as has been hinted, a ‘beauty man,’ but he was always a favourite with women. Flora had recognized in him a congenial spirit from the first; and the sympathy understood in silence was now confirmed by words. An eloquent tongue had had a great deal to do with the conquest on Mildmay’s part.

Among the orange and the lime trees, and the broad leaves of the plantain, and the gorgeous flowers, and the fountains—away from the lights and the people, though within hearing of the swelling bursts of the band—the pair plighted their troth, and vowed never to dwell apart, but to link their destinies together. Flora was all happiness and Mildmay was all happiness, too, but his happiness was clouded by the unpleasant recollection that he was an impostor. His was a venial offence, doubtless, but he was not sure how the delicate susceptibilities of Flora might regard it.

Let us leave the lovers sitting by a fountain and speaking no more in words, and follow the fortunes of their friends. Siding is merely flirting with a pronounced young lady of rather dusky hue, who had been walking in beauty like the night with partner after partner for the last two hours. Honeydew is merely flirting, too, but in a more lofty manner, under the shade of what he called a very gentle-

manly style of plantain. Lark-all was also talking with a lady, but he was only making her laugh, and had taken up the most conspicuous position he could find for the purpose. Gallivant was more deeply engaged in making violent love to no less a person than Adelaide Myrtle, whom he had persuaded to rest on a bank not far from the fountain where her sister and Mildmay were saying so much in silence. It appeared, however, that his attentions were not quite acceptable to the young lady. Her beauty, of a prouder character than that of Flora, could well express the disdain with which she received his appeals, and there was no need to listen to the conversation of the pair in order to learn that his suit had no chance. And Gallivant’s trouble, it appeared, was not destined to end here.

VI.

The party was breaking up, and Mrs. Myrtle, accompanied by a friend, who was no other than Mr. Mango, the manager of the ball, who had written the letter to Siding, was proceeding to look for her daughters. For girls so carefully brought up as it was Mrs. Myrtle’s boast that they should be, they were left to take their own course with tolerable freedom that evening—one reason, I fancy, being that Mildmay’s attentions were not less approved by the elder than the younger lady, and that it would have appeared invidious to interfere in one case without interfering in the other. But they were now decidedly due, and Mrs. Myrtle went in search of them. She and her friend came first upon Adelaide at the moment when that young lady was repulsing Captain Gallivant in a very decided manner, and the officer, pressing his suit with ardour, was endeavouring to take her hand.

All the British matron was aroused in Mrs. Myrtle at the sight, and her sudden presence had an equally sudden effect upon the Captain. He rose, and muttered some excuse, while Adelaide, with a cry of surprise, threw herself into her



Drawn by J. Mahoney.]

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN.

[See the Story.

mother's arms. Mrs. Myrtle was the first to speak, which she did in terms of strong remonstrance—the words 'unfair advantage' and 'trifling with feelings' being conspicuous in her discourse. Captain Gallivant denied the accusation of trifling, upon which Mr. Mango stepped forward, and said:

'You will excuse me, Mrs. Myrtle, for interfering; but I heard this evening—and from one of his own friends—that this gentleman is already engaged to be married, and that the lady is expected in Calcutta by next mail.'

Mr. Mango owed the officers a grudge, and was delighted at the opportunity to expose one of their number. And the worst of the accusation was that it happened to be true. Honeydew, who had watched Gallivant's pursuit of Adelaide with a jealousy which was afterwards explained, had mentioned the fact to his partner in the last dance, and Mr. Mango, it seems, had overheard the communication.

You may imagine the torrent of indignation which now poured down upon the head of the unhappy lady-killer, who, having no explanation to offer, was fain to make some contemptuous remark about the imprudence of making associations beneath his station, and to take rather a hasty departure. Poor Gallivant! He meant no harm; but he took a sporting view of lady-killing, and had fallen into a habit of considering the sex generally as fair game.

Having taken possession of Adelaide, Mrs. Myrtle went in pursuit of her younger daughter, whom she found by the fountain in company with Mr. Mildmay. She was not quite displeased at this rencontre, but would have preferred that Mr. Mango should not have been a witness to the state of the case. She was gracious to her new friend, and merely said:

'Well, Mr. May, you seem to have been taking care of Flora, but I must take her myself now: it is time that we returned home.'

The little speech was the cause of a long journey—it brought the

pair back from a far-off world 'of golden dreams to the stern reality of the end of the ball, and the necessity for separation. But they were both quite self-possessed, and Mildmay's disillusionation took a practical turn, for he immediately replied:

'So it seems I must wish you good-night—may I have the honour of calling upon you in the morning?' He determined to tell all without delay.

Mrs. Myrtle was about to acquiesce in the arrangement when a native chupprassy, bearing a large, official-looking letter, appeared on the scene, and advancing towards Mildmay with a humble salaam, placed the missive in his hands, with the words: '*Mildmay Sahib, ap ka waste.*'

He pronounced the proper name with remarkable distinctness—so much so, indeed, as to attract the attention of the little group gathered around. They looked at each other with some surprise, which was not diminished when the gentleman whom they knew as Mr. May took the letter with such embarrassment as to let it fall upon the ground. This was an opportunity for Mr. Mango, who picked it up and handed it to its apparent owner, taking care to notice as he did so, that it was addressed to Frederick Mildmay, Esq., C.S., and was marked 'On Her Majesty's Service,' and 'Immediate.'

'You will excuse me for asking the question, sir,' said Mr. Mango, with an air half-sneering and half-cringing, for he was a very minor official himself; 'but are you Mr. Mildmay, of the Civil Service, who is in the "Government Gazette," which arrived this evening, as Joint Magistrate of Junglepore?'

Mildmay, with his official habit of dignity, was not to be taken to task in that way; so he answered coldly that he was not aware of any claim which his querist had to be informed upon the point.

Mrs. Myrtle and the daughters, however, were not so easily put down; and the mystery was soon thrown over. The letter was of no great importance, but being marked

immediate, and given into the chupprassy's hands to be delivered at once, the man had spent the evening in finding out where to discharge his trust—hence its arrival at so late an hour. Native messengers, when they consider that they have a missive of importance—which may be nothing more than an invitation to dinner—make no scruple of knocking up people in the middle of the night; and after all in the present case the principal trouble was entailed upon the camel, which had been discreetly left at the gate.

Mildmay of course pleaded guilty to his identity. But he was not prepared for the effect which the name had upon Mrs. Myrtle, who, in a state of some agitation, asked him if he had ever any relative of the same appellation in India. His answer was frank. He had an uncle of that name, who was an officer in the army, but got into debt, sold his commission, and was never heard of again by any member of the family. Mrs. Myrtle, upon receipt of this information, showed signs of fainting, but recovering herself with an effort, assisted by a judicious sprinkle from the fountain administered by the faithful Mr. Mango, told Mildmay that she would have some information upon the subject to impart to him in the morning if he would call as arranged. She then wished him good-night with some abruptness, as if fearing to be betrayed into further explanations, and made the best of her way with her daughters to the gharree which awaited them in the road. The guests had by this time all departed, and Mildmay could do nothing else but follow their example. He was nearly reduced to going home on foot, but fortunately found Siding looking out for him, buoyant upon the grasshopper-springs, and with the high-stepper in an animated state of impatience.

VII.

I have not much more to tell. Mildmay called 'like a bird' at the Myrtles next morning—that is to say, he called at an ornithologically

early hour. And then he heard news for which he was not quite prepared. There could be no doubt, from the collocation of all circumstances, that Mildmay's missing uncle and Mrs. Myrtle's late husband were one and the same person. Most officers when they break down in the army come to grief in every way; but Captain Mildmay was an exception to the rule. He was able to obtain an appointment in a lower grade of public employ, and it occurred to him that it would not be a bad idea to still court a respectable career. But he had no liking for his old name in his new position, so he took that of his mother (the name had caused some passing curiosity on the part of Mildmay when he first heard it), and married a very comely person of the class in life which he had adopted. All this he did without caring to communicate with his relatives on the subject, and as he had no connections in India at the time, there was very little chance of his secret being discovered. His marriage proved happy, and he got on so much better after ceasing to be 'an officer and a gentleman' than he had ever got on before, that his widow was induced to take practical views as to social distinctions with regard to her daughters, and always intended that they should marry out of what she boldly declared to be 'that ruinous atmosphere known as Society.'

But one power proposes and another disposes. Mildmay would marry nobody but Flora, and Flora would marry nobody but Mildmay; and a mother must be very Roman indeed if she will quarrel with her son-in-law because he holds a good social position. Mrs. Myrtle was not Roman enough for that, and her daughter was too dutiful to object to what her mamma approved. So the pair were at once affianced, and it was settled that the marriage should take place in a month from that time. Mrs. Myrtle, however, always insisted that but for the discovery of the relationship she would never have given her consent, so her consistency remained unimpeached to the last.

You would never guess what happened during the interval. Honeydew—whose jealousy of the too promiscuous Gallivant I have already mentioned as having taken a practical form—found that he could not live without Adelaide, and as Adelaide, by a pleasantly collateral coincidence, found that she could not live without Honeydew, there seemed to be no reason, other things being equal, why they should be kept apart. And other things being equal for once, and Mildmay and Flora being in favour of the conjunction, Mrs. Myrtle was induced to waive her objection to ‘officers and gentlemen’ for the second time. It is true that Honeydew was no relative, but she considered this transaction a part of the other, so that her consistency, notwithstanding two severe trials, still remained unimpeached. So the two couples were married on the same day, and a more happy *partie carré* has not been seen in India. One pair spent the honeymoon at Simla, the other at Mussoorie, and great was the rejoicing when they all met once more in the plains. Fortunately Mrs. Myrtle had made enough money to give up the ‘infernal shop,’ so there was no great scandal upon that head. But Honeydew, to do him justice, did not make this a condition of his alliance, but came beforehand to the

conclusion that a man cannot do a more ‘gentlemanly’ thing than to marry as he pleases, irrespective of other people’s opinions. If he has not found out by this time that he is in the right I am very much mistaken, for it would be difficult to find a more charming wife than he has found in Adelaide—with the sole exception of Flora, for whom, in the capacity of *raconteur*, I may be excused for having a platonic preference.

As for Gallivant, he married the lady to whom he was engaged, as in duty bound, and is, I hear, so contented with his fate as to forswear miscellaneous attentions. There is no sign of Larkall being married as yet, but when sufficiently comic conditions arise to tempt him to the step, I have no doubt of his being found to the front. Siding, too, is in a state of sweet, reluctant, and more or less amorous delay. I believe he had a secret partiality for the cornflower eyes with the sapphire light, and has never forgiven himself for what he considers the modesty which prevented him from avowing it. But he bears his disappointment like a hero, and when last heard of had a new contract, was coining money, and looked more clean and more commercial than ever.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.



LONDON LYRICS.

The City Asleep.

STILL as the seas serene and deep,
 When all the winds are laid,
 The city sleeps so still, its sleep
 Maketh the soul afraid.

Over the living waters see,
 The heavenly mysteries go,
 The dim moon glides hushfully
 Through stars like flakes of snow.

In dusky silver here and there
 The fallen moonrays gleam ;
 Hark ! a dull stir is in the air,
 Like the stir of one in dream.

Through all the hushed waters creep
 Deep thrills of strange unrest,
 Like washings of the windless deep
 When it is peace fullest.

A little while—God's breath will go
 And hush the flood no more ;
 The dawn will break—the wind will blow,
 The waters rise and roar.

Each day with sounds of strife and death
 The waters rise, and call
 Each midnight, conquered by God's breath,
 To their dead calm they fall.

Out of his heart the fountains flow,
 The brook, the running river ;
 He marks them strangely come and go,
 For ever and for ever.

And darker, deeper, one by one,
 After a weary quest
 They from the light and moon and sun
 Flow back into his breast.

Love hold my hand ! Be of good cheer !
 For His would be the guilt,
 If out of all the waters here
 One little drop were spilt.

Think while the city sleeps so dumb
 'Neath staring eyes that yearn,
 Out of His veins each drop hath come,
 And thither *must* return.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

LONDON SOCIETY. .

APRIL, 1869.



'HE'S TOO GOOD FOR ME! TOO GOOD FOR ME BY FAR!'—See page 314.

CHARITY'S TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

NOT always '*moult tristement*,' M. de Froissart. We English do not always amuse ourselves so very sadly—at least in the sense in which you meant it when you wrote that celebrated and oft-quoted sentence. Perhaps we never gave ourselves up to a more intensely dreary style of amusement than just

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at the present time, when we have gone in to model ourselves on your charming countrymen, their ways and customs. Granted fully that it is a bad and clumsy imitation in nearly every case, but that is our misfortune and not our fault. The British music-hall, which is, without any question, the most offensive,

degrading, and the worst style of public amusement which the British public *en masse*—I am not now taking into question our Judge and Juries, or any other hole-and-corner blackguard entertainment—has ever patronized, is founded on, and modelled after the Parisian *café chantant*. It must be allowed that it is a most clumsy and cumbrous imitation. The fascinating Mrs. Somebody, who puts her finger—such a finger!—on her lip—such a lip!—and leers round at the audience, and sings a refrain with a ‘Do, dear, do, dear, do!’ is not in the least degree fascinating—not to be named in the same breath with that charming Thérèse. But then, this nation of shopkeepers, notwithstanding the vast progress it has made in late years, has not yet been educated up to the Thérèse standard, and ‘*Rien n’est sacré pour un sapeur*,’ and one or two others of those exquisite ditties would probably find the benches whirring round the singer’s ears. From them the British youth of the present day—thanks to the teachings of Mdlle. Finette, Mdlle. Schneider, the Clodoche troupe, and other apostles of the cause who have visited our benighted land—have learned the existence of that refined *danse télégraphique* known as the *Can-can*, which they are good enough to spell Can-Can, and to look upon as of recent invention. *Hélas! nous autres*, who first visited Paris long before the Imperial régime, when the pear-headed king was in power; when the Château Rouge and the Chaumiére were places of resort; and when Brididi, the Comte Chicard, Celeste Mogador, Frisette, and the Reine Pomaré were the stars of the *al fresco* balls, can tell a widely different tale. But Propriety need have no fear. The *Can-can* will never take root here. I have had the curiosity to watch its attempted introduction into some of our public ball-rooms, and I have seen, not without great amusement, the total failure of the attempt. I do not know what it is—the national habit of drinking beer, perhaps, or the climate, or the Metropolitan Railway, or something eminently British—but Marshall and Snelgrove’s young men and *il genus*

omne, in their hours of relaxation, are ‘uncertain, coy,’ and utterly devoid of *abandon*. Their partners, little girls out of the milliners’ and bonnet-shops, are infinitely better, and, indeed, approach wonderfully to the *grisette* as depicted by Paul de Kock a quarter of a century ago; but the men are stiff, wooden, impassible. They cannot shake off the shop. ‘What’s the next article?’ is for ever trembling on their tongues, and when in repose they turn their feet out, as though that eternal counter was still in front of them.

Why this thushness? Why this discursive and irrelevant tirade? Simply because I have just been to an entertainment which was also of French origin, as its name imports; which at one time was very fashionable amongst us; which went out of fashion; and which bids fair to be very fashionable again, thus assimilating itself to paint, patches, powder, high-heeled shoes, clocked stockings, and other feminine vagaries. *Tableaux vivants*—you see, dear M. de Froissart, we are obliged to use your language to describe our sad amusements. ‘Living pictures’ would be very low! *Tableaux vivants*, then, were in vogue many years ago. I perfectly recollect, as a child, being taken to some place in or near Cheltenham, some public rooms, called, if I mistake not, ‘Pittville,’ which had been hired for the display of some private *tableaux vivants* by the late Lord Fitzhardinge and a party from Berkeley Castle. Further do I recollect, at the same tender period of existence, having myself assisted as ‘Child’ in one of a series of *tableaux* given at Holly Lodge, Highgate Hill, then the residence of the Duchess of St. Albans, née Miss Mellon. Were any such entertainments now given in that establishment—which Lord Shaftesbury forsook!—they would, I presume, be taken from the pictures of Messrs. Dobson and Le Jeune, and no one under the rank of an arch-deacon would be allowed to take part in the performance.

I do not know when or why *tableaux vivants* began to slip out of the category of fashionable amusements. I was at school at the time,

and perhaps did not pay so much attention to such things as I have done in after-life; but I imagine their downfall must have been somewhat hastened, if, indeed, it did not owe its origin to the establishment of an entertainment of a somewhat similar kind, but vastly different in detail, which introduced itself to the notice of the town under the name of Poses Plastiques, and which was one of the most degrading exhibitions ever tolerated by a besotted British public. Affecting relations with classic subjects and artistic treatment, the Poses Plastiques was simply an institution pandering to pruriency, and one which in the present day—say what they will as to the deterioration of morality—would have been at once hounded down by the press. This, and the fact that circus-equestrians who could no longer ride, and pugilists who could no longer fight, had established another kind of entertainment closely bordering on the *tableaux vivants*, which they called the 'Ancient Statues,' and wherein they, the ex-circus-riders and pugilists, took leading parts, contributed to the extinction of the amusement, and it went out, like the beaver hats and the spotted carriage-dogs and Miss Linwood's needlework exhibition.

It was, then, with great astonishment that I heard that a company of ladies and gentlemen of distinction were about to revive this form of entertainment, and to give a performance in public for the benefit of a charity in which they were all more or less interested. It has occurred to me to see the name of charity too often taken in vain, invoked and used as a shield to cover so much personal vanity in the shape of bitter bad amateur-acting, concert-giving, public reading, and other vagaries, extending, be it observed, to much senseless and degrading buffoonery on the part of ladies and gentlemen, that I felt pleased to think that the old mild and inoffensive style of amusement was about to be revived. The proceeds of the performance were, I found on inquiry, to be given to a fund for the relief of the distressed Irish of all denominations resident

in London, the performances being organized by the members of certain great Irish families and their friends. It was my good fortune to be present at one of these performances, and it is my intention to record my impressions thereof for the information of the readers of this magazine, premising that, as the exhibition was a public one, to which any one of sufficient position to obtain a voucher, and of sufficient wealth to pay a guinea, could obtain admission, it will be necessary to treat of it in that way, and to use names, which one would certainly not do were they not set down in what may be called the playbill before me.

The performance took place at the house of Lady Edward Howard, in Rutland Gate, in a large oblong room, which was crammed to suffocation. We have authority for believing that 'Charity suffereth long'—it certainly did on this occasion. Of course Mr. Mitchell is too good a man of business to have issued more tickets for seats than the room would hold, but, however, the evening is over, and the distressed Irish have had more power to their elbows, though we had less to ours. When we had settled down, the first excitement was caused by the arrival of the Hon. Seymour Egerton, and a selection from the famous band of Wandering Minstrels of which he is the conductor. The second excitement was the arrival of the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess of Teck, who were received by the Ladies Patronesses and conducted to their places in due form. I wish some one would tell other royal personages that the secret of the Princess of Teck's—Princess Mary we like to call her—immense popularity—and she is more popular than any other member of the royal family—is principally due to her pleasant face and never-failing good-humour and urbanity. Princess Mary is—it is impossible to bear this any longer! The noble lady next me has penetrated the joints of my armour with her elbow; my ribs are cracking. It is Mr. Cowper, is it not? who speaks of the man in the pit as 'bored with elbow-points through both his sides.' I am not

in the pit, but—hush! the overture is finished; up goes the curtain!

'The Spirit of the Waters,' Lady Diana Beauclerk. Very nice indeed! Very much fair hair; liquid eyes; charming figure, and admirable pose. Wrote a very clever, observant, chatty book about Norway did Lady Diana Beauclerk, if I don't mistake. Wonder why the Spirit of the Waters thought it necessary to go to Storr and Mortimer's, or to Hancock, who is selling off, to the intense disgust of the other man, who isn't Hancock, and isn't selling off, or, more probably still, to the family jewel-chest, and array herself in diamonds? Surely a mistake. It is the spirits of the *eaux minerales*, to be found at Baden and Homburg, who deck themselves in gems 'which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore,' not such a pure, bright, unsophisticated nymph as that before us. Three different positions, each delightful; the last, with lime-light effect, lovely.

'Fair Rosamond,' Mrs. Charles Stephenson and Mrs. Hambro. Ye-es, two very handsome ladies, blonde and brunette, quite *en règle*, but perhaps a little wanting in expression. Rosamond, historically, was a mild person, and the representative of the Rosa Mundi seemed to have been 'washed, just washed in a shower,' which was not unnatural; but the 'dragon-eyes of angered Eleanore' were scarcely sufficiently malevolent.

'The Sleeping Beauty,' Marchioness Townshend and Count Maffei. Perfectly charming! Nothing could be more picturesque than Lady Townshend's appearance under the 'silk star-broidered coverlid,' thoroughly realizing the lines—

'She sleeps, and dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest;'

so perfect that we entirely forgive Mr. Wingfield's managerial license in selecting her ladyship, who is a blonde, for the princess whose 'jet-black hair' and 'full-black ringlets' are sung by the poet. Count Maffei was 'the fairy prince, with joyful eyes, and lighter-footed than the fox;' and, black-bearded, brilliant-eyed, and splendidly dressed, he looked the character *à merveille*.

'A Watteau Scene.' Lady Sebright in a swing, Mr. McGregor ready to catch her, Lady Alexina Duff and Mrs. Gurney looking on. Very pretty; nothing to describe, but thoroughly artistic, and excellently grouped.

'Queen Margaret and the Robber.' Mrs. Skeffington Smyth as the Queen, and Mr. Val. Prinsep remarkably picturesque as the Robber. If you please, Mr. Arthur Sullivan—I think I had the pleasure of seeing you at the harmonium—why did you play 'God Save the King' when the Robber knelt and did obeisance? Slightly anachronous, wasn't it, seeing that Dr. John Bull, who composed our National Anthem, lived in—I haven't my 'Haydn's Dictionary' handy, but say, George the Second's reign?

'The Babes in the Wood.' The best of all. Little Miss Barnes and the Hon. Michael Sandys. No villain could have been found bad enough to kill such a pair of children. That sweet little girl's face, looking up, half in terror half in trust, haunts me still. What a tiny mite of intelligence and grace and childish beauty! And to think that she will grow up to be a girl of some 'period' when we shall have come to a full stop!

'Guinevere.' Scarcely close to your author, Mr. Wingfield. I do not imagine that the garrulous little novice at Amesbury was anything like so pretty or so stately as Miss Harvey. Lady Pollington looked a regal Guinevere, and was specially well posed as she cowered at the king's feet; and Captain Stewart was a handsome representative of King Arthur. Mr. Simmons, of Tavistock Street, who supplied most excellent scenery and costumes, probably did not know much about the 'Dragon of the Great Pendragonship' and so wisely left it out of the helmet.

'Rescue!' Mr. Millais' all-out-of-drawing Fire Brigade picture. Bad in itself, and unfitted for this kind of treatment. The ladies were evidently afraid of the fire, and there was a dummy baby. The only mistake in the entire programme.

Which was excellent. Very great

credit is due to all concerned, notably to the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, who, as I understood, had the whole weight of management on his shoulders, and was indefatigable. Once begun, let this style of entertainment continue.

It is far better for amateurs than the theatrical burlesques in which they have lately been engaged, when, without becoming artists, they have ceased to be ladies and gentlemen.

Q.

THE IRON-CURE AMONG THE GLACIERS.

DURING the autumn of 1868, one of the head-quarters of London Society was at the Baths of St. Moritz, in the Upper Engadine. Some eminent physicians, desiring to vary their treatment of the anæmic debility so commonly resulting from the fatigues of the season, had recommended their patients to try the tonic chalybeate waters of that place; and the novel idea of combining a course of medical treatment with an alpine excursion proved so fascinating that St. Moritz became at once all the rage. Half the inhabitants of Mayfair and Belgravia suddenly found themselves deficient in red globules, and the result was such a rush to the Engadine as created no small astonishment in that beautiful valley.

But, much as St. Moritz was talked of, there was a remarkable dearth of information about the place. The baths were of recent establishment; few of the doctors had any personal experience of them; and, from the remoteness of the district, and its lying so far out of ordinary Swiss routes, few except the more zealous explorers of the higher Alps had been induced to visit the neighbourhood. Even the great travellers' oracle, Murray, spoke little to the purpose, his chief item of information being that the church was used as a house for the fire-engine! To supply this want, for the benefit of future visitors, I venture, as I have had occasion to pay some attention to the iron-cure in this and other places, to put on record the results of my experience and observation.

There is great difference of opinion as to the medical efficacy of the continental mineral waters gene-

rally, and I think they are hardly so well understood or appreciated by English physicians as they ought to be; but there can be no question as to the utility of those which contain *iron*, the great remedy for the legion of ailments arising from an impoverished condition of the blood. There is good reason to suppose that, numerous and excellent as are the artificial preparations of this invaluable material, none are so efficacious or so acceptable to the human system as that peculiar natural solution of iron in water which is found in the carbonated chalybeate springs. The most celebrated of these hitherto have been Schwalbach,* in Nassau, and Pyrmont, in Westphalia; but to these is now added a third source, which it is my object at present to describe.

St. Moritz is situated in the heart of the Rætian Alps, at the foot of the great snowy group of the Bernina (the Mont Blanc of Eastern Switzerland), and only about eight miles from the summit-ridge separating Cisalpine from Transalpine Europe. A col in this ridge, a little to the west of the Bernina summit, forms the pass of the Maloja, and immediately to the north of this pass rises the well-known river Inn, which, after running in a north-easterly direction through a fine long Alpine valley, emerges into the plains of Bavaria about half-way between Munich and Salzburg, and falls into the Danube at Passau.

The higher part of the Inn valley, passing through Swiss territory and about fifty miles long, is

* For a description of this place see a Paper by the author of the present article in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for 1864.

called the Engadine, which is again divided into Upper and Lower. The Upper Engadine is remarkable as being the highest inhabited valley in Europe. Its origin at the Maloya Pass is a little under 6,000 feet above the sea; it falls with a very gentle slope; and in its short length of twenty miles are more than a dozen thriving villages, some of them almost amounting to small towns. One of these, about nine or ten miles down from the col, is the village of St. Moritz. The flat valley is intersected by rocky ridges, projecting above the general level, and causing the river to expand into three beautiful lakes; the waters of which issue through clefts in the ridges that dam them up. St. Moritz is situated on one of these ridges, and the lake above it, which is about a mile long and half a mile broad, bears the same name. It is remarkable that this ridge of rock is higher than that at the head of the valley, and it would naturally form the watershed between Italy and Germany, were it not pierced by the chasm through which the Inn flows. From this circumstance, however, it bears the name of the 'Engadiner Kulm,' and the village of St. Moritz, which stands upon it, is the highest in the Engadine, and consequently the highest in Europe. Its altitude is about 6,090 feet above the sea level.

The springs rise in the flat valley, near the head of the St. Moritz Lake, about a mile distant from the village, but in level about 285 feet lower. The rocks bounding the valley, and which rise to some 3,000 or 4,000 feet above it, are massive granite and syenite, having at their bases much conglomerate formed of *débris*, and the flat bottom of the valley consists of alluvium deposited by the river. The mineral water, which would appear to have its subterranean origin at the junction of the granitic and syenitic rocks, finds its way to the surface on the south-east margin of the valley, at the point where the alluvium gives place to the conglomerate *débris*. Traces of iron-water are visible here in several

places; but there are three well-defined springs, of which two are used, the 'Alte' and 'Neue Quelle.'

No mention of these springs is on record earlier than the sixteenth century; but some late discoveries prove that they must have been used at a much earlier date, probably by the Romans, who have left their traces in the names of the Julier and the Septimer Passes, close by. The earliest written notice of the waters is in 1539, by Theophrastus Paracelsus, of Hohenheim, who says:

'Ein acetosum fontale, das ich für alle, so inn Europa erfahren hab, preiss, ist im Engendin zu Sanct Mauritz; derselbig lauft im Augusto am sauristen; der desselbigen Tranks trinket, wie einer Arzney gebürt, der kann von Gesundheit sagen.'

It is not improbable that other records of the ancient use of the springs may have existed in the archives of the Commune, but it happened that, some time ago, the then President, who, in addition to his municipal duties, also dealt in groceries and small wares, thought the old official books and papers would make excellent wrappers for sugar and soap, and disposed of them accordingly.

After the mention of the waters by Paracelsus they became more-known and visited, and other writers added testimony to their virtues. The Commune removed the wooden roof, and gave to the drinkers a more substantial shelter by a building in stone, which stood till 1832.

In 1815 a great improvement was made by the diversion of the river Inn, which flowed in a great bend near the spring, and not only rendered access to it difficult, but endangered the purity of the water. This measure had been long proposed by some young men of the Commune, who were in favour of progress, and wished to improve the place; but it was strenuously opposed by the older inhabitants. It happened, however, that on the occasion of a cattle fair in an Italian town these narrow-minded conservatives were obliged to be absent for

some days, when the young reformers took the matter into their own hands, working vigorously with pick and shovel by night and day, to cut a new channel; and when the elders returned, they found the Inn flowing far away from the springs, in a direct course, which it has ever since retained. The chief promoter of this daring feat, Herr Conradin von Flugi, now a stalwart veteran of eighty, relates the story with great glee, and adds that it illustrated the French proverb—‘*Il-y-a des gens auxquels il faut faire, du bien malgré eux.*’

One great advantage of the diversion of the Inn was, that it laid bare a new spring, which had formerly been swamped and overflowed by the river, but which now made itself apparent, and was soon found to possess similar properties to the old one, though running in a much smaller quantity.

In 1832 some active inhabitants, believing that more was to be made of the place than could be effected under the management of the Commune, got up a Joint Stock Company, who took a lease of the site for twenty years. It had been found very inconvenient for visitors to come from the village, a mile distant, often in inclement weather, without any accommodation at the spring (for the existing building was little better than a shed); and the new company expended 600*l.* or 700*l.* in erecting a better house, in which were a few chambers, with refreshment rooms, and where also were established, for the first time, baths for the mineral water.

The Company paid their expenses, but did not make sufficient profits to induce them to desire a renewal of the lease, and in 1852 the property again fell into the hands of the Commune, much to their disappointment, for they lost their rent and did not know what to do with their acquisition. At this juncture Herr Flugi again stepped in, and persuaded them, as a preliminary step to any further proceedings, to undertake some improvements of the springs, with funds which he succeeded in borrowing for them at moderate interest. The

first thing done was to clear out and utilize the new source, which proved to be a valuable addition; and attention was next directed to the old one. The stone lining of the well was removed, and the ground dug deeper in the neighbourhood of the spring, when, to the astonishment of everybody, the workmen came upon a large wooden tube artificially hollowed out from a huge larch tree, and which had evidently formed in ancient times a conduit for the mineral water. It had become filled up with earth and rubbish; but it gave a valuable indication as to the position of the source. It was accordingly cleared out, when the mineral water rushed up, clear and sparkling, in ten times its former volume, and in much purer quality, for it was evident that the ancient conduit had been expressly designed to protect it from dilution by the access of the common surface water.

The Commune now sought again to lease the property, which, on the strength of the new discoveries, they expected easily to do; but no takers could be found until their good genius, Herr Flugi, again came to their aid, led on this time, according to his account, by a supernatural interposition. He says that one night, when, despairing of success, he lay down to sleep on the spot where he was born, the spirit of his departed mother appeared at his bedside, and called to him, saying, ‘Conrad, hold not back, but arise and help.’ He opened his eyes and sat up, when the shadowy form, benignly smiling, retired and disappeared. He instantly rose, struck a light, and straightway drafted out a proposal for the business, which, from its novelty, must, he believes, have been suggested to his mind by spiritual agency. At any rate, being laid before the Commune on the following day, it found so much favour with them that it was at once agreed to; and it led immediately afterwards to the carrying out of the eminently satisfactory and successful arrangements under which the baths have since been managed.

A second company was formed,

with a much larger capital than before, who agreed to take a lease of the springs, with sufficient land to build around them, till 1904, paying a net rent to the Commune of 1,000 florins annually, and leaving all property to them on the expiration of the term. The company set to work in earnest, and erected, not only a new and much improved bathing establishment, but also a commodious hotel close adjoining, so that the patients, instead of lodging, as before, a mile away, might live close to the springs. The new buildings were opened in 1854, and the speculation succeeded so well that, as the fame of the baths gradually extended, the influx of visitors in a few years outran the accommodation, and it became necessary to erect the immense establishment at present existing, and which was completed in 1864. It forms almost a village of itself, and its situation and general appearance will be seen from the map and the plate attached to this article.

The water has the same general character in all the springs, containing bicarbonate of iron, with a large excess of carbonic acid. The 'Alte Quelle' is the most copious, yielding nearly 50 cubic

feet of water per hour, and it is used principally for bathing. The 'Neue Quelle' gives only about one-eighth the quantity, and is principally used for drinking.

The water has been carefully analyzed by competent chemists, and the following table will give an idea of its constitution. It applies to the new, or drinking spring.

One imperial gallon (70,000 grains) contains—

	Grains.
Bicarbonate of protoxide of iron	3.18
Bicarbonate of lime.	89.82
Other salts, chiefly carbonates of magnesia and soda, and sulphate of soda.	70.00
Total solid contents	163.00

Free carbonic acid, 176.54 grains, or equal in bulk, at the temperature of the spring, to 445 cubic inches.

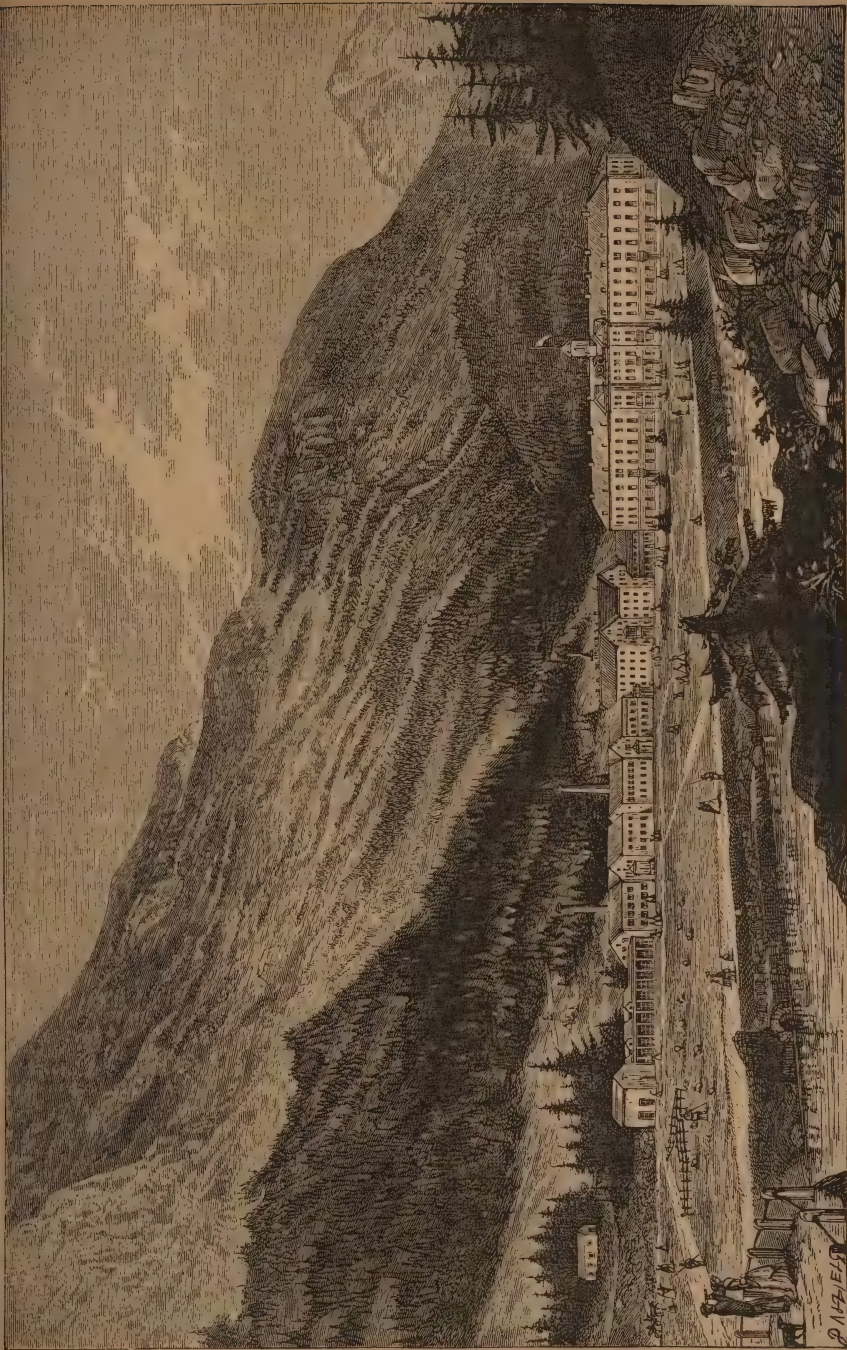
The old spring contains only about three-fourths of the iron, and less of the other salts, but a little more carbonic acid. It is said to be somewhat more astringent when taken inwardly.

The following table shows, in the same form, the constitution of the two other best known European drinking springs of the same kind.

	Schwalbach Weinbrunnen.	Pymont Trink quelle.
	Grains per gallon.	Grains per gallon.
Bicarbonate of protoxide of iron.	4.00	5.40
Bicarbonate of lime	40.00	73.20
Other salts, principally alkaline	60.00	111.40
	104.00	190.00
Free carbonic acid	190.00	167.65

The large quantity of carbonic acid in the water not only holds the iron well in solution, but renders it easy of digestion; it is this property which makes the natural carbonated iron waters so decidedly preferable to artificial iron preparations, which

are so often repulsive to weak stomachs. The water is bright and sparkling, the carbonic acid effervescing from it as in champagne. When the wells are opened, the heavy gas is found lying in a thick stratum on the top of the water, and



BATHS OF ST. MORITZ, UPPER ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND

[See 'The Iron-Cure among the Glaciers,'

may be ladled out and poured from one vessel into another as if it were a liquid.

The water when drunk is highly exhilarating, and by no means unpleasant to the palate, the slight well-known iron taste being overpowered by the agreeable sharpness of the acid, and by the refreshing coldness of the draught, the natural temperature of the spring being $4^{\circ} 37$ cent. or only 8° Fahrenheit above freezing. Indeed, after a little time, most patients look forward to their invigorating potion with pleasure rather than otherwise, and are reluctant to give it up when the time arrives for their departure.

To obtain the full benefit of the waters, it is customary to go through a three to five weeks' course of drinking and bathing, which is called '*die Kur*,' the cure. The name attaches to everything belonging to the place or process; thus the establishment is called the

Kurhaus;' the grounds the '*Kuranlagen*;' the patients the '*Kurgäste*,' the band the '*Kurmusik*,' and so on.

The drinking part of the cure is the most important as regards the iron. From three to six glasses of the mineral water are drunk per day; the necessary conditions being that it be taken on an empty stomach, and that the drinking be accompanied by exercise. The first thing in the morning is the best time, but many patients drink also a little before noon. A small quantity only, usually a tumbler of six ounces, must be drunk at a time, being repeated at ten or fifteen minute intervals, with a walk between; and about an hour should elapse between the last glass and a meal. The spring generally used for drinking is the '*Neue Quelle*,' over which is built a drinking hall. The natural level of the water is eight to twelve feet below the surface of the ground in the valley; hence, in order to avoid the necessity of placing the drinking rooms and baths below the ground level, the plan has been resorted to of pumping up the water. The spring is covered in, and a small pump is placed immediately over it which is worked by an attendant for every

drinker. Pumping water of this kind is generally objectionable, as all agitation tends to produce decomposition. It is also injudicious, I think, to conceal the spring; it would have been much better to make a sunk area, as at Schwalbach and Pymont, where the drinkers could have had the satisfaction of filling their glasses directly from the source as it issues sparkling from the rock below. The drinking hall is surrounded with little pigeon holes for the glasses of the patients, each having the name attached; this is a convenient arrangement for gossip and curiosity, as by watching the persons drinking all the world can at once ascertain who they are. Every patient taking the cure has to pay ten francs fee for drinking the waters, and to enter his name in the official book of the establishment.

The bathing part of the cure is usually considered essential, and many people attach even more importance to it than to drinking; but whether iron is really absorbed by the skin is very problematical. There is no doubt, however, that the bathing practically does good, and even if the non-absorption doctrine be true, this may be explained by the known powerful effect of the carbonic acid, and by the improved action of the skin. One bath is taken daily, the water being warmed up to a temperature varying from about 23° to 27° Réaumur (or 83° to 93° Fahrenheit), and the patient remains in from a quarter to half an hour.

There are eighty bath rooms in two buildings devoted to the purpose. These rooms are constructed entirely of the firwood of the country, bare and unpainted, and with no furniture but a chair, a slab, and a looking glass, but they have a clean and pleasant appearance. [The bath vessels are simple oblong boxes of the same material, just large enough to receive the body, and they are fitted with movable covers that come up to the neck, leaving the head projecting above. This plan of covering the bath is peculiar to St. Moritz, and its precise object is difficult to understand. The bath

attendants say it is to keep the bath from cooling, but as the body is hotter than the water, the tendency is rather to become warmer.

The water used for bathing is exclusively that from the old source, and as this lies at a lower level it is necessary to raise the water about fifteen feet. It is pumped by steam power from the natural well into two large wooden reservoirs, from which it flows into the baths by its own gravity. Each bath is fitted with three pipes, one bringing common water for cleansing purposes, the second supplying cold mineral water, and the third being a steam-pipe in communication with boilers outside. The bath is filled cold and the water is warmed to the required temperature by a number of jets of steam issuing from small holes in a pipe at the bottom.

The impression of the bath is agreeable; the body immediately after immersion becomes covered with little bubbles of carbonic acid gas, which gradually expand and rise to the surface; and it is desirable to keep as quiet as possible, in order to promote the action of the gas on the body.

Each bath costs $1\frac{1}{2}$ franc, which is paid at the time. The business arrangements are very good, and the number of bath rooms being so large, a bath can always be obtained on very short notice. This is a great advantage over Schwalbach, where the difficulty of getting baths, in the height of the season, is a great nuisance, and forms a great objection to the place.

St. Moritz may be best reached from England by way of Chur in the Upper Rhine valley, to which place there is a railway. Leaving Charing Cross at $7\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. and travelling by way of Paris, Basle, and Zurich, the passenger may arrive at Chur at 7 P.M. on the following day. From thence to St. Moritz the high ridge must be crossed between the valleys of the Rhine and the Inn, and this may be done by either of two passes, the Julier or the Albula. There are diligences in summer over both, in about twelve hours, and the road lies through very fine alpine scenery.

Arriving at St. Moritz, the visitor will probably at once make his way to the 'Kurhaus,' on the site of the springs, a large establishment which will accommodate about three hundred guests, and containing apartments of various classes, from simple bedrooms for patients of limited means, to suites fit for a reigning potentate. The living for the general inmates is paid for at a pension price of six francs a day, comprising three meals, all very plain. Wine and all luxuries are extra, and special or private services are charged very high, probably with the object of restricting the use of this establishment to those who really require the cure, and will conform to the usual course of living. For lodging, board, and attendance, and ordinary wine (the wines of the Val Tellina are here chiefly consumed, and are very fair in quality), the cost will be about ten shillings per day.

Instead of putting up at the 'Kurhaus,' which is generally overcrowded in the season, the visitor may lodge in the village, a mile away. This is, in its native state, only a miserable collection of dirty hovels, but it contains a good large hotel, kept by M. Badrutt, which will accommodate perhaps 150 people, and there are some other inns and pensions, and several very fair lodging-houses, that will receive between 300 and 400 more. In order to give his guests an opportunity of profiting by the waters, M. Badrutt runs an omnibus at short intervals during the forenoon to and from the baths, and many people who take their lodge in the village; but as far as my observation goes, the distance must interfere seriously with the systematic process of the cure. On the other hand, the village is better situated, lying nearly 300 feet higher, and commanding finer views; it is also more conveniently placed for the more important excursions. The most natural arrangement, therefore, is for those who go seriously for the benefit of the mineral waters to lodge at the 'Kurhaus;' and for those whose object is merely pleasure to stay at the village; and if

each of the two classes would bear this in mind, it would be to their mutual advantage. The overcrowding of the Bath Establishment with pleasure guests, and the consequent driving of the invalids a mile away from their almost hourly medicament (an evil merely arising from want of knowledge or forethought), has been very inconvenient for the last few years.

When both the baths and the village are full, as they were for some time during last season, visitors are compelled to live in other villages, as Pontresina, Silva plana, or Samaden, a few miles away. The latter is by far the best, and an omnibus runs daily from there to the baths; but it is too far off to

allow of the proper use of the waters.

The accommodation generally at St. Moritz is very fair for such an out-of-the-way place. The hotel-keepers are accustomed to receive good people, and know their ways. There are post and telegraph offices at both the baths and the village; diligences run over two good roads into Italy, and one into the Tyrol, and plenty of vetturini and carriages are at hand.

The natural language of the country is Romansch, a direct derivation from the Latin, which has very curious resemblances, not only to its parent tongue, but to many other modern derivatives, as the following examples will show:—

Latin.

In principio erat verbum, et verbum erat apud Deum, et Deus erat verbum.

French (Voltaire).

Du Dieu qui nous créa la clémence infinie, &c.

Italian (Tasso).

Chiama gli abitator dell' ombre eterne, &c.

Spanish.

Sean eternos los laureles
Que supimus conseguir, &c.

[*Romansch.*

In principi era il verbo, et il verbo era tiers Dieu, et Dieu era il verbo.

Del Dieu chi nus créet, la clemenz' infinita, &c.

Clama ils abitants dellas sombriv' eternas, &c.

Sajen eternas las laureas
Cha savetteus conseguir, &c.

There are plenty of books and some newspapers to be had in this language, but probably few visitors will care to study it. For their consolation, however, it may be added that German and Italian are very generally spoken, and French exceptionally.

There are two Swiss medical men, one, Herr Brügger, officially attached to the baths, and who has taken great interest in their rise and progress; the other, Herr Berry, who keeps a lodging-house in the village, and attends at the baths daily.

No medical stores are to be got nearer than Samaden, where there is a small 'Apotheke.' Shops are unknown, but there are a few stalls for fancy ware and some of the more necessary articles of clothing. There is a reading-room in the 'Kurhaus,' where formerly the 'Times' was taken in; but as it

was found impossible to prevent our countrymen from taking it away into their own private rooms, it was given up. An English clergyman, the Rev. A. B. Strettel, has built a house in the village, and holds Divine service on Sundays; and the first stone of an English church, half way between the baths and the village, was laid during the last season by the Archbishop of York, who happened to be staying there at the time.

The season for taking the cure lasts from May to September, during which time the climate is generally pleasant, healthy, and cool, though the direct rays of the sun have often great power. As might be expected in such a situation, the weather is very changeable, and much precaution as regards clothing is necessary, particularly for those who take the baths. The springs happen to be situated just

where the river Inn enters a lake, and is gradually silting it up into marshy ground. This, in a warmer climate, would be a dangerous place, on account of the liability to malaria, but I have not observed or heard of any evil of the kind. The grounds immediately adjoining the buildings are moreover being well drained and filled in with good material.

The principal attraction of the place is its magnificent scenery. The upper valley of the Inn is one of the most picturesque in Switzerland; it is enlivened by the peculiar series of lakes formed by the river, and the lower slopes of the hills are clothed with pine forests, among which are plenty of delightful walks, affording splendid views. It is a great advantage to those taking the cure to have, near at hand, pleasant, short promenades, which they can take in the intervals of drinking, bathing, and meals, as moderate and cheerful exercise is one of the most essential elements of the curative process. The lake, too, on which boats are kept, affords other pleasant means of passing away the time.

A little farther off, but still easily accessible, we come upon the more striking alpine scenery. Above the lower slopes of the valley tower on either hand picturesque granite rocks, rising to 8,000 or 10,000 feet above the sea level, and upon which snow and ice are visible in all directions. One glacier, that of Rosatch, almost overhangs the 'Kurhaus,' and sends down its waters through the grounds. Drives in any direction along the excellent roads, particularly those across the passes, open out magnificent prospects; and the neighbouring peaks of Piz Languard and Piz Ot, either a few hours' easy climb, afford panoramic views of vast extent. Three or four miles distant, in an adjoining valley, lies Pontresina, the Chamouni of the Engadine, and the centre of access to the colossal snowy peaks and wonderful glaciers of the Bernina. Or if softer beauties be preferred, or if a change to a milder climate be desirable, the Lake of Como, with its lovely scenery and Italian sky,

is within a few hours' drive. Altogether it is impossible to conceive a more delightful place for an autumn sojourn.

The day passes pleasantly, and there is plenty to do. At six o'clock in the morning the great bell of the 'Kurhaus' gives a resounding peal to call the guests from their slumbers, and shortly afterwards they appear at the 'Trinkhalle,' promenading between their 'glasses' along the walks in front of the building. Here they are joined by others coming from the village, either on foot or in the omnibuses, and this early re-union, which is enlivened by the strains of a tolerable band playing in a pavilion close by, is a great feature of the place, affording the opportunity of meeting everybody, and of indulging in any amount of gossip and scandal. About eight or nine o'clock comes breakfast, for which tea and coffee with bread are given, but no meat, eggs, butter, &c., unless ordered and paid for extra. Between breakfast and midday comes the bathing; and during the morning the bath houses are thronged with patients, either going into or coming out of their bath rooms, or waiting for their turn. About twelve occurs an event always attended with great excitement, namely, the arrival of the mail. Such is the eagerness of the visitors to get their letters, that it has been necessary to subvert the ordinary system of delivery, and to adopt a more expeditious mode of proceeding. The visitors are on the watch for the diligence, and the moment it arrives a crowd of impatient ladies and gentlemen lay close siege to the bureau. The post-bag is hurried in at the window, and as 'sorting' is out of the question, the attendant takes the letters and papers out one at a time, and shouts out the name of the person it is addressed to. This call is generally responded to by 'hier,' 'ici,' 'son qui,' or such other exclamation as the nationality may dictate, and the letter is tossed to its impatient owner over the heads of the crowd. If a call receives no answer, the absentee, who is looked upon with peculiar

commiseration, is informed by his friends that his name has been called, and that his letter is waiting for him. At half-past twelve there is a *table d'hôte* dinner in the Grande Salle of the establishment, a large and handsome room about 130 feet long by 60 feet wide, and in which, during the height of the season, three or four hundred people dine. Nothing is done in the way of medicament after this meal, but the afternoon is usually devoted to longer walks, or to carriage excursions. At half-past seven there is a *table d'hôte* supper, after which the band plays again for an hour, and there are either dancing soirées in the hall, or less pretentious reunions in the 'Damen-salon,' until bedtime, which is of necessity early. It is hardly necessary to add that the varied phases of the day's occupations afford, to the ladies, almost infinite scope for the science of the toilette, and that the resulting effects often excite mingled wonder and admiration. Some fault has been found with the living, but for a professedly plain diet, suited for invalids, I hardly think it deserves the censure. The following were the bills of fare, taken at hazard the day before I came away:—

DINNER.

Potage à la Reine.
Bœuf braisé aux choux.
Poulets soutés aux truffes.
Chamois roti.
Compot.
Charlotte Russe.
Dessert.

SUPPER.

Potage Vermicelle.
Veau roti.
Purée de pommes de terre.
Omelette.
Compot.
Gâteau.

In reference to this last item I should say that the Engadine is the natural birth-place of pastrycooks, who emigrate from hence to all parts of the world, and that the pastry furnished at the hotels is

an excellent sample of the national manufacture.

The number of patients entered in the books as taking the cure in 1867 was 800, of whom there were 156 English, 221 Swiss, 180 Germans, 123 Italians, and 120 of various other nationalities. In 1868 the number was about 1,000, the increase being almost entirely in the English. This number, however, only represents a fraction of the visitors to the place, as very large numbers go there for pleasure, and do not appear in the list. Among the guests last season were the Earl and Countess of Meath, Lord and Lady Brabazon, Lord and Lady Powerscourt, Lord and Lady Dalkeith, Countess Somers, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Duchess d'Aumale, the Duc de Guise, Count Apponyi, General M'Clellan, and many other persons of fashion and distinction.

The diseases and ailments for which the iron-cure is recommended comprise all that enormous class of which debility is the chief characteristic, and for which a general tonic action on the system is the appropriate treatment. Such diseases in a legion of forms are unfortunately too well known, particularly among the fairer half of humanity, and there are few of them that will not find relief, if not perfect eradication in the iron-cure, if properly applied; Schwalbach, Pyrmont, and St. Moritz bear perpetual testimony to this, in the numbers of palefaced, weak invalids who annually resort to them, to be sent home ruddy and strong. The choice between these three places is often a matter of indecision, and therefore I would, before concluding, add a few words as to the particular eligibility of St. Moritz, in comparison with the other two.

In the first place, as regards drinking, to which the most importance is to be attached, the properties of the water, as due to its chief ingredients, iron and carbonic acid, are very nearly the same in all three places. Some difference in

effect may be due to the other saline matters; and in this respect I believe the Schwalbach water is considered to have generally the advantage, as better adapted for digestion by delicate constitutions. I have mentioned the disadvantage of the St. Moritz drinking arrangements in having the water pumped up and the source concealed; but the bath system appears to me to be still more open to objection. I should explain that this kind of water decomposes rapidly by exposure to the air, the decomposition being considerably hastened by agitation. In order to guard against this at Pymont and Schwalbach, the baths are laid at a lower level than the springs, and the water, being collected in closed reservoirs under ground, is allowed to flow by its own gravity into the baths as quietly as possible, by which precautions very little deterioration is sustained. At St. Moritz, on the contrary, the water is still pumped up by steam power, and then kept in rough wooden reservoirs above ground, open to the air, by which agitation and exposure much loss of efficiency must naturally ensue. Then there is another difficulty, which I should hesitate to mention, were not the facts on record, that is, shortness of water. The spring used for bathing yields, according to the published determinations of two competent chemists, 22 French litres per minute, equal to about 1,122 cubic feet in 24 hours. This is but a small quantity compared with Schwalbach, where 5,000 cubic feet are obtained, and Pymont, which yields above 10,000. Hence at St. Moritz it is necessary to economise the water: the baths are very small, containing only from five to seven cubic feet each, and have been likened to coffins, from their fitting the body so closely; and the peculiar mode of warming necessarily introduces, by the condensed steam, a quantity of common water into them. With all precautions, common arithmetic shows that not more than about 150 to 200 baths can be given per day; yet, in consequence of the incon-

siderate rush to the place last year, I believe more than 300 per day were sometimes demanded; and the Swiss are not the people to refuse the demands of the English when money is to be made thereby. Practically, the weakness of the bath water is very obvious to those accustomed to Schwalbach or Pymont. At Schwalbach, too, about 14 cubic feet are given for each bath; and at Pymont 17 to 18 cubic feet. There is no temptation to dilute at either place, and the strength is much better preserved.

Some stress has been laid on the pure air of St. Moritz, which is said to be a powerful aid to the iron-cure. The expression is so indefinite that one hardly knows in what sense to understand it. Chemically there seems no reason why the atmospheric mixture in the Engadine should be purer than in many places nearer home and at a lower level; if the term refers to peculiarities of climate—coolness, freshness, dryness, and so on—no doubt such advantages exist; but I think there are accompanying disadvantages, which ought also to be taken into consideration. The great and sudden changes of temperature and of weather must be trying to delicate constitutions, and not unattended with danger under a course of daily warm bathing, unless great precautions are used. Then the rarefaction of the air, due to the great elevation, must exercise a powerful effect on the system, though the nature of its action seems obscure, and may probably differ much in different persons and different states of health. The pressure of the atmosphere is reduced by 6 or 7 inches of mercury, or above 3 lbs. on every square inch of the surface of the body, which must necessarily put the vital functions under very unusual conditions; moreover, by the corresponding reduction of density (according to Mariotte's law), the quantity of oxygen taken into the lungs at each inhalation will be 20 per cent. less; and as the efficiency of the iron depends on its perfect oxidation in the body, the conditions here would seem to be less favourable than at a lower

level. At any rate, I think these abnormal conditions should receive more attention than heretofore from the physicians who send their patients here.

It is further urged that the beautiful excursions which may be made from the place will, by their exhilarating effect, and the exercise they induce, aid in the cure. This is, no doubt, applicable to a certain extent in cases of moderate debility, where such means would go far of themselves to effect a cure; but I fear that for real invalids, for whom the course of iron is the more important remedy, there is danger that the exercise may be overdone, and that the excursions may interfere with the regularity of the cure. Such invalids may also find themselves deficient in many of the comforts and conveniences so necessary in the sick chamber, and which are better attainable in a more genial locality.

What has pleased me best at St. Moritz is the careful and perfect manner in which the water is bottled for exportation. To do this so that the water shall retain its chief distinguishing property, that is, the perfect solution of the iron, is a much more difficult problem than is generally supposed. If a bottle be filled with water in the ordinary way, and put aside, it will be found soon to become turbid, and to throw down a brown precipitate; this is the carbonate of iron, and the essential characteristic of the water is thenceforth gone. It was a long time before it was discovered why this took place, and how effectually to prevent it; but, at length, the decomposition was clearly traced, partly to the escape of the free carbonic acid, the excess of which had been instrumental in keeping the iron in solution, and partly to the presence of atmospheric air, which, by super-oxidizing the iron, rendered it less soluble. The secret, therefore, in bottling the water was, first, to prevent the escape of the carbonic acid, and,

secondly, to exclude entirely the atmospheric air. It is attempted to do this with the Schwalbach water, which is largely imported into this country, but it is so badly done that the water is often worthless, as may be seen by the brown precipitate found in the bottles. At St. Moritz, on the contrary, I believe the process is fully effectual. The bottles (which are of sound glass, and not of imperfect earthenware, as at Schwalbach) are filled with as little agitation of the water as possible, and before corking the small quantity of air remaining in the neck is displaced by a stream of carbonic acid gas, artificially made for the purpose and used under considerable pressure. The cork is then driven tightly in by a machine, and secured with a metallic capsule. The water so bottled will preserve its properties for a long time, and as it can be delivered in England at a reasonable rate, it ought to command a good sale. I believe medical men would find it the best and most useful form of iron they could prescribe.

It is somewhat surprising that while there has lately been such a run from England upon two of the continental iron spas, Schwalbach and St. Moritz, the third, Pyrmont, should have been so entirely neglected, although, in many of the essential conditions for the iron-cure, it is the best of the three. The water is equally efficacious, more varied, and more abundant; the great spring in the centre of the Brunnen Platz is one of the most remarkable natural sights I have ever seen; the drinking and bathing arrangements are admirable; the situation is pleasant, and easy of access; the little town clean and pretty, and well provided with accommodation; the grounds are beautiful; and the cost of living is very moderate. Yet such is the influence of fashion, that while St. Moritz and Schwalbach are crammed full of English in autumn like pens full of sheep, Pyrmont has hardly twenty English visitors in a year.

W. POLE, LL.D., F.R.S.

A LOST DOG.



Drawn by Captain Upton.

WE walked our horses through the lanes
 As we were bound to cover :
 The walking pace this fact explains—
 I was Amelia's lover.

We had not told papa, mamma,
 Or sister e'en, or brother :
 It was a secret quite—but, ah !
 We *did* love one another.

I paid the groom who rode behind
 To be a deaf and blind one :
 A guinea on each eye's a blind,
 If ever you can find one!

Two guineas clinking in a hand
 Quite stun the nerves auricular :
 He could not hear or understand—
 Not anything particular.

And so we wandered to the meet,
And reached the spot at nooning :
It really was so very sweet,
That quiet tender spooning.

Amelia's brother was a shot,
He did not care for hunting.
How pleasant an excuse we got
His company for shunting !

Alas ! a pointer-dog he had,
Who rather seemed to like me ;
That his acquaintance would be bad
Seemed somehow ne'er to strike me.

But as we wandered to the meet
Through shady lane and hollow,
The pointer at my horse's feet,
A fancy took to follow.

Amelia's brother missed the dog—
Contrived to find him—find us !
As we did gently onward jog
With dog and groom behind us.

We each of us looked truly caught,
Enraged that fate had crossed one !
Said he, ' No lucky dog I sought,
I'm looking for a lost one !'

He whistled to his dog and went—
But, ah ! that night ill-fated,
Papa refused us his consent,
And we were separated.

Amelia's wedded to a peer—
He was the highest bidder ;
And I am lorn and lonely here—
A lost dog, I consider !



M. OR N.

'Similia similibus curantur.'

By G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'CERISE,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

I HAVE said that Simon Perkins was a painter to the tips of his fingers. Just as a carpenter cannot help looking at a piece of wood with a professional glance it is impossible to mistake—a glance that seems to embrace at once its length, depth, thickness, toughness, and general capabilities, so a painter views every object in nature, animate or inanimate, as a subject for imitation and study of his art. The heavens are not too high, the sea too deep, nor the desert too wide, to afford him a lesson, and the human countenance, with its endless variety of feature and expression, is a book he never wearies of learning by heart. When his professional interest in beauty is enhanced by warmer feelings, it may be imagined that vanity could require no fuller tribute of admiration than the worship of one whose special gift it is to decide on the symmetry of outward form.

As a painter, Simon Perkins approved of Nina Algernon—as a man he loved her. Lest his position should not prove sufficiently fatal, she had become of late practically identified with his art, almost as completely as she was mixed up with his every-day life. For many months, perhaps even for years, the germ of a great work had taken root in his imagination. Slowly, almost painfully, that germ developed itself, passing through several stages, sketch upon sketch, till it came to maturity at last in the composition of a large picture on which he was now employed.

The subject afforded ample scope for liberty of fancy in form and grouping—for the indulgence of a gorgeous taste in colouring and costume. It represented Thomas

the Rhymer in Fairy-land, at the moment when its glamour is falling from his eyes, when its magic lustre is dying out on all that glittering pageantry and the elfin is fading to a gnome. The handsome wizard turns from a crowd of phantom shapes, half-lovely, half-grotesque—for their change is even now in progress—to look wistfully and appealingly on the queen.

There is a pained expression in his comely features, of hurt affection, and trust betrayed, yet not without a ray of pride and triumph, that, come what might to the others, she is still unchanged. Around him the fairies are shedding their glory as trees in autumn shed their leaves. Here a sweet laughing face surmounts the hideous body of an imp, there the bright scales of an unearthly armour shrivel to rottenness and dust. The dazzling robes are turning blank and colourless, the emerald rays waning to a pale, sad light, the flashing diadem is dulled and dim. Yet on the fairy queen there lowers no shadow of change, there threaten no symptoms of decay.

Bathed in the halo of a true though hapless love, she is still the same as when he first saw her all those seven long years ago, glistening in immortal charms, and knelt to her for the queen of heaven, where she rode—'under the linden tree.'

It is obvious that on her countenance, besides the stamp of exceeding beauty, there must appear sorrow, self-reproach, fortitude, majesty, and undying tenderness. All these the painter thought he read in Nina Algernon's girlish face.



Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

[See 'M. or N.'

So she sat to him dutifully enough for a model of his fairy queen, and if she wearied at times, as I think she must, comforted herself with the remembrance, that in this way she helped the family who gave her bread.

For the convenience of sitters, Simon Perkins had his painting-room in Berners Street: thither it was his custom to resort in the morning, by penny steamer or three-penny omnibus, and there he spent many happy hours working hard with palette and brush. Not the least golden seemed those in which Nina accompanied him to sit patiently while he studied, and drew her, line by line, feature by feature. The expeditions to and fro were delightful, the labour was pleasure, the day was gone far too soon.

A morning could not but be fine, when, emerging from an omnibus at Albert Gate, Simon walked by the side of his model through Hyde Park on their way to Berners Street; but about this period, one morning seemed even finer than common, because that Nina, taking his arm as they crossed Rotten Row, thought fit to confide to him an interview of the day before with Aunt Jemima, in which she had extorted from that dear old lady with some difficulty the fact of her own friendless position in the world.

'And I don't mind it a bit,' continued the girl, catching her voice like a child, as was her habit when excited, 'for I'm sure you're all so kind to me that I'd much rather not have any other friends. And I don't want to be independent, and I'll never leave you, so long as you'll keep me. And oh! Simon, isn't it good of your aunts, and you too, to have taken care of me ever since I was quite a little thing? For I'm no relation, you know—and how can I ever do enough for you? I can't. It's impossible. And you don't want me to, if I could!'

Notwithstanding the playful manner which was part of Nina's self, there were tears of real feeling in her eyes, and I doubt if Simon's were quite dry while he answered—

'You belong to us just as much as if you *were* a relation, Nina. My

aunts have said so ever since I can remember, and as for me, why you used to ride on my foot when you were in short frocks! What a little romp it was! Always troublesome, and always will be—and that's why we're so fond of you.' He spoke lightly, but his voice shook nevertheless.

'So you ought to be,' she answered. 'For you know how much I love you all.'

'What, even stern Aunt Jemima?' said this blundering young man, clumsily beating about the bush, and thus scaring the bird quite as much as if he had thrust his hand boldly into the nest.

'Aunt Jemima best of all,' replied Nina, saucily, 'because she's the eldest, and tries to keep me in order, but she can't.'

'And which of us next best, Nina?' continued he, turning away with extraordinary interest in a mowing machine.

'Aunt Susannah, of course.' This very demurely while tightening her pretty lips to keep back a laugh.

'Then I come last,' he observed, gently; but there was something in the tone that made her glance sharply in his face.

She pressed his arm. 'You dear old simple Simon,' said she, kindly. 'Surely you must know me by this time. I love you very dearly, just as if you were my brother. Brother, indeed! I don't think if I'd a father I could be much fonder of him than I am of you.'

What a bright morning it had been five minutes ago, and now the sky seemed clouded all at once. Simon even thought the statue of Achilles looked more grim and ghostly than usual, lowering there in his naked bronze.

She had wounded him very deeply, that pretty unconscious archer. These random shafts for which no interposing shield makes ready are sure to find the joints in our harness. A tough hard nature such as constitutes the true fighter only presses more doggedly to the front, but gentler spirits are fain to turn aside out of the battle, and go home to die. There came a dimness before Simon's eyes, and a ringing

in his ears. He scarcely heard his companion, while she asked—

‘Who are those men bowing? Do you know them? They must take me for somebody else.’

‘Those men bowing’ were two no less important characters than Lord Bearwarden and Tom Ryfe, the latter in the act of selling the former a horse. Such transactions, for some mysterious reason, always take place in the morning, and whatever arguments may be adduced against a too enthusiastic worship of the noble animal, at least it promotes early rising.

Tom Ryfe was one of those men rarely seen in the saddle or on the box, but who, nevertheless, always seem to have a horse to dispose of, whatever be the kind required. Hack, hunter, pony, phaeton-horse, he was either possessor of the very animal you wanted, or could suit you with it at twenty-four hours’ notice; yet if you met him by accident riding in the Park he was sure to tell you he had been mounted by a friend; if you saw him driving a team—and few could handle four horses in a crowded thoroughfare with more neatness and precision—you might safely wager it was from the box of another man’s coach.

He was supposed to be a very fine rider over a country, and there were vague traditions of his having gone exceedingly well through great runs on special occasions; but these exploits had obviously lost nothing of their interest in the process of narration, and were indeed enhanced by that obscurity which increases the magnitude of most things, in the moral as in the material world.

Mr. Ryfe knew all the sporting men about London, but not their wives. He was at home on the Downs and the Heath, in the pavilion at Lord’s and behind the traps of the Red House. He dined pretty frequently at the barracks of the household troops, welcome to the genial spirits of his entertainers, chiefly for those qualities with which they themselves credited him; and he called Bearwarden ‘My lord,’ wherefore that nobleman thought him a snob, and would

perhaps have considered him a still greater if he had *not*.

The horse in question showed good points and fine action. Mr. Ryfe walked, trotted, cantered, and finally reined him up at the rails on which Lord Bearwarden was leaning.

‘Rather a flat-catcher, Tom,’ said that nobleman between the whiffs of a cigar. ‘Too much action for a hunter and too little body. He wouldn’t carry my weight if the ground was deep, though he’s not a bad goer, I’ll admit.’

‘Exactly what I said at first, my lord,’ answered Tom, slipping the reins through his fingers, and letting the horse reach over the iron bar against his chest, to crop the tufts of grass beneath, an attitude in which his fine shoulders and liberty of frame showed to great advantage. ‘I never thought he was a fourteen-stone horse, and I never told you so.’

‘And I never told *you* I rode fourteen stone, did I?’ replied Lord Bearwarden, who was a little touchy on that score. ‘Thirteen five at the outside, and not so much as that after deer-stalking in Scotland. He’s clean thoroughbred, isn’t he?’

The purchaser was biting, and Tom understood his business as if he had been brought up to it.

‘Clean,’ he answered, passing his leg over the horse’s neck, and sliding to the ground, thus leaving his saddle empty for the other. ‘But he’s thrown away on a heavy man. His place is carrying thirteen stone over high Leicestershire. Nothing could touch him there amongst the hills. Jumping’s a vulgar accomplishment. Plenty of them can jump if one dare ride them, but he’s really an extraordinary fencer. Such a mouth too, and such a *gentleman*! Why he’s the pleasantest hack in London. You like a nice hack, my lord. Get up and feel him. It’s like riding a bird.’

So Lord Bearwarden jumped on, and altered the stirrups, and crammed his hat down, ere he rode the horse to and fro, trying him in all his paces, and probably falling in love with him forthwith, for he returned with a brightened

eye and higher colour to Tom Ryfe on the footway.

It was at this juncture both gentlemen started and took their hats off to the lady who walked some fifty paces off, arm-in-arm with Simon Perkins, the painter.

Their salute was not returned. The lady, indeed, to whom it was addressed seemed to hurry on all the faster with her companion. It was remarkable, and both remarked it, that neither made any observation on this lack of courtesy, but finished their bargain without apparently half so much interest in sale or purchase as they felt five minutes ago.

'You'll dine with us, Tom, on the 11th?' said Bearwarden, when they parted opposite Knightsbridge Barracks, but he was obviously thinking of something else.

'On the 11th,' repeated Tom—'delighted, my lord—at eight o'clock, I suppose,' and turned his horse's head soberly towards Piccadilly, proceeding at a walk, as one who revolved certain reflections, not of the most agreeable, in his mind. A dinner at the barracks was usually rather an event with Mr. Ryfe, but on the present occasion he forgot all about it before he had gone a hundred yards.

Lord Bearwarden, rejecting the temptation of luncheon in the mess-room, ran upstairs to his own quarters to think: of course he smoked at the same time.

This nobleman was one of the many of his kind who, to their credit be it said, are not spoiled by sailing down the stream with the wind in their favour. He had been 'a good fellow' at Eton, he remained 'a good fellow' in the regiment. With general society he was not perhaps quite so popular. People said he 'required knowing,' and for those who didn't choose to take the trouble of knowing him he was a little reserved; with men, even a little rough. His manner was of the world, worldly, and gave the idea of complete heartlessness and *savoir faire*; yet under this seemingly impervious covering lurked a womanly romance of temperament, a womanly tenderness of heart, than

which nothing would have made him so angry as to be accused of possessing. His habits were manly and simple, his chief ambition was to distinguish himself as a soldier, and so far as he could find opportunity he had seen service with credit on the staff. A keen sportsman, he could ride and shoot as well as his neighbours, and this is saying no little amongst the young officers of the Household Brigade.

Anything but a 'ladies' man,' there was yet something about Bearwarden, irrespective of his income and his coronet, that seemed to interest women of all temperaments and characters. They would turn away from far handsomer, better-dressed, and more amusing people, to attract his notice when he entered a room, and the more enterprising would even make fierce love to him on further acquaintance, particularly after they discovered what uphill work it was. Do they appreciate a difficulty the greater trouble it requires to surmount, or do they enjoy a scrape the more, that they have to squeeze themselves into it by main force? I wonder if the sea-nymphs love their Tritons because those zoophytes must necessarily be so cold! It is doubtless against the hard impenetrable rock that the sea-waves dash themselves again and again. Bearwarden responded but faintly to the boldest advances. There must be a reason for it, said the fair assailants. Curiosity grew into interest, and, flavoured with a dash of pique, formed one of those messes with which, in stimulating their vanity, women fancy they satisfy their hunger of the heart.

Bearwarden was a man with a history; of this they were quite sure, and herein they were less mistaken than people generally find themselves who jump to conclusions. Yes, Bearwarden had a history, and a sad one, so far as the principal actor was concerned. Indeed he dared not think much about it even yet, and drove it—for he was no weak, silly sentimentalist—by sheer force of will out of his mind. Indeed, if it had not wholly changed his *real* self, it had encrusted him with that hardness and roughness

of exterior which he turned instinctively to the world. The same thing had happened to him that happens to most of us at one time or another. Just as the hunting man, sooner or later, is pretty sure to be laid up with a broken collar-bone, so in the career of life must be encountered that inevitable disaster which results in a wounded spirit and a sore heart. The collar-bone, we all know, is a six weeks' job, but injuries of a tenderer nature take far longer to heal. Nevertheless, the cure of these, too, is but a question of time, though, to carry on the metaphor, I think in either case the hapless rider loses some of the zest and dash which distinguished his earlier performances, previous to discomfiture. 'Only a woman's hair,' wrote Dean Swift on a certain packet hidden away in his desk. And thus a very dark page in Lord Bearwarden's history might have been headed, 'only a woman's falsehood.' Not much to make a fuss about, surely; but he was kind, generous, of a peculiarly trustful disposition, and it punished him very sharply, though he tried hard to bear his sorrow like a man. It was the usual business. He had attached himself to a lady of somewhat lower social standing than his own, of rather questionable antecedents, and whom the world accepted to a certain extent on sufferance, as it were, and under protest, yet welcomed her cordially enough, nevertheless. His relations abused her, his friends warned him against her; of course he loved her very dearly, all the more that he had to sacrifice many interests for her sake, and so resolved to make her his wife.

For reasons of her own she stipulated that he should leave his regiment, and even in this, though he would rather have lost an arm, he yielded to her wish.

The letter to his colonel in which he requested permission to send in his papers actually lay sealed on the table, when he received a note in a well-known hand that taught him the new lesson he had never expected to learn. The writer besought his forgiveness, deploring her own heartlessness the while, and

proceeded to inform him that there was a Somebody else in the field to whom she was solemnly promised (just as she had been to him), and with whom she was about to unite her Lot—capital L. She never could be happy, of course, but it was her destiny: to fight against it was useless, and she trusted Lord B. would forget her, &c. &c. All this in well-chosen language, and written with an exceedingly good pen.

It was lucky his letter to the colonel had not been sent. In such sorrows as these a soldier learns how his regiment is his real home, how his comrades are the staunchest, the least obtrusive, and the sincerest of friends.

Patting his charger's neck at the very next field-day, Bearwarden told himself there was much to live for still; that it would be unsoldierlike, unmanly, childish, to neglect duty, to wince from pleasure, to turn his back on all the world had to offer, only because a woman followed her nature and changed her mind.

So he bore it very well, and those who knew him best wondered he cared so little: and all the while he never heard a strain of music, nor felt a ray of sunshine, nor looked on beauty of any kind whatever, without that gnawing cruel pain at his heart. Thus the years passed on, and the women of his family declared that Bearwarden was a confirmed old bachelor.

When he met Miss Bruce at Lady Goldthred's, no doubt he admired her beauty and approved of her manner, but it was neither beauty nor manner, nor could he have explained what it was, that caused the pulses within him to stir, as they stirred long ago—that brought back a certain flavour of the old draught he had quaffed so eagerly, to find it so bitter at the dregs. Another meeting with Maud, a dance or two, a whisper on a crowded staircase, and Lord Bearwarden told himself that the deep wound had healed at last; that the grass was growing fresh and fair over the grave of a dead love; that for him too, as for others, there might still be an inte-

rest in the chances of the great game.

Surely the blind restored to sight is more grateful, more joyous, more triumphant than he who, born in darkness, finds himself overwhelmed and dazzled with the glare of his new gift!

Some men are so strangely constituted that they like a woman all the better for 'snubbing' them. Lord Bearwarden had never felt so grave an interest in Miss Bruce as when he entered the barracks under the impression she had cut him dead, without the slightest pretext or excuse.

Not so Tom Ryfe. In that gentleman's mind mingled the several disagreeable sensations of surprise, anger, jealousy, and disgust. Of these he chewed the bitter cud while he rode home, wondering with whom Miss Bruce could thus dare to parade herself in public, maddened at the open rebellion inferred by so ignoring his presence and his love, vowing to revenge himself without delay by tightening the curb and making her feel, to her cost, the hold he possessed over her person and her actions. By the time he reached his uncle's house, he had made up his mind to demand an explanation, to come to a final understanding, to assert his authority, and to avenge his pride. He turned pale to see Maud's monogram on the envelope of a letter that had arrived during his absence, paler still, when from this letter a thin slip of stamped paper fluttered to the floor—white to the very lips while he read the sharp, decisive, cruel lines that accounted for its presence in the missive, and that bade him relinquish at a word all the hope and happiness of his life. Without unbuttoning his coat, without removing the hat from his head, or the gloves from his hands, he sat fiercely down, and wrote his answer.

'You think to get rid of me, Miss Bruce, as you would get rid of an unsuitable servant, by giving him his wages, and bidding him to go about his business. You imagine that the debt between us is such as a sum of money can at once wipe out: that because you have been

able to raise this money (and how you did so I think I have a right to ask) our business connection ceases, and the *lover*, inconvenient, no doubt, from his priority of claim, must go to the wall directly the *lawyer* has been paid his bill. You never were more mistaken in your life. Have you forgotten a certain promise I hold of yours, written in your own hand, signed with your own signature, furnished, as itself attests, of your own free will? and do you think I am a likely man to forego such an advantage? You might have had me for a friend—how dear a friend I cannot bear to tell you now. If you persist in making me an enemy, you have but yourself to blame. I am not given to threaten, and you know that I can generally fulfil what I promise. I give you fair warning then: so surely as you try, in the faintest item, to elude your bargain, so surely will I cross your path, and spoil your game, and show you up before the world. Mine you are, and mine you shall be. If of free will, happily; if not, then to your misery and my own. But, mark me, always *mine*!

'The wisest clerks are not the wisest men.' It is a bad plan ever to drive a woman into a corner; and with all his knowledge of law, I think Mr. Ryfe could hardly have written a more ill-advised and injudicious letter than the above to Miss Bruce.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE SCALES.

It was a declaration of war. Of all women in the world—and this is saying a great deal—Maud was perhaps the least disposed to accept anything like usurpation, or assumption of undue authority, especially on the part of one in whose character she had detected an element of weakness. Tom Ryfe, notwithstanding his capabilities, was a fool, like most others, where his feelings were touched, and proved it by the injudicious means he used to attain the end he so desired.

Locked in her own room, she read

his letter over and over again, with a bitter curl of her lip, that denoted hatred, scorn, even contempt. When a man has been unfortunate enough to excite the last of these amiable feelings, he should lose no time in decamping, for the game is wholly and irretrievably lost. Mr. Ryfe would have felt this, could he have seen the gestures of the woman he loved, while she tore his letter into shreds—could he have marked the carriage of her haughty head, the compression of her sweet resolute lips, the fierce energy of her white, cruel hands. Maud paced the floor for some half-dozen turns, opened the window, arranged the bottles on her toilet-table, the flowers on her chimneypiece, even took a good long look at herself in the glass, and sat down to think.

For weeks she had been revolving in her mind the necessity of breaking with Tom Ryfe, the policy of securing position and freedom by an early marriage. That odious letter decided her; and now it only remained to make her choice. There are women—and these, though sometimes the most fascinating, by no means the most trustworthy of their sex—who possess over mankind a mesmeric influence, almost akin to witchcraft. Without themselves feeling deeply, perhaps for the very reason that they do *not*, they are capable of exercising a magic sway over those with whom they come in contact; and while they attract more admirers than they know what to do with, are seldom very fortunate in their selection, or happy in their eventual lot. Miss Bruce was one of these witches, far more mischievous than the old conventional hags we used to burn, under the sapient government of our first Stuart, and she knew a deal better than any old woman who ever mounted a broomstick the credulity of her victims, the dangerous power of her spells. These she had lately been using freely. It was time to turn their exercise to good account.

‘Mr. Stanmore *would*, in a moment,’ thought Maud, ‘if I only gave him the slightest hint. And I like him. Yes. I like him very

much indeed. Poor Dick! What a fool one can make a man look to be sure, when he’s in love, as people call it! Aunt Agatha wouldn’t much fancy it, I suppose; not that I should care two pins about that. And Dick’s very easy to manage—too easy, I think. He seems as if I couldn’t make him angry. I made him *sorry*, though, the other day, poor fellow! but that’s not half such fun. Now Lord Bearwarden *has* got a temper, I’m sure. I wonder, if we were to quarrel, which would give in first. I don’t think I should. I declare it would be rather nice to try. He’s good-looking—that’s to say good-looking for a *man*. It’s an ugly animal at best. And they tell me the Den is such a pretty place in the autumn. And twenty thousand a year! I don’t care so much about the money part of it. Of course one must have money; but Selina St. Croix assured me that they called him The Impenetrable; and there wasn’t a girl in London he ever danced with twice. *Wasn’t* there? He danced with me three times in two hours; but I didn’t say so. I suppose people *would* open their eyes. I’ve a great mind, a *very* great mind. But then, there’s Dick. He’d be horribly bored, poor fellow! And the worst of it is, he wouldn’t *say* anything; but I know exactly how he’d look, and I should feel I was a *beast*! What a bother it all is! But something must be done. I can’t go on with this sort of life; I can’t stand Aunt Agatha much longer. There she goes, calling on the stairs again! Why can’t she send my maid up, if she wants me?’

But Miss Bruce ran down willingly enough when her aunt informed her, from the first floor, that she must make haste, and Dick was in the large drawing-room.

She found mother and son, as they called themselves, buried in a litter of cards, envelopes, papers of every description referring to ‘Peerage,’ ‘Court Guide,’ visiting-list—all such aids to memory—the charts, as it were, of that voyage which begins in the middle of April and ends with the last week in July. As usual on great undertakings, from

the opening of a campaign to the issuing of invitations for a ball, too much had been left to the last moment; there was a great deal to do, and little time to do it.

'We can't get on without *you*, Miss Bruce,' said Dick, with rising colour and averted eyes, that denoted how much less efficient an auxiliary he would prove since she had come into the room. 'My mother has mislaid the old visiting-list, and the new one only goes down to T: so that the U's, and V's, and W's will be all left out. Think how we shall be hated in London next week! To be sure it's what my mother calls "small and early," like young potatoes, and I hear there are three hundred cards sent out already.'

'You'll only hinder us, Mr. Stanmore,' said Maud. 'Hadn't you better go away again?' but observing Dick's face fall, the smiling eyes added, plainly as words could speak, 'if you *can*!' She looked pale, though, and unhappy, he thought. Of course he felt fonder of her than ever.

'Hinderyou!' he repeated. 'Why, I'm the mainstay of the whole performance. Don't I bring you eight-and-twenty dancing men? all at once if you wish it, in a body, like soldiers.'

'Nonsense, my dear,' interrupted Aunt Agatha. 'The staircase will be crowded enough as it is.'

Maud laughed.

'But are they *real* dancing men?' she asked, 'not "dummies," "duffers,"—what do you call them? people who only stand against the wall and look idiotic. They're no use unless they work regularly through; as if it was a match or a boat-race. I don't call it dancing to hover about, and be always wanting to go down to tea, or supper, and to haunt one and look cross, if one behaves with common propriety—like some people I know.'

Dick accepted the imputation.

'I'm not a dancing man,' said he, 'though my eight- and - twenty friends are. I cannot see the pleasure of being hustled about in a hot room, with a girl I never saw before

in my life, and never want to see again,—who is looking beyond me all the time, watching the door for another fellow who never comes.'

'Then why on earth do you go?' asked Miss Bruce, simply.

'You know why,' he answered in a low voice, without raising his eyes to her face.

'Oh! I dare say,' replied Maud; but though it was couched in a tone of banter, the smile that accompanied this pertinent remark seemed to afford Dick unbounded satisfaction.

Mrs. Stanmore looked up from her writing-table.

'I can't get on while you two are jabbering in that corner.' (She had not heard a word either of them said.) 'I'll take my visiting-list upstairs. You can put these cards in envelopes and direct them. It will help me a little, but you're neither of you much use.'

She gathered her materials together and was leaving the room. Dick's heart began beating to some purpose; but his stepmother stopped at the door and addressed her niece.

'By-the-by, Maud, I'd almost forgotten. I'm going to Rose and Brilliant's. Fetch me your diamonds, and I'll take them to be cleaned. I can see the people myself, you know, and make sure of your having them back in time for the ball.'

The girl turned white. Dick saw it, though his mother did not. He observed, too, that she gasped as if she was trying to form words which would not come.

'I am not going to wear them.' She got it out at last with difficulty.

'Not wear them! nonsense!' was the reply. 'Bring them down, my dear, at any rate, and let me look them over. If you don't want it, you might lend me the collar—it would go very well with my mauve satin.'

Maud's eyes turned here and there as if to look for help, and it was Dick's nature to throw himself in the gap.

'I'll take them, mother,' said he. 'My phaeton's at the door now. You've plenty to do, and it will save you a long drive. Besides, I can

blow the people up more effectually than a lady.'

'I'm not so sure of that,' answered Mrs. Stanmore. 'However, it's a sensible plan enough. Maud can fetch them down for you, and you may come back to dinner if you're disengaged.'

So speaking, Mrs. Stanmore sailed off, leaving the young people alone.

Maud thanked him with such a look as would have repaid Dick for a far longer expedition than from Belgravia to Bond Street.

'What should I do without you, Mr. Stanmore?' she said. 'You always come to the rescue, just when I want you most.'

He coloured with delight.

'I like doing things for you,' said he, simply; 'but I don't know that taking a parcel a mile and a-half is such a favour after all. If you'll bring it, I'll start directly you give the word.'

Miss Bruce had been very pale hitherto, now a burning blush swept over her face to the temples.

'I—I can't bring you my diamonds,' said she, 'for the first of those thirty reasons that prevented Napoleon's general from bringing up his guns—I haven't got them: they're at Rose and Brilliant's already.'

'Maud!' he exclaimed, unconsciously using her Christian name—a liberty with which she seemed in nowise offended.

'You may well say "Maud!"' she murmured in a soft, low voice. 'If you knew all, you'd never call me Maud. I don't believe you'd ever speak to me again.'

'Then I'd rather *not* know all,' he replied. 'Though it would have to be something very bad indeed if it could make me think ill of *you*! Don't tell me anything, Miss Bruce, except that you would like your diamonds back again.'

'They *must* be got back!' she exclaimed. 'I *must* have them back by fair means or foul. I can't face Aunt Agatha, now that she knows, and can't appear at her ball without them. Oh! Mr. Stanmore, what shall I do? Do you think Rose and Brilliant's would *lend* them to me only for one night?'

Dick began to suspect something, began to surmise that this young lady had been 'raising the wind,' as he called it, and to wonder for what mysterious purpose she could want so large a sum as had necessitated the sacrifice of her most valuable jewels; but she seemed in such distress that he felt this was no time for explanation.

'Do!' he repeated cheerfully, and walking to the window that he might not seem to notice her trouble. 'Why do as I wish you had done all through—leave everything to *me*. I was going to say, "trust me," but I don't want to be trusted. I only want to be made use of.'

Her better nature was conquering her fast.

'But indeed I *will* trust you,' she murmured. 'You deserve to be trusted. You are so kind, so good, so true. You will despise me, I know—very likely hate me, and never come to see me again; but I don't care—I can't help it. Sit down, and I will tell you everything.'

He did not blush nor stammer now, his voice was very firm, and he stood up like a man.

'Miss Bruce,' said he, 'Maud—yes, I'm not afraid to call you Maud—I won't hear another word. I don't want to be told anything. Whatever you have done makes no difference to me. Some day, perhaps, you'll remember how I believed in you. In the meantime tell my mother that the diamonds will be back in time for her ball. How late it is! I must be off like a shot. Those horses will be perfectly wild with waiting. I'm coming to dinner. Good-bye!'

He hurried away without another look, and Maud, burying her head in the sofa-cushions, burst out crying, as she had not cried since she was a child.

'He's too good for me!—he's too good for me!' she repeated, between the sobs she tried hard to keep back. 'How wicked and vile I should be to throw him over! He's too good for me!—too good for me by far!'

CHAPTER XII.

'A CRUEL PARTING.'

The phaeton-horses went off like wildfire, Dick driving as if he was drunk. Omnibus-cads looked after him with undisguised admiration, and Hansom cabmen, catching the enthusiasm of pace, found themselves actually wishing they were gentlemen's servants to have their beer found, and sit behind such steppers as those!

The white foam stood on flank and shoulder when the pair were pulled up at Rose and Brilliant's door.

Dick bustled in with so agitated an air that an experienced shopman instantly lifted the glass from a tray containing the usual assortment of wedding-rings.

'I'm come about some diamonds,' panted the customer, casting a wistful glance towards these implements of coercion the while. 'A set of diamonds—very valuable—left here by a lady—a young lady—I want them back again.'

He looked about him helplessly; nevertheless, the shopman, himself a married man, became at once less commiserating, and more confidential.

'Diamonds!' he repeated. 'Let me see—yes, sir—quite so—I think I recollect. Perhaps you'll step in and speak to our principal. Mind your hat, if you please, sir—yes, sir—this way, sir.'

So saying, he ushered Mr. Stanmore through glass doors into a neat little room at the back, where sat a bald, smiling personage in sober attire, something between that of a provincial master of hounds and a low-church clergyman, whose cool composure, as it struck Dick at the time, afforded a ludicrous contrast to his own fuss and agitation.

'My name is Rose, sir,' said the placid man. 'Pray take a seat.'

Nobody can 'take a seat' under feelings of strong excitement. Dick grasped the proffered chair by the back.

'Mr. Rose,' he began, 'what I have to say to you goes no farther.'

'Oh dear, no!—certainly not—

Mr. Stanmore, I believe? I hope I see you well, sir. This is my *private* room, you understand, sir. Whatever affairs we transact here are *in private*. How can I accommodate you, Mr. Stanmore?' Dick looked so eager the placid man was persuaded he must want money.

'There's a young lady,' said Dick, plunging at his subject, 'who left her diamonds here last week—quite a young lady—very handsome. Did she give you her name?'

Mr. Rose smiled and shook his head benevolently. 'If any jewels of value were left with *us*, you may be sure we satisfied ourselves of the party's name and address. Perhaps I can help you, Mr. Stanmore. Can you favour me with the date?'

'Yes I can,' answered Dick, 'and the name too. It's no use humbugging about it. Miss Bruce was the lady's name. There! Now she wants her jewels back again. She's changed her mind.'

Mr. Rose took a ledger off the table, and ran his finger down its columns. 'Quite correct, sir,' said he, stopping at a particular entry. 'You are acquainted with the circumstances, of course.'

Dick nodded, esteeming it little breach of confidence to look as if he knew all about it.

'There is no difficulty whatever,' continued the bland Mr. Rose. 'Happy to oblige Miss Bruce. Happy to oblige *you*. We shall charge a small sum for commission. Nothing more—oh! dear, no! Have them cleaned up? Certainly, sir, and you may depend on their being sent home in time. At your convenience, Mr. Stanmore. No hurry, sir. You can write me your cheque for the amount. Perhaps I'd better draw out a little memorandum. We shall make a mere nominal charge for cleaning.'

Dick glanced over the memorandum, including its nominal charge for cleaning, which, perhaps from ignorance, did not strike him as being extraordinarily low. He was somewhat startled at the sum total, but when this gentleman made up his mind, it was not easy to turn him from an object in view.

The steppers, hardly cool, were hurried straight off to his banker's, to be driven, after their owner's interview with one of the partners, back again to the great emporium of their kind at Tattersall's.

A woman who wants to make a sacrifice parts with her jewels, a man sells his horses. Honour to each, for each offers up what is nearest and dearest to the heart.

Dick Stanmore lived no more within his income than other people. To get back these diamonds he would have to raise a considerable sum. There was nothing else to be done. The hunters must go. Nay, the whole stud, phaeton-horses, hacks, and all. Yet Dick marched into the office to secure stalls for an early date, with a bright eye and a smiling face. He was proving, to *himself* at least, how well he loved her.

The first person he met in the yard was Lord Bearwarden. That nobleman, though knowing him but slightly, had rather a liking for Stanmore, cemented by a certain good run they once saw in company, when each approved of the other's straightforward riding and unusual forbearance towards hounds.

'There's a nice horse in the boxes,' said my lord, 'looks very like your sort, Stanmore, and they say he'll go cheap, though he's quite sound.'

'Thanks,' answered Dick. 'But I'm all the other way. Been taking stalls. Going to sell.'

'Draft?' asked his lordship, who did not waste words.

'All of them,' replied the other. 'Even the hacks, saddlery, clothing, in short, the whole plant, and without reserve—going to give it up—at any rate for a time.'

'Sorry for that,' replied Bearwarden, adding, courteously, 'Can I offer you a lift? I'm going your way. Indeed I'm going to call at your mother's. Shall I find the ladies at home?'

'A little later you will,' said honest, unsuspecting Dick, who had not yet learned the lesson that teaches it is not worth while to trust or mistrust any of the sex. 'They'll be charmed to give you

some tea. I'm off to Croydon to look over my poor screws before they're sold, and break it to my groom.'

'That's a right good fellow,' thought Lord Bearwarden, 'and not a bad connection if I was fool enough to marry the dark girl, after all.' So he called out to Dick, who had one foot on the step of his phaeton—

'I say, Stanmore, come and dine with us on the 11th; we've got two or three hunting fellows, and we can go on together afterwards to your mother's ball.'

'All right,' said Stanmore, and bowed away in the direction of Croydon at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. If the horses were to be sold, people might just as well be made aware of the class of animal he kept. Though the sacrifice involved was considerable, it would be wise to lessen it by all judicious means in his power.

How great a sacrifice he scarcely felt till he arrived at his country stables.

Dick Stanmore had been fonder of hunting than any other pursuit in the world, ever since he went out for the first time on a Shetland pony, and came home with his nose bleeding, at five years old.

The spin and 'whizz' of his reel, the rush of a brown mountain stream with its fringe of silver birch and stunted alder, the white side of a leaping salmon, and the gasp of that noble fish towed deftly into the shallows at last, afforded him a natural and unmixed pleasure. He loved the heather dearly, the wild hill-side, the keen pure air, the steady setters, the flap and cackle of the rising grouse, the ringing shot that laid him low, born in the purple, and fated there to die. Nor, when corn-fields were cleared and partridges almost as swift as bullets, and as numerous as locusts, were driven to and fro across the open, was his aim to be foiled by a flight little less rapid than the shot that arrested it. With a rifle in his hand, a general knowledge of the surrounding forest, and a couple of gillies, give him the wind of a royal stag feeding amongst his hinds, and,

despite the feminine jealousy and instinctive vigilance of the latter, an hour's stalk would put the lord of the hills at the mercy of Dick Stanmore. In all these sports he was a proficient, from all of them he derived a keen gratification, but fox-hunting was his passion and his delight.

A fine rider, he loved the pursuit so well, and was so interested in hounds, that he gave his horse every opportunity of carrying him in front, and as his natural qualities included a good eye, and that confidence in the immediate future which we call 'nerve,' he was seen in difficulties less often than might be expected from his predilection in favour of 'the shortest way.'

His horses generally appeared to go pleasantly, and to reciprocate their rider's confidence, for he certainly seemed to get more work out of them than his neighbours.

As Mr. Crop, his stud-groom, remarked in the peculiar style of English affected by that trustworthy but exceedingly impracticable servant—

'Take and put him on a "arf-bred" 'oss, an' he rides him like a hangel, nussin' of him, and coaxin' of him, and sendin' of him along, *beautiful* for ground, an' uncommon liberal for fences. Take an' put him on a thoro' bred 'un, like our Vampire 'oss, and—Lor!'

One secret perhaps of that success in the hunting-field, which, when well mounted, even Mr. Crop's eloquence was powerless to express but by an interjection, lay in his master's affection for the animal. Dick Stanmore dearly loved a horse, as some men do love them, totally irrespective of any pleasure or advantage to be derived from their use.

There is a fanciful oriental legend which teaches that when Allah was engaged in the work of creation, he tempered the lightning with the south wind, and thus created the horse. Whimsical as is this idea, it yet suggests the swiftness, the fire, the mettlesome, generous, but plastic temperament of our favourite quadruped—the only one of our dumb servants in whose spirit we can

rouse at will the utmost emulation, the keenest desire for the approval of its lord. Even the countenance of this animal denotes most of the qualities we affect to esteem in the human race—courage, docility, good-temper, reflection (for few faces are so thoughtful as that of the horse), gratitude, benevolence, and, above all, trust. Yes, the full brown eye, large, and mild, and loving, expresses neither spite, nor suspicion, nor revenge. It turns on you with the mute unquestioning confidence of real affection, and you may depend on it under all pressure of circumstance, in the last extremity of danger or death. Will you say as much for the bluest eyes that ever sparkled in mirth, or swam in tears, or shone and deepened under the combined influence of triumph, belladonna, and war-paint?

I once heard a man affirm that for him there was in every horse's face the beauty each of us sees in the one woman he adores. This outrageous position he assumed after a good run, and, indeed, after the dinner which succeeded it. I will not go quite so far as to agree with him, but I will say that, in generosity, temper, and fidelity, there is many a woman, and man too, who might well take example from the noble qualities of the horse.

And now Dick Stanmore was about to offer up half a dozen of these valued servants before the idol he had lately begun to worship, for whom, indeed, he esteemed no victim too precious, no sacrifice too dear.

Driving into his stable-yard, he threw the reins to a couple of helpers, and made use of Mr. Crop's arm to assist his descent. That worthy's face shone with delight. Next to his horses he loved his master—chiefly, it is fair to say, as an important ingredient without which there would be no stud.

'I was expectin' of ye, sir,' said he, touching an exceedingly straight-brimmed hat. 'Glad to see ye lookin' so well.'

To do him justice, Mr. Crop did his duty as if he always *was* expecting his master.

'Horses all right?' asked Dick, moving towards the stable-door.

'Osses is 'ealthy, I am thankful to say,' replied the groom, gravely, 'and lookin', too, pretty nigh as I could wish, now they've done breakin' with their coats. There's Firetail got a queerish hock—them North-amptonshire 'osses is mostly unsound ones—and the mare's off-leg's filled; and the Vampire 'oss, he's got a bit of a splent-a-comin', but I'll soon frighten that away; an' old Dandybrush, he's awful, but not wuss nor I counted; and the young un—'

'I'll look 'em over,' said Dick, interrupting what threatened to be a long catalogue. 'I came down on purpose. The fact is (take those horses out and feed them)—the fact is, Crop, I'm going to sell them all. I'm going to send them up to Tattersall's.'

Every groom is more or less a sporting man, and it is the peculiarity of sporting men to betray astonishment at no eventuality, however startling; therefore Mr. Crop, doing violence to his feelings, moved not a muscle of his countenance.

'I'm sorry to part with them, Crop,' added Dick, a little put out by the silence of his retainer, and not knowing exactly what to say next. 'They've carried me very well—I've seen a deal of fun on them—I don't suppose I shall ever have such good ones—I don't suppose I shall ever hunt much again.'

Mr. Crop began to thaw. 'They're good 'osses,' he observed, sententiously; 'but that's not to say as there isn't good 'osses elsewhere. In regard of not huntin' there's a many seasons, askin' your pardon, atween you and me, and I should be sorry to think as I wasn't goin' huntin', ay, twenty years from now! When is 'em goin' up, sir?' added he, sinking sentiment and coming to business at once.

'Monday fortnight,' answered Dick, entering a loose box, in which stood a remarkably handsome mare, that neighed at him, and rubbed her head against his breast.

'I should ha' liked another ten days,' replied Crop, for it was an important part of his system never to accept his master's arrangements without a protest. 'I could ha' got

'em to show as they ought to show by then. Is the stalls took?'

Dick nodded. He was looking wistfully at the mare, thinking what a light mouth she had, and how boldly she faced water.

'That leg'll be as clean as my face in a week,' observed Mr. Crop, confidently. 'She'll fetch a good price, *she* will. Sir Frederic's after *her*, I know. There's nothing but tares in there, sir; old Dandybrush is in the box on the right.'

Dick gave the mare a loving pat, and turned sadly into the residence of old Dandybrush. That experienced animal greeted him with laid-back ears and a grin, as though to say, 'Here you are again! But I like you best in your red coat.'

They had seen many a good gallop together, and rolled over each other with the utmost good-humour, in every description of soil. To look at the old horse, even in his summer guise, was to recall the happiest moments of a sufficiently happy life.

'I'd meant to have guv it *him* pretty sharp,' said Crop; 'but I'll let him alone now. He'd 'a carried you, maybe, another season or two, with a good strong dressin'; but them legs isn't what they *was*. Last time as I rode of him second horse, I found him different—gettin' inquisitive at his places—and when they gets inquisitive they soon begins to get slow. You'll look at the Vampire 'oss, sir, before you go back to town?'

Now 'the Vampire 'oss,' as he called him, was an especial favourite with Mr. Crop. Dick Stanmore had bought him out of training at Newmarket by his groom's advice, and the highbred animal, being ridden by an exceedingly good horseman, had turned out a far better hunter than common—not invariably the case with horses that begin life on the Heath. Crop took great pride in this purchase, confidently asserting, and doubtless believing, that England could not produce its equal.

He threw the box-door open with the air of a man who is going to exhibit a picture of his own painting.

'It's a pity to let him go,' said the groom, with a sigh. 'Where'll

you get another as can touch him when the ground's deep, like it was last March? I've had a many to look after, first and last; but such a kind 'oss to do for in the stable I never see. Why, if you was to give that 'oss ten feeds of corn a day he'd take an' eat 'em all out clean—wouldn't leave a hoat! And legs! Them's not legs! them's slips of gutta-percher an' steel! To be sure he'll fetch a hawful price at the 'ammer—four 'underd, five 'underd, I shouldn't wonder—why he's worth all the money to look at. Blessed if you mightn't ride a good 'ack to death only tryin' to find such another!

Nevertheless, the Vampire horse was condemned to go up with the rest. Notwithstanding the truth of the groom's protestations, its money value was exactly the quality that decided the animal's fate.

Driving back to London, Dick's heart bounded to think that in an hour's time he should meet Miss

Bruce again at dinner. How delightful to be doing all this for her sake, yet to keep the precious secret safe locked in his own breast, until the moment should come when it would be judicious to divulge it, making, at the same time, another confession, of which he hoped the result might be happiness for life.

'I'd do more than that for her,' muttered this enthusiastic young gentleman, while he trotted over Vauxhall Bridge. 'I liked my poor horses better than anything; and that's just the reason I like to part with them for her sake. My darling, I'd give you the heart out of my breast, even if I thought you'd tread it under foot and send it back again!'

Had such an anatomical absurdity been reconcileable with the structure of the human frame, it is possible Miss Bruce might have treated this important organ in the contumelious manner suggested.



RAIN SONG.

I.

IS the rain sad? Ah, no!
 Not the dear April rain,
 The sweet, white rain :
 These are glad tears that flow,
 Not tears of pain.

II.

Through the blue heavens take
 The clouds their bird-swift way,
 Their white, pure way :
 The clouds that part and break
 In diamond spray.

III.

The clouds that die in showers
 Hues of the rainbow give,
 Its beauty give,
 That in its dyes the flowers
 May brightly live.

IV.

Faint odours of the Spring,
 The subtle breath of fields,
 Of grass in fields,
 Scents that to mosses cling,
 The sweet rain yields.

V.

The song of its delight
 To the warm noon it sings,
 Tenderly sings,
 And to the quiet night
 Its music brings.

VI.

All happy things rejoice
 In the bright April rain
 The freshening rain,
 Exulting that its voice
 Is heard again.

WILLIAM SAWYER.





W. THOMAS. P.

Drawn by R. Newcombe.]

RAIN SONG.

[See the Verses.

SPENCER CARLTON'S LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

'MAMMA, I do think that the report Aunt Julia heard must be true,' said Laura Carlton to her mother, looking up from a long foreign letter she had for some time been busily engaged in reading.

'What report, my dear?' asked her mother, who was equally absorbed in the 'fashionable intelligence' contained in the 'Morning Post.' 'Your aunt hears so many reports that I never place much reliance on them.'

'Of course I mean all she told us about Spencer—that is the only report of the smallest interest to me,' replied Laura, rather provoked at her mother's indifference. 'Annie Travers has written to me from Rome, and at the end of her letter asks me if she is to congratulate me on my new sister, whose extreme beauty is a constant topic of conversation now at Rome.'

'Spencer would certainly have told us himself if it had been true, my dear,' replied Mrs. Carlton, looking rather perturbed. 'Let me hear again all that Miss Travers says.'

Laura obeyed, and Mrs. Carlton listened attentively.

'I had almost forgotten, Laura, what your aunt did say—that Spencer was *épris* with a lovely American girl, who was supposed to be rich, was it not? 'I never gave it a thought. Spencer has been so often *épris* with lovely girls before now.'

'Yes,' said Laura; 'but he has written so seldom, and his letters have been so unsatisfactory, that I have an instinct that this is true; and you will allow that my instincts are generally right, mamma.'

'I really scarcely know what to think,' returned her mother. 'If this girl is both rich and beautiful, as your aunt says, it is probably the best thing dear Spencer could do. I will write at once to your aunt, and inquire more, and especially whether she heard the report from any reliable authority.'

Laura stood gazing through the window long after her mother left the room. There was nothing attractive in the bleak, dreary landscape before her, made yet more dreary by the slight sprinkling of snow which had already covered the ground. Yet Laura gazed on it that day with an inexpressible feeling of affection. She loved the wide-spreading valley, the old trees under which the deer were grouped, the tall elms near the house in which, from her earliest infancy, she had watched the rooks building their nests; the terraced garden upon which the windows of the room in which she lingered had been made to open, so that in summer they almost entirely lived in it. This garden was both the pride and delight of her mother's life; and now she might perhaps be called upon to part from it all! It might be passing into the hands of another—one to whom it could not have the slightest interest! She might have to uproot all the bright and pleasant things that had gathered round her young life, and try to plant them in another home. But would they bear to be thus transplanted? would they not wither and die in another soil? No place, she fondly thought, could ever be compared with this; and, indeed, Etheridge Castle was a beautiful old place, which had been the property of the Carltons for several centuries.

Mrs. Carlton had lost her husband many years, and had been left with a son and daughter, to whom she entirely devoted herself, and who were the one comfort and support of her widowhood. Spencer was the eldest, and of him it is enough to say that he thoroughly fulfilled the idea of one 'who was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.' He had distinguished himself at Cambridge, and his early manhood was full of promise. He was tall and handsome, with that combination of strength and tender-

ness which is so especially attractive to women. His mother was mistaken in saying that Spencer had so frequently 'lost his heart to pretty girls,' for beyond an occasional momentary fascination, when the advances were more on the lady's side than on his, no woman had even taken his imagination captive, much less his heart. But this year his sojourn at Rome effected a great change; and though he had not as yet confided his secret to any one, there was not a thought of his heart or fibre of his being that was not given up to the keeping of another.

He had been at a ball in the house of one of the Italian noblesse, and, having become rather weary of the aimless life he was leading, was standing at the doorway speaking to an old friend of his intention to leave Italy rather earlier than usual and return to England, when a young girl came up the wide marble staircase leaning upon her mother's arm. Spencer Carlton gazed at her with a sort of wonder. He had never imagined that the earth contained anything so exquisitely beautiful as that girl's face.

'What is the matter?' asked the old General to whom he had been speaking, as Spencer Carlton stopped short in the midst of a sentence. 'What do you see?'

'Who is that?' he whispered, as the lady and her daughter passed them.

'That girl? Her name is Ellerton, I believe. She is the beautiful American that every one is raving about. Surely you have seen her before?'

'Never. Who is she? Do they live in Rome?'

'I believe they are only just come. No one seems to know anything about them. Some say the girl is an heiress, others that she has not a sou, and that her mother has brought her here in the expectation of her making a great marriage. There seems to be something rather mysterious about them.'

'Can you get me an introduction to them?'

'I dare say I can. Why, my dear fellow, you seem "struck all of a heap," as we used to say, and look

as if you were in a dream. Here is La Contessa Callino. She knows every one. We will ask her to get you an introduction to these American ladies.'

'Are they here alone? Has she no father or brother?'

'Which do you mean—madame or mademoiselle? I really do not know. I will take you to the contessa to make your own inquiries,' replied the General, considerably surprised at Spencer's manner. 'Come with me.'

'Not yet—another time, perhaps,' he said, in a low voice, with a strange misgiving in his heart, and feeling as if some invisible power was holding him back from rushing on to his destiny.

'Why, God bless my soul, Carlton, you are suddenly bewitched—mesmerized! I don't know what has happened to you. Are you dreaming? If you want to be introduced to these Americans, it can only be done now; I am not going to stay here for ever, if you are.'

Spencer Carlton made no reply, but followed General Wenlock into the next room, where the Contessa Callino was chattering, as only Italian ladies can chatter, to a group of men that surrounded her. She received him most graciously, and at once acceded to his request, though she warned him that Mrs. Ellerton was very chary of increasing her English acquaintance. 'Still, for you—,' she said, with a bow and a smile which could have but one, and that a most flattering, interpretation.

'What is the use of her having such a beautiful daughter, if she only wants to shut her up?' said the General, bluntly; 'and she must like to know English people better than foreigners.'

'Do you expect me to take that as a compliment?' answered the Contessa, laughing. 'However, I will forgive it, and will show my generosity by introducing your friend to this new beauty at once. Here they are; going down to the supper-room, I suppose.'

She took Spencer Carlton up to Mrs. Ellerton, and introduced him.

'Blanche is tired, and cannot dance again,' said Mrs. Ellerton, rather stiffly, with a very foreign accent. 'This is her first ball, you know.'

'Is Mrs. Ellerton a Frenchwoman?' he asked, in surprise, after they had passed through the room and gone downstairs.

'A French Canadian. She usually talks French, I believe. She always speaks as if her daughter were extremely delicate, but I can see no signs of illness about her.'

Spencer followed the mother and daughter down stairs, and soon learned from the young lady all he wanted to know. She was not especially shy, but frank and child-like, and told him how her mornings were spent in riding in the Campagna, and her afternoons in walking on the Pincio.

'So that I may hope to see you every day,' he said, with a look in his eyes which, though it brought no blush to the girl's face, evidently made the mother think it was time to interfere.

'Blanche's life is scarcely so idle as she says,' said Mrs. Ellerton, gravely. 'She is obliged to be out in the air a great deal, but when she is at home I expect her to study.'

'I may call at your house and see if you have recovered from your fatigue?' he said, looking inquiringly at Mrs. Ellerton, while he put Blanche's cloak carefully over her shoulders.

Mrs. Ellerton hesitated; but while he had been talking to her daughter she had been making inquiries about him, the replies to which were too satisfactory for her to wish to receive the advances of the handsome young Englishman coldly.

'I will promise not to interrupt her studies, Mrs. Ellerton; so you will, I trust, make me an exception to general rules,' he said, gaily.

He stood looking after the carriage long after it had driven away, and then wandered slowly home, to dream of Blanche's lovely face, and to long for the morrow and the chance of seeing her again.

CHAPTER II.

I wish it were possible for me to describe Blanche Ellerton as I saw her a few weeks after she had made acquaintance with Spencer Carlton.

It was a bright and sunny morning, such as Italian mornings often are, even in the middle of winter. Blanche was sitting on the floor, surrounded by different pieces of coloured silk. Occasionally a strong sunbeam pierced through the outside blinds, which were carefully closed, and rested on her head, tinging her soft brown hair with a golden hue. Though she was very fair she had not the *fâde* look that often belongs to fair people; indeed, her marked eyebrows and long eyelashes gave a character to her face; and those wonderful large grey eyes, that seemed as if some hidden fire was burning behind them, completely took away from her any appearance of insipidity. Every one spoke of her eyes as wonderful. People did not say they were lovely or beautiful, but always wonderful; and, in truth, her eyes looked strange and out of keeping with that small child-like face. There was a happy smile on the girl's face as she examined one bright-coloured silk after another, and her mother sat watching her with a less anxious expression than usual.

'Why, Blanche, your whole heart seems wrapped up in your dress to-day. You have let the morning slip away so that now you will have no time for your ride.'

'I am so sorry, mamma; but I do care about my dress, as I may choose it myself, and this ball is to be such a good one. It is given for the Russian Princes. I should like to be very fine,' said Blanche, apologetically.

'So that a Russian Prince may fall in love with you or your gown, and carry you off to St. Petersburg. You would not like that, Blanche.'

'Of course not, mamma. I shall never marry.'

'Did you never see any one that you thought it would be possible to marry, Blanche?' asked her mother, curiously.

'Certainly not; at least I don't think so. But now I only care about my gown, and you think that so foolish, mamma.'

'No, not at all. I wish you to be well dressed, especially as the Principessa Valerio has been so kind and civil. I wonder if this will become you,' said her mother, holding a rich green silk, embroidered in gold, up to the girl's face.

They had been too busily engaged to hear the door open and a visitor announced; and both mother and daughter started when a voice said close to them—

'Not green; she must not wear green,' and Spencer Carlton stood before them.

'How you frightened me!' said Blanche, laughing. 'I hoped that you were some one come to take these away. They have sent me half the shop to choose from, you see.'

'Have you chosen?' he asked, looking at her with undisguised admiration. 'I wish you would let me choose.'

'We are so perplexed that it would be a good thing for any one to decide for us,' said Mrs. Ellerton. 'I shall never get Blanche out to-day. Which do you recommend?'

'Certainly not green. This is the best,' he said, lifting up a pale blue silk embroidered in silver. 'This is the only one fit for you. The others are too *tranchante*.'

'You are quite right,' said Mrs. Ellerton, approvingly. 'I did not know you were an authority in ladies' dress.'

'I saw you first in blue,' he said in a low voice to Blanche. 'I shall never like you to wear any other colour.'

'I like this best myself. It is for the ball that the Principessa Valerio is to give to the Russians. Shall you be there?'

'Certainly, if it is possible to procure an invitation.'

It is needless to say that Spencer Carlton did procure an invitation, and that he scarcely left Blanche's side all the evening. He had now become so passionately in love with her that he made no attempt to conceal it, and followed her like a

shadow. He would walk by the side of her pony in the Campagna for hours; he sought the brightest and freshest flowers to bring her every morning. If she expressed the slightest wish, it was attended to at once. But Blanche seldom did express a wish, and the difficulty of reading her mind was the only thing that cast a shadow over the state of intoxicated happiness in which Spencer Carlton was living. He never could tell if his words made any impression on her. She seemed to take them so completely as a matter of course. She received his admiration with a bright smile, but all seemed on the surface. If a day passed in which they did not meet, she never appeared to be annoyed or even to notice it. Her coolness and the indifference of her manner nearly drove him to despair. 'If she were ever angry or vexed,' he thought; and yet she seldom talked to other men—he did not reflect that his absorption of her effectually kept all others aloof—but it is the strange way she receives all I do as a matter of course. I must speak to her mother; she may give me the key by which to understand her.'

Accordingly one day he went to the hotel with the express purpose of speaking to Mrs. Ellerton. It was the day after the ball which had been given in honour of the Russian Princes, at which Blanche had worn the blue and silver dress Spencer Carlton had chosen for her, and where she was acknowledged by all to be the belle of the evening. He had hovered round her, following her like a shadow, not in the least heeding how evident his admiration was to the rest of the world, even if it was not to Blanche. He had spoken plainly to her that very evening, yet she scarcely seemed to understand. 'Blanche is so young,' he said to himself. 'It is to her mother that I must go.'

The next day he went early to the hotel, and finding Mrs. Ellerton alone, asked anxiously for her daughter, inquiring whether she was ill or over-fatigued with the ball.

'I fear so, for she is very unwell to-day,' was the reply. 'She is subject to violent attacks of tic in her face and head, which, while they last, completely disable her, and make her almost frantic with the pain. It is this that obliges me to guard her as carefully as I do, and is mainly the cause of her extreme delicacy.'

'How terrible for her!' said Spencer, in a tone of great concern. 'Cannot anything be done?'

'I fear not. It was on account of these attacks that we left America. I was told that the Italian climate might cure her, and, till now, I fancied she was better.'

'And do they last long?' he inquired, anxiously, for he could not bear to think of his idolized Blanche racked with pain when he could neither comfort her nor alleviate it.

'Always two or three days; so I think it would, perhaps, be better if you did not call here till I can tell you that she is better. Anything that agitates is so bad for her.'

'But I would not agitate her. Pray do not keep me away. Oh! Mrs. Ellerton, it was to speak to you about her that I came here to-day. I would give my life to keep pain and sorrow away from her. You must know—you must have seen what she is to me. I would not speak to her without your permission; but surely she must be aware how devotedly, how ardently I love her;' and he looked anxiously into Mrs. Ellerton's face for an answer.

But he could read nothing there beyond an expression of pain while he was speaking; and now she seemed struggling to overcome some emotion that kept her silent. At last she spoke:

'I am glad that you have not said anything to Blanche as yet. She is so young that——'

'But I may speak to her? You will let me tell her all I feel, and implore her to return my love? Mrs. Ellerton, I cannot live without her. The one hope of my life is to call her mine.'

Still Mrs. Ellerton hesitated, and remained silent.

'You do not think that any one else——' said Spencer Carlton, turning very pale.

'That Blanche has already given her heart to another? Certainly not. She, poor child, is heart-whole, I feel sure,' said Mrs. Ellerton, sadly.

'Then you think she will listen to me?' he pleaded, anxiously; 'for as yet I have not been able to ascertain whether she understood my feelings.'

'That I do not know, and you can hardly expect me to be able to answer you, Mr. Carlton. But you have my permission to ask her yourself; and Mrs. Ellerton held out her hand to him.

He pressed it warmly. 'And when may I see her?' he asked, eagerly.

'I cannot tell you now,' she replied, sorrowfully. 'Indeed, with her extreme delicacy, I hardly know whether I am justified in allowing such a question to be put to her, for some time at all events.'

'Indeed you are, Mrs. Ellerton. Who would watch her and tend her as I should? It will be the happiness of my life to share your responsibility.'

She turned away, but Spencer Carlton could see that it was to hide her tears.

Some days elapsed before Blanche was well enough to see him; but as soon as he was allowed to do so he lost no time in pleading his cause feeling that—

'He either fears his fate too much,

Or his deserts too small,

Who does not put it to the touch

To win or lose it all.'

So, in a few earnest words he told her how ardently he loved her, and asked her if she would trust her happiness in his keeping.

She had evidently been prepared to expect this, for she showed no surprise, though her murmured reply, 'Mamma says you will always be kind to me,' was scarcely an expression of her own feelings towards him. To a less enraptured lover her reply would not have been satisfactory; but as it was, he felt delighted at her childlike manner, and clasping her in his arms, renewed his protestations of affection; and

from that day Blanche Ellerton and Spencer Carlton were acknowledged and affianced lovers.

CHAPTER III.

As yet Spencer Carlton had never mentioned Blanche Ellerton's name in his letters to his mother and sister; but now he felt that he must not delay doing so any longer. He sat up late the same night, telling them that he could not bear to speak of his happiness till it was certain. His letter was full of praises of Blanche's gentleness and extreme beauty, saying how ardently he longed for the time when he could bring her home to be welcomed by them as a daughter and sister.

It struck both Mrs. Carlton and Laura that Spencer's letter was singularly reticent as to Miss Ellerton's family, and that he spoke much more of himself than of her. They had no idea whether she was

'A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree,'

or the daughter of some rich man who had made his own fortune, and whose connections were very different to theirs.

'So, you see, Annie Travers was right, mamma,' said Laura, after reading her letter over twice, attentively.

'Dear Spencer!' said Mrs. Carlton, with tears in her eyes. 'How thankful I feel that he is so happy! But I wish he had told us a little more.'

'Well, mamma, I don't know what your letter may say. Mine simply rings the changes on his own happiness and the young lady's extraordinary beauty. I, for one, shall soon tire of that, if, as I suspect, she has no other especial charm,' said Laura, a little petulantly.

'My dear Laura,' remonstrated her mother, 'I thought you had a higher opinion of your brother, than to think that he could be won merely by a pretty face.'

'I have the highest possible opinion of him, mamma; only all this has been so strange, and he has behaved in a way so unlike himself in never telling us till it was all settled.'

'Yes; I cannot understand it, but

he probably has some good reason. One never knows.'

'Never, indeed,' thought Laura, as with very mingled feelings she sat down to congratulate her brother, enclosing a note of welcome to her future sister-in-law. Both met with a warm response. Not so Mrs. Carlton's wish that they should all come over, so that her son might be married in England. This was negated at once.

The marriage took place in Rome in the early spring, and the next few months were spent in travelling about Italy, so as to visit several of the Italian cities that, as yet, Blanche had not seen. It was arranged that Mrs. Ellerton should meet them at Florence, from whence Spencer and his wife were to proceed to England, while she went in search of some German waters that she fancied were necessary for her health, promising to join them in England before the ensuing winter.

'Are you well, my darling? You look beautiful—so well and bright,' said her mother, fondly kissing her, when they met at Florence.

'Quite well, mamma, and so glad to see you. We have had delightful weather, and have seen so many things. Spencer must tell you all we have done.'

Mrs. Ellerton turned to her son-in-law, who was standing, looking silently through the window, apparently not noticing anything that had been said. He looked pale and careworn, and had not at all the joyous expression that characterized his wife's countenance. Mrs. Ellerton looked at him anxiously.

'You are well, I hope? and have enjoyed yourself as much as Blanche?'

'I am very well, and am glad that you approve Blanche's looks. I have done my best to take care of her,' he said, gravely.

Mrs. Ellerton sighed.

'Blanche looks quite strong now,' she said, nervously. 'Tell me your plans. I am thinking of going to Paris before I go to Homburg, and have taken a house there for six months. I hope you are both coming with me.'

'Oh! how delightful, mamma! I shall like so much to see Paris!'

and Blanche clapped her hands with child-like pleasure at the idea.

'We must put off that pleasure for another year,' said her husband, decidedly. 'I have been much too long away from England. We must go home at once.'

He spoke kindly and considerately, but more as if he were talking to a wayward child than to one whom he looked upon as a friend and counsellor.

Blanche pouted a little; but the vexation soon passed, and Mrs. Elverton asked Spencer to describe Etheridge Castle, which he did *con amore*.

'But I think it must be dull,' said Blanche, 'and that I should like better to live in London.'

'Possibly,' returned her husband, drily; 'only as I cannot live in London, and must live at Etheridge, you had better not set your heart upon it.'

Their sojourn at Florence was cut short by some business which had to be arranged immediately; and in consequence Spencer Carlton obeyed his lawyer's urgent summons, and took his wife at once to London, where his mother and sister still were.

It was a lovely evening, quite the beginning of June, that Spencer Carlton and his bride arrived at the family house in Hanover Square. His mother flew down to meet him, and threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, 'My son! my precious Spencer! how glad I am to see you!' Then, with a sudden self-reproach, she turned to the beautiful girl by his side, and clasped her to her heart.

Blanche received these demonstrations very quietly. She did not seem either shy or touched by them, but only stood by her husband's side answering any question that was addressed to her with a quiet smile. Mrs. Carlton was so entirely occupied with her son that even his young bride had but little share of her attention. Laura, however, watched her attentively, and talked to her of her foreign life. She tried topic after topic, without eliciting any other result than smiling acquiescence. Perhaps she showed rather more interest on the subject of dress than any other.

Spencer's grave and careworn expression of countenance had struck both his mother and sister with equal surprise.

'Well, mamma,' said Laura, as she followed her mother into her bedroom that evening. 'What do you think?'

'That it is most delightful to have dear Spencer home again. And is not Blanche beautiful?'

'Perfectly lovely—the most faultless face I ever saw, if I could read anything in it. But why does Spencer look so changed—so ill?'

'You forget how young Blanche is, my dear Laura; and as to Spencer's being ill, I only see that he looks harassed. The lawsuit that has brought him home is likely to prove a very troublesome business.'

Laura was silent. She saw her mother was determined to see everything *en couleur de rose*, while to her eyes life assumed a very grey aspect.

The next day she thought that perhaps she had been fanciful, for Blanche's gentleness and extreme beauty won upon her, and the anxious care with which Spencer seemed to watch over her showed how very dear she was to him. Still it was very evident that, considerate and kind as he was towards her, no companionship existed between them.

Blanche seemed perfectly happy with Laura, delighted to shop, to walk, or drive, and, above all, delighted with anything in the shape of gaiety, especially a ball. That year the season was unusually late, and London still continued very full. One thing Spencer especially insisted on was, that Blanche should never go out without him. When, as frequently happened, he came home late from his lawyer, and finding dinner nearly over, and his mother, Laura, and Blanche *en grand tenue*, expecting him to accompany them to some party, he would not hear of their going without him, but, at any inconvenience or fatigue to himself, would hurry over his dinner, so as to dress and be at his wife's side all the evening. The jealous guard that Spencer kept over her was a source of constant

wonder to Laura, who, seeing no disposition in Blanche to flirt with other men, or even to notice the admiration that always awaited her, could not at all understand it. Occasionally she fancied that some event, of which she was ignorant, must have occurred to work so great a change in her brother's bright and trusting nature.

'It will all be different at home,' she thought; 'there will be no question of gaiety there, and mamma has promised to live at Etheridge for another year. Blanche will be delighted that we should do so, for her one dread seems to be the idea that she may possibly be dull.'

Laura could not imagine dulness at Etheridge with Spencer for a companion, and marvelled at the different way in which people are constituted. But her hopes as to the change which a country life would effect in her brother proved utterly without foundation, for though they all went to Etheridge for the autumn, Spencer would not make up his mind to remain through the winter, but went to join Mrs. Ellerton at Paris. This kind of life continued for more than two years, varied only by occasional visits to London, and still rarer ones to Etheridge, where Spencer seemed always more than commonly anxious about his wife. Every one marvelled at the change his marriage had made in him. Rumours reached Mrs. Carlton and her daughter that Spencer was mad with jealousy, though no one ever said that his beautiful wife gave him the slightest cause for it, and it soon became an established fact that she led a most miserable life on account of her husband's unparalleled jealousy. It was said that he would carry her away in the middle of a ball for no reason, and that he used to shut her up for days together, and would not allow any one to approach her. People pitied her, and shrugged their shoulders when Spencer's name was mentioned; and while both Laura and her mother knew that appearances justified these remarks, they were, at the end of two years, wholly at a loss to account for it.

CHAPTER IV.

It was just three years from the time that Spencer first brought his wife to England that his mother received a letter from him, saying that they intended to join her in London the next day.

'I do hope we shall keep them at home now, Laura,' she said, as she gave her daughter the letter to read. 'They must be tired of this restless, wandering life.'

'I should think so, mamma. I wonder whether if they had had children that would have kept them quiet?'

Their visit was, upon the whole, rather more satisfactory than usual; Spencer seemed less depressed, and Blanche less devoted to gaiety. But it was almost the end of the season, and London was thinning fast. The few who remained were very much occupied by a splendid fête that the Duchess of ——— intended to give to some foreign royalties who had been in England during the summer and were now about to take their departure.

There had been considerable discussion between Laura and Blanche as to the probability of their being invited, and when at last the card of invitation came Blanche was in an ecstacy of delight, and insisted on carrying off Laura at once to choose new dresses.

They fixed upon some to which Laura repeatedly objected on account of their peculiarity, but Blanche overruled her; and when the dresses were sent home Blanche put the wreath upon her head, and hearing her husband's step on the stairs, called him in to admire it.

'It is very fantastic, at all events,' he replied, indifferently. 'Where is it to be worn?'

'At ——— House. Don't you remember? The Duchess gives her ball on Monday.'

Spencer had been too much engrossed with business for it to have made any impression on him.

'You have got my invitation all right, I suppose?' he said, as he left the room.

'Of course,' said Blanche, pettishly. 'How tiresome Spencer is

about never letting me go out without him! I should like to give him the slip some day.'

'I am not sure that it would be a bad thing,' said Mrs. Carlton, 'for I should like Spencer to be, for once, convinced that we are equal to taking care of you.'

'Are you going to the ball at — House to-night? I hear it is to be an early affair, so if you dine earlier I should like to know,' said Spencer, one day, as he stood, with his hat in his hand, wanting to go out.

'We must dine at seven. Will that do for you?' replied his mother.

'I shall be in time. Don't wait dinner for me,' he called out, as he ran downstairs.

Blanche was in such a restless, excited state that Laura wished more than once that the invitation had never come, or that they had declined it.

'You have not put on your finery,' said Spencer, looking at his wife when she came down to dinner that day.

'Of course not,' she said, with a loud laugh. 'Fancy dining at home in a gown trimmed with beetles and butterflies!'

'Oh, Blanche! do you think Spencer is deaf?' said Laura, putting her hands up to her ears. 'He really is not.'

Her husband looked at her attentively, and took her hand.

'Come upstairs with me, Blanche. I want to speak to you,' he said, very decidedly.

She made some little resistance, but soon, hanging down her head, followed him out of the room.

'What can this mean, mamma?' said Laura, looking after them in dismay. 'Is not Spencer going to allow Blanche to have any dinner to-day?'

'I suppose he only wants to speak to her for a minute,' returned her mother, uneasily. Spencer's conduct with regard to his wife was so perfectly incomprehensible to Mrs. Carlton.

In a few minutes he returned, saying, that he feared Blanche was going to have one of her bad at-

tacks of tic, and that he had given her the medicine prescribed for it, and had persuaded her to lie down and try to sleep.

'Surely she will be well enough to go to this ball, that she has set her heart upon?' said Laura, in dismay.

'Certainly not; and of course I shall stay at home with her.'

'We had better all do that,' said Laura, disconsolately. 'How very provoking! only I suppose it would be too uncivil. Shall I send Blanche's dinner upstairs? Surely she had better have some?'

'My dear Laura, do let me take care of my own wife. She wants nothing but sleep, and the medicine I have given her is for that purpose. I particularly beg that no one may go near her.'

Both Mrs. Carlton and Laura felt that they could not say any more, and the dinner proceeded in silence. Soon after Spencer went upstairs, and half an hour later came downstairs, saying that his wife was fast asleep, but that as he was going out by-and-by to get some medicine for her, he had locked the door of her room, to prevent her being disturbed.

'You don't mean that you have locked her in?' said his mother, in a tone of horror. 'My dear Spencer, it is so very unsafe—in case of fire, or even if she should want anything.'

'There is not much danger of fire to-night, and she will not want anything, as she will sleep for hours,' said her son, impatiently. 'I shall probably be at home before you go out, or, if not, just after. So you may be quite happy about her.'

Laura did not feel at all happy as she went up to dress. She did not believe in Blanche's illness, and thought it a scheme of her brother's to prevent her going to — House. She could not bear to think of him as so changed, and dressed hastily, without taking any pleasure in the anticipation of the evening.

Just as she was leaving her room, she was startled at hearing a laugh behind her, and, turning round, saw, to her amazement, Blanche, in her ball dress, standing before her.

'Is not this a good trick?' she said, still laughing. 'I heard Spencer go out; I knew his step; and then I dressed myself so quickly, for my hair was plaited before.'

'How are you now, dear? Spencer said one of your bad attacks of pain was coming on. Has it passed away?' asked Laura, looking perfectly bewildered, and then, after a moment's hesitation, added, 'And he said that your door was locked.'

'I expected that,' said Blanche, laughing, 'and so kept my eyes tight shut, that he might think me fast asleep. He forgot the key in his dressing-room door; he locked the outside, but, of course, this opened both.'

'But you cannot go to the ball now he has forbidden it,' said Laura, in some uneasiness at her flushed cheeks and excited manner. 'Besides, you have had no dinner; you will make yourself ill.'

'Shall I? I don't want any dinner. I shall get supper there. And now I am going, going—gone,' she said, putting her cloak round her; and running downstairs she jumped into the carriage, which had just driven round, without waiting for Laura or Mrs. Carlton.

Laura, in great distress, stopped her mother, who was coming out of the drawing-room already dressed, and told her what had happened.

'Never mind, my dear; I shall not stop her going. I think it a very good thing to break through Spencer's morbid fancy. Let us go at once, before he comes home. He can follow, of course, if he likes.'

With considerable misgiving Laura followed her mother, and they were soon in the string of carriages that were going at a foot-pace to — House.

Blanche looked more brilliantly beautiful than ever, and a buzz of admiration followed her as she walked up the room. She danced very well, and many paused to watch her as she and the young Duke of — waltzed together. Laura thought she seemed in wilder spirits than usual, owing to her having played this trick upon her husband, but wished occasionally, as she caught the sound of her

voice, that she would not talk and laugh so much louder than was her wont.

As Laura went up the room to return to her mother, after she had been dancing, she saw her brother coming forward to meet her.

'Come with me, Laura,' he said, in a low voice. 'I want you to go and speak to my mother.'

He was very pale, and there was a stern look in his countenance that frightened her.

'I had no idea that you were here, Spencer,' she began.

'Probably not,' he said, bitterly. 'I am come to try and repair the wrong you have done me this night, in bringing Blanche here.'

'She came to my room, dressed, and said she was well, and mamma thought she had better come with us. What could I do?' she pleaded.

'All you can do now is to get her away. If you will go down and get into the carriage, I will bring Blanche down. I have called for it.'

'You don't really mean that you are going to take Blanche away, now she is quite well and enjoying herself so much?'

Something very like an oath escaped him, as he stamped impatiently on the ground; and Laura, now really alarmed, did not dare to make any further remonstrance.

His wife had not seen him enter, and started violently as he came up to her.

'I am going home, Blanche. You must come with me,' he said, taking hold of her hand.

She resisted at first, swaying herself backwards and forwards without speaking. Several people turned round and looked on in surprise. Spencer's dread of a scene increased every moment. He looked at her fixedly, and said something in a low voice, which seemed to have its due effect, for she made no further resistance, but, hanging down her head, took his arm and walked quietly away.

'Shameful!' 'tyrannical!' 'what a brute!' 'how can she bear it?' was murmured on all sides; but he did not appear to hear it, and walked quickly away.

There was a flight of steps from

the ball-room to the corridor which led to the cloak-room. On this staircase was a large window, which had been thrown wide open to admit more air. As Spencer Carlton led his wife down these stairs, she suddenly disengaged herself from his arm, and, looking furtively round to see that no one was near, darted on to the ledge of the window, and, with one spring, threw herself out. Her husband uttered a cry of horror, which echoed through the house and was heard above the strains of the musicians, the noise of carriages, and the sound of the feet of the dancers, and then fell heavily on the floor, perfectly senseless.

'What had happened?' 'Mr. Carlton had dropped down dead, and his wife, in her terror, had jumped through the window,' was the impression of those who hastened to the spot.

CHAPTER V.

Spencer Carlton was raised from the floor, and restored to partial consciousness, while search was made for his unhappy wife. She had not fallen far, and was only partially stunned, as the window through which she had sprung opened upon the roof of a room which had been built out below and had been turned into a kind of balcony for flowers. Her arm appeared to be broken, otherwise she seemed to have escaped without any other serious injury.

Several gentlemen went to her assistance, and two of the servants attempted to lift her from the ground and carry her through the window. But she moaned so pitifully that they were obliged to desist. At last, one man, more powerful and more determined than the rest, took her up in his arms and laid her on a sofa, near to the place where Spencer was still lying. The sight of his pale face seemed to quiet her at once, and she crept to his side, and began to stroke his hands, crying quietly all the time. A heartfelt ejaculation of thanksgiving escaped him when he opened his eyes and saw his wife, whom he

imagined to have been dashed to atoms, alive and by his side. The arm which hung powerless by her side required immediate attention, and Mrs. Carlton directed that she should be carried to the carriage, while Spencer and his sister followed.

Shocked and dismayed, neither Mrs. Carlton nor Laura felt that they could speak to Spencer, especially as Blanche continued talking and moaning as the pain of her arm increased. It was now evident that she was labouring under a temporary fit of insanity. But Mrs. Carlton could not make up her mind to speak to her son on the subject, though he now knew that the wretched secret of his life could be no longer concealed.

As soon as her arm would allow of it Blanche was moved to Etheridge; and then she fell into a depressed, melancholy state, and her health seemed gradually to decline. As time went on, symptoms of injury to her spine, unperceived at the time, showed themselves, and she became partially paralyzed. Her husband never left her, and his mother saw with anxiety how much this protracted nursing was telling upon him.

'Surely you will allow us to help you to nurse poor Blanche,' she said to him one day, reproachfully. 'You are fagging yourself to death.'

'I am well enough, mother. I do not wish to keep you away from Blanche, but I know best what she means. I think she gets weaker every day. That fall was a great shock to her. You have been so kind and so considerate, in never questioning me about her, that I should like you to know all, and how wretched my life has been.'

'Four years ago, I became so madly in love with Blanche, from the first moment I saw her, that I felt I could not live without her, and used every possible endeavour to gain her affections. I was with her constantly, but she never seemed to understand that I loved her; and at last I asked her mother's permission to be allowed to speak to her, and implore her to be my wife.'

'How could her mother allow

you to do so?' said Mrs. Carlton, indignantly.

'That is a question for her own conscience,' he replied, with a sad and bitter smile. 'There was an odd kind of hesitation in her manner at first, but afterwards she made no difficulty, and attributed Blanche's indifference, as I did myself, to her extreme youth. Now I look back, many things strike me as strange which then, in my infatuation, I scarcely noticed. Our marriage was a hurried one, as you know; and Mrs. Ellerton would not listen to your wish that we might come to England. As soon as we were married we went to Naples, and in about six weeks one of these paroxysms came on. I laid it then to incipient fever, and rejected the notion of the doctor, who apprehended that the symptoms were those of hereditary insanity. I told Mrs. Ellerton the doctor's opinion, when, to my horror, she confessed that he was right, and informed me that her husband was confined in a lunatic asylum. She excused herself by saying that she had believed that Blanche had nearly outgrown this tendency, and was persuaded that the climate of Italy would complete the cure, which she affirmed it had already begun. She told me that these attacks were the cause of Blanche's extreme delicacy, and their leaving America. She implored me to bear with her, as she was convinced that she would gradually recover. There was no need to counsel me to be patient with her, poor darling! but you can imagine how heart-stricken I was, and what my life has been ever since. While it was possible, I concealed this. I heard all that was said and believed against me: how I was supposed to ill-treat one whom it was the sole object of my life to shield and protect; but I heeded it not. There was no longer any happiness for me in life, and I cared for nothing that the world might say; for, say what it might, nothing could exceed my loneliness and misery. It grieved me most to see how you and Laura misjudged

me; and yet for her sake, and for the possible chance of a child, I bore all in silence. Now you know why I never allowed her to go out without me. It was no "morbid fancy" that made me so careful of her. Any excitement had a tendency to bring on one of her attacks, and from long habit, and closely watching her, I had learned to detect the very first symptoms. By quiet and medicine these attacks are under a certain amount of control, and they now seldom last many days. My conduct throughout may have been mistaken,' he said, with a deep sigh, 'but I have lived this life for her sake—not for my own.'

Mrs. Carlton could not reply. She was weeping too bitterly for the son whose life had been so strangely blighted.

'Dearest Spencer,' she said at length, 'now you will let us help you to bear this trial. You have borne it alone far too long.'

He grasped his mother's hand without speaking; and from that day she shared her watch over the wife that was fading away so slowly and surely before their eyes. Blanche was now always quiet, occasionally quite rational, but she grew rapidly weaker, and it could scarcely be said to be a grief, when she was laid in the old church at Etheridge; for they who loved her knew that sorrow and danger were, for her, over in this world, and that they might think of her as at rest.

It was many years before Spencer Carlton at all recovered the bitter trial of his young life; though, long after, the merry voices of children were heard once again in the old castle at Etheridge. He was now a grey-haired, middle-aged man, and had married again, late in life. His present wife was very different to her he had so loved and mourned. She was the daughter of the clergyman of the parish, a kind-hearted, sensible woman, without either beauty or accomplishment. With her he led a quiet, useful life; but the impress of his great grief had left indelible traces upon him, which were never effaced.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.
H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE.

Drawn by the late George H. Thomas. Engraved by William L. Thomas.

GENIUS IN LOVE.

WHAT is genius? 'Really, my good sir,' as the judicious Mr. Skindeep says to the inquiring Popanilla in the work of a renowned author, 'I am the very last man in the world to answer questions.' The probability, reader, is that you know as much and as little of the matter as I do. One cannot help thinking that, if metaphysicians understood their trade, and if their trade were worth understanding, this is a point on which they might have favoured us with a few remarks in the way of practical elucidation. But for the most part these gentlemen prefer to soar into regions of the intellectual firmament where ordinary men and ordinary questions are left far behind. If they do on rare occasions leave the airy heights of speculation and descend into the valleys of common sense, their observations on the subject of genius are serviceable only or chiefly in so far as they put general impressions regarding it into more precise and handy shape.

'These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what
they are.'

No: and we happily have as much enjoyment in the words and works of genius as if we could, with the nicest scientific exactitude, define its character and describe its operations. A very few words on the subject will suffice for our present purpose. Once more, then, what is genius?

Vivid emotion, keen sensibility, wide range and penetrating intensity of mental vision—these we all associate with the temperament of genius. Save when his soul folds its wings and goes to sleep, the man in whose bosom is the mystic spark is stranger to that mood and condition of mind which may be characterised as a steady, safe, and tranquil mediocrity. His happiness is ecstasy. His grief is anguish. His hope is enthusiasm. His despondency is despair. A spring tide and a neap tide, respectively the

highest and the lowest in the tidal changes of the month, are, with submission to the elegant and amiable authoress of 'The Woman's Kingdom,' impossibilities in the realm of physical nature; but in the heart of the man of genius, the highest tide of feeling alternates in swift sequence with the lowest.

In the next place, every one recognises a connection between genius and power. Madness gives a man three times the strength he has in moments of sanity, and in this, as in other respects, genius is to madness near allied. Talent inspired with a fervour which enables it to do three times its regular and expected work, if not identical with genius, is something which mankind cannot practically distinguish from genius. Consider Lord Brougham. His capacities, one and all, were never anything more than those of the consummate pleader and the successful bookmaker. Brougham with the steam off would never have been thought by any one a man of genius. But when his fiery volition put all the machinery of his intellect in motion—when, in the words of a spectator of his energy at its height, he was 'a volcano, an eruption, a devouring flame, a storm, a whirlwind, a cataract, a torrent, a sea, thunder and an earthquake,'—your description of the sons of genius would have been precise indeed to exclude Harry Brougham from the sacred band.

Again, we all more or less appreciate and enter into that remark of wise Aristotle's that it is the gift of genius to detect by quick intuitive perception the similitudes of nature and to think and speak in metaphor. In the universe there is for genius nothing sudden, nothing single; the frame of things is for it pervaded with melodious harmonies—harmonies of colour, harmonies of sound, harmonies of meaning, tone answering tone, light reflecting light. Does the man of genius behold the purity of untrodden snow? He thinks of innocence, and simplicity, and modesty, and stainless truth,

Does he behold the flush of dawn upon that snow, or upon lilies and white roses? He thinks of the still rarer mantling of colours on the cheek of beauty. For him the sphere-music is no lie, the voice of Memnon's statue at the touch of sunrise no fable. For his 'quick poetic senses' the hills have language; he feels the 'pulse of dew upon the grass,' and 'silent shadows from the trees refresh him like a slumber.'

But after all, the essential element in genius is its art of combining preciousness with newness. To say that genius is original, novel, surprising, inventive, is not enough; a drunken Irishman will invent you as much as you like, and turn out no end of 'things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.' But genius, mysteriously mingling old materials with its own fire, mysteriously inspiring clay with its own breath of life, gives birth to creations which are at once new and vital, at once original and valuable. How *true*, how *obvious*, you say, when you hear the word spoken by genius, and yet somehow you never said it.

'Whom genius guides so writes that every dunce,
Enraptured, thinks to do the same at once,
But after inky thumbs and bitten nails,
And twenty scattered quires, the coxcomb fails.'

Genius extracts the elixir of nature, and this elixir is the soul of art. Genius, therefore, is at once the most natural and the most artificial of things.

'Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean: so o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. . . . This is an art
Which does mend Nature,—change it rather:
but
The art itself is Nature.'

Genius is therefore the pioneer of civilisation in all its fields—'the power,' as Wilson says, 'that keeps perpetually evolving the new from the old, so that this life, and this world, and these skies, are something different to-day from what they were yesterday, and will be something different to-morrow from what they were to-day, and so on for ever.'

But am I not getting into altitudes

where footing is likely to fail me? Perhaps. Let me hark back on a lowlier strain, and make the observation, that genius, sublime and beautiful as it by nature is, can be very provoking. Whim, caprice, waywardness, wilfulness, absence of mind, awkwardness in little things, distaste for common pleasures, contempt for ordinary men and women, confusion in figures, irregularity in payments, unintelligible humours, 'fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle for girls of nine,' are as a matter of fact the imps and demons which haunt the brain of genius. Ask the ladies. Not the cerulean and enraptured beings who think that it would be bliss to black the boots of poets and artists, but those estimable, housewifely persons who had the most intimate opportunities of observing Rousseau, Diderot, Edgar Poe, Lord Byron, and even Robert Burns. Was genius in the twisted, snarling, cross-grained, sparkling-eyed mannikin of Twickenham always sweet, sunny, and companionable? Was it angel or devil that flashed out in weird and mystic glitterings from under the shaggy brows of Swift? Men whose food is nectar and ambrosia will be apt to lack relish for tea and toast. Boiled leg of mutton, 'smoking, and tender, and juicy,' has no charms for them. And yet, as Thackeray asks, what better meat could there be? The cleverest market woman cannot buy better bread than is baked of wheat; and this is exactly what these superlatives want. The peculiarity and essence of their being is that they dwell in an element of the new, and yet ninety-nine hundredths of the stuff of life is old and commonplace. Genius is not remarkable for the domestic virtues.

What is love? Believe me, madam, you know as well as your humble servant.

'Ask not of me, love, what is love,
Ask what is good of God above,
Ask of the great sun what is light,
Ask what is darkness of the night,
Ask sin of what may be forgiven,
Ask what is happiness of heaven,
Ask what is folly of the crowd,
Ask what is fashion of the shroud,

Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss,
 Ask of thyself what beauty is;
 And if they each should answer, I !
 Let me, too, join them with a sigh.
 Oh ! let me pray my life may prove,
 When thus, with thee, that I am love.'

This is all very well for a lover, but it is no answer to our question. 'In the conducting medium of Fantasy,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'flames-forth that *fire*-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity, which, as unfolded between man and man, we first emphatically denominate LOVE.' Another writer, probably of more tender years, speaks of love as that emotion 'which plays, in the world, so strange and prominent a part, grouping around itself comedy and tragedy, the life of literature and art, the source of half the nobleness and half the crime of human history, unique in its nature and irresistible in its influence, indefinable by any, but in some way conceived by all, and known distinctively by the name of love.' Love is the passion of passions, the sovereign interest and agitation of the soul.

'All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of love,
 And feed its sacred flame.'

Love plants the wilderness with gardens, and fills the desert with enchantment. Love kindles the coldest heart into ardour, and fills the duldest eye with eloquent light. Love raises the mean soul for a moment above itself, and inspires the feeble with heroic courage. Many, perhaps most, have never really loved, for the entire ramification of our highly artificial society might be described as a machinery for counteracting or dispensing with this vital and transcendent emotion; but when love is genuine it absorbs, transforms, tyrannises over every faculty of the soul.

And now, suppose these fires should meet. Suppose Genius, the spirit of the lightning, should blend with Love, the spirit of the dawn, will not the union be something to celebrate? Will not the Muses, the Graces, the rosy Hours, Minerva, queen of wisdom, Cytherea,

queen of fascination, and all the Olympian train, dance in sprightly mazes or in stately measures at such a wedding? Will there not be romantic episodes, thrilling confessions, singular coincidences, magical surprises? Will there not be palpitations of strange delicious excitement, tumults of bewildering rapture, tears of burning bliss, and sighs of transport?

'There is no love but love at first sight,' observes a celebrated novelist. The love of genius is generally if not always at first sight, and the enthusiasm with which the novelist in question proceeds to expatiate on the love thus created is hardly overwrought. 'Magnificent, sublime, divine sentiment!' he exclaims. 'An immortal flame burns in the breast of that man who adores and is adored. He is an ethereal being. The accidents of earth touch him not. Revolutions of empires, changes of creed, mutations of opinion, are to him but the clouds and meteors of a stormy sky. The schemes and struggles of mankind are, in his thinking, but the anxieties of pigmies and the fantastical achievements of apes. Nothing can subdue him.' Equally elated and equally unreasonable is another of the same novelist's characters on a similar occasion. 'If she be not mine,' rhapsodises this one, 'there is no longer Venice—no longer human existence—no longer a beautiful and everlasting world. Let it all cease; let the whole globe crack and shiver; let all nations and all human hopes expire at once; let chaos come again if this girl be not my bride!' Delirium of this kind is happily confined to the honeymoon; and the moon of honey, like other moons, never by any chance becomes five weeks old.

Genius loves intensely; but mere intensity of love may sometimes awaken genius and bring it to its work. 'Beauty,' says Wilson finely, 'is often immortalised by genius that knows not it is genius, believing itself to be but love. Genius domineers over all other feelings and faculties, but is itself the slave of love.'

Life, however, lasts longer than the honeymoon. There is, besides, in human affairs a widely extended and very powerful law called the law of reaction. The higher the billows, the deeper the valleys between. The more intense the passion, the more confidently may we expect its lull, its subsidence; and the number of well-authenticated instances of love being converted into its opposite, and extremity of passionate devotion becoming extremity of hate, put it beyond all question that this not unfrequently takes place. Add that the course of true love, which, even in the case of ordinary mortals, is not remarkable for smooth flowing, is not more but less likely to flow smoothly when genius is in love, and it will become evident that the conjunction of love and genius is no guarantee of domestic or personal happiness. Accordingly it is the fact that, while a very large proportion of the noblest literature in the world has been inspired by happy love, a proportion nearly as large of the calamities, quarrels, mishaps, misfortunes, and mistakes of genius have been in some way connected with this passion. On the dark side, therefore, as well as the bright, this subject is interesting. A wide field thus opens before us; and under favour of the editorial powers and the indulgent reader, it may be our lot hereafter to take a flying look into some of those bowers where love and genius have met. Shall we, for example, steal upon Swift as he sat in the garden with Stella, and exercised upon her that mysterious and terrible fascination which was at once her ecstasy and her torture? Shall we open the door of that Dutch garret in which Mirabeau and Sophie de Monnier enjoyed their brief hour of ill-starred and lawless bliss? Shall we accompany Goethe in a morning call on Frederica or an afternoon stroll with Charlotte? or shall we look a little into the remarkable fact that Scott, Byron, and the artist Turner were all unhappy, or at least unsuccessful, in their earliest and truest love? This and much more we shall have to deal with if we are to attempt giving anything like a satis-

factory account of Genius in Love. But we must not peer into the future or trouble ourselves about crossing the bridge until we reach it.

Of loves actually celebrated in poetry, the most renowned are, beyond question, those of Dante and of Petrarch. The most glorious monument ever reared by love and genius to woman is the great poem of Dante. Compared with the transcendent homage of the poet to his Beatrice all other compliments to the sex are slight and trivial. It is not a matter of critical speculation whether he intended the Divine Comedy to enshrine his love for Beatrice. He expressly says so. In a note appended by him to the collection of his miscellaneous poems on the subject of his early love, he uses these words:—'I beheld a marvellous vision, which has caused me to cease from writing in praise of my blessed Beatrice, until I can celebrate her more worthily; which that I may do, I devote my whole soul to study, as *she* knoweth well; insomuch, that if it please the Great Disposer of all things to prolong my life for a few years upon this earth, I hope hereafter to sing of my Beatrice what never yet was said or sung of woman.' To utter such a hope was daring; to accomplish it was sublime. But indeed the consciousness of superlative genius, inspiring a proud intrepidity, does not mock those who experience that thrilling emotion. Milton also stood forth in his youth and informed his contemporaries that it was his purpose and ambition to compose an immortal poem, and he lived to write *Paradise Lost*. But the love of Dante for Beatrice casts a ray of finer, softer beauty over his poetic ambition than rests upon the aspiration of Milton. The love of that woman beautified and hallowed Dante's whole existence. He was but a boy of nine, she a girl of eight, when they met at a banquet given by her father, Folco di Portinari. One can imagine the glow in the large, dark, eloquent face of the princely boy, as he looked upon the golden tresses and azure eyes of the radiant maiden, and loved her once and for

over. Long years of exile and of agony sealed up the tenderness which beamed in mild light from the grave, olive-complexioned features of young Dante, and engraved upon them the emblems of enduring and unutterable pain. The women as they then looked on him said that he had been in hell, and that his face was scarred with fire and brimstone. But he had not been through the fire when he first gazed on Beatrice, and

‘ Into his heart received her heart,
And gave her back his own.’

Boccaccio, and following Boccaccio, Mrs. Jameson and Professor Wilson have enabled us to realize something of what Beatrice was in womanhood. Not slender or fragile, but on that scale of beauty which the great Venetian painters loved, she was ‘tall and of a commanding figure, graceful in her gait as the peacock, upright as the crane.’ Her hair was fair and curling, her forehead ample, her mouth, ‘when it smiled, surpassed all things in sweetness; her neck was white and slender, springing gracefully from the bust; her chin small, round, and dimpled; her arms beautiful and round; her hands soft, white, and polished; her fingers slender, and decorated with jewelled rings, as became her birth.’ Dante never won his Beatrice. She was wedded to another, and soon after died. But she had passed into his dreams, and remained there for ever. The shock of her death affected him so deeply ‘that his best friends could scarcely recognize him.’ In subsequent years he also married, but he was not happy with his wife; nor was it possible that he could be happy, for one feeling, too sacred and too ethereal to be called a passion, held possession of his soul. He loved Beatrice; if he could but see her, if he could but converse with her, if he could but know that she placed her foot on the same round world with him, it mattered little that she was the wife of another; and when death rapt her away from his bodily vision, he followed her in spirit into heaven, and saw the whole universe through her eyes.

On earth joy had become impossible for him. His heart was rent, and his frame was shaken, by his great woe. ‘His grief,’ says Professor Wilson, ‘was gloomier than other men’s despair—his subsequent sorrow sterner than other men’s grief. Yet all the while, how divine his tenderness, as the tenderness of a mourning and bereaved angel! His thoughts of his Beatrice do not lie too deep for tears! Dante weeps, often, long, we might almost say incessantly. But his are not showers of tears, which, by a law of nature, must relieve the heart, just as rain relieves the sky. Big drops plash down upon his page, like the first of a thunder-shower; but let them continue to drop, at sullen intervals, for hours and hours, they seem still to be *the first*, the huge black mass of woe and despair is undiminished and unenlightened.’

And yet, doubt it not, there was a fiery particle of joy in the heart of Dante’s sorrow, like the electric spark in the bosom of the cloud. He loved supremely, and he knew that he was loved. Had you offered him all the world for the consciousness of his love, and for the knowledge that it was returned, he would have rejected the offer in silent scorn. Through all the sorrow which we read in Giotto’s portrait of Dante, the secret of this joy may, I think, be seen to gleam. And was there no joy for him in the composition of that poem, which was to link the name of Beatrice with deathless beauty, and with deathless music? Her presence in that poem is, even in an artistic point of view, an inestimable advantage. The hell, the purgatory, the heaven of the great mediæval epic, associated as they were with the theology of the mediæval Church, might have lost their hold upon human sympathy and human intelligence, when that mediæval theology, and all the frame of things with which it was associated, had receded into the shadowy vagueness of the past. But the pure and deep humanity of Dante’s love for Beatrice lends eternal freshness to the poem. She does not, indeed, appear in its two earlier portions, the Hell and the Purgatory, but her

influence is felt even in regions where her blessed spirit can have no abode. Through all the magnificent procession of the poem we have a dim consciousness that we are moving towards Beatrice. At last, in the sunless light of heaven, she beams out in clear effulgence upon us. She leads the poet through circle after circle of the celestial realm. She leads him higher and higher, until he finds that she has quitted his side; and far away among the supremely blessed, we behold her throne. 'She looks down upon him'—thus writes a woman of genius, describing the situation—from her effulgent height, smiles on him with celestial sweetness, and then fixing her eyes on the eternal fountain of glory, is absorbed in ecstasy. Here we leave her; the poet had touched the limits of permitted thought; the seraph wings of imagination, borne upwards by the inspiration of deep love, could no higher soar, the audacity of genius could dare no further! Even in the hall of the winds, as Goethe says, there are serene and sunny spots, where no agitation breaks the still and tranced repose; and in a love which expressed itself thus, let us be sure there was, whatever its sorrows, an indestructible soul of joy. Such was the opinion of Professor Wilson, the most poetical of critics, with whose apostrophe to Dante we shall bid adieu to the stern Florentine. 'Dante, thy boyhood was blest beyond all bliss; and till the prime of manhood thou wert with thy Beatrice, even on earth, in the heaven of heavens, cheaply purchased by despair and madness! Thy spirit sounded the depths of woe, but no plummet-line, even of all thy passions upon passions, could reach the bottom of that sea. When the blackness of night lay densest upon thee, arose before thine eyes thy own celestial Beatrice, and far and wide diffused a sacred and indestructible light over all thy stormy world. She disappeared, thou didst follow her, even in the flesh, beyond the "flaming bounds of space and time," and behold her among the brightest angels. Therefore, man of many woes, and trou-

bles, and disquietudes, and hates, and revenges! thy fierce spirit often slept in a profounder calm than ever sleep the stillest dreams of those who, by nature and fortune, love and enjoy on earth perpetual peace. The sleep of the eagle on the cliff edge above the roar of cataracts, and in the heart of the thundercloud, is hushed and deep as that of the halcyon on the smooth and sunny main!'

Petrarch, the other world-famous Italian lover, was a very different person from Dante. No stern, earnest, deep-thoughted sage and moralist, he. Handsome, sprightly, captivating, a courtier and a coxcomb, Petrarch trimmed his cloak to the wind, cautious, that, at the corners of the streets, the sudden breeze should not disorder his curls. There was a religious reverence in Dante's love for Beatrice. The only form of self-accusation which he ever for a moment entertained in connection with her, was that he did not love her enough, and his every thought regarding her was so pure that he could have recalled it when he met her in the heaven of heavens. But Petrarch's love was of a less exalted character. His Laura was a married woman, and Mrs. Jameson severely remarks that, 'true to his sex, a very man, he used *at first* every art, every advantage, which his diversified accomplishments of mind and person lent him, to destroy the virtue he adored.' But Laura, true to the ideal of *her* sex—for we shall not be tempted into the unpoliteness of returning Mrs. Jameson's stab—continued invincible by his arts. And then as Petrarch had, though gay, a soul of nobleness in him, he rose to her elevation, and sang her praise for repulsing him. In a writing not intended for publication he says: 'Untouched by my prayers, unvanquished by my arguments, unmoved by my flattery, she remained faithful to her sex's honour; she resisted her own young heart, and mine, and a thousand, thousand, thousand things which must have conquered any other. She remained unshaken. A woman taught me the duty of a man! To persuade me to keep to the path of virtue, her conduct was

at once an example and a reproach; and when she beheld me break through all bounds, and rush blindly to the precipice, she had the courage to abandon me rather than follow me.'

Those for whom love, however they may seek to disguise the fact, is nothing if not sensual, cynics, worldlings, sceptics in human nobleness, male and female, have malignantly pointed the finger, and wagged the tongue against Laura and Petrarch, as if the purity of their love were a romantic fiction. No wonder. It is the privilege and the distinction of virtue to believe in virtue. The brave alone believe in courage, the true in truthfulness, the pure in purity. Vice always sneers, and slinks aside, and tries to comfort its hollow heart with the thought that virtue is a shade. But they have a poor and superficial idea of the female character and the mysterious depths of the female heart, who cannot feel that the mere circumstance of having such a lover as Petrarch at her feet and retaining him in subjection, while all the time she remained mistress of herself, conquering but not conquered, receiving that proud homage, and yet not deigning to do anything to earn it which would bring a blush on her brow in the presence of her husband, must have afforded a true woman a more intense, delicious, and transcendent joyfulness than ever was experienced in the gratification of passion. Yes; in drinking the full rapture of knowing that she was loved by Petrarch, in seeing him with the cup of enchantment always at his lips yet never permitting him to taste it, in the inscrutable blending of cruelty and kindness in her dealings with him, Laura showed herself a very woman. So Mrs. Jameson agrees, and the verdict of one woman on the point is worth the universal suffrage of men. Love in actual, passionate enjoyment, is charming, bewitching, to the female heart; but in seeing the strong man at her feet, in beholding the weakness which she has wrought, in that sense of triumph in which love, caprice, and feminine pride are mingled,

there is for woman an ecstasy more bewitching and bewildering still. Do not the two greatest of our recent female novelists bear witness to this fact? Is not the climax of feminine joy and pride depicted by Charlotte Brontë, as attained, not when Jane Eyre sits at the feet of Rochester, his affianced bride, but when the 'resolute, wild, free' soul of the little governess looks out through her keen glittering eye upon the paroxysm of his passion, and when love and virtue in woman prove stronger than impassioned vice in man? And who does not feel that, when George Eliot represents Maggie in the 'Mill on the Floss,' after Stephen Guest, whom she deliciously loves, has actually carried her away, as mastering her fiery passion in the calm, invincible determination that she will not yield to him, this great painter of human nature is true to the instincts of the female heart? They know little of the soul of woman who imagine that a wanton can ever experience the highest bliss of love.

Nor are we incapable of believing that, after the first shock of disappointment was over, Petrarch could thank Laura for the serene elevation and steadfast purity of her regard. Certain, at least, we are, that if she had yielded he would not have continued to hymn her praises all his life. In singing of her he had a constant and abiding joy. Not one tone of that life-long melody, as it swelled from his heart to his lip, but was to him a thrill of delight. To Petrarch, as to all true minstrels, poetry was enjoyment, and whatever deepened the music or enriched the colouring of his verse, was to him an advantage, a blessing, a source of rapture. But the service performed by love for poetry has been described in language so glowing, and in terms so true by a lady, that I should be ungallant to refuse to quote them. 'If the lover was unsuccessful,' says Mrs. Jameson, 'still the poet had his reward. Whence came the generous feelings, the high imaginations, the glorious fancies, the heavenward inspirations, which raised him above the herd of vulgar men,

but from the ennobling influence of her he loved? Through her, the world opened upon him with a diviner beauty, and all nature became in his sight but a transcript of the charms of his mistress. He saw her eyes in the stars of heaven, her lips in the half-blown rose. The perfume of the opening flowers was but her breath, that "wafted sweetness round about the world;" the lily was a "sweet thief" that had stolen its purity from her breast. The violet was dipped in the azure of her veins; the aureorean dew, "dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn," were not so pure as her tears; the last rose-tint of the dying day was not so bright or so delicate as her cheek. Hers was the freshness and the bloom of the spring; she consumed him to languor as the summer sun; she was kind as the bounteous autumn, or she froze him with her wintry disdain. There was nothing in the wonders, the splendours, or the treasures of the created universe, in heaven or in earth, in the seasons or their change, that did not borrow from her some charm, some glory beyond its own. Was it not just that the beauty she dispensed should be consecrated to her adornment, and that the inspiration she bestowed should be repaid to her in fame? Laura, I may add, was opulent, moved in the first class of society, wreathed her hair in a coronet of silver, and had necklaces and ornaments of pearl. The general character of her beauty was pensive, soft, unobtrusive. She had a beautiful hand, and a mouth of angelic sweetness. A ladylove worthy to share the amaranth with a poet.

But it were a great mistake to decide that poets can tell us nothing about love, and throw no illustration upon the connection between love and genius, unless they write sonnets to some particular Laura, or compose Divine Comedies in honour of one superlative Beatrice. Poets, male and female, are the most sympathetic of creatures. The emotions common to human nature are theirs, only they feel them more profoundly and with a quicker and more vocal consciousness than are met with in

other men and women. It might be maintained that every one who is in love is in so far a person of genius. He dwells in a region of enchantment, and the fiery and electric element which tingles in his veins colours all his thoughts and all his emotions as a magnetic storm on the earth paints the sky with the hues of aurora borealis. Nor would it be absurd or paradoxical to maintain that every man of genius is chronically in love. From his eyes flashes a passionate enthusiasm over all nature. 'A poet,' says Carlyle, with scientific accuracy, 'without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.' But the love which gushes out over every province of nature and humanity concentrates itself for the poet in passionate affection for woman. It is of comparatively small consequence whether he is in love with an actual woman; but unless his sympathy fixes upon love for woman as the central and most intense passion of the human breast, he belongs to the second, not to the first order of poets. In this sense all great poets, especially and emphatically all great modern poets, are love poets. Shakespeare is the king of such, and that not chiefly because of his love-poems expressly so called—his Sonnets, his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece—but because, in *Romeo and Juliet*, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and many other dramas, he has explored in its subtlest mysteries, and exhibited in its highest transports, the passion of love. Shakespeare's poetry, while it is the poetry of all great thought and all great passion, is pre-eminently the poetry of love. He knows love in all its moods. He knows it in man and in woman—an assertion which could be made of hardly any other, for men of genius commonly know love only in men, and women of genius love only in women. He knows it when it is the 'enchanted reverie' of the girl who dreams of her lover in the glades of the forest. He knows it when it flames forth in the sunny and exuberant ardour of youth, bathing the world in the hues of sunrise. He knows it when its fiery

charm steals over the prudent, witty, worldly-wise bachelor, who has long smiled at the wily archer, and bid him keep his shafts for simpletons. He knows it when it is the maddening torture of jealousy, hurrying its victim to crime, calamity, despair. He knows the love of Rosalind and of Romeo; the love of Benedick and of Othello; the love of Antony and of Brutus; the love of Cleopatra and of Portia; the love of Jessica and of Perdita; the loves of all the world. It is a remarkable fact—true, let us be sure, to human nature—that the love of woman is by Shakespeare represented as a higher, purer, holier thing than the love of man. For Shakespeare the temple of ideal nobleness on earth is the form of woman. He is doubtless correct; and yet one has to beware of sentimental cant. Pope was right when he said that ‘most women have no character at all;’ and the uncharacterized insipidity of the sex is attested and evinced in nothing more convincingly than in this, that most women have not a thought in marrying beyond obtaining a settlement in life with a man who has a sufficiency of money, and is not positively repulsive to them.

We have had a glance at the love-poetry of Italy; it may be worth while to look at that of Germany. For the present, indeed, we shall pass by that poet who is generally, and perhaps justly regarded as occupying the highest seat on the German Parnassus, and who was one of the greatest love-poets that ever existed—Goethe. The loves and the love-poetry of Goethe form so interesting and so extensive a subject that, if treated at all, they must be treated separately. The contemporary, the friend, the brother in fame and in genius of Goethe, was Frederick Schiller. He died when he had attained the maturity of manhood, but before he had completed his work. His greatest poem might still have been looked for; and if he had prosecuted his literary labours for another clear quarter of a century, the question whether he or Goethe was the greater poet might have received a different answer from that which the ma-

jority of critics now return to it. Dying when he did, he nevertheless left behind him the greatest drama of modern times, a drama which Coleridge deemed it worthy of his genius to translate, and respecting which Carlyle has used the words, ‘Faust is but a careless effusion compared with Wallenstein.’ Consummate, however, as was Schiller’s success in the drama, it may be doubted whether, after all, his genius was not supremely lyrical. The great body of the German people sing the songs of Schiller. The lyric enthusiasm of the nation becomes musical in his verse. But he is a better love-poet when he expresses the feelings of imaginary characters than when he speaks in his own person. The pieces addressed to Miss Schwann, whose accepted lover he was for a time, are a poorer counterpart to Petrarch’s sonnets to Laura than Klopstock’s Messiah to Milton’s Paradise Lost. They are strained, one had almost said bombastic, in expression, and are rather the ingenious imitation of fire than fire itself. It is in his *Thekla*, his *Leonora*, his *Amelia*, that Schiller incarnates the true rapture and devotion of love. These all are not so much women poetically alive and conceivable, as embodied tones of lyrical sentiment and melody. There exists not in literature a more intense realization of the bliss and the fervour of love than Schiller attains in delineating the heroine of ‘*The Robbers*.’ Juliet herself does not love more strongly than *Amelia*. ‘*He sails on troubled seas,*’ she exclaims; ‘*Amelia’s love sails with him. He wanders in pathless deserts; Amelia’s love makes the burning sand grow green beneath him, and the stunted shrubs to blossom. The south scorches his bare head; his feet are pinched by the northern snow; stormy hail beats round his temples—Amelia’s love rocks him to sleep in the storm.*’ *Amelia’s* song in the garden throws all other delineations of the transport of lovers into the shade. To convey a just idea of the piece to those who cannot read it in the original is a vain attempt. It is like painting a sunlit cataract. The

slightest alteration from the exact words and their sequence so completely breaks the impression that a translation in prose is fairer to the original than a paraphrase in verse. The poem is of course extravagant in the last degree; but the transports of love, unless Shakespeare fails in depicting his Romeo and his Juliet, are by nature extravagant. It is hardly necessary to add that, though a literal translation in prose may do more justice to Schiller than limping and paraphrastic verse, prose cannot really represent poetry. It may give the timber: it cannot give the tree. Here, however, to be taken by the reader for what they are worth, are the successive stanzas of the famous love-song of Amelia, done into prose:—

'Fair as angels, full of Valhalla's ravishment, fair beyond all the youths was he; heavenly mild his glance as the sun of May, beamed back from the blue mirror of the sea.

'His embrace—maddening rapture!—with mighty and fiery beating, throbb'd heart on heart; lip and ear enchained, night before our eyes—and the spirit rapt heavenward in a whirlwind.

'His kisses—paradisical feeling! As two flames grapple and blend, as harp-tones play into each other, in heaven-filled harmony,

'Leapt, flew, rushed spirit and spirit together; lips, cheeks burned, trembled; soul ran into soul; earth and heaven swam round, as if shattering over the heads of the lovers.

'He is gone. In vain, ah, in vain, the heavy sigh breathes after him. He is gone: and all the joy of life wails itself away in one desolate Ah!

This is what I make of it; and as I peruse the lines, I am almost startled by the difference between them and those stanzas of Schiller which, even to my Anglo-Saxon ear, have in the original German often sounded like a clash of all the bells of Elysium.

We may say with hardly any qualification, that no poetry in

one language is translatable into poetry in another. It may be improved; it may be deteriorated; but purely what it is in the original it cannot be in the translation. With reference to ancient poetry, this is so manifestly and incontrovertibly the case, that proof would be an impertinence. From Homer, from Sophocles, from Horace, we can only adapt—attempt to hit something which shall produce an effect in English like that produced by them in Greek or in Latin. The Greek tongue, spoken or written, is melody. We are still aware of a grand roll of battle music in Homer, and a solemn, golden cadence in Sophocles; but we cannot feel the tune as they did even when we read the Greek; and when we try to imprison their melody in the finest meshes of English speech, the subtle spirit escapes. Macaulay is a little—ever so little—too brilliantly clever in what he says about Pope's and Tickell's rival translations of the first book of the *Iliad*. 'Neither of the rivals,' says Macaulay, 'can be said to have translated the *Iliad*, unless, indeed, the word translation be used in the sense which it bears in a "*Midsummer Night's Dream*." When Bottom makes his appearance with an ass's head instead of his own, Peter Quince exclaims, "Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated!" In this sense, undoubtedly, the readers of either Pope or Tickell may very properly exclaim, "Bless thee, Homer! thou art translated indeed!"' Pope was not an ass in relation even to Homer; but, sure enough, Pope's *Iliad* is not Homer's *Iliad*. It is a terse, far-glancing, artificially beautiful poem; it is therefore popular—the most popular poem, calling itself a translation, in the English, or perhaps in any language; but it is a poem by Pope, adapted from Homer. It is a Cherokee chieftain dressed to go to court at St. James's. It is an Etruscan vase elegantly enamelled at Sèvres. The Odes of Horace were, I suppose, lilted and danced to by the girls and boys of Rome; they will never be lilted or danced to any more for ever; they are the delight

of elderly, port-imbibing gentlemen, and are descanted on by sombre professors, whose appearance in a ball-room would strike the fiddles dumb. All this one learns to submit to with philosophy, for the past will not be the present, and the question always and only is, *when* the past is used up and done with. But it is still more tantalising to be obliged to confess that German, French, or Italian poetry—the poetry which is sung, and loved, and rejoiced in by men and women living in Europe—cannot, in the essence and magic of it, be translated. The *élixir vitae* always escapes; and the escape is the more vexing because sometimes it is possible, almost to within a hairsbreadth, to transfuse the German, French, or Italian poem into an English mould, and render it word for word. Some cadence will not be echoed—some tint cannot be caught—some bitter which gives piquancy to the sweet vanishes away—some tone of liquid and melting harmony which depends upon the peculiar genius of the language, and has not a phonetic equivalent in any other tongue, is lost; and so the melody and the life of the original exhale. When you first glance at this Amelia's song in German, your impression is that it will be easy to throw it into an exactly corresponding shape in English. Whole lines come right, sense for sense, tone for tone. But some of the lines will not transfuse, do what you like, and in the end you prefer prose to a half success.

There is a love-poem about the lotus by Heine, the most popular poet of Germany since Goethe. It is complete, and beautiful as a pearl; in the following version, though the rendering is closely literal, the pearl will prove to be melted down in water, and will merely show some of its colours in the glass. Heine takes the lotus-flower as the type of the absorption and rapture of love, availing himself of the belief which then prevailed that the Egyptian lotus sleeps with folded flowers during the day, and awakens under the beams of the moon. Naturalists now inform us that this is a fable; that it is, in fact, the reverse of the

truth, the lotus folding itself up, or even drawing itself under water, after sunset, and coming up at dawn. Heine took the common idea, and applied it to his purpose. It is necessary to premise, further, that the moon presents itself to the German imagination as a young man, and that Heine here personifies it as an impassioned lover.

'The lotus shrinks and faintheth
Beneath the sun's fierce light;
With head drooped low, and dreaming deep,
She waits the coming night.

'The Moon, he is her lover,
He wakes her with his rays,
And to him unveils she friendly
Her holy flower-face.

'She blooms, and glows, and lightens,
And stares right into the sky;
She pants, and weeps, and trembles,
For love and love's agony.*

The temptation which most frequently proves fatal to even an approximate correspondence between a translated poem and the original, is that of producing a piece which will in itself be beautiful and charming. Every reader of Goethe knows the wild, gay, bright gush of lyric melody entitled, 'Heiden-Röslein,'† literally, 'The Little Rose of the Heath.' We cannot say roselet—the more's

* 'Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

'Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumen-gesicht.

'Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet,
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

† 'Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lieber schnell es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

'Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich
Dass du ewig denkst auf mich
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

the pity—as we can say streamlet and leaflet; so we must content ourselves with rosebud of the heath or moorland. Goethe's poem might have been sung by Zephyr to Aurora, 'when he met her once a-maying.' It has been rendered by Sir Theodore Martin, a felicitous and masterly translator, and a very pretty piece Sir Theodore's is. Readers shall judge of it for themselves—

THE WILD ROSE.

'A boy espied, in morning light,
A little rosebud blowing;
'Twas so delicate and bright,
That he came to feast his sight,
And wonder at its growing.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blowing!

"I will gather thee," he cried,
"Rosebud brightly blowing!"
"Then I'll sting thee," it replied,
"And you'll quickly start aside,
With the prickle glowing."
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blowing!

'But he plucked it from the plain,
The rosebud brightly blowing!
It turned and stung him, but in vain,
He regarded not the pain,
Homewards with it going.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blowing!

Really a bright little ditty, which one could sing with enjoyment. But it belongs quite as much to Sir Theodore Martin as to Goethe. The locality of the flower, the heath or moorland, on which, in its own tender loveliness, the rosebud blows—where is it? A rosebud might blow brightly in any place between Calcutta and Copenhagen; but Goethe's grew upon the moorland; and, at the close of each stanza, Goethe repeats that it grew upon the moorland. In the next place, the boy of Goethe's lyric does not come 'to feast his sight' in a dignified, elderly fashion; he runs to look at the rose, and without any wonder, philosophical or otherwise, 'at its growing,' he gazes on it in a

tumult of joy. When the boy threatens to break it from the stalk, it does not comment upon the probability of his starting aside, but says that, if he breaks it, it will sting him, and so make him think of it for ever. The thought of course is that the quick return of love at first sight will enslave the heart irrecoverably; and from this to 'the prickle glowing' is something of a descent. The 'homeward with it going' of the last stanza is simply an alteration of Goethe's line; there is nothing in the original to stand for it, nothing to suggest it. Goethe's thought is, that the coy resistance of the loved one, while it insures her conquest over her lover, is yet no security to herself, but throws her all the more into the possession of sovereign love. It may have been in homage to a sensitive propriety that Sir Theodore Martin converted Goethe's arch, brilliant, and keen thoughted love-song into pretty commonplace. If Milton in his austere youth dared to write *L'Allegro*, Sir Theodore might, have ventured to translate Goethe's *Heiden-Röslein*. Following its course, line by line, and altering no idea, hardly a word, I find it impossible to give the rhymes exactly as Goethe gives them; but I think that even with this serious defect, an all but literal rendering conveys a more vivid conception of the original than the more polished and elaborate performance of Sir Theodore.

'Saw a boy a rosebud rare,
Rosebud on the moorland,
'Twas so young and morning-fair,
Swift he ran to see it there,
Saw 't with joy abounding
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud on the moorland.

'Said the boy, "Now pluck I thee,
Rosebud on the moorland;"
Rosebud said, "Then sting I thee,
That thou ever think'st on me,
And I'll not endure it."
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud on the moorland.

'So the wild young madcap plucked
Rosebud on the moorland;
Rosebud turned her round and stung
Woe is me! and ah! she sung.
Yet she must endure it:
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud on the moorland!'

'Und der wilde Knabe brach
's Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach
Hilf ihr doch kein Weh und Ach
Musstes eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth,
Röslein auf der Heiden.'

The moral of all this digression is that right education in these days ought to embrace a clear and fluent command of the living languages of cultivated Europe, French, German, Italian, and perhaps Spanish. The languages of the past have held us captive for two thousand years; their day is now drawing to its close.

Adieu, however, for the present, to the love-poetry written by men. Let us wind up with a glance at the love-poetry of a great poetic woman.

Neither poet or poetess ever wrote more nobly of love than Mrs. Barrett Browning. Reference has already been made to Shakespeare's high estimate of woman. He puts into the mouth of a man an express and deliberate confession that women love more nobly than men.

'For howsoever we may praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more fickle and infirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost than won,
Than women's are.'

In man's capacity to love purely and unselfishly Mrs. Browning had little faith. Her decision on that head is that, exacting from woman entire, enraptured, and eternal love, man can give no better promise in return than this—

'I will love *thee*—half a year—
As a man is able.'

But in describing the love of woman—the passion of the maiden, the devotion of the wife—'Mrs. Browning,' it has been justly remarked, 'has given us the counterpart to all the poetry of chivalry. Troubadour and minstrel sang for ages in homage to woman; knights and monarchs waited upon the smile of beauty: the imagination of Europe exhausted itself in devising heroic adventures, in which, penetrating through dark woods, crossing tempestuous seas, fighting giants and monsters, breaking enchantments and prison walls, the bold soldier forced his way to his ladye-love. But the counterpart in this picture, the devotion of the woman to him she loves, was wanting; and we stand in unfeigned astonishment as Mrs. Browning reveals to us what a woman's passion means. Here she had the field

almost to herself. We feel her words to be true: they come on us with the authoritative emphasis of nature, coined in the mint of the heart, and accepted by the heart at once. Yet none but a woman could have had the *right* to assert that passion so intense and self-annihilating could be inspired by man in the heart of woman.'

Is there any point wherein the ideal of love as conceived by a man differs from that of a woman? I pretend not to be able to answer the question decisively, nor would I pronounce it absolutely certain that the man and the woman do not take radically the same view of the matter. Yet I have some confidence in suggesting, by way of provisional opinion on the point, that the man sees the climax of love's bliss in the triumph, the conquest, the crowning moment when he clasps his bride, whereas the woman's deepest thought settles on the idea of wifehood, the abiding joy of married life. The supreme wish of the man is to have, not a wife, but a bride; the supreme wish of the woman is to have, not a bridegroom, but a husband. As a general rule the ardour of the woman increases after marriage, or concentrates itself into a quiet but intense and steady-burning flame of wifely devotion; the most fiery lovers almost invariably contrive to step composedly enough as husbands. Byron, I fear, was right in his notion that, if Laura had become Petrarch's wife, Petrarch would not have written sonnets all his life; but I am quite sure that, if Laura's husband had died and she had married Petrarch, *she* would have been as glowingly affectionate as a wife as she was calm, chaste, and dignified as a mistress. Diderot brought himself to death's door by the consuming vehemence of his passion for a woman who did not want him. At last, to save his life, she married him. She was a loving and faultless wife; and he, a *very* man, as Mrs. Jameson would say, had been her husband for but a few months when he was tired of her and went philandering after other women. Have we an

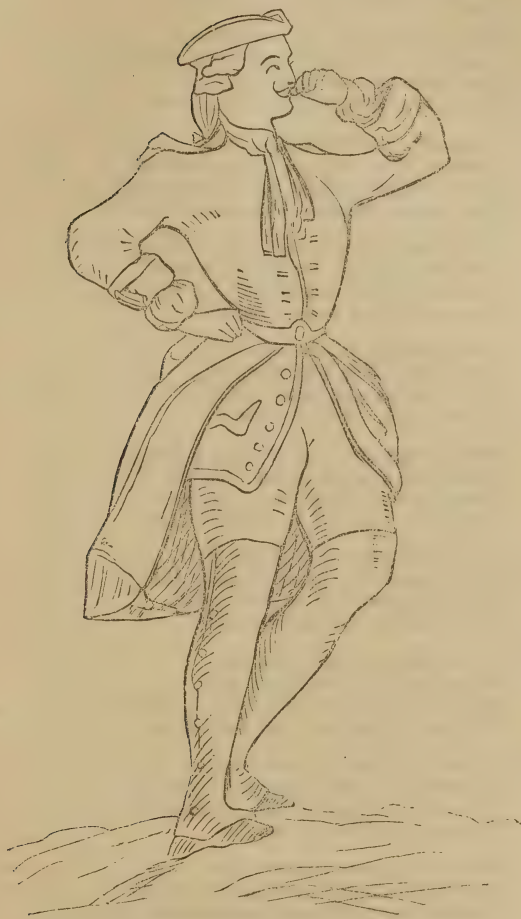
indication of all this in that ancient fable in which the intensest passion exhibited in the whole range of Greek mythology comes before us? No love in ardour could exceed that of Apollo for Daphne; but Apollo has only, for reward, the excitement and rapture of the chase. As if to show that such love as flamed in his breast could never be attempered to the mild atmosphere of nuptial happiness, his Daphne, the moment he seizes her, is changed into a tree.

Be this as it may, the province in which the genius of Mrs. Barrett Browning attained superlative and unique perfection is that of the delineation of love in the married woman. 'The love of wedded souls,' this, next to God's love, is for her the central heart of life, the solar fount of all those loves which are the light of the world, 'loves filial, loves fraternal, neighbour-loves and civic.' In 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' it is the passion of lovers she depicts; but with instinctive truth to the woman's ideal, she puts the narrative of the courtship into the mouth of the lover, not of Lady Geraldine. A man, she felt, must be the describer of courtship, for man's part is to struggle for the prize and win it. But in the 'Romaunt of the Page' and the 'Rhyme of the Duchess May,' works in which the utmost force of her genius is displayed, the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the passionate, death-scorning devotion of wifely love afford the theme. In the one the love of the wife bears her to the battle-field to share the peril of the husband and to guard his life. The luxurious delicacy and

daintiness—the refined yet cruel selfishness—of man's conception of what woman's love should be then reveals to her that, by the mere grandeur and intrepidity of her love, she has forfeited the supreme regard of her husband. Life has now become intolerable for her, and she dies; but her love for *him* never wavers, and her last words are in his praise. The Duchess May is one of the finest female characters in the whole range of literary art. All the strength and all the tenderness, all the womanly pride and the still more womanly humility, all the capricious fascination and wild, splendid, witching ways which breathe enchantment round the female form, are hers. She announces with princely disdain that she will not marry the man she does not love; with calm and dauntless decision she places her hand at the altar in the hand of the man she does love; and once his, she can smile out into the night of calamity, still and fearless as a star. In the hour of extreme need she will die with her husband; such is her right, and she asserts it; dying with him, she dies victorious and content. I believe that Mrs. Browning was capable of that death and of that devotion. With a thrill of sympathy she threw the crimson of a smile upon the lip of that wife as she sank to death in her husband's arms. Woman's love can make the chariot of death a car of triumph and convert the flames of the funeral pyre into claspings roses. In the person of the Duchess May, standing to us for Mrs. Browning, we witness what love can be in a woman of genius.



AMBIGU.



I FOUND this image yestereen
 Haphazard in a huckster's stores,
 A place of traffic in old iron,
 And articles in other ores ;

All which were loosely strewed about,
 Or gathered in incongruous packets—
 Old horseshoes, bells, and coffin-plates,
 Door-handles, knockers, nails and tackets.

But—for the huckster had a taste—
 Were ranged upon a bracket shallow
 Some objects deemed of form more chaste—
 My image reigned in this Valhalla.

A copper cherub on one side
Supported him, upon the other
A quaint old saucepan, while above,
In pewter drooped the Holy Mother.

'Mid all his peers, his worth alone
I saw through Time's complex disguises,
And, with the underrating tone
Of one who cheapens what he prizes,

To satisfy both thrift and taste,
I cried, 'Quel prix *peut* on demander?'
The huckster read me through and said,
'Cinq francs, defense d'encore marchander.'

'Five francs! five devils! how? and why?'
'Prix fixe,' replied the knave, 'diable!
On tombe, vous croyez, tous les jours
Sur un tel objet dans le sable?'

Albeit hardly pressed and sore
For coins of less denomination,
I told the ransom down and bore
My hero off. Abomination!

Dust, grime and rust of many a year—
More than a hundred far, I'll swear it—
I've gently scrubbed away, till here
He stands disclosed in pristine merit;

And gazing on his gracious form,
Like Hamlet on thy skull, poor Yorick,
My mind essays, in colours warm,
Half fanciful, yet half historic,

To conjure up the living man
Who lent the artist inspiration,
And moved his graceful hand to pluck
This fruit from skill and cogitation.

What is his era? Here I note,
A bard of ancient times would bid all
The Muses nine from heaven descend
To help elucidate the riddle;

But I, no pagan bard, invoke
No tuneless nine, but what some railer
Dubbed the ninth fraction of a man,
In other words, invoke my tailor.

Adesto Poole! thy guiding art
Illumine my investigation,
So shall my hero's garb impart
Renseignements of his age and nation.

That gallant *tricorne* set askew,
That well-kempt hair or wig (which was it?),
The faultless rigour of that queue
From which no truant lock *evasit*,

The fashion of the doublet trim,
The 'absolutely fancied' buskins,
The *taille*, the *tournure* both to please
Beau Brummell's taste or Mr. Ruskin's,

The flowing fall of lace—all tell
(I scarcely think I can get nearer)
Of a gay, French, young sporting swell,
Temp. Louis Quinze—our Georgian era—

Le voilà, who could fail to read
In flap and point, loop, lace and slashing,
And in his pose, and in his air,
A gaillard gay, a dandy dashing?

One jaunty hand upon his hip,
The other jauntily caresses
The blossom of his upper lip,
Or rather this, one's earliest guess, is

Corrected by a closer view,
Which in his hand describes a stump, it
May not unlikely once have been
A horn or ('happy thought') a trumpet,

On which he plays—the chase is o'er—
He sounds the mort—the stag is lying
Stone-dead—or, stay—a grisly boar
Reads better—yes, a boar is dying—

A horrid sight, yet not the less
Gaze on it dames and lords by dozens,
And, in the midst, the king himself,
'Toadied by all his trusty cousins,

Accepts the—boars don't wear a brush?—
The—well, the *kudos*;—' By St. Louis
'Twas nobly done, my liege! That knife—
You sent it home! What pluck! what prowess!

But, by my hero's curious air,
He pinked that boar, or I'm mistaken,
And, cautioned by the monarch's stare,
To hold his tongue and save his bacon,

Now bottles down presumptuous words
By placing 'tween his lips this cork, or
Vents through the horn disloyal spleen,
In tootling o'er the fallen porker.

And is it so? It may be so;
All turns upon the stump; another
Might say he kissed some souvenir sweet
Of—any angel, not his mother.

I seem to see it all—the glade,
Where Jacqueline, the ranger's daughter,
Keeps tryste with—let us say—the Count
Theodoric, no milk-and-water

Tea drinking spooney, but a Count
Brim-full of wickedness, who rather
Prefers, in wooing, that his love
Should irritate the object's father,—

And so it does. I see them meet
Beneath the moon—the lindens quiver—
The stars look softly down—in short,
The usual *mise en scène*—' Ah! ever,

'Sweet Jacqueline,' remarks the Count,
'This heart of mine, so fiercely beating,
Chides with wild sighs the laggard hours
That separate our hours of meeting;

'And all the echoes of the woods,
A-weary grown with constant waking,
Can only gasp "My Jacqueline!
My own! my love! my heart is breaking!"

'But now we meet I live again,
As by the stroke of wizard's wand, all
Things deck themselves in rosy tints,
Sweet maid——!' 'Sweet Count!' (they seem to fondle),

'I too rebuke the lazy hours,
I too fatigue the echoes weary,
And I' (more fondling) 'now forget
Les souffrances de mon âme déchiré.

'And wilt thou ever love me thus?'
'Yea, by this long, fond——' 'Halte là, fripon!'
Here shouts a saw-like voice, for lo!
As tigers wanton lambkins creep on,

The wrathful ranger has arrived,
Using bad French, and much excited,
And quite inclined to scalp the Count
Before his noble troth is plighted—

'Blue cordon!' shrieks my lord, and whips
Into the grove, his fingers nimble
Detaching nervously from those
He clasped their little housewife's thimble.

And this we see him mumbling now
Between his lips, as, free from danger,
He watches Jacqueline removed,
Cuffed, slapped and shaken by the ranger.

Not very likely? Well, perhaps
He only smokes. Why not? Macaulay
Tells us the vice was introduced
To Europe long before by Raleigh—

Or does he pledge in wassail cup,
Of which this stump formed part the handle,
Some peerless Peri of the court,
Of whom, good lack! the courtly scandal

Does say such very shocking things,
And how the king—but why repeat it?
Kings will be kings and courtly dames
But women—so the toast is greeted

With shrugs and winks, whereon the Count
At once his lordly temper loses,
And, rising, bawls, 'I'll cut the gorge
Of any *poltron* who refuses

'To drink this health'—and being strong
As Guy de Livingstone, 'twould follow
The cup got shivered in his clutch,
This stump alone remained—*Le voilà?*—

Or does he simply bite his thumb?
(A longish thumb) by which quaint fashion
Fierce men of blood in days of eld
Roused fellow-men to lethal passion—

Vide the Swan of Avon. I
Would never take offence a whit, on
Seeing a fellow bite his thumb,
Provided mine he left unbitten.

Chacun son goût. Of course the Count
Found some one quite of his persuasion,
And, in the woods of Fontainebleau,
They met that night, on which occasion

They laughed sardonic laughs, 'Ha! ha!
And fought, Ça! Ça! and one fell gory—
Suppose we say it was the Count,
And leave him there in all his glory,

Pinked and quite dead—the courtly star
Quenched of its light—mode's mirror broken,
And all because a thumb was bit,
And some few winey words were spoken.

But home they bore that noble form,
And all rushed weeping to behold it;
The king himself sobbed, blew his nose,
And cried, 'Odd's fish! let some one mould it!'

And some one did, and here's the bronze,
Erewhile the king's, and no doubt carried
Off by some thievish Jacobin,
When all the royal nests were harried

In 'eighty-nine.' Yes; here I think
We've reached perhaps the true solution
Of the mysterious image found.
By me beside the baths of Luchon.

Inductively, it will be seen,
We've travelled through sartorial mazes,
Employing garb and outward mien,
As finger-posts to moral phases;

And thus a Count, a spark, a bean,
A ruffler read we in this image,
And how he hunted, loved, drank, fought,
And died in a post-prandial scrimmage.

Oh! my young gaillard of our town,
Dressed in the ultra mode of this age,
Stiff-legged and necked, with angled arms,
And palsied gait, and solemn visage;

If you were treated like the Count,
And reasoned out from rind to kernel,
Your moral self and thinking powers
Tried by the light of traits external,

What verdict would be passed on you?
Painful deductions I abhor all,
So take the running up from me,
And blushing draw the obvious moral.

A LESSON IN LOVE.

LIGHT was her step upon the stair,
 I did not hear it, yet my heart
 Divined her coming, knew her there,
 Felt it in every throb and start.
 I rose to meet her : rose yet stayed,
 Something forbade my drawing near,
 ' Her heart responds to mine,' I said,
 ' And she will know I linger here.'

The radiance of her beauty seem'd
 To make the light through which she came,
 The eyes that 'neath their lashes gleam'd,
 Were hardly eyes of blue, but flame :
 There was no line, no subtle curve,
 No graceful turn to painter known,
 That did not her perfection serve,
 And I had won her for my own !

Unconscious of my eager gaze,
 She moved to music of her train,
 The bright exotics sought to raise
 Their starry blooms to her in vain :
 Supremely happy in the sense
 Of youth and loveliness she moved,
 No impulse sudden as intense
 Bidding her look for one beloved !

O, bitter pangs of doubt and fear !
 O, anguish of a tortured breast !
 How could I deem she held me dear,
 Who was not moved by my unrest ?
 ' Though seas divide us,' she had cried,
 ' Trust me my heart will throb to thine ;'
 Yet we were standing side by side,
 And that cold heart could not divine !

The thought of happy moments spent,
 Of precious whispers (not so low
 But we could gather their intent)
 Come back to me, and in the glow
 And rapture of the happy past
 I chafed to think that this might be,
 That we, long parted, met at last,
 And that dull heart was dead to me !

A moment's space I moved away,
 In silent anguish wholly dumb,
 And in that moment, on her way
 She turned, she murmured, ' Art thou here ?
 Art thou, indeed ? It was no dream,
 Haunted me then by day and night !'
 I saw her tears of rapture gleam,
 I had no words for my delight.

Love's subtle ways are hard to learn,
 His yoke is equal joy and pain,
 What if rose-fetters blush and burn,
 The chain of roses *is* a chain ;
 That precious moment taught me this,
 The truth is of my life a part,—
 The heart will never know the bliss,
 That does not rankle with the smart.



Drawn by Horace Stanton.]

A LESSON IN LOVE.

[See the Verses.

A NIGHT AMONG WILD-FOWL.

THERE are few matters connected with our field-sports which have provoked so much superfluous satire and angry recrimination as the feud between 'flight-shooters' and punt-gun shooters. Into this question it is unnecessary, in giving a description of a night's adventures with wild-fowl, that I should enter. I merely remark that a man may be a flight-shooter without being an outrageous villain, and that a punt-gun shooter need not necessarily be an abandoned wretch. Both have got much to say on their respective sides of the dispute. It must be remembered that the wild-fowl along our coasts and marshes have to be slain for the table; and that, whether sportsmen adopt the plan or not, the shooting down of the birds in large quantities by punt-guns will not be discontinued. If a man finds his highest notions of sport in stealing along a creek in a wet punt and discharging suddenly upon a mass of sitting widgeon the contents of a huge gun—if the utmost point of his ambition is to kill his seventy wild-duck with one shot, why should he not so enjoy himself? No one would seek to limit his pleasures; for, after all, these birds have to be shot for the market. But surely he might be satisfied with the number of his slain and the brilliant adventures of the pursuit, without constantly accompanying them with much illogical abuse of those who prefer to shoot mallard and teal as they shoot partridge and pheasant—that is to say, by the exercise of their individual skill directed against the natural safeguard of the birds, their flight. The man who brings down his two or three couple of duck as they pass to and fro between their places of rest and feeding, is accused of frightening away the wild-fowl from our shores; and the accusation comes from a man who descends upon a whole flock and kills them by the fifty!

However, there was no question of theoretical comparison on that

evening which saw us assembled in the warm kitchen of Marshlands House, hastily donning those great boots, warm wrappers, and furry caps with which we were about to face the cold night-air.

'It is werry cold, sir,' said the ancient and faithful Peter, coming in from without, and rubbing his hands briskly.

'And clear?' asked Peter's master.

'Yes, sir; clear starlight. The moon isn't up yet, sir—at least, not to speak on—law! sir, you'll ha' your coat on fire!'

The last exclamation was addressed not to Peter's master, who was a small, thin, neat gentleman, but to a large and corpulent Scotch Bailie, who had come down to the Marshlands on a visit, and was at this moment so torturing his gigantic frame with the effort to get on his boots, that his coat-tails, sticking out, had almost touched the glowing coals.

'Losh, me!' cried the Bailie, as he tugged and gasped; 'I had nae thoct that doon here a man had to pit on boots to gang a shootin' in—for a' the world as if he was aboot to stand in a burn a' day and fish for sawmon. And I'm feared it'll be unco cauld if we've got to wade at the dead o' nicht through a lot o' sheughs and ditches.'

'A man of your figure, Bailie, should not fear the cold,' said Mr. Penley, whose firm, muscular, nervous constitution was much better fitted to withstand cold than Bailie Gemmill's soft, sensitive adiposity; 'and, besides, you have as many wrappers there as might make your outfit for an Arctic cruise.'

The Bailie proceeded to wind himself up in these wrappers, until, at last, his dimensions were simply enormous. He seemed one huge mass of grey wool, muffled up so that his neck had to be kept stiff, and so that he could scarcely stoop to pick up his gun. The dogs, on seeing him lift the well-known implement, jumped up and began to

bark with delight, the stout gentleman endeavouring to pacify them with husky endearments which half-stuck in his throat.

‘Doon, dowgs, doon! Doon, Teeger; doon, Walnut, ye’ll wauken the whole house! Dear me, Peter, why dinna ye tak the dowgs outside?’

Peter, being appealed to, speedily silenced the dogs; and a few minutes thereafter we left the ruddy, comfortable kitchen, and passed out into the open air.

The Bailie shivered.

‘The wind’s aff the sea,’ he said, as if he had suddenly plunged into a cold bath.

It was really a fine night, clear and bright, with just sufficient moonlight to detect the outlines of objects. Our party were almost wholly dressed in grey; and as we passed silently away from the immediate environs of Marshlands House, we might easily have been taken for a company of restless spirits by any unfortunate yokel who happened to be out at that unearthly hour.

We were now bound for one of those wild-fowl haunts which are every day becoming rarer—one of those secluded districts of our sea-coast which have escaped the perils of becoming famous, where wild-fowl find a retreat which is only invaded by one or two local guns, and where the possibilities for getting near the birds are unusually facile. I do not think a punt-gun had ever been used in this particular corner of the world; the owner of Marshlands House, who did the most of the shooting in the district, being far too great a lover of the ordinary method, and too great an admirer of his personal prowess with a double-barrel.

At one point Mr. Penley’s shooting-ground went right down to the sea; and our first move was in that direction, where, as he promised, we were to witness a pretty sight. We were walking quietly along the side of a bit of cover, in order to reach the open land near the shore, when we were startled by a loud clack! clack! and the breaking away of a pair of tolerably large

birds from out the bushes. They rose as they flew, and just as the dark specks were visible against the clear sky, up went Penley’s two barrels and down came both birds in fine style. The rattle the barrels made in the deep stillness of the night seemed rather to have disconcerted the Bailie, who had, as he said, received no warning that a gun was to be fired close to his ear. The dogs soon brought in the birds; and these proved to be—as their cry of danger had led us to expect—a brace of woodcocks, which Penley considered, for his country, a quite wonderful stroke of luck.

As we neared the shore, the greatest precautions were of course taken to prevent the slightest noise carrying on an intimation of our approach to the birds we expected to find there. Presently, however, we heard distinctly through the deep silence that continued, varied and loud whistling, which tells that a company of widgeon are sailing about in the neighbourhood. They had probably been startled by the double shot fired by Penley; and as they would now be more strictly than ever on the watch, the greatest caution was necessary in approaching them. By-and-by we found ourselves in front of a sort of bank, covered with clumps of furze-bushes, and towards the top of this height we quietly crept. The bank overlooked the long, shelving plain that the receding tide had left exposed; and as we gained the summit and met the strong, cold sea-breeze, it brought us a confused sound of the waves, which, too far out of sight to be distinguished as anything but a dense purple mass, were wearily lashing the coast.

‘It’s extraordinar’ dark!’ muttered the Bailie, as he puffed and panted with his previous exertions. ‘I can see naething ava!’

‘Hush!’ said Penley, as he kept carefully scanning that long expanse of sea-board before us.

The clamour of the cock widgeon had ceased, and it was almost certain the company had settled somewhere in our neighbourhood. In time, as our eyes became accus-

tomed to the place, we perceived a large black patch on the dull grey plain—a broad, dark stain, as if a great stretch of the shore were covered with sea-weed. My friend pointed this out to the Bailie.

‘That dark place, that looks like a broad island, is one mass of birds as thick as ever they can sit.’

I fancied I saw the huge man tremble. He raised his elbow and brought up his gun.

‘What are you going to do?’ I asked.

‘Shoot!’ he whispered. ‘Ane might kill a dizen out o’ such a lot!’

‘Nonsense!’ muttered Penley, angrily; ‘you might as well try to kill them with a pea-shooter. Let us go back now, and try the lakes.’

We descended from the bank and struck inland in another direction. Our course was now over a tract of marsh which was intersected with deep gullies, many of which had runnels of water in their depths. We did follow a certain path and crossed one or two of the deeper gullies by means of planks that had been thrown across; but on the whole our method of travelling was a severe one, and the Bailie groaned in spirit. At last he came to a standstill on the brink of a gully which seemed to have a dangerous assortment of succulent water-plants along its course.

‘I winna stir a foot,’ he said, firmly.

‘Why?’

‘I’ll wait here till the birds begin to pass overhead; I’m no used to jumpin’ ower bogs in the middle of the night like a will-o’-the-wisp.’

‘The birds won’t begin their flight for a couple of hours yet,’ I said.

‘I dinna care. I’m no a gutta-percha ball to stot, and stot, and stot from ditch to ditch, and look as if I liked it. I don’t like it.’

‘Hold your tongue and listen, Bailie,’ said Penley.

He did as he was desired; and then we heard clearly and distinctly the different cries of the wild-fowl—the quacking of the mallard, the hoarser cry of the teal, and even an

occasional plaintive scream from a curlew.

‘There’s music for you! Can you resist the invitation? These birds are wheeling about the small lakes over there, or paddling about on the water.’

‘There’s plenty of water here,’ grumbled the Bailie.

‘What’s the use o’ stoppin’ ere, sir?’ said Peter, respectfully, but firmly. ‘The duck won’t come near you, if you stand out on the marshes like this.’

Bailie Gemmill was at length goaded into following us; and in time we left the roughest part of the marsh behind us, and drew near the partially wooded hollow in which lay several patches of water which Penley dignified with the name of lakes. Peter now took the lead, having both dogs leashed, and guided us down a narrow valley which was well filled with bushes. Behind these bushes we crept along, scarcely daring to breathe, and feeling carefully for our footing before making each step. Then he halted, and we crept to the front. Peering over the thickest part of the bushes and through the bare twigs of the top, we saw before us a quiet little tarn which, on one side especially, where the thin moonlight fell upon it, was of a faint grey. Penley moved further along, and, in passing, whispered—

‘Do not fire for a few minutes, until I get into a good position. Pick out a diver for your first shot.’

The Bailie and Peter remained with me, the latter having a spare gun with him. The Bailie shivered perceptibly, either through cold or the agonies of anticipation.

On the darker side of the tarn were a lot of rushes and sedge; and it seemed to me that I could vaguely distinguish certain black forms moving through this tall vegetation. The surface of the water was quite blank, until a diver suddenly popped up and began slowly paddling away. I fancied he was a golden-eye, and he offered an easy shot, had it been worth while to shoot him singly. By-and-by there was a loud quacking among the rushes, and presently we could dis-

tinguish a number of black objects swimming out into the grey of the tarn. On they came, one after the other, apparently quite unconscious of the danger lurking near them, until the surface of the pond was thickly dotted with their dusky forms. I touched Peter on the arm, and pointed to the spare gun. He nodded in reply.

One or two divers now made their appearance, bobbing up and down continually. Watching my chance, I caught sight of one which had just risen, and at the same moment I uttered a short whistle. He turned instantaneously, his head slightly thrown up, and in the same second he received the contents of my right barrel. The sharp ring of the gun was the signal for such a noise and confusion as fairly astounded me. I had no idea that the sedges round this little tarn contained such a mass of birds as now rose into the air, screaming and whirring. The signal was repeated by a couple of shots from the post in which Penley was placed, followed by a couple of splashes in the water, and at the same time the Bailie let drive into 'the thick of them,' with his two barrels, while I discharged my remaining barrel, and managed also to pick off a couple of late and frightened stragglers with the spare gun which Peter handed to me.

'Where did your birds fall, sir?' asked Peter of the Bailie.

'How should I ken?' retorted the other, indignantly. 'I fired into the birds; how could mortal man tell where they drapped?'

Peter was soon down by the side of the water, and the two dogs swimming about in search of the dead birds. In a few minutes they had recovered two couple of mallard, a couple of teal, and a bird which we, in the semi-darkness, concluded to be a golden-eye. The latter must have been killed at once, as these birds when they are wounded dive, and very frequently never return to the surface.

'There's another bird somewhere, Peter,' said the Bailie. 'Ye have only seven, and we fired eight shots. It's no possible that I could ha'

missed, for ye see I ha' a bit o' paper on the barrel, and I fired as straught as a line.'

There was something exceedingly ingenuous in the Bailie's supposing that we would of course accuse him of the missed shot; but Penley comforted him by saying that Peter should return at break of day to see if some wounded bird had concealed itself among the rushes.

'And seven out o' eight is no bad, Mr. Penley,' he remarked, in reply, 'when ye conseeder that we are shootin' in the deed o' the nicht.'

'This isn't the dead of night, Bailie,' said Penley, as he reloaded. 'This is a fine clear morning.'

'May be,' said the Bailie, 'may be. But I'd like to see ye read a chapter in Nehemiah the noo.'

We pushed on to the next tarn, which was in size about the same as that we had just left.

'The birds will be very wary,' said Penley, 'for they must have heard the sound of our guns. Indeed, we may find none at all there.'

We advanced very circumspectly; and, as we neared the tarn, we were skirting the edge of a ditch in which there was a little runnel of water. Here a most unlucky accident occurred. By some means or other Bailie Gemmill had got on a little in front, and was picking his steps carefully by the side of the gully, when a loud and sudden noise caused him fairly to spring back. About half a dozen wild-duck had been down in the ditch, and had risen almost from under his feet with that clatter and whirr and crying which mark the fright of the mallard. The Bailie received such a shock that in springing back he stumbled, or slipped, and the next moment he had tumbled down into the ditch, while a terrific report announced to us that both barrels of his gun had gone off. Penley did not even look after his friend. He saw in a moment that the cries of these mallard would ruin our only chance of getting a shot on the adjoining tarn; and so, with admirable presence of mind, he put

up his gun and brought down the last couple of the ducks which had caused the mishap. All this had occurred so simultaneously that it was only as an afterthought that he remembered the explosion of the Bailie's gun, which had taken place with his own; and then, as he turned to the watery hole in which our friend had sunk, Peter said, as he scrambled down the bank—

‘Lor, sir, I fear he’s hurt hisself. But a deal o’ the shot just passed my ear.’

The Bailie was clearly not dead. There was a splashing and heaving among the reeds, as though a hippopotamus were washing himself in the place; and there was a hoarse sound—a stream of ejaculations and expletives in broad, resonant Scotch.

‘You’re not hurt, sir?’ said Peter.

‘Hoo do ye ken?’ growled the maddened Bailie; ‘lend me a hand, I tell ye; and if ever ye catch me come shootin’ in such a — place as this — ye—why don’t ye come nearer?’

A large and dark form now made its appearance on the bank.

‘Where’s the gun, sir?’ asked Peter.

‘—— the gun! Let it rot there! If I get safe out, the gun may stay in.’

‘I beg your pardon, Bailie; but the gun is mine,’ said Penley.

‘And so is the ditch, I suppose,’ said the Bailie, struggling into the moonlight. ‘I tell ye, Maister Penley, if ye left a place like that in Scotland without puttin’ a palin round it, the law would hang ye. And it’s a perfect meerracle ye havena my life to answer for, for I declare I felt the wind o’ the shot on my face.’

‘But why did you tumble in?’ said Penley, who could not repress a smile on meeting the melancholy figure now presented by the half-drowned Bailie.

‘I’ve got the gun, sir,’ said Peter, from below. ‘And lucky it is it didn’t fall into the water.’

‘What way lucky?’ exclaimed the Bailie. ‘Do ye expect me, Maister Penley, to conteneue this madcap business, and risk my life

for the pleasure o’ shootin’ at birds in the daurk?’

‘Come, come, Bailie,’ said Penley. ‘You must do something to keep your circulation going, and you may as well load again and go with us. You would never find your way home from here.’

‘Deed, I’ll no try,’ said the Bailie, earnestly.

There was nothing for it, therefore, but that he should accompany us; and so, having ascertained that his powder-flask, wads, &c., were dry, we again started.

Of course, there was not a bird on or around this second tarn when we approached it. The report of the Bailie’s gun had been followed by a succession of quacks and screams which told that, had we reached the water in silence, we should have had some sport. The couple of mallard shot by Penley were the only spoil which fell to us from this second effort.

The third and last piece of water was larger than its predecessors, and might even, with some stretch of courtesy, have been called a small lake. Its shores were very level, and we experienced great difficulty in approaching it with safety. At some distance the cries of the wild-fowl could be distinguished, and were so numerous as to convince us that here, at least, the birds had not been scared off.

Then the Bailie stopped.

‘I’m sayin’,’ he remarked, ‘I think I’ll no gang forrit to the water. I’m too cauld to be able to shoot. I’ll sit down here and take a drop o’ whisky and a sandwich I have in my pocket, and ye can come back here when ye have done. Losh me, what’s that?’

‘A hare, sir,’ said Peter, as some dark object darted past, and scuttled away among the long grass.

‘As you please, Bailie,’ said Penley. ‘And, if you are not going to shoot, you may give me your gun.’

‘Wi’ pleasure,’ said the Bailie, with a sigh of relief.

We now proceeded to seek the shore of the lake at a spot where there was a small creek, in which lay a broad, flat-bottomed punt. The punt was moored beside some

bushes, and it was to these bushes we looked for means to get down unperceived to the water. When we had finally crept down to the margin, and could look abroad over the still surface of the water, it was soon apparent that the wild-fowl were present in considerable numbers. They seemed to be more on the outlook, however, than they were on the first tarn; and several times we feared lest some wheeling duck might spy out our hiding-place and give the alarm to his companions.

No such awkward accident occurred, however; and for several minutes we stood, admiring the slow circles made on the surface of the water by the dark forms of the birds. The moonlight was now a little stronger, and the water was of a decided bluish-grey tinge, on which the wild-fowl seemed quite black. Now and then a stray wanderer came sailing down and alit on the water with a loud 'swish,' which caused all his companions to jerk their heads about. There was one especially erratic fellow, who went on long circular excursions all by himself; and on one of these we saw that he was evidently coming straight toward us. Afraid of being taken unawares, we simultaneously rose up, exposing the upper half of our bodies above the bushes. In an instant the whole place was a scene of wild clamour, excited quacking and croaking, and rapid wheeling up into the air. Bang! bang! went Penley's first gun, simultaneously with my own; and then again the barrels of the remaining guns echoed through the silence of the place.

Peter jumped into the punt, with his dogs.

'Come quick, sir—we'll push across, and find one or two hiding in the rushes.'

We got into the punt, and loaded as quickly as possible, allowing Peter to paddle us silently across. On the way we passed more than one dead bird, towards which the dogs would fain have leapt, had we not restrained them.

Scarcely had the broad prow of the shallow punt rustled in upon

the sedges than a couple of mallard fluttered up and flew off right and left. One fell to each of us, Penley's bird dropping well up on shore. This was a good beginning; but we found that the sedgy margin did not contain the number of birds we had begun to anticipate. Another wild-duck did get up; but it rose far out of shot, and we were about to return when I heard a flapping and splashing in among the reeds.

'It is a wounded bird,' said Peter, unleashing one of the dogs. 'Go in, Walnut—go in, good dog, and seek him out.'

Walnut sprang boldly into the water, made for the rushes, and after a little plunging about returned with the bird in her mouth. It was a duck which had only been winged, the *coup de grâce* being reserved for Peter's experienced fingers.

This being the finish of our lake-shooting, and there being still some time to elapse before the morning flight-shooting would commence, we began a brisk hunt after the killed. The Bailie, being whistled for, came down to the punt and took a seat, though he was greatly incommoded—as were we—by the wet dogs. He maintained, however, that he now felt very comfortable, that he no longer experienced any cold, and that he was willing to do anything or go anywhere so long as the sport could be continued.

'I think it is an astonishin' fine sensation to be out here, a' by yoursel', in the deed o' nicht, and they great birds fleein' about your head. I dinna wonder, Maister Penley, that ye are glad to live in this oot-o'-the-world place, when ye have such sport aye before ye; and my wonder is that ye are na out every night in your life.'

'If we kept continually popping at them, they'd soon leave us,' said Penley, as he took a mallard out of Walnut's mouth.

The Bailie grew enormously loquacious. He became quite poetical in describing the enchanting pleasures of wild-fowl shooting, and said he should remember this night so long as he lived.

'By the way, Maister Penley,' he remarked, in a sort of bashful way, 'have ye anything left in your flask?'

'I thought you had filled your flask before we started,' said Penley; 'and it is twice as big as mine.'

'And so I did,' said the Bailie, with a little hesitation; 'but I was extraordinar' thirsty after that cauld bath, and I couldna exactly get at the water, so I—so I had to empty the flask. But never mind. I feel very comfortable, and doubtless ye'll need a' you have got before the night's over.'

'Very likely,' said Penley, 'for we have now got to tramp over to the river side, where I hope we shall get a little shooting.'

The Bailie rose from his seat with a half-stifled sigh, and, as the boat touched the corner of the creek, he stepped ashore. The birds we had shot, already too heavy for one man to carry, were locked up in the spacious locker of the punt; and then we set out on our journey towards the river. This small stream, in flowing towards the sea, passed Marshlands House, and was not only a valuable resort for grebe, moor-hens, and similar birds, but also offered excellent shelter in which to await the passing and re-passing, at early morning and dusk, of the flocks of wild-fowl which haunted the locality. The Bailie looked forward to this bit of flight-shooting with an animation which was not altogether the result of the whisky he had drank. The mere consciousness that we were going in the direction of home, that daylight would soon break, and that along the banks of the river there were no treacherous pitfalls, cheered him; and he even volunteered to sing, in a hoarse, cawing way, some guttural Scotch drinking-song, which was, perhaps fortunately, quite unintelligible.

Along the side of the stream whither we were now bound there lay a strip of marshy ground chiefly covered with young willows. The underwood was considerably thick, especially at the point to which Peter led us; and we had little difficulty in choosing successive spots,

some fifty yards separate, where we could easily lie concealed, while leaving a tolerably large open space around us. Peter's chief care was to hide away the elephantine bulk of the Bailie; and, when that had been done, he was cautioned to remain perfectly still and invisible.

A dead silence hung over the place for several minutes, broken only by the rippling of the dark water round the sudden curves of its course, and the creaking of willow stumps in the wind. A fresh breeze was blowing, and we knew the birds, if they passed our way at all, would fly low and offer an easy shot. In the midst of this stillness, I heard the even, heavy tramp of the Bailie's footsteps approaching.

'Tell me,' he said, in a loud whisper, as he came up, 'am I to shoot at the birds as they flee towards me, or as they're fleeing past?'

'You'd better let them get past,' I said; 'but how do you expect they'll come here if you stand out in the open, and talk?'

'Mercy me! hoo could a bird see ye on a night like this? It has got quite dark—and—preserve us!'

He was struck into silence by a great whirring of wings overhead that sounded as if the prince of the power of the air were himself rushing past. The ring of my two barrels, followed by the double report of Penley's gun, did not lessen his astonishment.

'What did ye fire at? What was that? What a fright I got!'

'Why, a fine string of wild duck,' said I; 'though how they came so near while you were standing there I don't know. I wish you'd go and hide yourself again, Bailie.'

'Do ye mean to tell me ye shot anything?'

'Of course I did.'

'And Maister Penley?'

'Yes. Didn't you hear the birds fall?'

'That's maist extraordinar', muttered the Bailie, as he returned to his post.

For some time thereafter the plashing of the water resumed its hold on the ear; not even the distant cry of a bird could be detected.

A faint grey tinge now became visible in the eastern sky, and the moon sensibly paled her light. The advance of the dawn, as every one must have noticed who has had leisure to sit and watch its approach, is exceedingly rapid, while it appears to be quite the reverse. The change is so gradual that one does not notice how objects, hitherto invisible, come into relief. The bushes on the other side of the stream grew out of the darkness, and the black branches above us were beginning to be defined against the clear sky. Fortunately the wind still kept up, and I was momentarily expecting to hear the report of the Bailie's gun, to him having been accorded the best position.

It was certainly a quarter of an hour before any new flock of birds came near us—this time a compact skein of duck, about fifteen or twenty in number. They flew right over the bushes in which the Bailie was hid; I heard both his barrels; but, of course, could not distinguish at that distance whether anything fell. The birds redoubled their flight, two or three going off in one direction, two or three in another, all making the loudest noise possible. One came directly over me, and fell; another flew behind the trees on the other side of the river, and him I missed. Penley did not get a shot.

We were again lapped in silence; but we could hear that the general flight of the wild-fowl was taking place. We could distinguish the cries of the mallard and the croaking of the teal in large numbers. We lay as silent as a fox; but the repeated firing of the guns had apparently taught them to suspect the locality, and, although we occasionally heard the passing whirr of a string of birds, they kept carefully beyond reach.

The grey was now telling upon the sky, and a comparative twilight reigned in the hollow which secreted us. I could now make out the red bill of a moor-hen, which, having been frightened by my approach, had paddled into the nearest refuge, and now sat quietly in the water, at the root of a willow on the other side

of the stream, her head only being visible. I am almost certain she could see me, and concluded she was too afraid to leave her present hiding-place for a more sheltered one.

I was watching the occasional twitching of the red beak when another rushing of wings in the neighbourhood caught my attention. A dark cloud of birds now swept overhead—I fired right and left—they broke in wild confusion, and at least half a dozen went over Penley. By that time, however, they had risen high into the air, and only one fell to his two shots.

After this the cries of the wild-fowl died down; it was now broad daylight, and it had become evident that no more business was to be done that morning. Before leaving Peter and the dogs, however, to recover the birds we had shot, I called the Bailie, and pointed out to him the moor-hen which still sat in the water. I am ashamed to say that he lifted his gun, and would have murdered the bird then and there, had he not been interrupted. I prevailed on him to allow Walnut to cross, and this the dog speedily did. The moor-hen remained until the dog had almost touched her, then she swam quickly out and disappeared into another hole. Here she refused to be dislodged; and the end of it was that the dog dragged her out in his mouth, punishing her severely in the process.

When he had swum back I took the moor-hen from him, and found her quite lively.

'Now,' I said to the Bailie, 'look out!'

I threw the bird up into the air; the Bailie did not fire; she dropped on the water, and dived. Of course she was seen no more; but two seconds after she had dived the Bailie fired at the place where she had disappeared. Peter made an insolent grimace behind the worthy Bailie's back; and at the same moment—whether startled out of her retreat by the report, or whether put up by Walnut, I cannot say—another moor-hen rushed out and flew straight up the stream. As she again descended on the water, leav-

ing a long line of light in her wake, the Bailie fired his second barrel, the unhappy moor-hen jumped a foot into the air, fell into the river, and then came slowly floating down stream, her pale green legs uppermost.

The Bailie marched home in the proudest way, and carried his gun in a quite masterly manner. I foresaw that we should be treated to a

few sporting reminiscences after dinner that evening, graced with such efforts of the imagination as should appear to the Bailie to be most suitable. In the meantime, however, we went straight to bed on reaching Marshlands House, for we had to be present at some coursing which was to take place in the neighbourhood towards mid-day.

W. B.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY CUSTOMS.

II.

OUR Freshman at Yale finds his first year one of trials and manifold ignominies, and longs to reach the promised land of Sophomoredom: when he can in turn look down upon somebody, and feel himself to be one of the 'upper classes,' and become a judge and an inquisitor in the same awful tribunals where he had been wont to be the culprit and the victim. At last the blessed time draws near. He has been an object of jesting and scoffing and a thousand petty annoyances at the hands of his seniors; he has writhed time and again under the crushing sense of inferiority inspired by the expressive sneer 'only a Freshman;' he is a lover of the fair sex, and has been time and again annihilated by the contemptuous smile and unmitigated snubbing which said fair sex is fain to bestow on the college serfs called Freshmen, and has been driven frantic to see that all the feminine sweetness of the University society is reserved for pompous Sophomores and 'grave and reverend' Seniors. He has struggled on with a keen sense of having been 'under a cloud;' and now that Freshman year is about ending, he looks forward with joy to the lifting of that cloud and the inbeaming of sunlight once more. From the modest Freshmanic chrysalis, homely and humble as the chrysalis worm, he is about to bloom forth in all the gorgeousness of the Sophomoric

butterfly, as gaudy and pretentious as his insect counterpart. No one who has not personally experienced the feeling can imagine this exultation of the Freshman who is about to become a Sophomore. He feels that his evil days are over, and that henceforth University life is to be a long gala of joys and triumphs. He will have a whole class below him, who are going to look up to him, respect him, and stand in awe of him, as he has done the Sophomores of his own lugubrious Freshmanhood.

At Yale, the undergraduates are accustomed to celebrate everything, from the day on which the last proposition in the last book of Euclid is finished to that on which the old familiar halls are occupied for the last time, and after which there will be no more delightful lounging with boon companions under the stately elms which stand in shady majesty along the lawn. But I doubt whether there is ever a prouder day to the undergraduate than that on which he celebrates his accession to the rank of a Sophomore, and leaves the Freshman days behind, a troublous memory and an uneasy dream. Many of the Yale celebrations are wanting in that thorough heartiness and zest which enters into this. Here, indeed, there is something to celebrate; it is like the slave celebrating the day of his freedom; like the prisoner who rejoices to stand

erect and equal among men once more. On a certain day in the month of June, which will be more particularly spoken of hereafter, the Senior class gives up the benches which it has occupied in the University chapel, the Junior class succeeds to them, the Sophomores assume the seats of the outgoing Juniors, the happy Freshmen march proudly and ostentatiously into the places which their enemies, the Sophomores, have just vacated, and take to themselves the name of Sophomore, and consider themselves now formally installed into that rank and dignity. The Freshman seats are thus left vacant, awaiting the next crop of verdancies to come. It is customary on this occasion, however, for the embryo Sophs to mark their appreciation of their newly-gotten honour, in a somewhat more demonstrative manner than the mere assumption of the appropriate seats in chapel would imply. The class assembles, adorned in a caricature imitation of what are supposed to be outward tokens and symbols of manly dignity; in short, they appear in ludicrously tall hats, and are supplied with ludicrously high and stiff paper collars. Thus attired, they march in procession to chapel. At the door of the chapel they are usually confronted by several tutors, who devote themselves zealously to the task of preventing all who wear these obnoxious adornments from entering, and in forcibly depriving the wearers of their undevout ornaments. Confusion ensues, and perhaps half a dozen of the most obstinate students are marked for punishment; some manage to elude the tutors, and appear in the chapel aisle, to the amusement of the upper-class men and wrath of the faculty, in all their presumptuous tall-hatted and high-collared effrontery. But this is only the prologue to the jubilee in honour of the attainment of Sophomorical rank. The evening of the day upon which the scene at chapel occurs is devoted to a grand orgie, which is significantly yclept the 'Freshman Pow-wow.' A 'pow-wow' it usually

is, of the most striking character. Torches, masquerade dresses, and 'hifalutin' speeches are the order of the night. The class, attired in every imaginable disguise and monstrosity of dress, assemble on the broad-pillared portico of the State House, which stands in a large open space, so that the whole scene may be witnessed from the college buildings. Here they dance, sing, and shout, listen to elaborately-prepared harangues, teeming with highly-classical jokes mingled with barbarous college puns, and indulge in songs written for the occasion by the poets and rhymers of the class. Then they march about the town in torchlight procession; making night hideous, incurring the wrath of the matrons of young ladies' boarding-schools by serenading the damsels under their windows, and doubtless calling down upon them the unheard maledictions of the order-loving people of the staid Connecticut town. This custom, as well as many others, is rather suffered than approved by the college authorities, whose attempts, however, to abolish it have hitherto proved vain. The morning after 'Pow-wow' is apt to discover the benches of the new-fledged Sophomores sparsely occupied; for the excitement and the late hours of the preceding evening tempt to late slumbers and a stoical indifference to the stern appeals of the chapel bell. Early in Sophomore year there occurs another celebration, far more elaborate, imposing, and wild than the 'Pow-wow.' Euclid has long been a terror and a bore to our undergraduate. He has drudged slowly and painfully through Playfair's edition of the great geometrician during Freshman year, and finds himself, with great relief, at the last page, during his first Sophomore term. This happy time arrived, it behoves him to celebrate it with all proper pomp, and at the same time to visit his tormentor with that ignominy which he deserves. And so, on a certain October afternoon, a rumour runs through the University that on that night the 'Burial of Euclid' will take place. The arrange-

ments for this ceremony, which are made by a committee chosen from the Sophomore class (this class paying the expenses and conducting the whole affair), are perfected with the most careful secrecy: no one, except the members of the committee, knows when or where it is to occur until within a few hours of the appointed time. The undergraduates meet as usual in chapel for the afternoon service; and while that is going on, small slips of paper are slyly passed from hand to hand containing the information that the 'Burial of Euclid' will take place at such an hour and such a place; and on the same piece of paper, the password which is to be the 'Open Sesame' to the hall of the ceremony is communicated. All the undergraduates are admitted; but while the other classes go merely as lookers-on, the Sophomores are participants in the orgie; and the usual custom of disguises and grotesque paraphernalia comes again into practice. The dresses of the participating class vary according to the wealth and imaginativeness of each of its members; and while some are content with plain black dominoes and pasteboard masks, others become the cynosures of all eyes in the gorgeous robes of kings, the armour of mediæval knights, the tunics and plumes of gallant cavaliers, and the mitres of archbishops; and yet others imitate skeletons, monks, magicians, and other romantic or mysterious characters of history, tradition, and superstition. There is, in an obscure street in New Haven, a musty, gloomy-looking edifice, used indifferently by itinerant theatrical companies, popular lecturers, and political meetings, which bears the dignified name of the 'Temple.' This used to be in our college days—and may be still—the favourite scene of the 'Burial of Euclid.' The hall in which the ceremony took place was narrow and dingy enough, and quite appropriate to the performance. It was approached by a steep winding flight of stairs, and it was on the stairs that the guard was kept, and the passport had to be given before any one was

allowed to enter. Armed with the word which was to be your talisman, and arrived at the door of the Temple, you found confronting you at the portal two tall muffled and masked figures, who crossed swords athwart the entrance. As you entered, you had to give the password to these in a whisper, and all the way up the stairs were similar figures, with cross swords, so that the password was demanded of you a dozen times before you found yourself in the hall itself. These passwords are usually classical quotations, and to any but a Latin and Greek scholar difficult, if not impossible, to pronounce properly; this is to prevent the 'town' from intruding. One was the first line of the *Æneid*, which must not only be said but scanned:—

'Arma virumque cano, qui primus Troijs ab oris;'

and it probably very effectually barred the entrance of the 'unlettered;' another was the first line of the *Iliad*, a still harder task for the *commune vulgus*.

On the somewhat diminutive stage with which the Temple was supplied, you saw the various performers, in their various unique costumes; while in the centre stood a bier, upon which rested a coffin; and in the coffin was discernible a venerable face (of wax), with long snow-white hair and beard, eyes closed, and wrinkled features in calm repose. Remembering the occasion, you had no difficulty in guessing this to be the counterfeit presentment of the once terrible Euclid himself. Programmes, adorned with appropriate devices of a funereal nature—death's-heads and crossbones, funeral pyres and torches—were passed around; there were puns in the announcements—some good, mostly bad—such, for instance, as, 'Fisher's horn-pipe, Try-angle accompaniment;' or, 'Hebrew melody—on a Jew's-harp.' Then the performance commenced. Some college songs were sung, among which was, of course, the inevitable 'Gaudeamus;' then followed grandiloquent speeches, humorous dialogues, practical

jokes, and mock-solemn poems; finally came the funeral oration over the venerable dead, by the chief wit of the class, in which as many jokes on triangles and parallelograms, squares and pentagons, were crowded as the genius of the funeral orator could invent; nor did he forget to introduce a full proportion of sarcastic reflections on the University professors and their peculiarities, this being indispensable to exhibitions of this sort. Toward midnight, the ceremony at the Temple being finished, the marshals proceeded to form the class into a torchlight procession; and they proceeded noisily through the streets, the coffin being borne with great pomp at their head. The effect of such a procession passing through the quiet streets at the dead of night may be imagined. The flaring and flickering torches; the grotesque, imposing, and ghastly dresses; the coffin with its black cloth carried on before; the shouting, singing, and confusion,—form a spectacle not a little curious, and even weird. The good citizens, awakened from their sleep, are fain to lean out of the windows and watch ‘the college boys’ as they pass: the young ladies’ schools, particularly, are wont to be agitated, the procession cheering the ‘girls’ as they pass under the windows; and here and there a white handkerchief flutters through the blinds as a signal of maidenly sympathy and appreciation. The procession winds on its way beyond the town, out along a country road, where the effect is, if anything, stranger than ever. At last they arrive on a wooded knoll, some two miles from the University: they enter the copse, and reach an open space, encircled with the trees yellowing and reddening in their autumn leaf-shedding. The natural amphitheatre is lit up bright and fitful by the hundred smoky torches; the disguised figures pass to and fro, and look, perhaps, much as the savages did whom Robinson Crusoe saw making night hideous on his lonely island. The coffin is, with much ceremonious care, placed upon a funeral pile which has been prepared in the centre of

the space; the students group around it in a thick and grotesque circle; and here follow certain other performances, not dissimilar to those in the Temple. The master of the ceremonies, dressed in priestly garb, holds a book in his hand; a red-hot iron is handed to him; he proceeds with this to pierce a hole quite through the volume. Then he raises the book aloft, so that all the class may for once *see through Euclid*, from first proposition to last. This witticism performed, a second funeral oration follows; and finally is sung a solemn and lugubrious dirge over the remains of the departed tormentor. The last act in this quaint drama has now come; the torches are set to the tar-barrels upon which the coffin rests; and amid the hooting and capering of the students, the flames ascend high and wild, the coffin cracks and crackles and bursts, the waxen face melts, and the liquid sputters and frizzles in the fire; and the maskers depart, leaving the blackened remains of the ceremony behind them. This custom of burying Euclid—it is more properly, however, burning him—has long existed at Yale University, and has from time to time received many modifications. Once or twice it has been attempted by student reformers to abolish it; for the license of speech and of some of the scenes have tended to make it a scandal to the University; but college customs hold their ground obstinately, and, while these movements have doubtless improved, in some respects, the character of the performance, they have been ineffectual to abolish it altogether. Sometimes the ‘Burial of Euclid’ has been taken advantage of to bring about one of those ‘town and gown’ fights which are hardly less frequent at American than at English universities. There has long been a bitter feud between the Yale students and the ‘town,’ which has more than once become so serious as to cause a riot, and which, on one occasion during the college career of the writer, resulted in the shooting dead of a townsman by one of the students. The students, on the night of the ‘Burial

of Euclid,' invariably go armed, and in every way prepared for an attack from the 'town;' and the 'town,' being aware of this, has ceased to attack, as it used to do, the procession, respecting the 'armed peace,' much as the nations of Europe are now doing in the presence of their great armies and martial preparation. The 'town' latterly contented itself with gathering in knots and hooting the Euclid mourners, in hanging about their rear, and now and then 'shying' a missile at them from a safe distance.

At the end of the Sophomore, or second year, there occurred, until recently, a formidable bugbear, especially to the less studious of the undergraduates, known as the 'Biennial Examination.' This was a very rigid examination of the whole class on all the studies which they had pursued during the Freshman and Sophomore years—from the Iliad of Homer, and Algebra, which they began when they entered the University, to the Antigoné and the abstruser mathematics which they had just finished. The class, on a certain day early in June, was wont to assemble in the large hall of the University, where the desks were arranged much as they were at the examination for entrance; and they assembled here every day for a fortnight, being provided each day with a printed paper containing questions on a special topic of each year: for example, one day the questions would be on 'Freshman mathematics;' on another, on 'Sophomore Greek;' and so on. The members of the faculty took every precaution to prevent the students from getting an inkling of the questions beforehand, and after they had assembled in the hall, from communicating the answers, the better scholars to their friends among the less 'crammed.' The papers were printed by the college printer with the greatest care and secrecy, and conveyed to the professors each the night before it was to be used in the hall, or even on the very morning on which the students would assemble. Notwithstanding these precautions, however, the contents

of the papers occasionally got out somehow, and the students, throwing aside their text-books and ponderous dictionaries, would confine themselves to 'cramming' only on the questions which they had surreptitiously obtained and circulated among themselves. How they got out was a painful mystery to the learned authorities of the University. Many are the traditions at Yale of the stratagems employed to obtain possession of these precious documents. The students had on one occasion, it was said, collected a large fund, which was used in bribing the college printer: this not answering the following year, the printer's devil was resorted to, and proving frail, was induced for a round sum of dollars to abstract just one proof of each of the papers as they were printed. Then elaborate schemes were narrated, devised by the students for filching the papers, burglary being now organized, and put into operation by these amateurs in earnest on the printer's domain in the dead of night; and sometimes, it was said, a copy of the papers was procured while they were *en route* to the professorial study. It was related that once a student, happening to call at a professor's room on some college errand, espied, peeping out from one of the drawers of his desk, some suspicious-looking manuscripts, with the cabalistic symbols of algebra and geometry; and that that night some amateur student housebreakers penetrated the studious quiet of the apartment, skilfully unlocked the drawer, hastily copied the papers, replaced them, left everything as before, and circulated copies of the copy throughout the class; and that it turned out, on Examination-day, that their guess had been correct, and that they had secured the genuine document. But such stratagems were not always attended with so satisfactory a result. Once, when a plan had been organized to bribe the printer, some traitor had given an inkling of it to the faculty. One of the shrewder members of the learned body proposed that it should not be interfered with; that the

bribery should be allowed to proceed, and that the students should be left unmolested with the papers they succeeded in obtaining. The corrupters of the worthy printer prevailed in inducing him, for a handsome sum, to concede what they desired. They received the papers, joyfully hastened to their rooms, communicated the printed questions to the rest of the class, and, abandoning the general 'cram,' devoted themselves exclusively to learning the answers to those questions which they had before them. On the morning of the examination they appeared at the hall with confident countenances, and in manifest high spirits. They took their seats and waited with commendable patience and ease of mind for the papers to be distributed; they did not note the peculiarly sly twinkle of the eye of one of their instructors, nor the peculiar efforts made by the younger tutors to preserve a particularly solemn expression of features. The papers came around; the confident undergraduates cast their eyes over them: what was their dismay to behold a wholly strange series of questions, not one being identical with those they had so carefully posted themselves on! The shrewd professor had quietly got up a new set of papers, and had had them printed in a neighbouring town. Despite the precautions of the tutors, the students were wont to invent means of communication with each other in the hall itself; and many a poor undergraduate, whose mind, in regard to the questions before him, was a perfect blank, has escaped the disgrace of being transferred to a lower class by certain signals and signs agreed to beforehand with some good scholar. This anxious and hard-working fortnight over, the class were accustomed to celebrate their deliverance from that very substantial bugbear, 'Biennial Examination;' so they had what they called a 'Biennial Jubilee,' which was a sort of picnic—in which, however, there were no ladies—participated in by the lucky fellows who had passed the ordeal. A committee of arrangements was appointed; the class

poets and musical men were set to work to compose appropriate songs and tunes for the occasion—for college songs are a very prominent feature in American universities, and especially at Yale—and a special railway train was engaged to convey the class to the scene of their rejoicings. The place usually chosen for the 'Biennial Jubilee' was a very charming spot on the shores of New Haven Bay, which extends inward from Long Island Sound, a spot where the beach is broad, curving, and sandy, and where there are picturesquely-jutting rocks and cliffs, and pretty copses of wood on little eminences along the shore. On the day of the close of the examination, the class, under the leadership of popularly, chosen marshals, formed in procession on the college lawn, and, singing a very suggestive, but somewhat nonsensical refrain, appropriate to the occasion, to the tune of the 'Old Hundredth,'—

'Biennials are a bore—or—ore!'

they marched through the streets to the railway station, where the train awaited them. A jollier set than they were when, in sole possession of the train, they whirled out of the pretty town towards the seashore, would hardly be found anywhere. Singing and shouting and dancing and smoking and chatting and joking—doffing hats and waving handkerchiefs to all the maidens who appeared at windows or in the villages along the route, the time passed quickly enough on the brief transit. Arrived at the scene of festivities, the first thing to do was to wash off in the briny deep all the remains of ignominious freshmanhood and the empty vanities of sophomoreity. The whole class, then, stripping on the beach, plunged in simultaneously, and among the sturdy hundred or so there were many notable swimming races and aquatic feats—and so time passed until the banquet was announced. Their toilet completed, the class adjourned in a body to a large hall attached to the hotel near by, and there found a substantial and groaning board laid out for their delecta-

tion. The feast was wont to be a long, and a merry, and a memorable one. After the viands had been discussed, and a goodly quantity of champagne and claret—not to speak of old Bourbon whiskey, sherry coblers, Tom and Jerrys, egg-nogs, mint juleps, brandy cocktails, and other peculiarly American beverages—had been drunk, the toasts of the day were proposed, and the wits made speeches, and there was a general hubbub and confusion, ending in one of those scenes of noisy, indescribable jollity which is apt to be the finale of such occasions. If there is any one who can enjoy such better than another, it is the university student; and what harm if, on such a memorable day as this of 'Biennial Jubilee,' he does indulge a trifle more than usual, and become merrier than is exactly proper? After leaving the table, the class separated into groups and wandered whither they would: some on a yacht-sail in the bay, others to fish, others to lie beneath 'the wide-spreading beech-tree,' and laugh, talk, or sing—their long college pipes in their mouths, and easy satisfaction beaming in their faces. But all this has now passed away with the abolition of 'Biennial Examinations,' for which yearly examination has been substituted; so that, since our college days, 'Biennial' and its Jubilee have become tradition, waxing daily dimmer, and hence appearing to every new incoming class more romantic than to its predecessor.

Among the most famous of Yale customs, still kept up with all its ancient *prestige*, is a performance called the 'Wooden Spoon Exhibition.' It probably took its rise as a sort of a burlesque of what is called 'Junior Exhibition,' which is one of the established institutions of the university course. Junior Exhibition takes place some time in the early spring, and consists of orations and dissertations from those members of the Junior, or third-year class, who have maintained the highest scholastic rank during their college career. The exercises take place in one of the larger churches of the town, and are presided over

by the President of the University, and are listened to by the *élite* of New Haven society. 'Wooden Spoon Exhibition' was probably designed to compensate the students whose scholarship was not sufficiently high to entitle them to a 'junior appointment' (that is, opportunity to speak at Junior Exhibition), and to give the less as well as the more erudite an opportunity to 'make a spread' in public. And so often does it occur that the best Latin, Greek, or mathematical scholars in a class are neither the best writers, the best declaimers, the best actors, nor the best wits, that it not seldom occurs that 'Wooden Spoon Exhibition' illustrates the talent in a class better than its more sober prototype. The nominal object of the 'Wooden Spoon Exhibition' is to present a testimonial of esteem to the 'best fellow,' the favourite of the class; and this testimonial takes the shape of an enormous spoon, carved from expensive wood, elaborately mounted in silver, and bearing a silver plate with the recipient's name, and an appropriate inscription from his classmates. The giving of a wooden spoon probably originated in the days when the students lived in commons in the precincts of the University itself (a custom long since abandoned by the larger American universities); and it is said that it was formerly given to him who, by a deliberate vote of the class, should be designated as its greatest glutton. From this custom—which was not calculated to always pass off in the most amicable manner, and had in it a spice of ill-nature which is really foreign to the aggregate student nature—tradition tells us that it became the rule to give the wooden spoon to the *ugliest* man in the class; but in our own day a change vastly for the better had taken place, by which the most popular classmate was chosen for this formerly doubtful, but now substantial honour. The 'Wooden Spoon Exhibition' takes place not long after the Junior Exhibition, in the largest public hall in the town, and is planned with the greatest elaboration and care. A committee of nine to make the necessary

arrangements is chosen by the class; these are yelected the 'Cochlaureati,' a name suggestive, and itself regarded by the students as a highly honourable and enviable title. The 'Cochlaureati' assume as their badge a small gold or silver spoon, which they wear proudly upon their waistcoats from the time of their election until their labours end with the exhibition. These choose from among their own number, by election, him who shall be the 'Wooden Spoon-man,'—who is to receive the testimonial from them in the name of the class; but his election is kept profoundly secret even from the class itself, until the moment comes to make the public presentation on the evening of the exhibition. Thus curiosity is aroused to its highest pitch, and bets and speculations as to who is the lucky man become the order of the day henceforth, until the mystery is cleared up. Each member of the class is supplied with a certain number of tickets, giving admittance to seats in the hall; and the emulation to procure these, especially among the fair damsels of the town—who, like damsels everywhere, are intensely interested in everything the students do—is very exciting as the time approaches. The expenses of the exhibition are defrayed by a voluntary subscription taken in the class. At last the long-expected night arrives, the 'Cochlaureati' are bustling about, excited and anxious; the undergraduates crowd early in front of the edifice in which the performances are to take place; a famous brass band from New York has arrived, and has been stationed in the high gallery; the privileged fair ones of New Haven have begun to flock hither, and are pouring in at the door through the file of policemen, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. There is some delay in the rising of the curtain, notwithstanding the time for that event has gone by; for Messieurs the 'Cochlaureati' are but amateur managers, and are not quite ready. Finally, however, up goes the curtain, rolling majestically toward the top. Programmes, adorned by a heraldic shield with the bearings and crest of the

Wooden Spoon, have been freely distributed: and the first performance is an 'Opening joke,' or in college dialect, the 'Opening Load.' Perhaps the programme tells us that the 'Opening Load' is to be a 'Torchlight procession;' which, when it is performed, turns out to be simply a procession of all the red-headed fellows of the class; or it may be that the 'Opening Load' consists of the bringing on to the stage by some of the 'Cochs' a huge chest, which being opened, out pops the chosen but hitherto unknown Wooden Spoon-man. The rest of the performances are much such as we might expect from college boys. There is the university glee-club, who come out and stand in a semi-circle, in the most faultless of black dress-suits, and who entertain us with 'Lauriger Horatius,' 'Gaudeamus,' 'Integer vitæ,' 'The Song of the Spoon,' and many pretty melodies and verses imagined by gifted classmates for the occasion. In imitation of the 'Junior Exhibition,' one of the performers comes out, and indulges in what is called the Latin Salutatory; consisting of a speech in which English and Latin are inextricably and ludicrously mingled, English words with Latin terminations, &c., and in which the Juniors and the ladies are extravagantly flattered, and the Freshmen unmercifully ridiculed. Then come humorous farces and dialogues, all illustrative of college life, and always acted with real mimic talent and great spirit. The principal joke of these scenes consists in making caricatures of the professors, especially of those who have some peculiarity by which they are known throughout the University. The actors dress as nearly like the reverend instructors whom they are taking off as they can, imitate their movements, tone of voice, and manner of talking, often with ludicrous fidelity. Very likely there are some of the university officers in the vast audience; but the exhibition is permitted as on the whole harmless, and a substitute perhaps for pranks which would be far from harmless. The most serious part of 'Wooden Spoon Exhibition' is the

ceremony from which it derives its name—the presentation of the wooden spoon to the elected recipient. The ‘Cochlaureati’ are discovered sitting around the stage in a semicircle, and on a table in the centre lays the famous wooden spoon, some two feet or so long, and very elegantly made and ornamented. ‘The Conquering Hero comes’ having been discoursed by the famous brass band in the gallery, one of the ‘Cochlaureati’ rises, takes the spoon, and turns to the fortunate classmate who, by his social qualities, has won it: and he, rising, for the first time betrays himself as the Wooden Spoon-man to his classmates and the rest of the university world. Then follow the address of the presenting ‘Coch,’ and the response of the Wooden Spoon-man; and after this, a song from the glee-club gives a finale to the performances, and the signal to the ladies to gather their shawls and opera cloaks about them and prepare to retire. It is remarkable that, as a general rule, the wittiest writers and best speakers of a class are scarcely ever the most forward scholars in the university curriculum: hence it is that while ‘Junior Exhibition,’ wherein the best scholars only are participants, is a somewhat dry and monotonous performance, the ‘Wooden Spoon Exhibition,’ conducted by the more clever of the poorest scholars, is full of interest and sparkling fun, admirable acting and mimicry, fertility of invention, gracefulness in speaking and composition, and inherits that life and zest which students always infuse into anything from which jollity, a good time, and a reputation for cleverness may be extracted.

To describe all the interesting customs of our American ‘Alma Mater’ would exhaust a good-sized volume; we can only select here and there one, such as will throw light upon the character and habits of American students, and their manner of life in those palmy days when one has a foretaste and inkling of the world’s excitements, and a measure of manhood’s independence, without the cares or penalties

of either. We will therefore omit, regretfully, many of the minor phases of Yale student life, and come to that day to which all look joyfully forward, and yet, when it comes, mourn its advent—the day known among the Yale boys as ‘Presentation Day.’ This day is the last on which the Senior, or outgoing class, attends university exercises: with it virtually ceases their connection with ‘Alma Mater.’ They have passed all their examinations, and have won the right to a bachelor’s degree. There is for them no more plodding over tomes, no more brain-puzzling in the higher mathematics or metaphysics; no more attending on lectures and chapel. This day occurs about the middle of June; a month later comes what is called ‘Commencement Day,’ which corresponds to ‘Commemoration’ at Oxford. The interval between ‘Presentation’ and ‘Commencement’—that is, between the virtual and the formal cessation of the connection of the outgoing class with the University—is employed by those of the Seniors who have orations to deliver on the latter occasion, in ‘getting up’ their addresses. The rest of the class do nothing but ‘loaf about,’ relieved of all care, with nothing to do but enjoy themselves as best they may. But to return to ‘Presentation Day,’ the first of the two occasions referred to, when the Seniors virtually but not formally take leave of their college life. It is so called from the fact that on this day the Senior class is presented to the President of the University as having passed all the examinations, and as entitled to receive the baccalaureate degree; and it is made the occasion of a ceremonious leave-taking and parting of the outgoing class from all the friends and associations of a happy four years’ student life. The morning is reserved for the university exercises in chapel and the afternoon to the more enjoyable social pastimes of the class on the college lawn. At ten o’clock the president and officers of the university, and the undergraduates and spectators, assemble at the chapel. The president is in his high desk, simply attired in a black

silk gown; the professors and tutors occupy pews on the platform, on either side of him; the outgoing class occupy the pews of the centre aisle, the other undergraduates the pews at the sides, and the spectators (among whom are many ladies) the gallery. The ceremony of 'presentation' over (performed in Latin), the class orator and poet mount the platform in turn, and deliver their compositions. These are elected by the class, and are usually the most talented members of it, each in his own particular sphere, and their effusions refer, of course, to the day—to the memories of the past, and forward-looking into the future. The class is then invited to a lunch with the faculty in the great hall of the University—a cold but very palatable lunch, not at all stiff, and only puritanic in the absence of all potables stronger than lemonade. And now, for the first time, the reverend president and his colleagues condescend to be facetious, and let the astonished about-to-be alumni into a new phase of their characters. Short speeches are made, witticisms abound, and it is a very jolly entertainment altogether.

The 'Class Committee' has meanwhile been busy making preparations for the performances of the afternoon. Under the noble and wide-spreading elms benches have been arranged in a wide circle; here, some time after the presidential lunch, the outgoing class assemble for their last 'jolly time.' Long pipes and tobacco, and refreshments of a more substantial character, are provided: the class take their places on the benches, and throw themselves without order on the lawn between them, and prepare to listen to the 'Class Histories.' The windows of the dormitories, which

overlook the scene, are filled with the mothers, sisters, cousins, sweet-hearts, and lady friends of the students, especially of the outgoing class; and outside the 'ring' is collected a thick dense circle of the other undergraduates, some of whom stand on benches and chairs the better to view the performances. The 'Class Historians,' whose duty it is to infuse as much humour as possible into their pieces, and to describe their classmates, especially those who have left the University, as funny and ludicrously as possible, begin, and proceed to give histories of the class amid much applause and laughter at the well-known incidents and allusions they introduce. Then comes the sad parting of the members of the class with each other, each going round the ring and embracing and weeping manly tears over beloved friends from whom he is to part, and in company with whom he has spent four long happy years. The last ceremony is that of marching in procession from one college building to another, and heartily cheering each in turn: and then the 'class ivy' is planted, a song being sung and a sprig of ivy being set in the ground by the side of the large free-stone library edifice, on one of whose stones is an appropriate inscription. This last emblem and memorial deposited, the class breaks up, never to meet again as undergraduates.

From these few notes I hope the English reader will be able to perceive somewhat of the spirit and habits of student life in America; and if they serve, in this respect, to make the sister races, however little, better acquainted with each other, I shall be more than repaid for having written it.

GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.



THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

SCIENTIFIC BIOGRAPHY.

TO those who take any interest in the progress of science there can be no subject that can be more interesting than scientific biography. The search after the wisdom that God has so abundantly hidden on every side, that man may seek it out, forms the highest exercise for the highest powers, and has a supreme interest for all to whom the attainment of truth is the dearest object of life. It is to be noted that the character of such biography indefinitely varies. Sometimes it is merely the record of the silent progress achieved by the thinker in his study or laboratory. The narrative of his history is simply the explanation of his discoveries, and the perusal of an undiluted scientific biography becomes almost as difficult as the perusal of the 'Principia.' Specimens of such a biography are to be found in such a work as Professor Tyndall's account of Faraday, which has attained much deserved popularity, and also in the recent 'Anatomical Memoirs of Professor Goodsir.' These may be called severe books; but still, beyond any abstruse and difficult reading, they have both a scientific interest and a deep human personal interest. In these the scientific interest is paramount, and the literary interest is subordinate. There are other works of scientific biography, medical biography, for example—we may instance the Life of Sir Astley Cooper, or the Autobiography of Sir Benjamin Brodie—where personal incidents come uppermost. And then there are some biographies, such as those of Humboldt and Audubon, which give us some of the warmest colours of poetry and some of the most thrilling incidents of romance. A supreme moral interest is given to the lives of such men of science, who in all their investigations and their methods of inquiry thus work out the idea of Final Causes; when, differing from such men as M. Comte

and Mr. Herbert Spencer, who freely criticise the arrangements of creation, they believe, with such men as Harvey and Whewell, that nature is the art of God; that the world is the result of design; and that every effect is intended, and has a purpose.

The one side of the biography of men of science consists, therefore, in the description and registration of their achievements and the methods of observation and reasoning by which they attained to their discoveries. In the highest order of scientific discoverers this seems to be attained by the union of the imaginative with the logical faculty. This is strikingly shown by a sentence of our great philosopher, Faraday, in describing his youthful life. He delighted, and could believe in the 'Arabian Nights;' but at the same time 'I could trust a fact, and always cross-examined an assertion.' Now this is just as it should be. Science has told us many marvels, and may yet leave the Eastern imagination lagging behind. We do not, indeed, fly over the tops of mountains, but we do much the same thing, and in less time, by diving beneath them. An ingenious writer has invented a thousand-and-second night, in which the Sultana tells her husband all the marvels of steam, and the Sultan, unable to put up with such a liar any longer, promptly has her head cut off the first thing the following morning. The man of science may make the most daring hypotheses; but in the process of verification he proceeds step by step with the utmost caution and certitude. 'I cannot but doubt,' says Faraday, 'that he who, as a mere philosopher, has most power of penetrating the secrets of nature, and *guessing by hypotheses* as to her mode of working, will also be most careful for his own safe progress and that of others, to distinguish the knowledge which consists

of assumption—by which I mean theory and hypothesis—from that which is the knowledge of facts and laws.' Guessing by hypothesis and testing hypothesis by experiment, is the true habit of the first-rate scientific mind. Such a mind will also admit that the law which seems to bind phenomena most closely together may be still not the true law, but only provisional formulæ until the true law is attained.

There is generally a correlation between the mental and the moral life of men of science. That passionate love of truth which is the motive power of all their researches accompanies them into all other ranges of life. This is the fact that lends a certain degree of probability to all apologists of Bacon, and makes us so eagerly welcome any evidence that may be adduced on his behalf. There is something almost apostolic in the simplicity and fervour of a true son of science. He becomes its devotee and almost its martyr. The spirit of the man of science in much approximates to the true priestly and missionary spirit. Rank and riches seem very small things and are almost despised in the comparison. Thus it was with Faraday. From any kind of rank he shrank with instinctive abhorrence. After his great discovery of magneto-electric induction—perhaps the greatest discovery ever made by an investigator—he might easily have made a hundred thousand pounds by entering into business relations; but he firmly resolved that he would pursue science rather than wealth; and he not only threw aside all these material considerations, but again and again he sacrificed health as the result of severe continuous mental strain. But he found his own exceeding great reward in that intense happiness which awaits upon the attainment of knowledge, and the conviction that he was enlarging the limits of the human mind, and that region of the material universe over which the mind is progressively extending its empire.*

Several volumes of scientific bio-

* We need hardly refer to Professor Tyndall's 'Memoirs of Faraday,' published last year.

graphy have lately been published, which can hardly fail to procure a high place in permanent literature. They contain, in varying proportions, the scientific element and the biographical element. As a rule they are by no means such severe reading as might be imagined; and in their ethical lessons the calmness, the truth, the earnestness, the patience and accuracy, the devoted love of nature, might be valuable indeed to this generation. As an example of scientific biography, showing an absolute devotion, and even a martyrdom to science, there is no more remarkable work than the two handsome, massive volumes which make up the 'Anatomical Memoirs' of Goodsir.* To men of science it will be a work of singular and almost unrivalled attractions, and we are using no language of exaggeration when we say that it ought to receive a place in every considerable library in the kingdom. But that portion for which the public will chiefly care is that large part of the first volume which is taken up by Dr. Lonsdale's Memoir, of which the personal and ethical interest is exceedingly great; and we would strongly urge upon the publishers that they would do well to issue this in a separate form suited for a wide general circulation. Goodsir possessed the genuine scientific spirit—the innate love of truth, from whatever quarter it might come, and to whatever results it might lead. On one occasion he said to an assistant, 'Now, Mr. Stirling, let us have God's truth in the measurements. God's truth is everything; I live for that.' He searched into the secrets of the structure of organizations with unflinching boldness; and yet it is truly said of him by the 'Lancet,' that 'he yet retained his belief in creation, in the limitation of species, in revelation, and in the essential distinction between man and all anthropoid creatures.'

The Goodsirs of Fife were for ge-

* 'The Anatomical Memoirs of John Goodsir, F.R.S., late Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by William Turner, M.B. With a Biographical Memoir by Henry Lonsdale, M.D. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

nerations a medical family. John Goodsir's grandfather, and all his uncles, and some of his brethren, were medical men. He was brought up at Anstruther, and from his earliest years drank in the love of natural science on the shore and in the fields, enjoying that frugal, pious, sensible education which it had long been the glory of Scottish homes to impart. The lad was always busy about the rigging of the small craft in Anster harbour, and searching into the contents of the marine nets. Marine zoology formed the deepest charm for him; and it was his greatest delight to be busy with treasures on the beach, or to haul in a sheet while the light fishing-smack was bounding over the northern waves. Professor Syme, too, coming into his father's neighbourhood, found reason to commend the boy's knowledge and love of chemistry. It seems to us that in chemical science, more than in any other direction of the human mind, 'the boy is father to the man.' Many an instance might be given where such a boyhood as Goodsir's has prepared for such a future life. He early developed the thorough love of anatomy which is the surest sign of the scientific mind—a study which is detested by the idle medical student, but without which no medical man, whether physician or surgeon, can attain to real eminence. For several years Goodsir was apprenticed to a dentist—a drudgery abhorrent to a man of his wide aims, but which led to those writings on the 'Pulps and Sacs of the Human Teeth' which are among the very best things he ever did. There is something very fresh and interesting in the memorable brotherhood of which Goodsir and Edward Forbes were *fratres*, then formed at Edinburgh. Their motto was, 'Learning, love, and wine,' and their title, 'The Universal Brotherhood of the Friends of Truth.' The vinous element was, however, subsequently eliminated on account of weaker brethren, who made it too prominent a feature of their system. When the University of Edinburgh determined to make their Museum of Anatomical and Natural Science adequate to the

wants of the day, Goodsir was made their conservator. He had also been conservator to the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, and he became a curator of that famous institution, 'The Royal Medical' of Edinburgh.

Up in an attic, or topmost flight, in Edinburgh, which some called the barracks, and others 'our palace,' there used to meet a wonderful concentration of the genius and learning of Edinburgh; and many were the illustrious men, foreigners included, who climbed those many flights of stairs to the simple social gatherings which, as intellectual feasts, left vulgar wealth poor indeed.

As Demonstrator and Curator of the University Museum, and subsequently as Professor of Anatomy, Goodsir's achieved position was dignified and important enough, and he considered that he had attained the pedestal of his ambition. He is most honourably distinguished as having brought the system of teaching anatomy to the highest point of perfection. To the very end of his life Goodsir was himself a learner, and looked on the most commonplace forms as susceptible of a higher interpretation than they had as yet received. John Hunter, the anatomist and surgeon, was his great ideal. He saw that, after all, practice was the great end of medical education, carrying it into active use, supplementing it with daily experiments, rounding the circle of science, co-operating with men's knowledge, and fraught with the highest practical blessings. He wished also for more extended means to carry on his scientific researches in a more extended way. We fully see the force of his reasoning, and therefore we own to being considerably astonished at his conduct; for, not being elected to the office of Assistant-Surgeon to the Infirmary, he cut the institution and the practice of medicine. As a medical man he was also culpably neglectful of all the laws of health. He altogether overtaxed himself. His face was pallid, and his limbs shaky. The loss of his brother Harry, who was surgeon to Sir John Franklin's fatal

expedition, and of his friend Edward Forbes, were sad blows to him. He would work seven hours a day all through his holidays. Even when he went abroad his chief notion of enjoyment was to spend the whole of the day in working through foreign museums. And so he completely broke up. His class saw him day by day dying on his feet, and continuing his lectures till he fell prostrate and insensible. His friends had in vain vehemently urged upon him that it was better to live for the advancement of science than add another name to its list of martyrs. Had he more wisely distributed his time and husbanded his resources, he might have attained a much higher degree of success in those large aims which he purposed to himself. As it was, there was hardly any greater anatomist in these kingdoms, or one whose name is more known and honoured abroad. It is hardly here, however, that we can venture to describe the precise nature of his work.

We have hardly ever seen a more beautiful and perfect example of scientific biography than that furnished by the recent '*Memoir of Dr. Harvey*.*' It is a fascinating book, written throughout in a thoroughly popular style and replete with the highest interest and instruction. Dr. Harvey was not one of the great discoverers or theorists of science; his humbler walk lay in paths more susceptible of being followed by thoughtful and industrious imitators. He was, if any man, a born botanist. The wild flower and the seaweed were for him objects more glorious than all the glory of Solomon. From a child he manifested the most intense love of natural scenery. To collect all the butterflies he could, to gather shells on the beach and arrange them in order, to collect all the plants that came in his way, were the amusement of childhood, which to many might have seemed childish enough. We

only wish that children more generally possessed such tastes, and that those about them knew how to develop and foster that love of nature, which, in the case of many, leads to the highest results, and in the case of all, is fraught with the purest enjoyment. In the case of Harvey the bye-play became the business of life, and when his ordinary avocations failed him, gave him position, eminence, and fame. Wherever he wandered the young naturalist collected specimens with a zeal that created opportunities and overcame all obstacles. He ventured to send some specimens to Sir William Hooker, who sent him the kindest of answers and lots of parcels from his duplicates. But while he was becoming an admirable naturalist, he also satisfied himself and his friends that he would never make a good man of business.

A good opening presented itself to him at the Cape. His family were Whigs, and his brother had got a party appointment as Treasurer to the Cape. He accompanied him, and was soon wild with delight at the flora of the country. The climate did not suit the brother. The Treasurer, returning home on furlough, died, and his office was passed on to his younger brother, the naturalist. His duties were discharged faithfully, but the chief employment of his time was the scientific peregrination of Table Mountain and other localities. The climate was against him, and his heart was in Ireland, and he was counting the days which must pass before he could retire. Leave of absence enabled him to revisit his friends and make a tour in Italy. His third residence at the Cape did not last long, for he was now definitely obliged to resign his appointment. But he was not thrown out of work. While he had been occupied in official labours, his reputation as a naturalist had been steadily growing. There was a vacancy in the University of Dublin, and Harvey became Curator of the Herbarium, and afterwards Professor of Botany.

The instinct of travel was strong upon Professor Harvey. As a bota-

* '*Memoir of W. H. Harvey, M.D., F.R.S., late Professor of Botany, Trinity College, Dublin. With Selections from his Journal and Correspondence.*' Bell and Daldy.

nist he carried with him his library and his business wherever he might go. He visited the Devonshire coast, and made scientific acquaintances in London. Then he expanded his wings for a longer flight. He made a long tour in America, giving scientific lectures in Boston, and making friends with Longfellow, Agassiz, and Laura Bridgman. Switzerland formed an interlude before longer travels, which extended to the Antipodes. Then he ranged to his heart's content

'On from island unto island at the gateway of the day.'

In Ceylon 'we drove for miles through one vast "Ward's case," of cocoa-nut, areca, and other palms, ferns without end, and very many noble tropical shrubs in blossom . . . a perfect paradise of wooded hills, open valleys with rich vegetation, and glorious forms of tropical plants.' Thence he went to Australia, which, in a botanical point of view, he considered to be a 'topsy-turvy' country. He was disappointed in his collections at low water, and was 'dependent on storms for throwing up weeds.' He was accosted one day by a settler, who made the sensible but prosaic suggestion that he should point out some seaweed 'good to eat, good for something, in fact.' In Norfolk Bay he got some experiences of the convicts, and, on the whole, he seems to have taken up a more favourable idea of the transportation system than is ordinarily the case. He found the convicts very civil, and some of them helped him in his dredging. He went to see the quarters occupied by William Smith O'Brien. They were very comfortable, a cottage, 'commanding a very pretty prospect and had quite a cheerful aspect. He was supplied with books and writing materials and literature. I was told that he worked in his garden, which had beautiful shrubs and flowers.' Afterwards he went to New Zealand, and thence to the Friendly and the Fiji Islands. We have never met with anything more eminently satisfactory than Dr. Harvey's account of Christian missions

in these islands. They immeasurably outweigh the shallow, virulent rubbish talked by such a man as Mr. Burton. He thence got to Panama and so home, having travelled round the world, and been absent three years. He did not live very many years after these prolonged travels. He married, but soon afterwards his health gave way. Among other places he visited Arcachon, on account of the supposed beneficial effect of the aroma of its pine forests. This also gave him an opportunity of making an excursion into the Pyrenees. Professor Harvey died of consumption at Torquay in 1866. His mental history is highly interesting. In early life he was a Quaker, and he talked that curious ungrammatical lingo in which the Quakers of the present day delight. 'Thou expects,' 'dost thee know,' is the style of thing. He found little satisfaction in Quaker writings, and his experience enables us to understand why that once important body is now hopelessly declining. The Church of England may be proud of him as a convert, for he brought into religious matters the most vigorous spirit of science, and freely elected her communion as his own amid the religions of the world. Many of his remarks, as bearing on the science of the day, are full of moral interest. 'Science,' he writes, 'is always in progress; always polishing off old surfaces and bringing out new. In her eye nothing is final; her faith knows no repose, looks forward to no future rest. She cannot conceive either of a beginning or an end, neither hath she any goal conceivable to our minds.' He writes several letters to Dr. Asa Gray on Darwinism. 'I am fully disposed to admit natural selections are *vera causa* of much change, but not as the *vera causa* of species.' 'I have no objection, *per se*, to a doctrine of derivative descent. Why should I? One mode of creation is as feasible to the Almighty as another, and, as *put by you*, is very consonant to sound doctrine. I have had a short friendly correspondence with Darwin on the subject, but without much result one way or the other.

.... A good deal of Darwin reads to me like an ingenious dream.'

Mr. Robert Buchanan's edition of 'Audubon's Life'* brings before us a scientific biography full of personal and adventurous interest. The rambles of this great ornithologist and ornithological painter are romantic in the extreme. Mr. Buchanan's book is partly made up of plentiful quotations from Audubon's own manuscripts, and partly with the story with which these manuscripts have supplied him. Audubon has certainly met no Boswell. Mr. Robert Buchanan possesses the critical faculty, which he promptly exercises at the expense of his subject. Audubon was very handsome and correspondingly vain; he especially admired the curve of his nose and the longitude of his hair; he was reckless, inconsiderate, and self-opinionated—all which imperfections Mr. Robert Buchanan does not fail to set forth with the candid impartiality of true friendship. But Audubon had good health, a good wife, and a good heart, and through an immense variety of ups and downs he survived to a good old age. He was a born genius, in the way of artist, naturalist, and vagabond. The lighthearted way in which he would leave his wife and children to get their own living as they could while he was off to the woods, is, in our over-civilized state of society, a matter of much admiration. His life is crowded with enough adventures to set up any number of adventurers. At one time he could not keep his journal because he had no money wherewith to buy a book of blank paper, and had to maintain himself by giving lessons in drawing and dancing. He came over to England, with what introductions he could, in order to get subscribers for his great work. Here he was received with much kindness, and Professor Wilson wrote an article about him in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' by which

* 'The Life and Adventures of John James Audubon, the Naturalist.' Edited from Materials supplied by his Widow, by Robert Buchanan, Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

he has chiefly been made known to Englishmen. At Edinburgh he made the acquaintance of all the celebrities—Sir Walter Scott, Basil Hall, Lord Jeffrey, Mr. McCulloch, and others. 'Jeffrey is a little man, with a serious face, and a dignified air. He looks both shrewd and cunning, and talks with so much volubility he is rather displeasing. In the course of the evening Jeffrey seemed to discover that if he was Jeffrey I was Audubon.' The sensitive naturalist was full of gratitude for the kindness showed him by Lord and Lady Morton, and highly indignant at the treatment he received from the daughters of Lady Mansfield. He showed them his collection of drawings to amuse them, and was soon afterwards cut by them at a public assembly as if unworthy of their notice. We have an amusing instance of his simplicity in his account of a dinner at Sir James Riddell's. 'The style here far surpassed even Lord Morton's; fine gentlemen waited on us at table, and two of them put my cloak about my shoulders notwithstanding my remonstrances.' His success in London was very considerable, but he was for a time almost heart-broken at the London distress which was revealed to him. He passed over to Paris, where he saw a good deal of Baron Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire. He found that he could get more subscribers in Manchester than in Paris. Then he got back to America after this successful transatlantic foray, and his position was much helped in America by his European success.

To see Audubon in his glory we should observe him in that forest life which he loved so well, and with descriptions of which this book abounds. He is spending days in the forest, with Daniel Boone, or some old hunter, living on the trout of the stream, and the venison or bear's flesh which their rifles have procured. Sometimes he is venturing on encounters with alligators in swamps or by rivers when he wants a specimen for drawings. Then we have some fearful story which came within his experience or knowledge, of being nearly toma-

hawked by Indians or lost in a forest. Once amid pools, swamps, and rank grass, he alights on a small island covered with wild orange trees over which the humming birds are fluttering. Then again we have his adventures with the wreckers of the Floridas and the turtles of the Tortugas. Then again he visits bleak, inhospitable coasts of Labrador, but, nevertheless, knee-deep in mosses, and with the downy eider ducks nestling under the scraggy boughs of the fir trees. Then he is out at sea amid the whalers and in the cod-fisheries. Then there are adventures with snakes and wolves, and human beings more subtle and more cruel than either. Wherever there was the unusual phase of nature or of human nature to be seen, thither was Audubon led by an irresistible attraction. Birds we find mentioned *passim*, for to this pursuit he dedicated his life, and, in return, this pursuit gave him his great fame and a modest competence. It was quite in his old age that he made his last and grandest journey into the far wilderness of the west. The incidents related in this work might well furnish forth a dozen ordinary volumes of travel. He was seventy years old when he went into the prairies of the west, and after a quiet sweet rest of a few years his mind utterly failed him. But on the day he died, 'one of the sons said, "Minnie, father's eyes have now their natural expression;" and the departing man reached out his arms, took his wife's and children's hands between his own, and passed peacefully away.'

But scientific biography has its lighter as well as its severer side. This is in some degree brought out in a recent work on English Engineers,* a work which contains many pleasant, sketchy chapters. The author has shown much skill in steering clear of Mr. Smiles. Of course there is a tragic side even here, and there are those of our

* 'Personal Recollections of English Engineers, and of the Introduction of the Railway System into the United Kingdom,' By a Civil Engineer, author of the 'Trinity of Italy.' Hodder and Stoughton.

engineers who have worked themselves to death. There is an immense amount of floating anecdote extant respecting the introduction of railways into the country, a portion of which is successfully caught and fixed in this volume, but there is a large amount of *ana* very well worth collecting which has hitherto eluded our writers. Macadamizing had hitherto been the highest triumph of English road-engineering. Mr. Macadam was an old Scottish gentleman, who, living in a neighbourhood of detestable roads, hit upon the happy idea that if you would only cover a road with a quantity of small stones you will keep it dry and prevent ruts. He also economically resolved that the necessary process of gradual comminution should be carried out, not by the constructors of the road but by the carriage wheels of those that used it. People laughed at the foible of the old gentleman, but before he died he was making ten thousand a year by his superintendence of the various mail road trusts on his system. Coachmen were, of course, very slow to believe the railways could improve upon the macadamized road. They were very angry with the unreasonable public. 'They will want,' said an honest coachman, 'to leave London at nine o'clock and get to Oxford at five minutes before nine.' The author remarks: 'The honest coachman little thought that he was a prophet. We do not yet travel at that imaginary rate, but our electric messages do.'

The first railway approach to London was from Camden Town to Euston Square, anticipating all the future difficulties of metropolitan railways. Those memorable public-houses to which the 'busses run had then a strictly bucolic character. The Swiss Cottage and the Eyre Arms then stood amid shaded fields, the green country being interposed between them and the City. The dwellers in Mornington Crescent would find people clambering over their walls and making holes in their summer-houses. There was a great deal of roystering fun and adventure in those days for engineers, especially in their dealings

with those who had unwillingly to learn the inquisitorial powers of an Act of Parliament. Our 'Engineer' is especially fond of talking about Brunel. One day, on the opening of a line, Brunel went to a great breakfast given by a director. The director was a Quaker and a teetotalter, and though he gave them pines and grapes, he would give them nothing else but coffee. Brunel said that at that hour he must have a pint of beer. The host was inexorable, and so Brunel, followed by several gentlemen, left the house and repaired to the nearest 'public,' and then returned to finish their costly feed. He relates a good anecdote of Stephenson. One day he got into a great rage with one of the contractors. 'So-and-so, you are a great scoundrel.' 'Well, sir,' meekly replied the delinquent, 'I know I am.' Stephenson was demolished by this candid admission. But Brunel he knew best, and Brunel is his favourite, and the author of the broad gauge was eminently a great man. He gave to English travelling its speed and luxury, and made the narrow-gauge people substitute the long six-wheeled engine for the jumping four-wheel. The personal character of the great engineer, perhaps imperious and arbitrary, is full of interest, and mellowed beautifully towards its close.

We wonder what will be the character of our next great industrial achievement. For ourselves we have little doubt but it will be the establishment of a highway with France and the Continent, whether by a tunnel, or by steam-floats, or by an embankment, or by a viaduct. We may then, when the Euphrates line is complete, travel all the way to India by railway. We are always trembling on the verge of great discoveries. When that problem which was always before the mind of Goodsir—what is the physiological law in organisms which corresponds to the law of gravity in matter?—is discovered and turned to profitable use; when the naturalist has unravelled fresh healing secrets of plant and herb; when medical

science has promoted the curability of disease, and the arts and sciences have multiplied the conveniences and luxuries of life; when the span of our days is lengthened and rendered infinitely more tolerable, the inquiry arises, What is the final cause, the great end of all this? Why is it that in our day discovery has been so potent, and the forces of the sun stored up for years beneath the soil are ready for our service in abridging all the processes of labour and speeding mutual intercourse, and barriers changing into highways, and man is everywhere drawn into closer contact with his brother man, save that the benevolent intention of the Great Ruler is revealed, that the great boon of Leisure, in a sabbatic prelude, is given to his creatures through all these infinite savings of their strength, that they may grow more in thought, in knowledge, in soul, in worth, if only our greed does not cause us to sacrifice all higher good into the passion for accumulation, and turn our very blessings to a curse?

THE TALK OF THE CLUBS.

Some time ago a friend was showing me some old letters, unpublished, which he had received from William Mackworth Praed. He was a man of great gifts, always regarded as a very promising young man, one of those who are always very promising young men to the end of the chapter. The letters related to political matters, and I may mention, since the times have now become historical, that Praed said he could make himself useful at the clubs 'by spreading rumours,' &c. It may be very desirable to ascertain the floating opinions of the clubs, but to my mind such a sentence fully explains what puzzled so many people at the time, why Macaulay should succeed so well and Praed comparatively fail. We cannot fancy that Macaulay would ever make it his business to spread any kinds of rumours. On the whole, we don't believe in the epigrammatic sparkle, the wit

and wisdom of clubs. You hear scandal there, and some good stories, and get some of the earliest items of political intelligence, which certainly oozes out in a curious way. Occasionally, too, you may hear some real pathos and eloquence if your club has procured some remarkably good wine or secured a peculiarly gifted cook.

The difficulty in regard to the floating converse of the hour is to separate the frivolous and transitory subjects from those which possess a real and perhaps an abiding interest. The stray facts of our time may become history; the stray thoughts portions of systematized truths. Among the subjects that have been eagerly discussed of late, there are certainly not a few that possess a supreme interest, and are well worthy of all the ventilation which the wits of clubs, or other's wits—for clubs certainly possess no monopoly—can bestow. Mr. Gladstone's great speech in bringing forward the Irish Church Bill gave the *quidnuncs* as much to do as they could possibly manage. The effort was a magnificent one, a near approximation to that series of budget speeches which are now things of the past. Lord Salisbury's gathering at Hatfield certainly seems to be bearing much fruit in the conspicuous moderation of the measure. It is confiscation and it is even revolution in the judgment of many people; but did ever confiscation or revolution come in so mild a form? That long pause of many months which Mr. Gladstone made before enunciating his principle of what should be done with the money has resulted in an idea of that simplicity and effectiveness well worth long incubation. Revenues given up to the afflicted and distressed are still devoted to most sacred uses; and if the Premier adheres to the principle of his measure, we shall not have a deprivation but a redistribution of church property. And if the clubs discuss Mr. Gladstone's most humane provisions, I think the clubs may take a most necessary lesson home to themselves, for the way in which various of them have

persistently refused to promote their own local charities, and have drawn broader and sharper the lines of demarcation between rich and poor, which every civilized state should seek to obliterate as far as possible, reflects little credit on their collective benevolence and patriotism.

The 'Saurin v. Starr' case has perhaps been too contemptuously treated by the wits. The mass of circumstances were trivial in the extreme, and it is easy to lament that judge, jury, and counsel were occupied for three weeks over such a case. But I question whether any three weeks of lawsuits have ever been so fertile in broad general results. The Saurins, originally quite humble people, I believe, never contemplated that the trial would have extended to such a length or have occupied so large an amount of public attention. Everybody seems satisfied with the verdict, especially as the damages given were so exceedingly moderate. Miss Saurin was teased to the extent of being tortured, but manifestly she was a very disagreeable kind of young woman to have in a convent. But the blow given to the conventual system will be felt all over the world. Much may be said, on abstract given, both for and against the theory of the convents, but it is just one of those systems which is fitly judged by experience. And, practically, it is found to work exceedingly ill. Indirectly another heavy blow has been struck at the papal power. The pope will be more than ever confirmed in his view that a death shock has been given to the power of the tiara. In countries where it had long been absolute, as in Italy and Spain, political revolution has been the instrument; but in free countries, where Protestantism has long been in the ascendant, and where, from excess of liberality, we were disposed to regard conventual institutions tenderly, this is just the kind of blow which will most effectually add to Roman decadence.

The great political problems in the East and in the West ought to receive the most serious atten-

tion from all men of thought and culture, but the sad rule in social circles is that the weightiest matters are considered least. What is to be done with the Asiatic Switzerland, that Afghanistan range of mountains which is fast becoming the sole barrier between British and Russian power in Asia? There was a time when the two nations would be preparing to elude each other in diplomacy and combat each other in war; but surely in this stage of the world's history we may trust a little more to frankness, fairness, and good feeling. May we trust to these influences with the United States? To what may we most rightly attribute the rejection, not ill for us, of the Alabama convention? Is it that they will not have it done under the auspices of the hated President whose last message was a crowning insult to them, or is it that a grievance, which may be a *casus belli*, is too precious to be adjusted by anti-British sentiment?

RECENT POETRY.

We are very glad to hear, from speculative brethren, that poetry is no longer a mere drug in the market, but that it is 'looking up' in the commercial estimate of publishers. Such a fact as this—if we may regard it as fairly ascertained to be a fact—indicates an immense advance. The general average of readers must be greatly improved if they are laying aside sensational novels and betaking themselves to poetry—not alone that highest poetry of Milton and Shelley, but that milder and more human poetry that may educate and lead up to the elder sons of song. Several very interesting volumes of poetry have recently appeared, and, on the principle of *place aux dames*, we will begin with 'Poems by Menella Bute Smedley.'

Some of Miss Smedley's poems have obtained much deserved popularity in our contemporaries, 'Good Words,' the 'Daily News,' &c. As a whole, these poems are exceedingly good, but we also confess to some little disappointment. We have higher expectations of Miss

Smedley than she has satisfied by the general level of this volume. There is a strength and tenderness, a lyric boldness, a beauty and energy of phrase about some of her pieces that make us believe Miss Smedley has got to make a higher mark as a poetess than the very considerable mark which she has already attained. In such a poem as 'The Contrast,' where, according to her wont, she is too merciful to an unworthy husband, we have a subtlety and delicacy which can hardly be improved on. This is her best vein. The longest poem in this book is the drama of 'Lady Grace,' and with this we own we are least satisfied. This drama will be popular, for it is extremely amusing, and might, without much difficulty, be fitted for representation on the stage. Miss Smedley has a keen and most thorough sense of humour, and we enjoy her fun, but she is essentially a poetess in the highest walks to which poetesses attain, and we regret that in a thin volume so much space should have been given to dramas which might have been occupied with such perfect lyrics or picture-poems as 'The Little Fair Soul' or 'April Shadows.'

The 'Story of Lady Grace' is worth the telling, and is one more exhibition of 'the girl of the period.' Lady Grace Aumerle, the young widow of an old man, whom she had married without a spark of love, remorsefully determines to dedicate herself and her substance to her nephew and niece. Visiting her lawyer, in order to carry out her benevolent intentions, she expresses her desire to see the young people, herself being unseen. The lawyer explains that nothing is more easy, and accordingly the young cousins are discerned, abundantly chaffing one another, and the officer teaching the young lady how to smoke cigars. Lady Grace, however, is large-hearted, and can make allowances for young people if there is nothing worse in the background. Now it so happens that the lawyer is in love with the young widow, and was so as a school lad, though he has changed his name, and she has quite forgotten him. There is some

ambiguity about Lady Grace's age. She volunteers to be a mother to her nephew, Captain de Courcy, but, so far as we can make out this delicate subject, she must be younger than he. The gallant captain thinks it is a grind. He explains that he is not so fond of mothers—

'I mean no harm—they're very well for daughters.

But men should have no mothers. They're a tie;

You can't forget them; 'tis as though you had Your boots (good boots) just half an inch too tight,

A trifling obstacle to all you do.

Regulars are oppressive—volunteers

Intolerable.'

The lawyer is deeply smitten with his handsome client, and breaks out into blank verse on the smallest provocation. He knows, however, that by a legal deed, if the lady marries again, half the fortune goes to the nephew and half to the second husband. The last stipulation is of a very unusual kind, and is sufficient to deter the legal gentleman, whose scruples, we are afraid, will not meet with much respect from his professional brethren. Lady Grace, in the meanwhile, loves him, and being indignant that he does not declare a corresponding love, out of spite she promises to marry Lord Lynton. The motherly heroine is hardly so discreet and matronly as might be anticipated. Not to mention her slyness in stealing a march on the pair of smokers, having been mercifully delivered from one stupid marriage she is prepared to precipitate herself into another!

In the mean time the niece is getting herself made the subject of rather free remark and an interchange of bets. Sir George Sandys lays a bet that he will prove, to the satisfaction of witnesses, that she is so far devoted to him that it is manifestly at his choice, not hers, whether he will make her his wife or not. Mr. Fitzerse naturally wonders what the ladies say of us in their seclusion. Sir George answers—

'Did you never learn?

I had the chance once; in a country house,
Stalled by good hap next to a gathering-place,

Where a whole bevy groomed their golden
manes

Just before sleep—air sultry—windows wide—

I in the balcony—a mist of words

Whirling against the moonlight.'

In answer to further inquiries, he explains that he left the house early next day because he had 'no heart to meet looks' which he could not answer. He now takes means to win his bet in the case of Miss Rosa, discerning that the young lady was a very likely subject. He contrives to make an assignation with Rosa, about which Rosa tells some very neat fibs, and then there is some very amusing badinage between the two in Lady Grace's garden. She asks him for a clasp. Sir George answers, that it was given him by a Hungarian, and that he was only to give it away on two conditions—

'The woman who would win that clasp from me
Must come, alone, to fetch it from my rooms,
And give me in exchange a tress of hair,
Which mine own hand must sever.'

The silly Rosa answers that she does not mind, if he will only cut it even, and make no gap 'to spoil me for the ball.' She is charmed with the thought of going to Sir George's rooms—

'I have wished a hundred times
To know how you men live in those strange
caverns
You call your homes.'

The wayward, imprudent girl goes to Sir George's. As soon as the baronet has caged the bird, he proceeds to summon his friends to witness the winning of the wager. Rosa, finding herself alone in his sitting-room, wishes to leave, but is prevented by a servant. Lady Grace, however, having discovered the mad adventure, hurries after her, and is admitted by the servant, who 'had no orders to keep ladies out, only to shut them in.' Lady Grace exchanges hat and mantle with Rosa, who makes her escape. Sir George returns with his friends, and among them is the very Lord Lynton to whom she has engaged herself. Lady Grace is trapped, and her own fair name is sullied. Society is scandalized, and even the ungrateful minx of a niece finds a pretext of going into the country to

get away from her compromised aunt. The generosity of the aunt is, however, inexhaustible, and she strips herself of her wealth in order that she may endow her not very deserving nephew and niece. This removes the lawyer's scruples. His love is now in poverty and disgrace, and he may venture to speak. Opportunely, at the last, Rosa, now Mrs. Fitzerse, acknowledges her misdeed, which clears up the great question of character, and the question of the pelf drops out of sight with that lavish liberality peculiar to poets, and some few persons in real life.

A companion volume to Miss Smedley's book is 'Twilight Hours,' by Sarah Williams (Sadie), a poetess whose regretted death left many bright hopes unaccomplished. It has the advantage of a prefatory memoir by Professor E. H. Plumptre, a poet of no ordinary culture and power. There is great breadth of mind and most genuine feeling in the volume; and though it will make no popular stir, many will love to hold communion with the incomplete thoughts of a pure, clear spirit. 'The Great Master,' she beautifully says, 'is a perfect gardener. . . . There is room for unfinished souls in heaven.'

The Hon. Robert Lytton's new work speaks more for his great natural ability than for his poetic faculty.* We cannot say that this distinguished author has materially advanced since he threw off his literary disguise, or that Robert Lytton pleases us so much as Owen Meredith. He is distinguished for the utmost power of expression, and for unrivalled melodiousness in versification. His mind is remarkable for its intense receptivity, its reflection of the many moods of many minds. In a volume of paraphrases, rendered with more or less strength and freedom, and with an amount of originality which a paraphrase rarely admits, this receptivity is especially obvious. To the poem of 'Orval,' a rather curious literary history belongs. This is set forth in a lengthy

* 'Orval; or, The Fool of Time: and other Imitations and Paraphrases.' By Robert Lytton. Chapman and Hall.

and interesting preface. Mr. Lytton had entertained the noble design of making the great revolution of 1789 the subject of a poem. He is good enough—tantalizingly good enough—to sketch out for us the main treatment of his intended poem, when we would rather have had the poem itself, albeit in an unfinished form. But he accidentally made acquaintance, in an old number of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' with a Polish poem, which, in a singular way, anticipated his own design, and at the same time made him dissatisfied with it. This was Count Krasinski's 'Infernal Comedy.' The count had an unhappy history, and he published his poem without avowing the authorship — 'the anonymous author of an anonymous nation.' We cordially echo Mr. Lytton's hope that Count Krasinski's wonderful writings will now become better known in this country; and this can hardly fail to be the case since he has attained the rare happiness of finding another genuine poet as his interpreter. We hardly know, however, while reading 'Orval,' how to draw the line between the poem and the paraphrase, and we suspect that a considerable use has been made by Mr. Lytton of his own discarded effort. The supernatural machinery of the work is hardly arranged on any ethical or artistic principle; we best see its failure when we contrast it with Göthe's or Shakespeare's. The religious treatment is still more confused and unsatisfactory. And yet there is tremendous force and energy in the personifications of the forces and passions at work in the French Revolution. Mr. Lytton appears to us to share fully in what he is pleased to call 'the modern sentiment,' which he defines as 'anti-theological and anti-sacerdotal as well as anti-sectarian.' Mr. Lytton's philosophy of the French Revolution — and poets generally indite good prose and good philosophy — is hopeful enough, and such as most thinking men entertain, despite their Burke. The Revolution has been the mightiest of all forces in promoting the progressive self-development of modern society. This

is the idea which he places on the lips of the revolutionary Panurge—

'See yonder plains whose dark immensity
Beneath us, stretches 'twixt my thoughts and
me;

The yet untraversed fields of my designs!
Those smouldering homesteads must be pa-
laces;

Those deserts we must people: pierce yon
rocks:

With golden harvests clothe those arid tracts:
Dry up those marshes: plant yon barren
heath:

Channel this valley, and that waste redeem;
Unite those lakes, and give to each his part
And profit of the soil our swords have won:
Until the living be the dead twice told
In number, and the new world's opulence
Outshine the old world's riches. Until then
We have not justified our first dread deed,
Destruction's drear necessity.'

The justification has certainly, to a very considerable degree, yet to be worked out. Mr. Lytton has a very interesting note on the 'Decline of Manners,' which ought to be read in connection with a memorable passage, which he does not cite, from Mr. Hallam's greatest work. He cites Sismondi on the deterioration of French society, even in 1813, that is, of the younger in comparison

with the elder portion. He then compares the deterioration of the best society in London and Paris even from that lowered standard of 1813. He reminds us that modern society is still in process of formation: 'Doubtless, among the harvests of the future, flowers will blossom in due season, not less fair than those which have fallen beneath the harrow of time.' Mr. Lytton, among other translations which illustrate his wide command of languages and keen intellectual versatility, reprints, with an apologetic explanation, those Servian translations which were rather roughly handled by the late Lord Strangford in the 'Saturday Review.' It must be a matter of national congratulation that Lord Lytton has a son who will represent him so worthily in literary rank as well as in the meaner territorial title.

There is still one great poem which we have left untouched. This our readers will at once anticipate—'The Ring and the Book.' But this subject is too long to be entered on now.



ABOUT ST. PAUL'S.

HOMEWARD I go through the City,
 Oft as the twilight falls,
 Where broods, in a dream of stillness,
 The grandeur of St. Paul's.

And there in its stony patience
 It rises the whirl above,
 A symbol of God's large pity
 And everlasting love.

A sameness where all is changing,
 A silence amid the din,
 A holy height to look up to,
 And sigh heavenward from out the sin.

Weird as a giant shadow,
 Yet firm as an Alp, thou pile
 Dost abide, and the generations
 Fret round thee, and fade the while.

Scarce a pause in the vast pulsation,
 And lasting quiet none;
 Like a brimmed and stormy river
 The roaring life foams on.

You might drop and pass unnoted
 In the ever-moving crowd;
 And the ripple of your death-sob
 Would melt, lost in the murmur loud.

Through the daylight, and through the twilight,
 When the endless lamp-lines glow,
 In its fulness of power imperious
 Pours the mighty ebb-and-flow.

And we ask, as the myriads meet us—
 Runs to what goal each race?
 What is the inner history
 Half-writ in each fated face?

What quick seeds of destiny tingle—
 What tenderness, sorrow, and wrong,
 What passion, redemption, and triumph
 Smoulder and throb in that throng!

God help them, and save them, who made them;
 He seeth the way they wend;
 Christ, who didst die for the sinful,
 Lead to some blessedest end!

LONDON SOCIETY.

MAY, 1869.

SKETCHES FROM OUR OFFICE WINDOW.

Shopping and Visiting.



'I had much rather, I protest, watch graceful figures from the office window.'

THERE is a time in the day which has a peculiar importance and solidarity of its own, which is the very heart of its heart, the very morning of its morning—a time which I should put as the hours

between twelve and three. Depend upon it, all the most important business of the world is done very much about this time. Letters are by that time answered, interruptions attended to, routine business trans-

acted, and a man settles down into what most requires his thoughts and energies for the time. But it is just at this time that carriages begin to permeate the four avenues of Piccadilly, and the *sanctum sanctorum* of the office is at times invaded. While sordid men are most deeply engaged in making filthy lucre, the heavenly beings are about to pursue their loftier destiny of making away with it. No, we had rather not give the benefit of our refined taste in accompanying them to Hunt and Roskell, or to Swan and Edgar, lest we should hear soft whispers about that love of a shawl, or that darling of a bracelet. We reject the proffer of a seat in the carriage to visit that simpering dowager who was so greatly struck by our portrait in the Academy, or even the young ladies who are quite in love with our pretty *vers de société*. But we walk to the office window just in time to catch a Parthian glance and a waving hand; and as the wheels roll away our attention and thoughts are recalled to some phases of London Society which belong to shopping and visiting.

It is after lunch that the real work of shopping commences. The mornings have been passed in domestic avocations, that is to say the newspapers have been glanced at, letters written, the dinner ordered, and, reinvigorated by lunch, the ladies are prepared to enter upon the flowery but dangerous paths of shopping. A certain difference is to be observed between those who shop early and those who shop late. If you have some really important purchases to make the shopping takes precedence over every other morning engagement. A young lady is going to be married, and the tremendous arrangements of the *trousseau* are to be effected; or some one is going out to India, and dozens upon dozens of everything are to be provided; or some large purchases are to be effected such as happen every now and then in a household. Now these are really business transactions of which the most business-like people must speak with respect. Ladies then require plenty of time

and ample attention and freedom from distraction. But the ordinary shopping of the season is not of this extraordinary kind. It is merely a pleasant occupation *pour passer le temps*—an amusing interlude that may fill up some space between lunching and visiting. It is attended with a pleasing amount of hazard and excitement perhaps not altogether remote to the enjoyment which coarser beings find in their betting-books. It is even pleasant to see the crowd and confusion—to feel how much of it is due to oneself—and exchange smiles, words, and glances with one's friends, and thus combine the duties and pleasures of society.

As I stand at my office window, frequently glancing down the vistas of the street, I am greatly amused at the extraordinary amount of lady traffic which goes on in and out of the shops within range of observation. It becomes a difficult matter to credit the general assertion of my lady friends, that they dislike shopping. From what I observe from my office window, I feel convinced that shopping is one of the most important transactions of a lady's life, but, I suspect, by no means generally done in a business-like way. It is lingered over and lengthened to twice the number of hours really necessary for it. It therefore strikes me, as a looker on, that shopping must afford ladies an extreme amount of pleasure and amusement, judging by the intensity of ardour which they bring to the pursuit. Moreover, I have more than once had the dubious felicity of being the escort, in the days of ignorance, to a lady during her whole morning's engagements, so I have some definite notions of what takes place at any large, handsome draper's establishment. The windows are decked out with every enticement to enter. Here are displayed splendid silks, dainty little bonnets, Parisian mantles, or cloaks, all suitable for the season, whether summer or winter, and many other equally bewitching articles of a lady's apparel. Mammals and elder daughters, or elder daughter accompanied by a governess or com-

panion as *chaperone*, are handed out by the liveried footmen and received by obsequious shopmen, bowing them to a seat by the counter. The carriage slowly moves off, either to wait an indefinite period, or with directions to call again in an hour or so. At any rate, scarcely a thought is cast to the weary coachman until the ladies have concluded their purchases, about which they frequently spend two or three hours, and sometimes a still longer time.

If I venture to remonstrate with my fair friends, and speak a little authoritatively on this apparent waste of time, I am told with benign contempt that shopping is a very important matter, requiring no end of tact, taste, judgment, and innumerable other qualities of a high moral and intellectual nature. And no doubt they are right; but having an ill-disposed mind, which sometimes revolts against the unsupported enunciation of dogmatic truth, I become sceptical, and ask for reasons. It shows no judgment, I argue in my ignorance, to be unable to choose a dress until every piece of silk or stuff has been exhibited over and over again, and at last the choice falls upon the first brought forward, or perhaps on none. But then those well-dressed, curly-headed, dandyfied young men are employed on purpose to angle gently with the ladies, and induce them to buy, and think no labour lost if they manage to put up a parcel at the end. Ladies are the best customers, and of course are best attended to, as, indeed, they should be everywhere. It no doubt amuses them to see all the pretty things; and as many of them leave papa to pay at the end of the year, they rarely deny themselves anything they fancy. It is only when the bill comes in, and dear papa looks dismayed and rather cross, that mammas and daughters trouble themselves as to whether certain articles were necessary, and then invariably come to the conclusion that not a thing has been purchased that could possibly have been done without. So papa settles the account, and the ladies return to their

favourite haunts, and are received with renewed politeness and attention. The parcels are as large as ever, the delights of shopping as attractive.

But besides the drapers' (granted to be the most important of all bazaars), there are other shops to be visited. It is instructive, however, to observe with what comparative contumely these are treated. Mamma looks at her watch, and declares it to be much later than she expected. It is very convenient that the grocer is a close neighbour of the much-favoured draper, and he receives the honour of a visit. This visit, however, is entirely on business. A few words, a few orders hastily given, and the lady generally declines to examine any of his commodities, which cannot be supposed to be pretty or attractive.

It is something sad, something humiliating, something like Alexander's toothache, which reminded him that he was mortal, to reflect that occasionally ethereal beings will condescend once in a way to do a little business with butcher or baker. But in this description of shopping ladies can carry brevity to the point of curtness. Only the reflection arises that if ladies can be expeditious, and can be brief, and can really say what they mean in the fewest possible words, why should they not carry the idea a little further, and illumine other paths and haunts of life with these truly refulgent principles? It is very different when a lady visits a jeweller, most happy when *bonâ fide* she has got a hundred-pound note to lay out on something pretty. Why, shopping makes us think of diamonds, and diamonds is a subject as exhaustless as it is brilliant. A romance, and even a tragedy, might be written on the subject of shopping at a jeweller's. Yet I question if, after all, the jeweller is the tradesman most destructive to marital peace. There is the dressmaker and the milliner, and that fearful 'something,' who is dressmaker and milliner at once, a being who supplies both materials and workmanship, and whose bills the British husband never really knows during a

prolonged sojourn in this life. This is the kind of establishment where a Madame Mantalini is proprietress, and Miss Knaggs presides, and a pretty Kate Nickleby tries on the garment. The fashionable *modiste* has often a house full of pretty, graceful girls, whose grace and prettiness are not appreciated as they ought to be by their patrons; and, really, if they sold gloves and collars at this sort of place, a man might look on the institution of shopping with a more favourable eye. I must also admit, on behalf of shopping, what I think Sir Robert Peel has pointed out, that it has a very strong educational value. Many a boy and girl picks up a great deal of knowledge by peering into the shop windows; and the same may be said of any of us who will make the experiment of studying shop windows all the way from the Marble Arch to the City.

From her shopping the lady hurries to her carriage, in order to make her calls in the palaced west, whether of congratulation, condolence, or politeness. Considered *per se*, calls represent a very odd custom. To the unenlightened male mind they appear very frivolous; but there is a philosophy of common things, and the philosophy of calls is very deep indeed. Granting that they are productive of much that is enjoyable, there is also the abuse of the institution. The carriage has rolled away from the fashionable tradesman, and we will follow it in some morning calls. Most important of all is the lunching call. Shopping whets a lady's appetite, and she is quite prepared to enjoy an agreeable lunch and a pleasant chat with a few friends. Sometimes she has the good fortune to meet with new acquaintances whom she has long wished to know, or with strangers who turn out to be worth knowing. Englishmen can do nothing without eating and drinking, and even English ladies can do much better in the talking line at lunch-time. The calls have really done good. Mixing in society sharpens the intellect, awakens the conversational powers, and arouses a keen spirit of observation. These

are much needed by the great mass of ladies, who, but for visiting, would see very little of actual life, and are at all times rather inclined to narrow views of people and things. No blame is to be attached to them for this; it is owing to their education and seclusion, not from any physical or mental deficiency. They enjoy these little peeps into the outer world as much or even more than men, who have rather too much of it sometimes.

But we must glance at our friends whom we have left lunching. When the lunch is at an end, generally the visit ends too. The visitor remembers she has other places to go to, and takes her leave. Where there is no lunch to take up the time, and no other company than the caller and the lady called upon, to become sociable and confidential, these two friends have to introduce a third party into their conversation, and scandal becomes their dangerous amusement. With this resource time flies swiftly, and they part with regret and with many assurances that not a word of the private *tête-à-tête* shall ever be repeated. Every one knows the results of such a confab and such a compact. To make her last call, our lady of fashion drives into a narrow and gloomy street, and draws up at a dreary-looking house. Her arrival evidently makes a commotion within, but of the kind of commotion the intruder has no notion. This visit may be welcome or unwelcome, just as the visitor conducts herself. The lady of limited means becomes, no doubt, more than ever conscious of the little deficiencies in her drawing-room furniture and her own mean attire by the stolen peep at the noble carriage outside and the rich and handsome dress of her visitor. She often feels overwhelmed with a sense of her own littleness, and an exaggerated sense of the superiority of the woman of fortune and fashion. Fine feathers make fine birds, and it often is these alone which claim the superiority. If a true lady, the visitor can render her morning call a real pleasure to the visited, and leave behind her the favourable

impression that pride, hauteur, and condescension are not the necessary accompaniments to a carriage and pair. We will charitably hope that in paying such a call a woman of wealth will carefully avoid expressions of condolence with her poorer friend, accounts of her own happier fortune, allusions to painfully contrasting circumstances, noticing glances at everything in the room, or impertinent inquiries respecting her friend's household arrangements. Visits of advice unasked for, of inspection, which invariably show vulgar manners, of curiosity, which is intensely annoying, are never agreeable, especially to those whose circumstances are narrow. Yet, supposing the visit has been of the disagreeable kind, it still has sometimes what may be thought beneficial results. A carriage and pair with liveried servants at a small house in a humble street, exalt, in the eyes of all near neighbours, the inhabitants thus honoured. In their eyes, the people living at such a number are people of some standing in society from that day forward. And this is something to some people.

But ladies of wealth are not the only ladies who go shopping or visiting. All the customers at the grand shops do not arrive in their carriages. Many come on foot alone, or accompanied by their children. Some with limited purses, and some with none at all, having succeeded in obtaining credit by some unknown means. They enter the enticing shop with heavy, longing hearts, and leave it unsatisfied. A tender, honest mother purchases the article absolutely necessary, remembering many another scarcely less so for her little ones; but the sum in hand is expended, she dare not go beyond, and at once retires from the scene of temptation. Poor little Jack must still wear his threadbare frock, and Ellen her thin, but well-darned stockings. As for herself the mother desires no more. It is for her little ones she sighs. 'I must have a new bonnet,' murmurs a pretty girl; 'it is my only chance of success, and surely I shall be able to pay.' So

she enters, and first one thing and then another is presented to her view; and while she is about it she thinks she may as well get the things it is hard to do without. The temptation is strong, the list is lengthened, and the millstone is round her neck which weighs down health and spirits for many a long year. Once in debt it is rarely man or woman recover themselves.

Then our humbler friends have also their morning calls to pay. The wives of professional men have professional visits to make. In this way they share their husbands' burdens, and it is right they should do so. To neglect a call is frequently an act of self-indulgence, and always an act of incivility, *especially* to those who are equal in rank and position, and to inferiors it is a slight, and therefore an unkindness. There is a morality in visiting, a right and a wrong in all these social matters. It is much to be regretted that in these rounds of visits so little free and familiar intercourse is enjoyed. The stereotyped British morning call is susceptible of no end of improvement. There is very often nothing said approaching to conversation. A certain set of calling phrases seem almost to be transmitted from mother to daughter for generations, and are rigidly observed, till they become a weariness to flesh and spirit. If the ladies have patience to wade through these, and extend their visits beyond the necessary time for doing so, there may then be started some topic in which both take a little interest. The simple secret of true conversation is the taking an interest in what is said. Ladies often bring so much vanity and self-conceit with them in making a call, that they fail in awakening interest in each other. Each are anxious, after the first few phrases, to introduce themselves or their petty concerns into the foreground. The speaker is then interested, but frequently the listener is bored. They naturally fall back upon some quiet backbiting gossip, a constant fund for the woman of the world who is anxious that no hour may

come upon her in which she has nothing to say for herself.

I am afraid I may be thought to write ill-naturedly; but I am still more afraid that this unfavourable version may not altogether be incorrect. So, my dear womankind, you shall leave me to my office, and not entice me into the dissipation of shopping and visiting. As for the shops, I should indeed be a foolish fly if I accepted a spider-hearted invitation to walk into that description of parlour. It is enough for me if I discharge the painful duty of writing cheques, qualified by my prescriptive privilege of grumbling. Of course I have at times my own little private shopping to do, during which a clerk is qualified to say that I shall return within a few minutes. I order in fish and oysters, and, being a bit of a philosopher, not without a process of deliberate selection; and at the tailor's I am a known and, I trust, an appreciated customer; and I don't object to doing a little pleasant shopping in Covent Garden at a season of choice fruits; and at the poulterer's my judgment on snipe and woodcock is respected. Also I am free to admit that there are certain kinds of people on whom I am always ready to call. I don't care how often I have to call on dear Lady F——, the wisest, gentlest, most accomplished old lady in the grand world, who will entice me to talk myself, and in the most unaffected way will tell me all about that great world in which she has lived and where her reminiscences are historical. And Mrs. L—— is so pretty and engaging, and her children so charming, and the drawing-room so thoroughly perfect, that I could stay for hours watching her graceful ways and musical prattle, and that beautiful head whose interior, I am afraid, corresponds but poorly with its fair outward show. I might continue this category for a time, and yet I am afraid no catalogue is really

long of those ladies who are brilliant conversationalists either in silence or expression, and who throw off the life-giving ozone of a generous nature into the most conventional atmosphere. I like a lady with a speciality, whether travel, or art, or philanthropy; and I find that often in a very brief conversation they will give me their best and brightest thoughts, and send me away with the cheerful reflection that I have really done a good morning's work by my lounging visit. And, after all, calling is a great institution, not lightly to be spoken of; and though it is one of those things which 'no fellow can understand,' it is also one of those things which 'no fellow can do without.' They are the regular lines of approach by which English people proceed to sociality, intimacy, and friendship. A call is the prologue to a dinner and the epilogue to the feast. You may have intimacy and friendship under some novel set of circumstances; but it is the nature of the English to entrench themselves within the conventional lines of etiquette, and to look upon an intimacy which has not been graduated with calls and visits as something abnormal, irregular, and illicit. I confess to an honest British prejudice on the subject, and believe that after all a good deal is to be said in favour of the customary observances of society. Still there is a wonderful difference at the houses where you call, and I do not care to call anywhere where I am not *en rapport*. I know at times that the carriage will positively bear me away an unwilling captive to make some visit of state, because I shall offend people if I do not go; but I had much rather, I protest, watch graceful figures from the office window and guess their errand, unless, indeed, I slip away to bright faces which are brighter when I come!



A VERY SINGULAR STORY.

MY name is Rachel Althea Tra-vers. It seems to me that in an account of this sort, it is better to state that at once, and then it avoids all worrying as to who that perpetually recurring 'I' may be. They are unfortunate initials, as you may perhaps observe, and have led to my being apostrophized as 'Rat' by an impertinent younger brother, who is, I am thankful to say, generally at school. We, that is, my mother, my two sisters, and myself, live in Bryanston Square. We have no country house, and consequently are in town a great part of the year, when I, for one, would sooner be anywhere else; not that that melancholy fact has anything to do with my story, except so far as it accounts for our being in London one nasty day in November, when something happened which was the remote cause of my writing this, the cause, in fact, of my having this to write. I had a headache. Now I don't mean to say I wrote this story because I had a headache; I think that, perhaps, would have been a reason for not writing it, but I will explain in a minute what my headache had to do with it. It was the 15th I think, and I was sitting in the drawing-room while my sister Agnes had her music lesson. I could speak German with tolerable fluency, having spent the last winter in Vienna with some friends, but Agnes hardly understood a single word. Herr Blume could, however, speak a little English, and they might in reality have got on very well, had it not been for the extreme excitability of the little man's temperament. In the event of a wrong chord, his conversation, though fluent, became totally incomprehensible, and of such a striking nature that Agnes, who was very nervous, had once gone into violent hysterics, occasioned by agonising attempts to suppress her laughter. After that, my mother declared that I must always remain in the room to translate. It was a great bore being tied to one spot twice a week at exactly the same

hour, and I heartily wished Agnes would learn German herself. Lessons had been talked of, but the idea had been given up.

'Rachel, dear, I don't think it's any use,' my mother had said to me; 'she hasn't the least talent for languages, and though the lessons may not be very expensive, yet you know, my dear child, all these things make a difference.'

Poor dear mamma! I made the sacrifice with a better grace, knowing as I did how many of 'all those things' she would gladly have had, but denied herself for our sakes.

And so it came to pass that that 15th of November found me at my usual post in a corner of the sofa, awaiting the arrival of Herr Blume. In he came, as the clock struck eleven, in the midst of a frantic rush on poor Agnes's part through an immense pile of music to find her piece. I think that put him out, for he stood watching her with an unnatural calmness, which I felt sure could only be the effect of almost superhuman efforts of self-control. He was a short, hay-coloured man, with spectacles, extraordinarily round eyes, and an immense quantity of distracted-looking hair, through which he was constantly running his fingers in a manner quite peculiar to himself. At last the piece was found, Agnes began to play, and I established myself more snugly in my corner. Alas! the peace which followed was but of short duration. A series of small disturbances began, the immediate cause of which was the piano: now the piano was a hired one, and not particularly good. Under a successful course of our treatment it had arrived at a blissful state of indifference concerning the pedal, keeping up a perpetual rumble which sounded like mild thunder; this little peculiarity appeared to have a most irritating effect on the unfortunate music master, and once or twice he had given vent to his feelings by a violent castigation of the wretched instrument. This, however, as one

may imagine, only tended to increase the evil, and matters had arrived at a crisis, when this morning my mother entered the room, as he was engaged in inflicting upon us a succession of tremendous minor crashes that were truly terrible.

With a bound which would not have disgraced Leotard, he leaped from the music stool and stood before her. After the usual compliments, he asked if it might be allowed to him 'to make to madame one small representation?'

This little inquiry was accompanied by a smile intended to be insinuating, but which was simply sardonic.

My mother of course assured him that she would be most happy to listen to any suggestion; upon which he declared, running his fingers through his hair, that, though it inflicted upon him much sorrow, he felt it to be his duty to instruct her that the pedal was much disordered, and was very noxious to him. 'For myself,' he proceeded, with a grand heroism, 'for myself I care not a little bit, but for these young messes'—here he indicated with a theatrical flourish Agnes and myself—'it is a fatal story.'

'It is only a hired piano, Herr Blume,' said my mother, 'and I think I really must change it; I know it is very bad.'

'Ach!' he said, eagerly, 'why does not one have her own splendid instrument? Madame will perhaps reflect this what I have said.'

He then suddenly closed his lips, and with a pirouette and another bound seated himself again, commencing on the spot such an illustration of that little weakness on the part of the pedal of which he had spoken, that my poor mother fled the room. I remained, sorely against my will, but tried to find consolation in a pile of cushions. My head ached, I could not read, and I sat listlessly turning over a photograph book, until I suppose I must have gone off into a doze. I was suddenly roused by Herr Blume's voice, raised to a positive shriek: 'Langsamer!—lang-samer, lang-samer-r!' I got up, and rushed to-

wards the piano; poor Agnes was as white as a sheet, and on Herr Blume's forehead stood great drops of perspiration.

'Slower, Agnes, slower; that is what Herr Blume means,' I said. Poor child, she made one more effort, but her fingers trembled so that she could hardly strike a note, and the next moment she burst into tears.

There was nothing more to be done that morning by either of them, I plainly saw; as for him he had been in a vile temper from the beginning.

'I am really very sorry, Herr Blume,' I said, as the door closed after her; 'it was entirely my fault for not attending: you know my sister hardly understands a word of German.'

'That, my fräulein, I know,' he answered, with awful solemnity, 'and I must, I fear, abandon her, if she cannot learn a little.'

To be abandoned by him he seemed to think the most dreadful fate in life.

'My tempers,' he continued, with excitement, 'suffers, yes, suffers, through these trials.'

He never had any to speak of, but I didn't tell him so, thinking he mightn't perhaps like it. For a few minutes we both remained silent, he standing in a Napoleonic attitude, with folded arms, and knitted brows, glaring in a malignant manner at a cross in the carpet. I began nervously to consider whether it could possibly be that, owing to a strong anti-ritualistic feeling, our carpet might be displeasing to his eye. My apprehensions were, however, relieved when he proceeded to unfold his plans. There was, it seemed, a German lady of his acquaintance lodging in a street close by, who was anxious to give lessons: he could recommend her highly for her ability and accent, he added, and if my mother would permit Agnes to have a few lessons, he was sure her music would greatly benefit. Might he ask the lady to call on madame? he inquired; and so the end of it was, that it was arranged for her to come the next day at eleven o'clock.

'Of course you will manage it all, Rachel,' my mother said in the evening. 'I daresay she can't speak a word of English.'

So she came. As I look back at it now, the whole thing seems so odd, as if all that followed were the consequence of a little headache on my part, and a little temper on Herr Blume's; all the merest chance; and yet it cannot be: we are all working out some vast design, subservient to one great master will: generally, upon tiniest threads of trifles hang the great joys and miseries of life.

A little after eleven the next morning a card was brought up, on which was written 'Fräulein Dorn,' and in a minute she was in the room. She was not the least like what I had expected. Most people form some idea as to any one they are going to meet, and I had formed mine; but I was entirely wrong: there was not a trace of that dowdiness of dress and manner of which I had seen so much in the Vaterland, even in the classes to which, I knew, by her name, she did not belong. On the contrary, everything about her was fresh and graceful, and there was a charming ease and grave courtesy in her manner which astonished me. Her face, even now that I know it under its many changes, is difficult to describe. *Clear* was the only word that came into my mind as I looked at her. A sweet oval face, clear and pale, with dark hazel eyes, somewhat round and deep set, looking out fearlessly, like shining stars. Her lips were excessively pretty, and gave colour to a face which would perhaps otherwise have been too pale; not that dark colour verging on purple which Lely has bestowed on some of his beauties, and which gives one the painful impression that they have been indulging in black currant jam, but a bright light-red. It was not the first morning that I saw all the excellences of her face, but afterwards, when I grew to know her better.

There were two lessons a week, and I used generally to join in them; she was very quiet at first, but gradually we began to get better

friends, and she would talk about Germany, or England, or on any general subject in the most amusing and lively manner; but I could never by any means whatever lead her to speak of herself, her former life, her reasons for coming to England, nor say a word, in fact, that could afford any clue to her history. There was a mystery about her; of that I felt very sure. Now the unravelling of mysteries was considered rather my forte, so I felt on my honour, as it were, to penetrate it. There had been an eagerness about Herr Blume's manner which had struck me at the very outset of the affair, and, strange to say, once or twice during the lessons, I had been possessed by a strong feeling that I had seen her before: yet the face was perfectly strange to me. The more I studied it, the more convinced I became that I must be labouring under some delusion—there was not a feature familiar to me. The lessons continued regularly until a little time before Christmas, when one morning she failed to make her appearance.

I knew the number of the house, though I had never been to her lodging, so before luncheon I walked round to see after her. The door was opened to me by an untidy-looking maid, and as I advanced into the passage, loud, angry tones issued from a room on my right. There was no help for it but to proceed, and this I was doing when I was almost knocked down by a fat, dirty, angry woman coming hastily out of the room, her head turned round, still addressing some one within.

'And sure it's not my house as 'll hould ye, with yer fine clothes and yer fine airs, if it's not a civil tongue ye can keep in yer head!'

She flounced off, and I ventured a peep into the room. It was in a state of the utmost confusion; clothes were lying in every direction, on the tables, on the chairs; and boxes half packed stood about the floor.

On one of these, looking like Scipio amid the ruins of Carthage, sat the *fräulein*. Another woman, black haired and bright eyed, with an angry red spot on either cheek, was

busily packing a box. On seeing me, the *fräulein* started up.

'Ach! I am so glad to see you,' she said. 'I must explain why I have not come to you. This woman, Thérèse, has made her angry—furious: poor Thérèse, she was foolish. The woman has said we leave the house, so I go instantly; but where to, that I know not.'

This was wretched. I tried in vain to make her tell me what Thérèse had said, thinking it most probably some misunderstanding which had arisen owing to their not understanding each other's language; but she evaded it, declaring, however, that it was impossible for her to remain.

I made up my mind on the spot, and rushed home to ask my mother to invite her to come to us until after Christmas.

'My dear Rachel, I really don't think I can do it; she is quite a stranger, you know nothing, or next to nothing, about her. I think you had better give it up: no doubt she has friends in London.'

Such were the arguments with which my dear mother attempted to dissuade me from my request; but I could not be dissuaded.

'Darling mamsey,' I implored, caressing her, 'just this once; you acknowledge that she is very nice; and indeed she has no friends, except Herr Blume and his wife, who live themselves in lodgings. You mustn't shut up your heart at Christmas time: just for a day or two,' I entreated, giving her a hug, 'until she can find a place to go to.'

I knew she would not be able to hold out long.

'Well, Rachel,' she said, 'it's all upon your shoulders. You're a naughty self-willed girl,' she added, smiling, and shaking her head deprecatingly, as I dashed off to bring back my beauty to Bryanston Square.

It was just as I expected, they all fell in love with her; her sweet face, her high-bred, gentle manners, her charming grace; but most of all, she fascinated Bertie, that unpolished schoolboy whom we owned for a brother, and in so doing caused

the benedictions of his sisters to rain down upon her head.

Never were there such peaceful Christmas holidays within the recollection of the 'oldest inhabitant,' and we trembled at the idea of losing our presiding genius. My mother, also, joined heartily in our entreaties for her to stay, for beside really liking her, it was impossible to overlook the immense advantages which accrued to us from her society. She could scarcely speak a word of English, but German, French, and Italian she seemed to be equally fluent in; and, wonder of wonders, Bertie, by New Year's Day, was positively beginning to talk French with, I won't say a good, but certainly a less extraordinary accent than when he came home.

This undisputed possession of the field was perfect bliss to him: he lionized her about London, taking her to all sorts of museums and places, which he professed to think it quite necessary that she should see.

In my own mind I felt sure it was for the pleasure, pure and simple, of having such a pretty person under his protection, and entirely dependent on him.

I think she liked him, and his boyish admiration. One evening, as she was talking, or rather gesticulating, to my mother—for their conversation was mostly carried on by signs—he gave me a nudge that would have been amply sufficient to awaken St. Paul's to attention.

'I say, Rachel, she is pretty,' he said, in a low tone, 'there's no mistake about that; you should see how all the fellows stare at her, and I don't believe she knows it, now,' he added, in an inquiring sort of voice, as if he weren't quite sure of the truth of his own statement.

'Don't you think so?' I asked, innocently.

'Well, I don't quite know how she can help it,' he said, meditatively; 'when I took her to the Colosseum, the Guards were just passing, and you should have seen how they looked at her, and wished themselves in my shoes, I know; and I think they're pretty good

judges,' he said, in an approving tone.

So we went on very smoothly until New Year's Day, when she began to declare she must leave us. I promised to help her to find lodgings, if she would wait for a day or two longer.

The time of her visit had not been altogether unfruitful in affording me some insight into her history—an insight obtained, however, more through my own observation than from any information vouchsafed by her.

It was one day in Christmas week, I think, she was going to the pantomime, or something of the sort, with mamma, Agnes, and Bertie. She was sitting with her opera cloak on, talking to Bertie, before they went, when I came into the room; her back was turned to the door. As I looked at her, suddenly, like a flash of light, a host of recollections forced themselves into my mind. I was no longer in our own drawing-room, but in a well-known salon in Vienna, blazing with light, listening to Mademoiselle de Murska. The figure which was before me now was before me then, a few rows in front of us. The cloak in itself was peculiar—white, with a very beautiful border of blue and silver—that perhaps helped my memory; but as the light shone on the crisp, golden hair, I wondered at my own stupidity; yes, there could hardly be any mistake, I thought, as I remembered a letter which I had received some time before from my friend in Vienna.

'Look, Rachel, look!' she had whispered to me that night, 'there is the great beauty, Countess Arnheim.'

'Where?' I asked, trying to look in every direction at once, for I had heard a great deal about her, but had not seen her.

'There, to the left; don't you see? Ah! what a pity! she has turned her head.'

I could not help laughing at her disappointed tone; she was always so eager that I should see all I wished.

'Never mind,' I said, 'she will be sure to turn it back again;' but she

didn't; never during the whole time that we both sat there, though we were not more than two yards from the place she sat, did she turn once, so that I could even see her profile; just the pretty outline of her cheek, and the mass of crisp, rippling, golden hair was vouchsafed to us. Of her companions we saw quite enough, a dark, handsome woman, and a middle-aged, keen-eyed officer, who sat on either side of her. After the concert was over, in the little excitement of securing a droschky, I thought no more of her. This evening, however, she was brought forcibly to my mind, as I entered the drawing-room, by the outline of Fräulein Dorn's face, and the white and blue cloak.

Not till after they were gone did I produce my writing-case, and, settling myself in a comfortable arm-chair before the fire, proceed to dive into its recesses after my Vienna letters.

I fished out four or five from its capacious pockets, but the right one did not make its appearance, and I was just beginning to echo my poor mother's wish, that I were more tidy and methodical, when I made a good haul and brought up the letter I was in search of: it began,—

'Köthener Strasse 10, Wien-May.

'DEAREST RACHEL—

'My letter, you see, is dated from our old quarters. We have taken these rooms again, for though not so large as the others, they are much cleaner, and I think more comfortable. It makes me quite melancholy to go into your room. Char has it now. We all miss you dreadfully; it takes away half the pleasure of things, having no one to talk them over with, though really in these days of excitement there is no time for reflection; one simply has to keep one's mouth open to swallow the next new thing. There seems not to be the slightest doubt now about the war. I believe Count Bismarck has intended there should be war from the first. Talking about offering them an indemnity for Holstein! offering a fiddlestick! It's a very bad business altogether, it seems to me, and it

serves them right, of course, the home people will say, for having joined in it, but why Prussia should come off so much the best I can't see. General Lobetska came in this morning, and he thinks he will have to go the day after to-morrow. There was a report that two Austrian regiments had crossed the Saxon frontier, but that has been contradicted. You can imagine the chronic state of excitement in which we are kept by all sorts of contradictory rumours. The troops here seem confident enough of victory. By the by, young Siegelheim came in yesterday for a minute; his high spirits were quite funny and infectious; he had just gone home on leave, but had been recalled of course. The officers seem all delighted with the prospect of war: they only look at the bright side; for my part, I think it is very awful. And I *cannot* understand how they can rid themselves of the thought that, though the campaign may be a successful one, yet to some among them, perhaps to many, it will in all human probability bring death; and who those some will be it is the question I cannot help asking myself; which are the ones who are walking these well-known streets for the last time; looking for the last time upon the old familiar faces, who will, in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, be farther removed from us than thousands of miles could remove them, wrapt in that sleep, upon which no roar of cannon, no shout of friend or foe, can ever break. I confess to me it seems very terrible. I suppose it is a woman's view of the case; but I mustn't write any more of this sort of stuff, or I shall make you dismal. I daresay you don't feel particularly lively now, but you shall have any news that we hear, especially of that regiment to whose uniform you used to be rather partial. There, how horribly I have made you blush, only as there's nobody but me in the room it doesn't matter. Oh! there is one piece of scandal for you, which has, however, made less noise than if it had happened at any other time, for which I suspect the parties concerned are very thankful. Do

you remember your seeing, or rather not seeing, the young Countess Arnheim at a concert? Well, she has actually gone off, and no one knows where to; but to begin at the right end of the story, for, as I happened to be an eyewitness, I can vouch for my version being the correct one. We were at a ball at the Nesselroders, and she was there; she was looking most exquisite, I thought, though some people in the room said she looked not what she had been. Her husband was there too, of course, but I didn't see him go to her once the whole evening, though she was surrounded by a good many gentlemen; there was one man, a Frenchman, in the Austrian service, who never left her. His attentions, I certainly thought, were rather marked, but I didn't see any return on her side. You know that room off the hall at the Nesselroders, where one takes off one's things. Well, we happened to be there, putting on our cloaks; I was ready to go, and was standing at the door, talking to Herr von Langen. The countess was standing in the hall, waiting for her husband, I think, laughing and talking with a few gentlemen. All at once the count strode out of one of the dancing-rooms, and up to her. She was so placed under the lamps that I could see her face perfectly, and part of his; she glanced up in his face with a smiling look of inquiry in her beautiful eyes, which was answered by a fierce scowl and a muttered oath. Of course there was a breathless silence; no one knew what to say; no one ever does on such occasions.

"Leopold," she half whispered, "has anything happened?" She had sprung forward eagerly, and laid her hand upon his arm. His face worked frightfully as she gazed up into it with beseeching eyes, but he turned it from her. "Happened!" he said, in a loud, harsh voice, shaking her off roughly, "no, nothing particular. By heaven, no! nothing to you; I, fool that I have been, have found it more."

"For God's sake, Leopold, come away," she whispered in an agony. She thought him mad or drunk, I

believe. He did not shake her off this time, but taking both her slender white wrists in his iron grasp, he held her at half arm's length; and then, before those men, looking straight into her face, he said most cruel things to her. I don't know how she bore it—it was cruel, horrible; if I had been one of those men, I think, whether it were right or wrong, I must have struck him down. It took less time, far less, than it has taken me to write it. I could not tear myself away from watching them; but I sincerely trust it may never be my lot to witness such a scene again. Poor thing! her eyelids never drooped: she looked into his dark, angry eyes, with a half-amazed, half-imploring look. I think she had a dim sense of how very awful it was before these people; but that was all swallowed up in the agony and astonishment his words caused. When he had finished speaking he dashed her hands away and strode off, leaving her standing there, a broken lily, but turned again after he had gone two steps. "Monsieur," he said, looking at the French officer, "I recommend this lady to your protection." His whole countenance was convulsed with passion and deadly pale. That woke her up: her face quivered as with a sudden flash of anguish, and she turned to a young beardless officer who had been standing good-naturedly trying to shield her from the many pitiless prying eyes; "Will you be kind enough to take me to my carriage?" He could not look at her, but gave her his arm, and took her away almost tenderly. He was a merry, rough boy, and I dare say they had had many a laugh together; but I don't think either of them laughed then. She would have walked straight out into the cold bitter night in her ball dress, had he not stopped her and helped her servant to wrap her up in her furs. That was all I saw of it, and it was indeed quite enough. The next day we heard she had gone, as I quite expected. I most certainly would have gone too in her place, and I am sure you would; but I am writing you the most unconscionable

letter: that is the way when I sit down to write to you: I intend just to write one sheet, and I scribble on and on till two o'clock sometimes. I am glad Aunt Margaret doesn't examine the candles! If she ever should, I will tell her that I find Vienna candles delicious eating, and can't resist the temptation. Best love to your mamma and the girls from all of us: they're all fast asleep, but of course they would send it if they were in possession of their faculties. Good-night, dearest. I must go to by-by.

'Ever your
'STEPHANIE.'

It was a long letter, but I read it all through, and, when it was finished, laid it in my lap and sat gazing into the fire, and musing over those eventful days in which she wrote. How different now to then! Things were changed in Vienna. What was then but conjecture had become sad reality. All had taken place with such fearful suddenness as made it almost impossible to realise. I sat over the fire and tried to imagine it all, and re-read more recent letters, in none of which, however, was the Countess Arnheim's name mentioned. I began to doubt the truth of my own surmises: it seemed almost impossible that she should have come to England in that manner, and remained quietly for such a length of time: she, the petted Vienna beauty, giving lessons in England and living in London lodgings! No, it was hardly credible; but there was one simple test which occurred to me; by copying out a small portion of that letter, and putting it in some place where it would fall into her hands, at a time when I should have an opportunity of watching her, I did not doubt but that I might read in her face the truth.

And I did copy it, translating it into French. I chose that part in which her name was mentioned; but when it was done I put it by, and delayed to use it.

One day we were talking of Christian names, and she then told me, for the first time, that hers was

Valerie, and asked me to call her by it. Another time she showed me a little book, with 'Valerie' printed in it, and something over the name scratched out, which I felt sure must have been a coronet. I longed to know; and yet though I often thought of putting her to the test which I had devised, my heart failed me. Why should I seek to penetrate her mystery, and lay bare the bitter secrets of her heart? So I forbore and waited. However, it was not destined that she should go from us as she had come. On the 3rd of January my mother came down to breakfast with rather a troubled face, and after I had read my own letters, she passed one for me to read, without a word. It was from my Aunt Honora, a sister of my mother's, whose husband had a house in one of the hunting counties.

'Dear Margaret,' it began, 'I am in great distress. The house is full of men, and only one lady besides myself—young Mrs. Charteris. Do, I beseech you, come to me the first day you can. They are frozen up, and there is no hunting, and some of them don't even play billiards. Francis says I ought to do something to amuse them, but what can I do? It is so miserable. Bring all the girls, and your German friend and Bertie. I entreat you not to refuse. Francis wishes it also so much. Write at once and let me know when I am to send to meet you.'

'Your affectionate sister,
'HONORA C. HERRIES.'

This was the letter, written in a scrambling, uncertain sort of hand, which my mother gave me. I had scarcely finished it, when Bertie said, from the other side of the table, 'What's the row, Rat? shy it across;' so I shied it across, as he called it, and the young gentleman was pleased to express his highest approval of the plan.

'Be alive, now, girls, and pack up; the weather'll break, you'll see, and then I shall get some hunting out of the old rascal.'

He settled on the spot, I believe, the horse he intended to ride. Alas!

for human proposals. All the world knows that there was no hunting for those first weeks of January. But it wasn't for his amusement that my mother determined to go. With tears in her eyes she re-read the letter when we were alone in her room, whither she had called me after breakfast to consult about it.

'Poor Honora! poor Honora!' she murmured. 'Yes, my dear, I think we must go; there will probably be but little pleasure to any of us, but I think it is right. I can leave Agnes in Eaton Square with your uncle.'

As I looked at the feeble, shaky writing, I too ejaculated from my heart, 'Poor Honora!' She had married a man who had discovered her weakness, and had been a very tyrant to her. It seemed as if he had all but stamped out her identity. It was not from age that her letters were ill-formed and trembling; I hardly think she had any handwriting in particular. So a note was despatched to say we would come on the Monday. We might have managed to go before, but after some consultation it was fixed for that day.

'Impossible! I cannot spend Sunday there,' my mother had said, decidedly; and even Bertie, I think, was glad when it was settled that we should spend that quietly at home.

For myself, I did not much care whether we stayed or went. I had not much hopes of the party likely to be assembled at Cheddington. The only two people I was sure of meeting were men whom I particularly disliked; but then it was also possible that some of the others might be very pleasant; as for Sir Francis Herries himself, he could be as agreeable or as disagreeable as he liked—under the present circumstances it was not unreasonable to hope that he would be at least civil. From him, that was sufficient. After a great deal of persuasion, we succeeded in making Fräulein Dorn promise to accompany us; and Monday afternoon saw us all at the station, where the carriage from Cheddington was to meet us.

Long before we got to the end of our drive, the windows were so frozen that we could see nothing of the park or house; and we were all heartily glad to find ourselves in the wide, old-fashioned hall, where the fine oak carving, seen by the light of the blazing fire, for the winter twilight had set in, called forth Valerie's warm admiration.

There were a great many hats about, and as we followed the servant up the stairs, I could hear the sharp crack of the billiard balls. It was quite a procession, and in spite of her earnest invitation, I think we rather overwhelmed my aunt when we invaded her sitting-room.

She was looking the same as she had always looked to me—a faded, worn-out picture, fragile and helpless, with traces of a beauty, not dimmed by age, but by unhappiness. She stretched out her hands kindly to us all, however, kissing us, and welcoming *Fräulein Dorn*.

'Margaret,' she said to my mother, sitting down immediately again in her low chair by the fire, 'you must take it quite into your hands, the entertainment of the young people,' and she tried to smile, a weary, withered smile.

'I give you free leave to do exactly as you like. There are the Hobarts; I thought of asking them before, but I was afraid their mother would object to their coming.'

Mr. Hobart was the rector, and had a very nice wife and two pretty daughters.

'I don't think they mind short notices,' said my aunt, passing her thin, white hand wearily across her forehead; 'you can ask them to dinner to-morrow night if you like.' And in this way was the power passed over to my mother, but in truth, in my aunt's hands it was only nominal. For years she had been the mistress of her own house but in name, letting her authority slip away from her through sheer weariness and want of energy. She had married, fifteen years before, a man for whom she was in every way unfitted—a man whom she neither loved nor respected. She had truly received her punishment; but I think also that there was another

side to the question. I think that, wretched as might be her lot, she had inflicted a yet deeper, a more unpardonable injury upon him than upon herself. Possessed of talents of a certain brilliancy, yet weak and easily led, with a woman of a strong and upright character for his wife, under whose influence he would necessarily to a certain extent have been brought, he might have attained to better things. I believe there are many men of this sort; I believe that there are some, even among those who sit in high places, upon whom the daily, hourly, lifelong influence of a sympathising wife has wrought very powerfully. Of the master and mistress of Cheddington one scarce knew which to pity most. For weeks he would leave her, going to Paris with a friend, a Mr. Sartoris, the owner of a large estate in Devonshire, but who spent his time mostly abroad, except during the hunting season, when he was generally at Cheddington. A man who had not set foot on his own land for years.

My aunt used sometimes to plead for a house in London, but on this point Sir Francis was inexorable; pleading and complaining were alike in vain, until she at last, half from the listlessness of a broken spirit, half from real suffering, faded away into the weak helpless woman she was at this time. Once she had sought with an amazing courage or a childish imprudence, I know not which to call it, to persuade him to take her to Paris. 'She was tired of this life,' she urged. 'If London was denied to her, she would at least like to see a little of the world—that Parisian world to which he was always going.'

He looked at her with a gloomy sneer. 'See the world, madam? See the devil!' he answered, and strode out of the room. And I think he was about right. Miserable, lonely, desolate as Cheddington might be, it was better, yes, a thousand times better for her than Paris—with him. Not that he would have ever consented to take her had she even expressed her willingness to look upon that personage to whom he had thought fit to

allude. It was childish in her to ask it, but it was the last time.

'I shall never ask him again, my dear,' she said, with plaintive querulousness, to my mother, 'never.'

As I had expected, he was civil enough to us all during this visit, and when the skating began was very anxious about the ponds, that they should be well flooded at night, and that everything should be arranged exactly as we liked. We had on the whole a delightful week. There were some very pleasant men besides my two horrors, Mr. Sartoris and Lord Cosmo Fox, who, strange to say, though they didn't generally agree about things, both seemed very much smitten with Valerie. After all, however, it was not strange that she and Mr. Sartoris should be a good deal together; for, with the exception of Sir Francis, he was the only man in the house, I think, who spoke any foreign language with sufficient fluency to be able to talk to her. As for Lord Cosmo, it was droll enough: not a word of any other but his mother tongue could that great scion of nobility utter; it was mute admiration on his part, confined to paying her clumsy attentions. I did hear him one day talking broken English to her, thinking, I suppose, that style better suited to her infantine capacity.

But in spite of Lord Cosmo and Mr. Sartoris, and other little annoyances inseparable from Cheddington, it was a very pleasant visit, and we all enjoyed it the more from having expected something so different. The first day or two that the ice was really good, the female portion of the community assembled at the edge of the ponds, and watched the skaters, but no one ventured on the ice except in chairs; but the third day Mr. Sartoris came up to Valerie, after we had been there a few minutes.

'Won't you venture to try the skates on?' he asked. 'I would promise to take good care of you.'

'I don't think there would be a pair to fit me,' was her answer, given rather indifferently, I thought, as she put out her foot.

Her indifference, however, did not

seem to have the effect of damping his eagerness, for the next thing he said was—

'If I find a pair will you come?'

'Yes, I should like it very much,' she answered.

He instantly sat down, and took off his skates without another word, and went off himself to the house. I was amazed: I had never seen the man put himself out of the way so much for any one before, but Valerie seemed to take it all as a matter of course. She had never known him before, and could not tell how different it was to his usual habits. Presently he returned triumphant, holding up a small pair of skates.

'Whose are they?' Valerie asked, as she sat down and gave him one of her feet.

'I got them at the rectory,' was the answer: 'there were not any ladies' skates up at the house, so, as the rectory people said they were not coming down to-day, I went on there, and asked them to lend me a pair.'

'It was very kind of you to take all that trouble,' Valerie said.

'It was for my own gratification, I am afraid.'

He was bending over her foot, but he looked into her face as he said the words in French, and in such a low, rapid voice that I only just caught them.

It was not the words, but the tone and look that made me watch eagerly the effect on her. Not a shadow of a blush rose into her clear face: she looked over his head with sad, vacant eyes, bent evidently on another scene than that before her. What was there in his words to bring such a sad, hopeless look into the beautiful face? Something seemed suddenly to have stirred within her a crowd of sorrowful remembrances. In a moment it passed, and there was nothing different about her voice or manner when next she spoke. When the skates were on, before she could rise, Mr. Sartoris put out his hands, saying, nervously—

'Now, please take care; you have no idea how difficult it is, even to stand firmly, just at first.'

But she drew back, and with a smile, half arch, half sad, rose lightly on her feet. Then she put her hands into her muff, and glided away with long, slow sweeps. Her cavalier stood still, watching her without a word. I don't think he liked it; it was as if he had been rather taken in, and made to look foolish, and that, in the verimost trifle, was to him gall and worm-wood. When she came back to us, there was more of his usual cool sarcasm in his voice than I had ever heard in speaking to her.

'I bow to your superior skill,' he said, in a half-mocking tone; 'forgive my mistake, and accept my humble apologies.'

Though he smiled, she was very quick to mark the change in his manner, and instantly set herself to work to soothe him: not that I think she cared for him, but she had an innate horror of being disagreeable to anybody, and a delicate sensitiveness with regard to other people's feelings.

His feathers were certainly effectually smoothed, and, in fact, as I watched them, I began to wonder whether he was trying to play with her, or whether he really liked her. The idea of Mr. Sartoris being attentive to anybody, except in his own cool, insulting, detestable way, was an idea so new as to be startling. She was here under my mother's protection as much as we were, and I determined to tell what I had seen. One thing, however, I now resolved to do. I would give Valerie the letter; before speaking to my mother it was better to be sure that there was any cause to interfere. We generally sat together and read or talked in her room the hour before dinner. She had got hold of a French book in which she was interested; I knew if I brought a book she would read that; so I slipped the piece of letter, as it appeared, between the pages of her novel a little way after her mark, and left it on her table. About an hour before dinner, as I had hoped, she went to her room, and I soon followed; but it seemed as though she would never settle to her book. I sat where I could see her face without her see-

ing me, and tried to answer her remarks, feeling horribly guilty. For some time she kept up a desultory sort of conversation, keeping me in a fever of expectation by playing with the leaves of the book.

'How well your uncle speaks French, Rachel,' she said.

'Yes, very well; he goes very often to Paris,' I answered, rather shortly.

'Mr. Sartoris talks better, though.'

'Does he?' I said.

'Why, of course he does; you must hear.'

'Yes; I suppose so.'

'But I wish I could talk to your big Mr. Mountjoy,' she said, reflectively.

'Why?'

'Ach!' she smiled; 'why one does wish those sort of things I know not: he looks so honest and upright.'

'And Mr. Sartoris doesn't, you think?' She raised her eyebrows comically.

'Neither of our Frenchmen are of an open character,' she said, with a wise shake of her head.

This was unendurable, and I was preparing to go, when she said,

'There's a man in this book that reminds me of Mr. Sartoris: listen.' She then read a description of some one, and after that went on to herself. In a few minutes she turned the page where the little piece of paper lay. I saw her sudden start, and then her face grow deadly pale. She looked round the room with wild, hunted eyes, like a stag brought to bay, seeking some outlet for escape. There could be no doubt. In the first moment of certainty I felt heartily sorry for what seemed then my cruelty, and would gladly have undone it had such undoing been possible. Full of remorse and shame, I sat staring at my book. At last the bell rung and I left the room. As I went out I saw that she was seated in exactly the same position, with the novel lying open before her.

When I was safe in my own room I sat down and drew a long breath.

'So it is true,' I said to myself, 'and what then? I cannot tell her that I know about her.' One thing, however, was not now necessary:

there was no speaking to my mother concerning Mr. Sartoris needful. I had often thought that, though always gracious, she received their attentions with a wonderful indifference. What would the end of it be?

I sat and speculated before my fire until I had scarcely time to dress for dinner. That evening, for the first time, she was not composed, very brilliant, but excitable and nervous, and I fancied she avoided me. They were very busy arranging some *tableaux vivants* for the evening but one after this, and it appeared to me that Mr. Sartoris had contrived that Valerie should have all the principal parts assigned to her. There was little doubt as to her fitness; as I watched her face to-night it looked more lovely than ever before, though there was in it an unrest hitherto unknown. As we were going upstairs she managed to get by me, and said in a low voice—

‘I have something to say to you to-night; come into my room when you have had your hair brushed.’

I nodded consent, and we separated. As soon as I thought she would be ready I went to her. She was sitting before the table, wrapped in a white dressing-gown. Thérèse, her maid, was brushing her hair, which fell about her like a golden veil. I could not help thinking of Savonarola. No need of ‘*capelli morti*’ here. Had all possessed such hair as this there had been a smaller fire in the Piazza than we read of. Imagine, my dear readers, a bonfire of chignons in Waterloo Place, presided over by the Bishop of Oxford! ‘Make haste, Thérèse,’ she said, impatiently, as she caught sight of me in the glass, and her maid turned it all back and braided it into one great braid at the back.

She waited till the woman had left the room before she spoke. As the door closed she stood up and drew me gently towards a sofa by the fire. We both sat down. Then, without a word of preparation, taking both my hands in hers, she looked into my face and said—

‘So, Rachel, you have found out my secret.’

It was not the way I had expected her to speak, and there was no answer ready on my lips.

‘You mustn’t mind,’ she said, gently, seeing, I suppose, my troubled look; ‘I think I am glad. There will be no more reserve between us now, and we can be true friends.’

Of course I kissed her, and of course I told her I would be her friend through all.

‘And now,’ she said, ‘I am going to tell you how I come to be here.’

She then got up and walked once or twice up and down the room, after which she re-seated herself in a low chair by the fire.

‘But first,’ she said, ‘may I see that letter from Vienna?’ I grew crimson: she looked surprised, then bent her head. ‘Yes, yes, I see; perhaps I had better not; it was not fair to ask it.’

Her tone cut me to the heart.

‘Valerie! dear Valerie!’ I cried, kneeling beside her, ‘forgive me! It is not that; I have deceived you; it is written in English, and I copied that bit into French for you to read.’ Then, miserable and ashamed, I hid my face in her lap.

‘Don’t, Rachel, don’t!’ she implored, in her sweet, clear voice; ‘it is no harm; it is far better as it is; better that you should know all the truth since you have guessed so much.’

‘But can you ever love me again?’

‘Love you!’ she answered, with a smile more piteous than tears; ‘nay, as you ask me that, dearest, you can hardly know how desolate I am! I have no one else to love.’

But I could not be at rest until I had told her all my conjectures, from the time of first seeing her, and after that I read her the letter. I could not see her face, which was shaded by her hand, but once or twice there was a convulsive movement of her shoulders which almost frightened me. When it was done she said simply—‘Thank you.’

Her story, as she told it me that night, was too long to write here. I believed her then, as I know her now, to have been free from the faintest suspicion of guile, though from her own account she must

have been imprudent. It was with a sort of horror I learnt that she actually had not been able to ascertain whether her husband were alive or dead. The night of the ball she had packed up all her clothes, and jewels which had come to her from her mother, and had set off for England. Herr Blume had been her music master in happier days, and to him she applied.

During the whole recital she maintained a pitiful complacency, which had in it, however, for me a pathos beyond all description. It was not like a person relating a story in which they feel any interest—more like a dead man recalling the life to which he can never more return. She described her husband, declaring him to have been noble, generous, brave, but fiery and passionate. Then, speaking of Monsieur de St. Juste, with whom I had seen her, she said, 'I think he was a very bad man, as bad almost as a man can be, without committing murder and that sort of thing.'

I could not suppress an ejaculation of astonishment.

She looked at me with a sort of smiling despair in her sweet shining eyes.

'Ah! you wonder at me,' she said, 'but you can never wonder at me as I wonder at myself.'

Then she ceased staring into the fire and laid her head back upon the chair in a weary way, like a tired child. I almost thought she had gone to sleep, she was so quiet, though when I watched her attentively I could see that her face had grown paler, and every now and then the lips, which were pressed firmly together, were convulsed by a sharp twitching. I had turned away, and was looking absently into the fire, thinking over all I had heard, when with a sort of low wail she sprang up from her chair and began pacing the room.

'O God!' she moaned, 'why have I done this? why have I told you about it? I who have so tried to forget! It is waking up,' she cried, pressing her hands upon her bosom, 'and I thought it was dead! But it will never die!' she added, wildly throwing up her arms.

I knew not what to do, and sat helplessly watching her walking rapidly to and fro: her eyes were wide and wild, but still shining and tearless. This paroxysm, though dreadful, seemed to me, however, more natural than the calmness with which she had told me her history. Suddenly she stopped and turned upon me.

'You give me no comfort!' she cried, half fiercely, half imploring; but without giving me time to answer she turned again and continued, saying in a voice of anguish, 'Comfort! comfort! there is none, why do I ask for it? O God! grant me forgetfulness; it is all I ask.'

Ah, me! comfort indeed there was none to give, but my tears I did give her freely, weeping for this woman who could not weep for herself.

I thought at one time that she was becoming delirious in her grief, for as she paced swiftly through the room she muttered sometimes Italian, sometimes French.

'Toute seule! toute seule!' she moaned, wringing her hands, 'il m'a laissé! il est mort! je n'ai personne dans le monde! seulement le remords! le remords pour toujours!'

At last she threw herself down upon a sofa and seemed to fall into a sort of stupor: she must have been thoroughly exhausted. For some time I remained sitting quietly by the fire, almost afraid to breathe for fear of rousing her again. The silence was only broken at intervals by a coal falling out of the fire, or the clock at the stables striking the quarters. Half-past two, a quarter to three, and still she never moved: at last three struck. It was impossible for me to remain there any longer. We had all agreed to breakfast earlier than usual for the skating; and I knew that she, for one, had promised to skate, though I hardly believed it possible that she could be up after this, much less equal to any exertion. However, I should have no excuse to offer for non-appearance, so I determined to go to bed at once. At first I thought of stealing quietly out of the room; then the thought of her lying there until the morning, per-

haps, in the bitter cold, for the fire would soon be out, stopped me, and I resolved to rouse her and try and persuade her to go to bed. As I moved across the room she started up.

I said as gently as possible, 'You have been asleep, Valerie, I think.'

She pushed back her hair and stared at me for an instant.

'Ah! Rachel,' she said then, in a confused sort of way, 'I had forgotten you: it must be late; you are going to bed, *mein Herzchen*?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'and you, you will go too?'

'Yes, oh, yes,' she said, but from her manner I doubted her doing it.

'You promise to go now, immediately?' I urged.

She looked at me inquiringly; and I think the remembrance of what had passed only then fully flashed upon her.

'Rachel!' she said, eagerly, seizing my hands and bending towards me, 'I have told you a great deal to-night, more than to any other person living; I trust you, you will never betray me?'

'Never,' I answered, solemnly.

'There, there, I know you will not,' she said, her eager manner suddenly vanishing. 'Good-night, dearest, good-night,' and she kissed me on both cheeks, and then almost pushed me from her.

I don't know how she slept that night, or rather that morning, but I lay tossing on my bed till six o'clock, in vain trying to get to sleep. At last I fell into an uneasy dreaming doze, haunted by a vision of something that looked like Lord Cosmo in petticoats, and who kept incessantly repeating, to the tune of 'Il Bacio,' the two words, 'Toute seule, toute seule,' while I exhausted myself in fruitless endeavours to make the words and music suit each other.

In spite of our promises the night before it was half-past ten before I got down. Lord Cosmo, Mr. Sartoris, and another man, were eating their breakfast in moody silence. It was my private opinion that the two former were waiting for Valerie. Aunt Honora was not down, and the others had already gone to the ponds.

'Good-mornin', Miss Travers,' said

Lord Cosmo, with a charming indistinctness, owing probably to his mouth being quite full of cold pie, which he continued munching while he made his inquiries after my health and out-going intentions: he then kindly employed himself in lurching about the table, collecting before me everything within reach.

'They've all been taking your name in vain, Miss Travers,' said Mr. Sartoris, who was opposite me; 'Fox and I only just came down in time to stop them. They've been abusing you and *Fräulein Dorn* frightfully, for being the only ones who had broken their getting-up vows. There were some very hard words, I can assure you; weren't there, Fox?'

'Pon honour,' said Fox, 'I think it was you bein' hauled over the coals when I came in; and after that they were chaffin' at me: Miss Travers and her friend they were discussin' afterwards.'

He always called her my 'friend.' I think he had some vague, uncomfortable misgivings (if he ever had a misgiving) that 'Frowlin' was not precisely the proper way of pronouncing that word.

'It don't sound quite right; but I'll be d——d if I do know how to pronounce it now, Miss Travers,' he said to me later in the day, with an I-know-you-won't-believe-it sort of air that was truly edifying.

I didn't express myself as sceptical on that point as he seemed to expect; and directly afterwards he relieved me of his society, careening away to another part of the ponds, like a Dutch fishing-boat in a heavy sea. How I detested the man! He was a born snob—I think his grand name only made it worse.

All that morning we were on the ice. Valerie was, as usual, the centre of attraction: her skating was certainly the perfection of grace. To me there was a change in her from that night. It seemed that in telling me her true name, she felt it no longer incumbent on her to feign any simplicity that was not natural to her. One at least in the room would recognize her right to wear the diamond rings that made her pretty hands look whiter than

morning. There was certainly a change in her dress, which to this time had been extremely simple. That day she wore a tight-fitting velvet dress and petticoat, looped up for skating, and trimmed with narrow but beautiful sable round the throat and sleeves. It suited her admirably; and it was impossible to mistake the undisguised looks of admiration of my companions as she entered the breakfast-room, laughing and talking with Bertie, who had come up from the ponds to look after her. I was amazed at her fresh looks, and, had it not been for my own weariness, should have been inclined to think I had been labouring under some delusion.

Altogether, that was not a pleasant day: the afternoon was spent in arranging the *tableaux* for the next evening. They were to be in the dining-room, as Mr. Sartoris, who had the management of the whole affair, pronounced that to be the best room for them. I only saw one rehearsed; and certainly it did credit to the manager and the performers. He had chosen the scene where Elaine is sent off in the barge. The two brothers were represented by Mr. Sartoris and Mr. Mountjoy, who made an admirable Sir Torre. As for Valerie, no part, in poetry or in prose, could have been chosen for which she was better adapted. Truly it was a picture to make one hold one's breath: the pale, pure, passionless face, in its perfect repose; the long, golden, rippling hair spread round her; and the two men standing over her, mournfully taking a last farewell. I could not help wondering what the thoughts of at least one of them had been while he stood there. It lasted but a moment; for, before we had looked half enough, she opened her eyes and laughed, breaking the spell completely.

'That's quite enough, I'm sure,' she said, getting up, and laughing merrily at the appearance she presented as she passed a mirror. They had darkened the room and had lights; and the noise, even of her voice, seemed strangely discordant with the scene.

After we came out from dinner, poor Mary, my sister, came to me almost crying with indignation.

'Rachel, do you see anything the matter with my hair?' she asked.

'It's certainly not done in the usual way,' I answered.

'Well, no; but Bertie is so dreadfully rude: I wish you would speak to him.' Here there were strong symptoms of tears. 'He said just now, before Mr. Mountjoy, "My eye, Poll! what a fuzz your wig is in!" He is so vulgar; and you know I hate his calling me Poll.'

Here the tears really began to come; and, though I could hardly help laughing, I managed to console her.

Mrs. Charteris had induced her, it appeared, to accept the services of her maid; and the effect, I must own, was startling. Poor dear Mary! Mr. Mountjoy and she were rather good friends even then—they are something more now; but it took all my powers of persuasion to make her believe he would never think of it again. He had laughed, it seemed, and that had tempted Bertie to go on. We danced in the evening; the Hobarts and two girls who were staying with them came, and so we mustered eight dancing ladies. One of the Hobarts' friends was very intimate with Mrs. Charteris, it appeared. They rushed into each other's arms, and there was a great deal of 'What an age it is since we met,' and all that sort of thing. And a minute or two afterwards I heard the married lady inquire solicitously of the other, 'Now, my dear, tell me all you've been doing; what was your last smite?' I moved away, thinking the conversation—which was, however, carried on in a loud tone—too select for common ears. But I was destined to be annoyed that night. In trying to get into the dancing-room during the evening, I was hindered by the legs of a young man, who, with the help of the legs of another young man, was laudably endeavouring to block up the doorway, instead of dancing. They were both strangers; and I was just debating whether I should ask them to let me pass, or wait till

the waltz was finished, when their conversation attracted me.

My mother was at the piano, playing away with all her might, and they were talking, it seemed, of her.

'And that's the mother,' drawled one.

'By Jove!' said the other, putting up his eyeglass with an air of languid interest, 'what a thrashing the old lady is givin' the piano!'

The young idiot! I could have thrashed him: if he had ever tried half as much to give other people pleasure as my dear mother, he would have been a better-behaved young man. As it was, I think I gave him a mental thrashing, for, just as the other was in the middle of his answer—'Great strength of muscle there; couldn't do it if I tried: quite envy the old woman, 'pon honor'—

I asked to pass; and the waltz just then coming to an end, I crossed straight over to my mother, so that there should be no mistake, and then I looked at them. They were certainly flabbergasted—I will say that for them. But that wasn't all I was to go through that evening. Once, when I went up to Aunt Honora, she attacked me on the subject of Valerie's dress.

'My dear, how very much your friend is dressed,' she said; 'don't you think it's rather odd for a person who professes to give lessons? Why, my dear,' continued my aunt, seeing I made no answer, 'that lace on her gown is magnificent!—quite magnificent!' she reiterated, waxing plaintively eloquent; 'it must have cost I don't know how much.'

Old lace was rather a failing of the poor thing's; and I don't think she would have objected to seeing that in question transferred to her own wardrobe.

'Is it such good lace, aunt?' I said, for want of anything better.

'My dear Rachel!'—this was with a spark of feeble indignation—'you don't mean to say you are so ignorant as not to know lace like that when you see it?'

She then closed her eyes, laid her head back, as if the exertion had been too much for her, and relapsed again into the plaintive.

'She's your friend, Rachel: I only hope it's all right. Margaret says you know very little of her. With men of such a high position here as Lord Cosmo, one must be careful, you know.'

'Good heavens!' I ejaculated to myself.

'Oh, aunt! don't be afraid; it's all right,' I answered, though I could scarcely restrain my bitter laughter. Good heavens! Lord Cosmo! the idea of Valerie corrupting Lord Cosmo! It was really too good. I felt as if I must impart the idea to some one, and for once I felt inclined to make a confidant of Mr. Sartoris, had it been possible to make confidences on such a subject. He of all others would enjoy the joke. The petted, high-born Austrian beauty not considered fit society for the muddle-headed, boorish Englishman! I felt very wrathful at first, but calmed down soon. After all, my poor aunt, with her narrow notions, knew nothing about Valerie, and I knew all, which just made the difference perhaps, though I went to bed that night with a strong desire to be possessed of a great broom with which I might sweep all the Lord Cosmos and such like things out of society in general.

The next day all was bustle; there were a good many people coming to dinner, and more in the evening to see the *tableaux*, which were evidently expected to be a success. Part of the afternoon I helped in the dining-room, where all was confusion, the curtains being put up, while some of the party were altering and arranging dresses and rehearsing scenes. At last I grew quite tired with the noise and bustle, and, wondering how order was ever to grow out of such chaos, I went away to my own room and sat at my window looking out over the park. I felt miserable; not from any real cause, but the nameless feeling that the setting sun gives one, shining through purple trees on a winter afternoon: it almost seems as if hope were leaving the world in that blaze of crimson and orange and purple. It was almost dark when, to my surprise, I heard the crunch of wheels, and the next

minute saw the Cheddington carriage going towards the stables. No one had been out that afternoon, of that I was certain. Some one must have come from the station, but I knew of no one coming. I went down to the dining-room, hoping to see the new arrival on my way, but met no one, only as I entered the room I heard a servant inquiring for Sir Francis. As I had expected, there was still much to be done when the dressing-bell rang. Fortunately it was an irregular sort of dinner, in the hall, served at two tables, and no one seemed expected to appear at the proper time. The tables were so placed that the occupants sat back to back; and it so happened that Valerie and Mr. Sartoris were not my *vis-à-vis* but my *dos-à-dos*. At the other end of our table there had been two places kept, one for Sir Francis, and the other, I supposed, for the newly-arrived guest. The soup had gone when Sir Francis entered the hall by a door near his seat, accompanied by a tall dark man with his arm in a sling. There was a great deal of talking and laughing going on at the other table, and no one there seemed to observe their entrance.

'Do you see that dark man sitting by Sir Francis Herries?' asked my neighbour. 'Can you tell me who he is?'

I could only answer 'No,' then, to see if my own impressions were correct, I asked, 'What country do you think he belongs to?'

'I don't know,' he answered, slowly, looking at the subject of our conversation; 'French perhaps, perhaps Italian or Austrian; at any rate not English,' he said, smiling, as he turned away.

Not English indeed! How the Vienna days returned as I watched him, so utterly unlike the Englishmen among whom he sat. A dark, handsome face, though worn through recent suffering, with eyes of southern splendour. It was evident that he couldn't speak English, for he talked to no one but his host, and once I distinctly saw Sir Francis directing him to the place where Valerie sat. It was not hard to guess who he was; the only thing

I longed for was to warn her in some way of his presence, but it was impossible. She was not near enough to speak to without causing perhaps a scene, and, if possible, that was to be avoided. If I could only have stopped her talking to that man!

Many times during that interminable dinner I saw the deep-set, glittering eyes flare up with a sudden blaze as her silvery laugh or the deep tones of her companion reached his ear, and the dark blood came and went in his face, pale through long illness. Though his arm was in a sling, I noticed that it was not altogether helpless, for he sometimes used it.

Oh, that dinner! and how I disgraced myself! Before it was over I was worked up to such a pitch of excitement that I precipitated a quantity of sticky pudding over old Mr. Palgrave's knees, and then burst into a fit of hysterical laughter in the poor old gentleman's face. At last it was time for us to go, and the other table moved at the same instant. I had not a moment to warn her: she turned towards me, and her eyes instantly fixed themselves upon the lower end of our table. He was standing up, looking full at her. For one second she remained motionless, then, without a word, fell forward upon the floor. Whether the man jumped over the table or went round I never discovered, but before either Mr. Sartoris or Lord Cosmo could get to her he was at her side.

'I will carry this lady, sir,' said Lord Cosmo, thickly, attempting to interpose his great hulking form between Valerie and the Austrian; but the other put him aside with a quiet, courteous determination.

'Pardon, monsieur, it is my right; I am her husband!' he said rapidly in French, a little speech the point of which was entirely lost on the thick-headed Englishman, who looked inclined to resist and follow this black-headed devil of a mossoo, as he no doubt called him in his own mind, when Mr. Sartoris laid his hand upon his arm.

'Don't be a fool, Fox, the man's her husband.'

The whole scene had taken place in less than a minute, and the ladies had not yet got out of the room. I turned to look at the speaker; something in the tone of his low, clear voice struck me. He was leaning on the back of his chair, his eyebrows contracted, and looking whitish about the mouth. As our eyes met he moved away and left the hall by another door. He must have been badly hurt. It was the only time I ever saw the slightest change in the cool, cruel, aristocratic face. As for Lord Cosmo, he had sunk back in his chair, his mouth half open, his eyes staring vacantly at the wall. Such an event as this was beyond the wildest flights of his imagination.

'I don't believe it, I'll be d——d if I do,' he muttered; 'I didn't want to carry her up, I'll be d——d if I did.' As I passed through the door I heard the soothing, innocent refrain still issuing from the lips of that young man of 'high position.' Whether he went through the whole verb 'to do' I don't know; if he did, I should say it was about the only exercise in English grammar he had ever indulged in.

It was no use going to Valerie's room, there were too many people there already, and I knew that Mrs. Cherry, the old housekeeper, would do exactly what was right. After two hours' struggling to entertain the people, who were in that state of suppressed whispering excitement in which people will be when there is anything going on which they are not desired to know, I managed to get up stairs. On the landing I met Mrs. Cherry, and asked how she was.

'Pore young lady; reelly I don't know whatever is the matter with her,' she said, folding her hands across the front of her portly person. 'She's no sooner come to than she's haff again, and even when she his awake she don't seem to me in complete possession of her facilities.'

So I went down again to the weary work of entertaining, but found, to my joy, that the people were going fast. Soon after I got away and went to Valerie's door, but all was so quiet that I was afraid to go in,

so went on to my own room, took off my dress, and putting on a morning gown sat down to watch. About half an hour passed, and then a man passed my door, which I had left a little open. He stopped two doors off and went into a room; then I heard voices for a few minutes, and then two people came out. I went to the door with a feeling that I was wanted. It was Sir Francis and the Austrian.

'Ah! that is all right,' said Sir Francis; 'allow me to introduce Count Arnheim to you, Rachel; Miss Travers, the friend of Madame la Comtesse,' he said to the count. 'Rachel, the count would like very much to speak to you.' I bowed. It was an odd introduction, at the door of my room, by the light of bedroom candles.

'You had better go to your aunt's morning room,' Sir Francis said, and I led the way, followed by the tall dark figure. I had only that moment to consider what to do; I had indeed promised not to betray her, but it were surely best to tell him all. It was very dreadful to him, the first speaking, I could see, but as far as I could judge he was a man who would have walked through a wall of fire if he had once made up his mind to do it. In sharp, short, concise words, wrung from him as it were, he told me that his presence was so hateful to Valerie that, so long as he stood by her, she went from faint to faint. At last he had left her, and now he held in his hand a letter which he had written, and which he would leave in my charge, he said, to be given at such time as she should be able to read it. I hardly dared ask him if he were going, it seemed as though it would be stepping on a volcano of pride, and shame, and love, that might burst beneath my feet. If I could but find words to tell him all I knew! but his manner was so desperately stern and cold and uninviting that my thoughts seemed frozen within me. At last I ventured to stammer—

'I think you are mistaken, Herr Graf; it was the sudden shock which has been too much for her.'

There was a dangerous glitter in



Drawn by 'Sartor.']

A VERY SINGULAR STORY.

his eyes even at that slight contradiction, and his manner was colder and stiffer than before, as he answered—

‘Pardon, gracious Fräulein, much has passed of which you are no doubt ignorant, therefore permit me to say you can hardly be a judge. I have done and said that which it was folly to suppose she could either forget or forgive.’

He spoke with the air of a man to whom confession was a new and bitter experience.

Then, however, my tongue was unloosed, and I told him, if not quite all, yet enough.

During the whole interview he had declined to sit down, but stood by the mantelpiece, his head resting on his hand, whilst I talked.

When I had finished he came towards me, and holding out his hand, said, in a husky voice—

‘God reward you; you have been a true friend to her.’

And yet, strange to say, for all that I think he was disappointed. I think the man, though he hardly knew it himself, would have been happier if there had been more to forgive, if he had not been so entirely in the wrong. He felt the truth of those holy words, ‘To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little,’ and he trembled lest her love for him should be dead.

I left him there and went to Valerie’s room; it was necessary to finish now the work I had begun. At the door I met my mother.

‘She has been asking for you, Rachel; go in to her, but try and keep her quiet; she is delirious, I think; they have sent to Little Stratford for a doctor.’

As soon as she saw me she stretched out her arms. I took her cold, trembling hands in mine, and she drew me towards her, whispering, fearfully—

‘Rachel, I have seen him; he must be dead, he looked so awful! Oh! it has been dreadful!’ she gasped. ‘Why does he come to haunt me like this at last? he must know that it was all false; surely now he must know!’ she moaned.

I held her hands firmly and looked

into her face; then I steadied my voice and chose the shortest, clearest words I could think of.

‘Valerie, it is no spirit,’ I said; ‘it is your husband himself, who is here to ask your forgiveness.’

She looked wild and incredulous, then tried to get up; but she was too weak, and falling back burst into a passion of tears.

I slipped away and sent him to her; then, worn out myself with excitement and fatigue, sat down and cried like an idiot. The doctor came soon after, and I was obliged to go to her room. Her husband was sitting by her holding her hand in his. What between her smiles and tears, it hardly seemed the Valerie I had known.

‘Rachel, come in,’ she said; ‘you know him, I needn’t introduce you. Oh! you wicked man!’ she laughed, ‘you have frightened her, I know you have, Leopold,’ she said, with her old, quick perception. ‘I know exactly, he put on the iron mask. You, poor dear Rachel! and you know you must be friends.’ She was in a true Bavarian mood, in spite of her exhaustion. ‘Now you must go,’ she said in a minute, ‘if I am to go to London to-morrow,’ and drove him away. When he was gone she threw herself upon my neck. ‘Rachel, he is dead!’ she whispered, hiding her face; ‘he died in the same hospital where Leopold was sent with his wound, and Leopold nursed him, and when he was dying he confessed that it was all a dreadful lie that he had invented to make him cast me off, knowing that he was helpless and couldn’t fight; for once he fought a dreadful duel, and after that he took a vow and made a solemn promise to the Emperor never to fight another. It seems so dreadful, but I can’t help being very happy,’ she sobbed.

The next morning she got away without seeing any of the guests except one. I went with them to the station; as we turned out of the lodge gates the carriage stopped, and Mr. Sartoris appeared at the window.

‘I could not let you go without saying good-bye,’ he said, ‘and wishing you a pleasant voyage, and

may I come and see you next time I am in Vienna?"

Valerie looked troubled and glanced at her husband, leaving it to him to answer. He took her hand in his, and, bowing with cold, grave courtesy, said,

"Any of my wife's friends will be welcome to me in Vienna."

There was no time for more; the count's servant jumped off the box to tell his master that the coachman said we were already late. Valerie shook hands and we drove on.

"You will come to us in the summer, Rachel?" she said, as the train

was moving off; "you have promised."

I often hear from her. They are living on an estate which the count owns in Bohemia. There is never a shadow of unhappiness in her letters. I am going to them in the end of August for the autumn, according to my promise, which I fulfil the more eagerly since she has made friends with Stephanie, and has asked her to come for part of my visit. Pray heaven Mr. Sartoris mayn't turn up; but I think that emphasis on the word 'any' must have settled him.

A LADY'S QUESTION—WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

WHAT shall we wear? It is a question always under discussion. It is for ever being asked; and it is for the interest of human nature that it should be happily answered: also, it is a question concerning which, justly or unjustly, we have to suffer reproach. Is it true that, as a rule, English women are ill dressed? It is an accusation often enough heard, and hopelessly given in to; yet, if we apply the judgment to a particular class, it is grossly untrue. If, in the London season, you watch those who may be seen every day out of doors in walking or driving costume, with whom to dress well is a duty attached to their position, you will not anywhere find better examples of good taste and costly elegance. In these 'higher circles' of society you may find all that the most fastidious criticism can require; if there are exceptions they are among known eccentricities, and they can be accounted for: but these people have the command of money, they live under a necessity that prescribes propriety in dress, and even great splendour of costume, and what they are to wear, is a question of such magnitude as to require the advice of recognized councillors.

Immense prices are paid to dress-makers, not for sewing seams, or using scissors, but for the judgment

that results from the education of their eyes and the refinement of their taste; these great *artistes* are paid for making every customer look her best.

To take the entire management of her dress is generally a task beyond the power of a lady in the midst of the worry and work, the toil and trouble of a London season. The gowns required for evening wear are so various, the dresses for daylight must be so many, the head-gear for such a multitude of occasions so skilfully chosen, that she *must* live under instruction; she must have her prime minister in the fashionable dressmaker, and her next in council the clever waiting-woman, who reminds, suggests, sorts, and considers; who keeps up a vivid remembrance of what her mistress has worn, and *where* she has worn it; with knots in her memory as to who were there—a mental labour which must not end with the season. Of course there is a terrible list of finery that cannot survive at furthest beyond its *second* night; but other costumes last longer. By-and-by, in the round of the country houses, the perfect handmaiden will take care that the blue brocade shall not be worn where the spiteful Lady X—, who never forgets anything, may see it and smile, because in London she has seen it

twice already. 'Such a pretty dress, Mrs. M——, I *always* thought so.'

We knew, and greatly respected, a lady, who wrote down daily where she had been, whom she had met, and *what she had worn*; she enjoyed the reputation of being always well dressed. If she wore a dress twice following at your house it was a proof that she loved and trusted you—she never did it by mistake. But all this belongs to the world of persons who have time, money, and high positions; where ministers and prime ministers are to be had, and with whom to *dress* is really part of the serious business of life. In these upper regions there is, to say the least, as good dressing as can be found anywhere. 'No wonder!' cries the reader. Well, no wonder! we echo the thought and the words. All we assert is, that perfect taste in dress is to be found among English women, and that, unquestionably, it is *there*. We are willing, after much thought, great observation, and years of experience, to go to the utmost limits, and declare that a well-dressed English gentlewoman is the best-dressed woman in the world, and that she can walk in her silk attire better than any woman in Europe, a Spaniard alone excepted.

But if, now, we descend from these highest walks of life and fashion to the broader fields where the multitude meet, and where *the nation*, in its women, is fairly represented, how is the accusation of our being an ill-dressed people to be met? Not quite so boldly, we must confess. And for good reasons; for, indeed, we must call the reasons we are going to give in explanation, *good*, knowing motives; but they are only good because of ignorance—ignorance of better modes which are even more consistent with those most excellent motives.

Here is a list of 'good' reasons from which bad dressing results.

1. Not to appear as lightly led away by frivolous pleasures.
2. Not to yield to suggestions of personal indulgence.
3. Not to spend more money than might be convenient.

4. Not to be like lovers of change.
5. Not to be thought *fast*.

Here are five reasons, very good, when the motives are considered in a moral point of view; and very ridiculous, unsound, and, in fact, disgraceful, when examined by the mirror of truth—which every lady should keep in her dressing room—and by common sense.

To take these 'reasons' as they come, let it be at once granted that frivolity is an unbearable vice; but a woman ought to have an honest pleasure in dress, just as she should have pleasure in any successful triumph of civilisation—the perfect cooking of an every-day dish, for instance. The every-day things of life, by being habitual, are taken out of the region of frivolous pleasure. If any persons say they really do not care for dress, it is as absurd as to say they do not care for cleanliness—that they see no decency in keeping up respectable habits. To be a sloven is not meritorious; it is, probably, to be idle and lazy, and possibly to be unclean.

In 1802, when Madame Récamier, so celebrated for beauty, talents, and fashion, visited London, she walked in Kensington Gardens dressed *à l'antique*; that is, as nearly like a draped statue as possible; with her hair down her back, a white veil over her head, and scarcely as many folds in her outer garment, and almost as few under ones as you may see exhibited by the figure of Britannia on a penny. The English ladies then wore very clinging robes, and small straight bonnets, with scarfs and folded draperies, or, perhaps, a fringed, soft shawl hung on the shoulders so as to trail to the ground, and fall away from the arms, preserving as much the general effect of a draped statue as possible, wind and weather permitting. The amount of absurdity which the contemplation of such *elegantes* as Madame Récamier presented, was, however, new in the world. It is hard to believe that, only a few years before, our grandmothers were sitting to Sir Joshua Reynolds in the fascinations of a costume which must always claim admiration. The bodies wrapped,

or square, the modest muslins, the hanging lace—and the faces so honest, without a line of the self-consciousness of the robed à l'*antique* period—a period when English women looped up their scanty dress on one side only, to show the low slipper and high sandalled ankle as they stood in the *pose statuesque*; and damped their flesh-coloured silk stockings to show the ankle perfectly, dying of the practice as many did. It now strikes us that it was a heavy price to pay, when to go without stockings would have been safer, as to health, and what the proprieties, other things considered, need not have boggled at. But *la frivolité* reigned, and had her victims sacrificed to her: we do not think that any woman, under the wholesomer influence of the present day, need fear being entrapped into such idolatry. Indeed, as to that worship, it no longer exists.

As to the second reason on our list, it ought to be dismissed as a mere excuse. To dress well is a trouble, and not an indulgence. Let us pass on. The fear of spending too much money is an honourable timidity, because it has its root in honesty. But it may be doubted if there is any more inconvenient extravagance than neglected dress. For six months or more the prudent lady spends 'next to nothing.' Suddenly, before the year closes, some unthought-of occasion arises when she has to be dressed. The great question comes as to what shall she wear? Money has to be spent; the very money she thought she had saved; not by little and little, when it would not have been felt, but painfully, in a lump, to her grief, for she had not laid it by; to her impoverishment, for she has to borrow from the future; and probably in her necessity, still desiring to save, and in dread of extravagance, some important details are left out—or an inferior arrangement 'made to do,' and she is not *well* dressed after all. So fails the third of our reasons, and we come to the fourth.

Let us immediately confess that not to like to be among the lovers of change is a wholesome fear, and

very necessary to her who would be always and really well dressed. And so it seems like a contradiction to say that the rapidity with which English women will give in to the adoption of some particular style on the mere word of a saleswoman or a dressmaker that it will be in vogue in the season is well known. English women will never be well dressed till they learn to think for themselves. They must also learn to use their judgment on themselves as those who contemplate their appearance not as a medley of disjointed facts but as a whole. A woman is not well dressed who has on a sweet hat, an exquisite India shawl, a lovely cambric muslin dress, and the smartest pair of be-buttoned boots with 'simulated' lacings. These things may help to make up a well-furnished wardrobe, but they are not intended to be worn together. The extreme of this style was found in the historical Indian chief who received some officers at his levée attired in Hessian boots, a short tiger-skin petticoat, a shell jacket, and a Scotch cap. Last year, the coming in of extremely high-heeled boots, which this year's taste may or may not confirm as an accepted custom, suggested the use of a cane. Charming little dandy walking-sticks supported the almost tottering steps of fashionable belles in the Continental resorts of fashion, and were really very desirable appendages to the costume of a lady whose figure was thrown alarmingly out of the perpendicular. Then, to improve the figure at the waist, an article of dress was worn under the petticoat to make the bending of the back assume a more graceful line. It is not to be denied that a thoroughly well-got-up demoiselle in this style, at all points quite complete, was a very pretty sight. What was the consequence? People were found to use the cane without the shoes, and the *panier* without either. They had never contemplated themselves as a whole; and a terrible exhibition would be made sometimes when these new things were adopted without the purchase of a new dress or the reform of an old one; or when

the train was worn with old loopings-up. We abstain, from pure charity, from describing the consequences. These follies have caused it to be said of our English women that they are ill-dressed. The cases we have given are extreme cases, and of course rare: but the same fault may be seen every day if you look out for them in any part of London frequented by people who *ought* to dress well.

No more becoming costume has been invented in our time than the looped-up velvet dresses with the petticoat showing beneath. Very pretty, very tasteful, very becoming, very convenient, and therefore they have been of very general adoption; but what havoc people have made with their appearance in the matter of petticoats! The velvet surface imperiously demanded the companionship of some refined material. Silk, or soft fine-textured wool of colours that were enriched by the accost of the black velvet were the only things admissible. But have we not seen coarse striped camlet, and scarlet camlet made staring by black braiding, or roughened by frills? It has been difficult to teach people not to choose a petticoat as a petticoat, but as an annexation to the gown. But then the old dread of expense rose up. Silk and satin petticoats! Impossible! These exquisite wools! why they are good enough for dresses themselves. Of course they are; they are for exhibition; with the upper velvet they make a costume. You must take your dress as a *whole*.

The persistence with which English women make mistakes arises unquestionably in a great measure from the rapidity with which they yield to other people's advice and assurances; and because they will not think for themselves.

A perfectly well-dressed gentlewoman in a milliner's room was giving directions for the changing of certain flowers in a bonnet she had been buying. 'Oh, don't change them!' cries a young friend; 'they are so lovely.' 'I can't afford to wear them,' was the unexpected reply. 'It would cost me fifteen pounds. I have not an out-door

article in my wardrobe which could be worn with that exquisite shade of mauve.' The lady liked the flowers, but, first of all things, she considered herself.

But the English have lately learnt the beauty and the value of black. France certainly taught that to this country. It tones, unites, and yet gives distinctness. Two or three black dresses of good materials are necessary both for economy, effect, and convenience; a woman may then keep to a few colours as belonging to her style, and always preserve a well-chosen and harmonious exterior.

Last on our list of things that prevent our countrywomen from being well dressed is the dread of being thought *fast*. They will often be guilty of adopting a scrap of a costume, but they shrink from the whole. But 'all or none' is the dictate of common sense, as it is the law of fashion; and to escape the possibility of looking *fast* by the certainty of looking ridiculous is a very bad bargain. No one need be in a hurry to adopt a new thing. Wait. If you are doubtful, always keep quiet, and wait. But if a fashion comes in which appears to suit your life and promises to add to your comfort, study its accessories, and accept it at once. For one thing is certain—if a new fashion is convenient, dismisses a trouble from your life, and adds to your happiness, *it will live*. Short outdoor walking costumes, easily taken off and put on, being worn with bodices, have been acknowledged as a domestic mercy, and will live. The disappearance of covering from the back of the head would not have become so universal but for the uncomfortable crowns of the old-fashioned bonnets, which would not stay on the head, and were receptacles for all the winds that blew in the winter. At last people tied up their heads in an ornamental half-handkerchief, and got rid of them. The present style of bonnets may be carried to an extreme, but no woman old enough to remember the bonnet of the past can say they are uncomfortable; their work may not be much, but they do

it honestly; and they, too, will live, though changes may be made in them; the old bonnet which wearied the neck, rubbed the ears, and had to be tied severely tight under the chin to keep it from troubling the shoulders, will scarcely return in our time; its memory among surviving sufferers is too painful.

All good reasons for bad dressing may then be answered generally by two sentences of kind advice. Use your judgment with consideration and courage, and view your appearance as a whole. And now we will say one last word—as important as the proverbial postscript of a lady's letter. Let us bespeak attention, for we shall announce a discovery. There is a reason for English women being ill dressed—there is something that prevents the successful use of reason, and makes a perfect judgment impossible. It is this. That necessity among French women, *the long looking-glass*, is a luxury among English women, and scarcely to be found among house furniture below a certain position in life. How can anybody tell how she looks if she has no means of

seeing herself? The important length of dress, and sweep of train, and effect of trimming, is left to—luck! These great things take their chance. Ladies are condemned to see in their looking-glasses their faces only. Is it any wonder that there are a large number of persons whose whole idea of dress is confined to a bonnet? Possibly a generous ambition, if it be winter, has been satisfied by the possession of a sealskin jacket, the most enticing wear that was ever offered to woman; of course, after a gratified survey of a pretty head-dress, and sleeky shoulders, the poor lady goes off happy, dressed, probably, in a palish brown linsey and a green stuff petticoat.

'O wad some power the giftie gie us,
'To see oursels as others see us.'

Husbands and fathers, ye are the powers; and the 'giftie,' depend upon it, is a long strip of looking-glass in an honest wooden frame, fastened to the wall of every room in which the ladies' question—'*What shall we wear?*' is finally settled and acted on.

MUSINGS AMONG PHOTOGRAPHS.

MY photograph-book is not one of the grandly-ornamented kind, which might meetly lie on a fair lady's drawing-room table, and it has no cunning device, such as a music-box deftly inserted on the covers—certainly the prettiest sort of photograph-album that has been contrived. Some of the photographs are rough, and they are all roughly kept, and I do not let the book lie about, not caring much that people should see it, if only on this account—that they would care little where I often care much. I never purchased a photograph simply for the sake of filling up my book, nor because a photograph is specially well done and a fine specimen of the art. I have hardly a photograph but some association is attached to it, and for the association's sake it keeps a place in my book. And

sometimes, as on this fresh spring evening, when I do not care to move, and the lengthening sunset invites to thought, I take down my photograph-book and idly turn over its memorial pages.

Some of the links of association are light enough, and are hardly more than those of mere locality. Here, for instance, is a rustic bridge over a brook in a deep Devonian lane. I was greatly struck with the Arcadian beauty of this lane, which lay not far from a famous watering-place where I was staying, and so secured the photograph, and was much pleased to hear that the spot was the favourite of innumerable landscape-painters. It was here I parted with a strong and gifted friend, and I have just heard that in the suddenness and darkness of night he has been called away from

this world. This personal recollection gives individuality to my photograph of the rustic bridge. And, indeed, photographs of scenery multiply so much, that you need bring some human interest into them, to confer any speciality. For after all, beauty resides in the mind rather than in the object, and we bring to a landscape more than a landscape can bring to us. There are mental moods in which sweet sights and sounds are merely mockery, and others where the simplest landscapes are invested with a meaning deeper than can be given by any interpretator—

'I see a hand you cannot see,
I hear a voice you cannot hear.'

Here, for instance, are photographs of some cathedrals. I chiefly keep them because they recal moods and feelings. These, you see, are foreign: Lausanne, Milan, Amiens. Milan and Lausanne I saw almost consecutively, and they are so contrasted. I keep Milan Cathedral, because I hardly suppose that on this side the grave I can ever receive a sensation of such beauty and wonder. Lausanne, in its severe Protestant simplicity, contrasts strongly, in this respect reminding me of Glasgow Cathedral, which I ought to have somewhere among these, but which, you know, *is* described, at least in part, in Scott's 'Rob Roy.' But Lausanne Cathedral is grand in its simplicity; and then to climb the tower and survey the wide panorama of lakes and mountains! and then to pace the terrace that Gibbon paced, and to walk in the garden where he walked, that still moonlit night, when he had written off the last page of his history! Amid all the rhetorical glitter of Gibbon's writings there are passages to be found that argue real feeling. Thus: 'There are two causes, the failure of hope and the abbreviation of time, which always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.' The cathedral might have taught him something better than this; but I am afraid that there is hardly a trace of any cathedral influence on the mind of Gibbon. And here is Amiens. I spent four-and-twenty hours here once, on purpose to ex-

amine the cathedral, and see it in its morning and its evening aspect. I was coming back from Paris, and in its solemnity and quietude there was something very healing to the mind, after the frivolity and giddiness of Paris: for, candid reader, I dare say you have found out we do not all get to stay in Paris without becoming frivolous and giddy. And a cathedral like this—a poem in stones, thoughts in sculptures, devotion in the marble itself—recals us to the struggle and earnestness and solemnity of life. At the slightest touch, the cathedral portal yields to the seeking hand, and there is quiet space and breathing-time, if you only will, for thought and heavenward aspiration. Yes, these photographs recal phases of mind which it does one no harm to recollect; and I am sorry that my photograph-book has lain so long unopened. And not the less have those English cathedrals potent charms. I am especially attached to cathedrals, and it is my design to visit them every one, if life be spared. The majority of them are cleared off now, and the remainder may be hoped to prove comparatively easy. Here are two Welsh cathedrals which make cities of very little villages indeed. This is St. David's. Notice that massive tower, long beat by Atlantic storms. There was a Pope who declared that two pilgrimages to St. David's were equivalent to a pilgrimage to Rome: and I think he was about right. It lies far off, on a remote corner of the world, cut off even from decent roads, but close to a glorious granite headland and a wild, primitive country stretched around. It was a two days' business, and its photograph may very fittingly deserve this memorial place. Many, too, are the English cathedrals that I have. This one I keep—it is Gloucester—because I came out on a broad lawn and exactly realized some lines of Tennyson:

'As one who, standing where broad sunshine
laves
The lawn of some cathedral, through the
door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor.'

This one I keep simply because I remember how grandly and densely the evening shadows gathered in that afternoon of the shortest day of the year, while a sweet silvery voice intoned the prayer, and the light on the altar just made the darkness visible. This one, because I remember how in a melancholy mood a glorious anthem made my grovelling thoughts soar upward, and I thought of good George Herbert's 'Sweetest of sweets, I thank you.' And this one I keep in remembrance of a good old bishop who, with failing sight, followed the fading daylight from room to room of his adjacent palace.

These are photographs of old, very old days, so old that I hardly dare to think of them; photographs of those who were my schoolfellows. There is, after all, few ties so strong as the school tie. And I have a theory on this subject. I think that the real character is shown even more in school life than in college life. The college life is often a transitional period. But what the boy is, clever and generous, or cunning and cruel, that in the long run he will show himself to be in mature life. The efflorescence of youth partially disguises these innate qualities, but they must 'out' eventually. Now this fellow here—I will just take one more look at him before I cut him out and consign him to the ashes—got a sentence of transportation or penal servitude. He was always a fellow of too much craft and too little principle, and none of us were astonished when that matter of the forgery leaked out. And yet he was an engaging dog. I had kept his photograph hitherto, because I happened to be with him when he was arrested. That was a sensation, if you like, and philosophers tell us this life is not to be measured by years but by sensations. I had gone out to see him in his little box near a large town where I had been staying. I knocked, I rang; I was conscious that I was being reconnoitred before I was admitted. Then Branscombe made his appearance. He didn't seem particularly overjoyed to see me, didn't Branscombe. It

was ten years since we were at school together, and looking back through that haze of time, Branscombe's image had appeared to me softly mellowed, and invested with a kind of moral halo which I am now convinced did not in the slightest degree belong to it. 'And don't you remember, Branscombe,' I said, poetically recalling the time when, as we went to the dormitories, we took surreptitious cuts at a ham suspended in a pantry close to the passage which we passed, and gloriously cooked them for supper, by the flame of our tallow dips. I think even Branscombe was affected by this touching incident, but before he could reply a policeman was discovered entering the front gate and leisurely advancing towards the door. And if ever you saw a man perfectly livid, Branscombe was that man. He told me that he would just go and wash his hands, but I have never seen him since. He disappeared through the back door, and cleared off somewhere, but a few weeks later he was apprehended, and a few months later he got his sentence. I bought his photograph to commemorate the spasm of astonishment with which I underwent some sharp interrogatories by the policeman, who suspected me of connivance in the escape, and have put him in my book, from which I now solemnly depose him. But let me, for the sake of my own credit and respectability, hasten to add that my schoolfellows were by no means uniformly of a felonious character. The next one is a County Court judge, 'a fellow of infinite jest,' and I wonder why he allowed himself to be shelved into a County Court judgeship, when it was quite on the cards that he might become Solicitor-General. He tells me—in confidence—that it is an unfortunate circumstance that he is a local judge, that he is confined to one set of towns instead of going circuit like the Westminster judges. Every now and then he has to decide cases where the parties are his friends and neighbours, and in a great number of cases he has a good chance of offending people. It is rather an awkward thing, if, just

before one of these cases comes on, he happens to have received a present of grapes from the hothouse or of game from the preserves. There is the slightest possible flavour of a bribe about it, and if you decide against your generous friend, human nature being what it is, he can hardly help accusing you of ingratitude. Here is my most distinguished photograph of the lot. I think I must take him out and put him in a room where callers may see him and I can casually speak of him as my oldest and most valued friend. He is a great dignitary now, but whether in Church or State I must decline to say. Only he says, that as a dignitary he is rather made to feel the fetters. He is a man who likes to be very loose about the neck, and smoke a short pipe, and go out in a shooting-jacket and do a lot of shooting, and he finds that these things are impracticable now, and Mill 'On Liberty' will never make it anything else for him.

A set of views, very enjoyable when I viewed them, but too trite for discussion; Matlock, Kenilworth Castle, the Warwick Road, Buxton and Bakewell Road, Rydal, Wentwater, Taymouth Castle and the Tay, the Devil's Bridge, near Aberystwith, ditto on the Gothard Pass, ditto somewhere else; the Land's End, the archipelago of the Scilly Isles; Thames at Eton, at Maidenhead, at Cliefden, at Teddington, and so on, kept here from a much larger number on account of the friends who were my companions. Here are the dates: July 10th, Aug. 14th, Sept. 6th, Oct. 3rd, 185—186—. Ah! these were immemorial scenes, but, as I said, they all have their special colouring from the tone and attitude of mind in which they were seen. Do you see this rocky height, sparsely adorned with a few cypresses and pines? It has a history for me. There I made my two earliest assignations, which came to nothing. In the first case the young lady did not keep tryst; in the next case I ignobly failed in the tryst myself. The simple reason was that I had had a bad night, and had overslept myself. But I never saw

the girl again; the family emigrated, I believe, and were lost on the voyage to Australia. The first was a little gay deceiver. From that height I could look across a range of country, and just discern a manorial dwelling-house. From a lodge-gate there is a long sweep of an avenue to the house. Now that house held a young lady of whom as a collegian I was desperately enamoured. We will come to her photograph presently. It is only a few pages off, with a bevy of accompanying nymphs. I used to write verses for that girl, and a friend of mine put them to music. She was very civil to me, because she was an æsthetic sort of girl, and liked the compliment of the music and verses. But I knew there was a fellow, worth very many thousand pounds, ahead of me,

'Slight Sir Robert, with his watery smile
And educated whisker.'

That girl might justly be called the Refuser. I have never met her equal for the number of offers she got. To my certain knowledge I knew of three very fair ones which she received in the course of a couple of days. One night, in a very sentimental frame of mind, I struck out of the city towards that country-house which enshrined the beauty. It was nearly midnight when I arrived at the lodge-gate. I stood leaning over it. In a bedroom-window—*her* window—there was a light burning. I vaulted over the gate, and in a moment I was on the lawn. Then I listened most attentively. Possibly there might be a dog let loose somewhere. Possibly some gun, loaded with small shot, might be discharged against my sacred person. There was a burglary here some years ago, and since then I believe they have always been carefully provided with dogs and firearms. But I think of the charming beauty of the girl, and advance. A shadow flits across the blind, defined excellently well. I clasp my hand, and, like an infatuated idiot, I remain in a moon-struck attitude for the space of a quarter of an hour. Then the light has vanished, and as the night is

darkened and the wind is risen, I go back squelched and dejected. Some nights afterwards I met her at a brilliant party. We got into a very confidential chit-chat, and I ventured to tell her of my little bit of insanity the other night. She listened with a pleased and amused countenance.

'But, Mr. Jones, there was nothing so very extraordinary in that. You say you were on the lawn at midnight, gazing at my window. Did I ever tell you of Mr. Percy Giles?'

But I never had heard of Mr. Giles.

'Oh, Percy Giles used to come regularly every night and serenade me under my window. He did it beautifully. It was so nice, and used to send me to sleep deliciously.'

'But what became of Mr. Giles? I don't remember ever to have met him at your place.'

'Oh, no! one night, poor fellow, it was very rainy, and he caught the rheumatic fever and died.'

And she said the words with all the nonchalance of a Roman maiden, who would point her thumb downward and bid the gladiator perish.

There she is! My photograph expands into a book of beauty now, and here is a whole bevy. This first page is devoted exclusively to my Maries. There are five of them. This particular Mary has the place of honour in the centre. Let me say to her credit that she makes a most excellent wife—only to the wrong man. Like Lord Byron, of whose poetry my own youthful muse was a remarkably good imitation, I had almost an idolatry for the name of Mary. And don't ask me 'what's in a name?' for names and entities go together in a remarkable way. Your Mary is a sensible, modest, clear-headed, nice girl. She has not so much spice about her as your Kate, but then she has infinitely more than a Susan. A Madeleine puts you a little too much in mind of the unfavourable origin of the name. So does Helen, according to the derivation which old Æschylus gives of it. A Margaret is always a Pearl.

'O rare, pale Margaret!

O sweet, pale Margaret!

What lent you, love, your tearful dower,
Like moonbeams on a falling shower?'

And a tricksome Caroline reminds us of Bon Gaultier's lines—

'Pinch, oh pinch these legs of mine,
Cork me, cousin Caroline.'

Your girls with the out-of-the-way names are always doing out-of-the-way things. Now here's a Maud, who is always a great puzzle to me. She was young, and pretty, and clever, and rich, and yet she married a man, old and ugly, and stupid and poor. On what theory of elective affinities can you account for such an extraordinary arrangement? Then an Emily flirts; Jane is sentimental, earnest, and tender; Lucy is simple and matter-of-fact; Adelaide is lady-like and fantastical; Laura is passionate and vindictive. Of course this is a very partial induction. I have known one or two of the sort; each one has suggested a hasty, and doubtless an unsafe generalisation. Don't suppose that I have been in love with all these young ladies; but still I have been a little *épris* with most of them. There are some familiar lines which an old aunt used to quote to me,

'I love twenty,
And could adore
As many more;
There's nothing like a plenty.'

But as an American author says, 'Though the moon sees many brooks, yet the brook sees but one moon.' And it makes a great deal of difference, whether you happen to be a moon or a brook. And I really think that the humble, steadfast brook has the best of it. I grant that, to a candid mind with a cultivated sense of beauty, a great many young ladies will appear equally charming and agreeable, and it becomes an invidious office to make a selection; and if a man tells me that he veritably believes that he has secured the Rose of the World for himself, well, I honour him for his devotion, but I set him down as an idiot. But then all the moral qualities come into play at this point. When a man has settled

his roving fancy in one direction, there he should abide from every consideration of tenderness, loyalty, and chivalry. That is an unstable, worthless nature that is lured away by the next fair face, because for a moment he thinks that it is a shade fairer than the one familiar to him. And I do not deny that these men, of whom I have known several, and whose phizzes adorn this book, who deliberately lay themselves out for a series of twenty years' flirtations, get through a great deal of time very pleasantly, and with an amount of variety of which a poor beggar of a Benedict can form no conception; yet I do assert that there are moral feelings sweeter even than of victorious love, of which they, in fact, have no conception, and that, though the clouds are held back through their long bright day, yet they gather very swiftly and very darkly towards the evening; and the heart that loves constantly, even though it should have to break in the process, has perhaps a not unhappy lot after all, if we could take the true measure of such things.

I keep the photographs of these two girls because they remind me of an amusing adventure in days when adventures were possible to me. I was, when a senior student, at the famous museum of a great city, and I espied there a perfect lout of a very junior student, whom I regarded with some amount both of dislike and contempt, but who did me the honour of looking upon me, in virtue of my seniority, with a considerable amount of positive veneration. To my astonishment this satyr was accompanied by two nymphs than whom Oreads and Dryads were not more charming, to whom he was idiotically attempting to explain the objects of more prominent interest. I advanced with an air of easy affability towards my Boeotian acquaintance and grasped his hand warmly, I may even say affectionately. Alleging an acquaintance with the museum, I am sorry to say, more close and accurate than was really the case, I volunteered to become their cicerone. When knowledge failed invention came to my

aid; any unknown picture was unhesitatingly assigned to Cuyr or Claude; a chance end of a rope, which I richly deserved myself, was extemporised into the cord which was tied round the neck of Eustace St. Pierre, the patriotic burgher of Calais; and a mere arrow into that which pierced the eye of Philip of Macedon. The maidens had pretty heads, but marvellously little in them, or they would have detected my flagrant impostures. When the hour for closing came, the young ladies included me in the invitation to their friend to come home to a tea-dinner. I had just managed to have a few words of conversation with the loon, and he had told me that they were two twin orphan girls, lately come of age, who had just come up to the city to take possession of a house and property left them by an aunt. The two sylphs, the moke and myself, got into a fly and drove off, but I did not catch the address. It was a pretty detached villa, with a pleasant garden around it, and the Miss Maclagans treated us with the utmost hospitality, and played and sang delightfully. At nine o'clock the natural took his leave, making some idiotic remark about having to play a game of whist at some man's rooms. In about an hour I also departed, being fortunate enough to carry away this portrait as a *souvenir* of a very pleasant evening. But now comes the oddest part of the adventure—that I never saw any of those people again. I went out a few days afterwards to pay a morning call, but I was utterly unable to identify the place. All the houses had a uniform appearance, pretty villas surrounded by trim gardens, but no Misses MacLagan were anywhere discoverable. There were one or two houses now empty, and it might have been at one of those, or a stupid servant may have only known the house as belonging to the defunct aunt, or the young ladies may have thought that they had acted imprudently, and so have stopped matters by this process of mystification. If it had not been for this photograph I should have thought the whole affair a dream.

I never set eyes on that imbecile of a junior student again; but I saw a queer account of a suicide that might have been his. A man, with his clothes on, deliberately walked into a river. 'Halloo, master,' shouted a working man, 'dost thee want to drown thyself? There bain't two feet of water there.' 'Where is it deep enough?' answered the man. 'Wal,' answered the countryman, treating it all as a high joke, 'by yon tree there's the deepest hole in 't river.' 'Thank you,' said the stranger; 'much obliged,' and forthwith pops into the hole and gets drowned. I thought this might have been my interesting young friend who had disappeared, but I never had the curiosity to inquire.

It is very odd to think of the differing destinies that have happened to these young creatures. Here is La Belle Fanny, as we used to call her, who seemed only to live for amusement, flying about to parties, to the opera, to the parks, and the whole round of such things, and now she is settled down in a provincial town, married to a professional man, I am afraid with rather a hard life, but doing her duty nobly in it, and not wasting a thought or a regret on those old days. A very different woman is Julia here. Julia hooked a rich fool for her husband, and by means sufficiently disreputable. She and her mother—a genuine Comparini that mother in the Guido version—invited the golden youth to a champagne dinner. The three sat alone at a round table. The champagne was excellent, Koch *plus* best; and the youth, if he had been dining with a ruler, ought to have put his knife to his throat, for he was a man much given to appetite. Julia was there, in robes very splendid but of extreme lightness, and according to our insular fashion, with bust revealed.

The youth took a full share of champagne and heavier wines after dinner, and then to him, flushed with wine and excitement, came the artless Julia, telling him that coffee was ready, and caressingly hanging over his shoulder with innocent abandon. To these, as they say in the plays,

enter her mother, who clasps her hands and turns up the whites of her maternal eyes, demanding an explanation. Before he was quite sober he was a helplessly-engaged man. He came to me next morning with tears in his eyes, asking me how he could be helped out of the scrape, but in the issue their hold on him proved to be too tight. And these little games are still played in the nineteenth century of our highly-civilised state of society. That's Julia's portrait. Fine girl, isn't she?

Here are a few of my literary friends, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle. You object that they are public portraits, and wonder why I should include them in a collection that professes to be so particularly private. But let me tell you, my dear sir, that no three of my nearest relations have ever had such influence over me as have had these illustrious men. They haven't got the pleasure of knowing me, but I know them quite intimately in their writings; and feeling under an immense load of obligation to them, I gratefully enrol them among my closest Penates. Now here are some groups. First, a group of school-boys, in days when photographing was fresh. We are in costume as cricketers. It was just after we had beaten the Dimsdale eleven, and then we all had a glorious dinner together in the Castle ruins. We eleven never met altogether again after that day towards the end of the half; but I managed, being adhesive in my attachment, to get nine of the lot on the next page, and five of us in a group, after we had been to Lord's. Two of us had dropped in the way. One was a sweet, angelic boy, another in every respect exactly the reverse, but they are both alike taken. Pass another decade of years, and two more have dropped, and I have not been able to get the photographs of all the survivors, but we have all of us come to our seventh *lustrum*, and so at least are half way home. One of those two passed away lingeringly of a phthisis at Torquay, the other fell suddenly in an Indian massacre. This dear old beard went quite grey,



Drawn by Horace Stanton.]

AT THE OPERA.

[See the Verses.

in consequence of an infinitude of troubles, in the course of a single fortnight. Now there's another fellow I've known, who also in the course of a single fortnight was called to the bar, became bankrupt, married a girl with large property, and dropped into a peerage. And he really appears to me to be looking all the better for this series of vicissitudes.

I have gone through the book now; and indeed it is so dark that at the last I could hardly see. I think I will play over the Pastoral Symphony. In the gloom I almost see kind, tender eyes, almost hear mysterious tones and echoes of

silenced voices. O friends! O dear, lost friends! from all other images I turn to yours, gratefully and remorsefully, wishing I had known and loved you better—wishing that words and acts of mine had always been good and helpful, and in no-wise harmful to you. How sweet and soothing is this 'solemn music!' what supernatural cheerfulness and courage it breathes! Let all be well!

The servant enters with candles, my evening dress is laid out, and I am going to Lady Julia's party? *Telle est la vie.* I lock up my book of photographs, and go off to where I shall meet at least a few of the live originals.

AT THE OPERA.

MUSES! all the Nine inspire me, now, if ever, to be lyrical:
 In telling of the Opera, 'tis right that I should sing
 In sweet and flowing fashion, though I've boasted friends satirical
 To venture who've entreated me but this one—anything.
 At the Opera! the subject seems so very tantalizing,
 That, in spite of cruel speeches, I'll attempt it, and rehearse
 Its little loves and its lessons, and it shouldn't be surprising
 When I cannot boast a singing voice to try and sing in verse.

Never yet has Mistress Fashion set her foot in such a Garden,
 Rich with operatic flowers, ripe in histrionic fruit,
 Everlasting seem the blossoms, and the fruit can never harden,
 For the trees are all enchanted, having music at the root.
 Never yet has Goddess Discord been so thoroughly checkmated,
 When there's never been a challenge there can hardly be a fight,
 For a song—in other seasons—we have anxiously awaited,
 Now the season never lingers, there's a song for every night.

Like to Jove, in high Olympus, sits Arditì in the middle
 Of a happy heav'n of harmony, or swelling sea of sound,
 Tempting tempests from the trumpet, from the fascinating fiddle
 Sending winning wails of sorrow, bursts of happiness around.
 At the Opera! the overture's a race, and at the starting
 Every eye in expectation waits the waving of the wand;
 Off! they bound along together like an arrow swiftly darting
 From a bow, and then they finish bound together in a band!

Ah! the jewels are resplendent on the necks of alabaster,
 And the air with rare exotics round the corridors grows faint;
 Lash those horses, solemn Jehu, from the dinner-parties faster
 With the duchesses in diamonds and peeresses all paint.

From the stalls and from the boxes grows a flower-bed of beauty,
 With the rose-cheek and the lily-cheek and golden maiden hair;
 At the Opera young warriors are punctual on duty,
 Meeting daughters accidentally with mothers on the stair.

Now the overture is over, and the future Paganinis,
 At a sign from the enchanter, stop the tremble of the bow,
 For the curtain is uplifted and a voice, it is Mongini's,
 Stops the drawl of dilettanti and the friskiness of Flo.
 Listen! Titiens the mighty! Listen! Lucca! Listen after
 To the style of Graziani, and to Santley, you'll rejoice
 He's an Englishman; and listen! it is Patti, Patti's laughter
 Is musical, and all melody is still La Diva's voice.

At the Opera! there's music in the intervals of acting,
 Very dear to Desdemona and to dark Othello too;
 Who can tell? it may be marriage that the Countess is contracting,
 If Reginald has riches and if Winifred will woo.
 Very likely eyes, long parted, meet again and meet too often,
 Bringing happiness, 'tis likely—just as likely giving pain;
 Very likely looks, how loving! hearts of adamant may soften,
 At the Opera that story, very old, is told again.

Listen! there's the rolling organ! baby orchestra! he's grander,
 Yes, the grandest of the music in the Opera to-night,
 Something rushes to the eyelids! there, 'tis over! out and hand her
 To her carriage.—'Right!' they bellow. Off the hat! she's out of
 sight.

Over now! the music's over, voices hushed and all is ended;
 Lights are one by one extinguished, very dreary 'tis—she's gone.
 Come along! how can it matter through what street her carriage
 wended?

She is dozing—may be dreaming—and at present you're alone!

C. W. S.

POPPIES IN THE CORN;

OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS.—No. VII.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,' &c.

CRICKET GENERALLY, AND A DAY AT LORD'S GROUND IN PARTICULAR.

OF course I am an Oxford man. I don't say this with any implied disparagement of Cambridge. I only mean that for the man of either University, the feelings, the ideas, the sympathies, the preferences, the associations, are so utterly and entirely wedded (in this case none may forbid the banns) to our particular *alma mater*, that we could not, in our wildest imagination, realize the belonging to her sister, and, always in some measure, her rival. There-

fore, if you are an Oxford man, of course you are an Oxford man: how could it have been otherwise? And *vice versâ*, obviously, with Cambridge. The same, too, with the public schools. While at school, and full of its eager emulation, ay, and later, even throughout life, could a Harrow boy conceive the possibility of his being or having been an Eton boy; or the Etonian become in idea a Harrovian; or Winchester change across with

either? No; the three corners of the triangle may seem to us 'much of a muchness,—Cæsar and Pompey very like, 'specially Pompey;'—but each, in the mind of its constituent parts, has its special and sacred individuality, and no atom located in one could entertain, as other than an absurd dream, the phantasy of having been incorporated into another. A miniature nationality is this, no doubt; we are apt to fall into societies, wheels within wheels, and to identify ourselves soon with those particularly in which we happen to be spokes, or even nails. There never can be, we are convinced, another so round, or so well greased, as our own wheel. Yet a disinterested observer might contend that really the fellow-wheel did its work about as well, and was not very different in its look. And no doubt this might be well said of those sister wheels which at any rate differ, we may triumphantly say, in the painting—one being pale and one the darkest blue.

And thus you would soon have perceived, as we advance by easy stages, to Lord's ground, that the dark-blue colours are those pinned on my coat. I am, however, yet a month or two away from that goal; and I am meditating a general reminiscent chat about the noblest of outdoor sports.

The noblest of outdoor sports—yes, neither boating nor any other shall win from it this well-deserved palm. Take the science of it; the interest of it, the duration of it, the healthy and manly exercise which it calls forth: the variety of the skill and the study which its different parts present, as the batting, the bowling, the wicket-keeping, the fielding; ay, special excellences required and developed for each place in the field; so that there shall be in England but one point, say, as Julius Cæsar (I write of the past; I am behindhand in cricket knowledge now)—one backstop, as Mortlock; or again, a prince of batsmen, as Parr; a king-bowler, as Wisden; or a man pre-eminently good all round, as Caffyn. See the faculties called into play: the quickness of eye, the strength of muscle

and sinew, the precision, the vigilance, the coolness, the judgment—the science, I repeat. Look at the *mind* brought to bear on first-rate bowling, for instance; the special pitch calculated, the particular rise, the subtle swerve, and all with a view to the peculiar batting of the man then in. Mark, again, not only the neat batting, the ease and grace with which bailer, shooter, twister are defeated, and Gibraltar still intact, but consider more deeply the science of it. Now the ball rips along the turf, never ascending towards the hands, far away between two fieldsmen: now lies motionless and dead a yard from the wicket: and then there is the exact clear judgment of the run—the crown of the batsman's skill;—not one lost, yet no half-bred rashness and excitement. Then note the generalship brought into play, and indeed most indispensable, and see the wary captain arranging his field with a view to this or that batting and bowling. And the tyro goes in, gives just the chance that was planned for, and succumbs, while the initiated admire. But it is still better to see the equal skill of the defence triumph over the consummate skill of the attack.

Well, I have yet further praise for this king of games, even as the gentle Izaak Walton could consume page after page in commendation of his loved craft. I shall not, however, to match his particularity, give a disquisition upon the nature of turf in general; the best kind to be chosen for the ground; the method of laying it down, of rolling and keeping it:—and then touch on the differences of trees, the many varieties of the willow, its special fitness for the wood of the bat: with a slight discussion as to the composition and qualities of whalebone, cane, thread, and cobblers' wax;—and then on to the divers species of animals that there be in the world; the preparation of their hides for the making of leather; and which of these so-prepared skins shall best suit the purposes of Dark or Duke. But, pardon, old Walton,—this is the banter of an admirer of thine.

Avoiding such voluminous treat-

ment of the game, let me go on at once to my next head of praise. And this is that this game is singularly healthy, and free from exceptions which have been taken to what I may call its sister sport, at the Universities, namely, boating. Far be it from me to decry this graceful and manly exercise; but I may praise my own client somewhat at its expense. Besides, then, that I think that cricket excels in the wider range of various powers and faculties called forth by it; besides that the cricket match gives days, while the boat-race gives but minutes of pleasure (and I think this *is* a consideration, in weighing the two); besides these excellences, there cannot be urged against cricket the objection that—justly or not, I shall not stop to decide—has been brought against rowing, namely, that of excessive exertion, ruinous hereafter to the constitution. I do not think this is a necessary consequence of rowing; I only contend that cricket is free even from the suspicion of it. And with fine rosy boys that are to you as the apple of your eye, *this* consideration also will have its weight.

Moreover, there is one great blemish from which cricket is at least freer than most sports, those, at any rate, which have in them anything of the racing character. And this vice is *betting*. I am not about now to take up the graver objections to this practice—to do so would be considered out of place here—but I take my stand on the slur cast by it (in my opinion) on any sport which in great measure depends on it. And I say that a sport which is worth the time given to it ought to be able to stand alone without such machinery strapped on to it, otherwise it must be a poor boneless affair. What would you think of sherry which was too poor to drink without pouring neat brandy into the decanter: or of ale that wanted gin in it; or of gin that wanted vitriol? These are homely illustrations, but they express what I mean. Now of course people *will* bet upon cricket, as they will bet upon every conceivable contingency whatsoever. You can't keep the possible

or even the probable earwig out of even your whitest rose. But the interest of cricket does not fall through, does not appreciably deteriorate or flag, if the whole betting cancer were cut out of it. There is always the noble manly game, with its own intense excitement and interest of a sound and wholesome kind; not the fevered mouth and stopping heart of the man who sees money in the one scale, and insolvency, rascality, suicide, perhaps, in the other; not the diluted compound of this feeling which one may trace in young girls even and amateur book-makers. Without all this diseased interest, there is enough of hazard and uncertainty, spite of the science and skill of the game, to make (in a critical moment of the match) every ball delivered stop the heart's beating for a moment; every run gained an ecstasy, and that last cut for five that decides the victory a very 'order of release' for the cheers.

Let me see, what does a wise man—no parson, only old Aristotle,—say about betting? As nearly as I remember, he calls it a species of the genus covetousness—covetousness diluted—the genus turned into negus, to make an extempore anagram,—but still of the family. And, looked straight in the face, I think it will appear so; nor can I understand that friendship or hospitality which, under any pretence of play or sport, gets its hand into a friend's pocket, and lightens it of what is sometimes not even spare cash. Verily, I'd rather pass some from mine into that of a needy friend, or at any rate go without many things that might be desirable to have—such as dinner or my library,—than supply them in such a sorry way. But then my idea of friendship, of hospitality, of courtesy, may be peculiar. I should, to say no more, consider such a method of replenishing my purse—or filling my glove-box—as essentially ungentelemanly or unladylike. Enough.

'Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will question thee.'

But the shadow is gone, and I am a man again; and free to give my thought to the grand game.

What right have I to talk of it so much? Am I a cricketer now? a cricketing parson? Far be such an imputation from me; had I the inclination, care for my influence for good over my people must forbid its indulgence. But was I ever a good cricketer? and can I, in memory, fight old well-fought battles and campaigns over again? Not even this. No; I will let you, kind reader, into my secret. I had certain younger brothers whose prowess in the cricket-field was the subject of my complacent satisfaction, and whose talk, during the cricket season, was scarcely of aught else but the game. Indeed they were cricket-mad. So at that time, with very little effort, I was well up in not only the game, but the names and special qualifications of the players of the day, professionals and gentlemen; could have almost passed a moderate examination on the subject. Without knowing them, sometimes even without having seen them, we conceived fervid admiration or rooted dislike towards certain of the players; and each of our fraternity, indeed, had his special pets. *Caffyn* and *Julius Cæsar*—I think these were mine: and I remember that one of my brothers conceived a violent furor for *Sherman*, then the Surrey bowler, and would presume to uphold him against the majority of our fraternity, who, with the rest of the world, were *Wisdenites*. But then, had he not seen and talked with him at his own house at Mitcham? and this, in that cricket-charged atmosphere, was held much such an honour as now a personal acquaintance with Tennyson or Browning would be. Especially before we ourselves excel in any pursuit, what demigods the adepts in it appear to us! For it is notorious that the young are prone to hero-worship.

And my brothers were not at first adepts. They hung fire, so to speak, a little. We were of sufficient number to be companions without seeking external supply; and perhaps too much (being also prone to stick together) confined our sports to our own lawn and fields. And, when it happened that we frater-

nised with a school in the village, and got ourselves chosen into their Wednesday afternoon games, we (being elder) were so *facile principes* that we learned to think rather well of our play, and indeed soon were shut out of the game in which we had begun always to take the lion's share of the fun.

It was just then that we were urged to join a neighbouring club, at which it was our lot to find our level, and to become no longer heroes flushed with victory—the Achilles, and Ajax, and Diomed of the field—but rather raw recruits, in need of the elements of drill. And for a while we sung very small upon the tented field: were misprized on the practice days: were shut out of the matches. Well, well, I myself found out, in process of time, that, for many reasons, my suitable place in the cricket-field was on the spectators' bench, and that I was out of my ground if I was far from my study chair; and that my fielding was better done if it were done alone, wandering through bobbing clover and broad-leaved wheat. So I yielded the point and gave them the slip, and set a long stop to my bowling. But I used to remind those brothers of mine, when better days came upon them, and they had warmed to the work, and were valued members of the club, of how indeed I had been the earliest trainer that they had had, and of how time was, when I was wont to take the three of them, and at last resign the bat, some ten years or so before they came out and I retired. There are few triumphs more delightful than to shine out a hero when you had been thought a 'muff'—and did not I share half the delight of that triumph, when I received a letter from one of these lightly-held brothers of mine, giving the details of a match in which, out of sheer desperation for want of men, he had at last been included? I suppose that, steadily and unnoticed, he had been practising his defence; at any rate I know he took me and every one else by surprise. No one, it appeared, was willing to go in first on our side, and accordingly the Captain sent him in. And there he

stayed, long, and wary, and impregnable, not hitting much, but gradually creeping up to the score of the day; seeing wicket after wicket fall, but still, long, steady, scarlet as to his flannel shirt, killing the bowling, and knocking off the bowlers: carrying his bat out, at last, in a perfect ovation of his amazed allies. Another brother had done well: and one more had fallen into that steady style which he has since never quitted. First ball, four; second ball, six; third ball, out! A short life and a merry one.

Oh, those old cricketing days! I was always a keenly-interested spectator, and even now, on those rare occasions,—once, perhaps, in two years,—on which I see a good match, feel that I can hardly have a greater treat. How pleasant the sunny summer afternoon, at dear old Oxford, when, over-persuaded by the merry and genial band, I should one day mount the drag that rattled along over Magdalene bridge, and towards Cowley meadows. The exhilaration of the day, of the scene, of the company: what company, for the old true gay heartedness, is ever like that now grave-grown Oxford band; the chosen few, the friendly many? And the schools were left behind; what matter now if there still lurked a passage or two in Homer or Æschylus in which a subtle examiner could stump us? We find it easy at such a time to think the best even of examiners, and to hope that they will rather exercise their pains in ascertaining what we know, than, with misdirected ingenuity and indecent curiosity, labouring to discover what we don't. Give them the benefit of the doubt at least; and take in the gladness of an idle day when we are young. 'Tis then, and then only, that we really enjoy them. We get out of the way of merely enjoying life when we age or begin to age. How we revel in our holidays, in boyhood, in youth! Retired from business: that, perhaps we think, must be the intensity of delight; life's drudgery all over, a time of all holidays. So the schoolboy dreams: so even the University man, expect-

ing a time when examinations shall be over, and examiners sink into the rank of mere ordinary fellow mortals, instead of sitting, as we deem of them:

'On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind,
For they lie beside their nectar, and their bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands.'

So even children (I mused in my nursery to-day), so even children would waive the solid portion of the dinner and have it all pudding. And like them *we want the pudding first*, in youth; at least it seems as though to have it would be delightful; all holidays; no meat: 'no satis to the jams.' But when we are grown old, and may now at our will have all pudding,—lo, often, our taste for pastry has gone! And sometimes the patient plodding horses, out of harmony with the sunny meadows about which they used to race as colts, have petitioned even to be taken back to the mill again, and to surrender that perplexing wealth of time upon their hands. How well and charmingly Charles Lamb paints the picture which I have etched, in his 'Superannuated Man.' Too busy through life to have holidays, and out of gear for them when they come, 'not single spies but in battalions:' this seems strange and sad.

'Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys full dull and dead,
Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground!'

But just now we are, in my pleasant reminiscent thought, rattling down the High, it is a lovely day; the yellow-gray of St. Mary's spire, the dark mass of University, the full elms of Magdalene College, and the tall pensive tower that sometimes thinks aloud in the most mellifluous of bell-language: these are left behind, and soon the white tents appear on the field, and the spots of white and of colour that are cricketing there already. And our hearts are gay

and blythe, and we are in tune for the day and the game.

'Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn;
And lost to sight th' ecstatic lark above
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love.'

A sweet joyous summer day; a day to be enjoyed heartily while it is present, and to be pleasantly remembered when it is of the past. And behold! for once I have quitted my seat on the benches, and am found clad in harness and somewhat flurried, as I find myself traversing the sunny green sward that lies between the tent and the wicket, bat in hand, leg encased in whalebone and padding, india-rubber centipedes making my fingers grotesque. I hope I shall save my duck's egg, at any rate, for I have a strong aversion to looking a fool; but they *would* have me join in this day's game, or college match. Guard is given, the field grows attentive, the bowler retires, poises, and advancing delivers the swift-flying ball, unscathed it passes me; but no crack of stumps is heard. A reprieve. Again, and here cautious treatment of the ball lays the patient dead at my feet. Another reprieve. Perhaps I may survive until I get my eye in. But again: and seeing this ball well to the off, and in his hurry, quite forgetting to think about my bails, I became courageous, and succeed actually in persuading him to post off and fetch me three runs from a far corner of the field. Over! I am then to face the other bowler. This is hard, he may have his own special tiresome peculiarities; and I was getting, I fancied, a little more at home with the first. The sort of quadrille that the changing over appears to the ignorant had ended: again the field was rigid. What a pace! Well, happily he wasn't straight. Nor the next, and here now comes the third right at my leg. Courtesy dictates the quick step aside, and a sanguine temperament suggests the wild sweep of the bat which follows or accompanies the movement. Hurrah! that caught him, and just threw him out of the line of the expectant long stop, and with just that slight pat of encouragement he ran so far that my score was increased to seven. A

comfortable little sum to retire upon, at least insuring competency and respectability; still, I should keenly enjoy a double number. Yes, and here comes, surely, a half volley; I step forward, flushed with success.

'Yea, let me make my dream
All that I would!'

I 'let out' at the missile; I catch it well in full career: I already see the seven a ten, when oh!—but let me draw a veil over the painful end. Was it of malice preposse that the bowler gave me that ball? Did he foreknow that I should so smite it? a cold-hearted monster! I could have wished it red hot, as it sweetly sailed into the welcoming hands of long field off, who, of course, had neither the delicacy nor the courtesy to miss it. So I retired upon my small income, not disgraced, if not glorious.—Happily, I instinctively felt, for my respectability, we had not time for another innings.

Well, I enjoyed the day, and I have enlarged upon my experience because it is indeed a contrast to that which would most commonly be set before the public, and there are many, like myself, fond of cricket, but no cricketers, who will hail a brother in me, and half pensively, half smilingly, recognize upon this page their own experiences, anxieties, sweet moments, and despairs. I rather pride myself on the word with which I label the feeling of the much-doubting batsman as he finds himself still in possession after the passing of each ball. It is to him a series of *reprieves*: now an unlooked-for gleam of success: a dawn of hope and confidence: a moment's pang: and then he is sitting in front of the tent in a tender glow or gloom. The class of unsuccessful aspirants is, in all departments of merit, a large class, and, I think, a class deserving perhaps more sympathy and kindly consideration than it gets. The baffled lover; the would-be author; the muff at cricket:—

'There have been vast displays of critic wit
O'er those who vainly flutter feeble wings,
Nor rise an inch 'bove ground.'

Yet truly there is real pain in the mortification and defeat which fol-

low upon unsuccessful effort that was real and conscientious and sincere, in any race of which fame was the crown—a leafy crown, a crown that fadeth away, but a passionately sought prize to the young heart, that knows that success is noble, but has yet to learn that greatness may be wrought out of well-employed failure. Hear one of the young fellows—

'O Fame! Fame! Fame! next grandest word
to God!

I seek the look of Fame! Poor fool!—so
tries

Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphinx,
Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.'

That may be a little ranting; but don't oppose to it, you elder men with practical heads, a coarse, shoppy vulgarity. Don't you know that God has so ordered His world that the blossom comes before the fruit?

But all this may sound too serious treatment for mere cricket failure. Well, I don't know: there is a certain fame and glory in cricket; and he wins for the time a place in the Pantheon who has, off his own bat, pulled the match out of the fire, and finds himself carried round the ground by a crowd of frantic devotees. I knew, at any rate, a man at Oxford who certainly gave up his first class in moderations, and fell into the second rank, from being unable to withstand the lure of being possibly made bowler of the University Eleven. Just the few important finishing days of reading had to be surrendered to the preliminary matches and trials: and the hero at Lord's, before whose cunning balls fell many a Cambridge wicket, found, when the class-list appeared, that he had indeed paid for one distinction by loss in another. I wonder whether he regrets his choice. So much, however, for the love of honours in the cricket-field.

Well, but I promised to walk with you to Lord's ground, to see the great Oxford and Cambridge match there. I cannot describe this year's; while I write I am, as I said, a month or two from that, so I shall turn back the leaves of the

past until I come to one specially marked page in my cricketing experience.

I happened to be staying, together with my wife, near London, just at the time of the match, and I determined that we would make two days' holiday of it, and that she should go with me to see the contest and all its gay surroundings. For a country parson and his wife these little affairs, which to you Londoners are such matter-of-course things—these little treats which break the usual routine of the quiet life, are important epochs. We have this advantage, among others, over you, however, that we enjoy small things as though they were large, and large things twice as much as you can do. And this expedition was, of course, one of the *great* treats. How delightful in the first place, of itself almost worth the journey, the travelling, and going through London with your wife *without luggage*! What country parson will not enter into this felicitation? for seldom do we go for light excursions; generally it is a heavy concern, a 'move' in miniature; children and nurse, and trunks and bags, and hampers and portmanteaus—a chapter of anxieties and of petty warfare with cabmen and railway porters, who won't attend to *you* when you want them, and when there is just, and only just time to catch the other train, and so avoid a two hours' waiting at the dull station.

Besides this enjoyment we had that of a fine day, which, again, is of itself almost enough to make an outing successful. And I am fond of being in London, or passing through it, outside an omnibus or in a Hansom cab, on a fine day. The country, of course, for a permanency; but yet undoubtedly the town has its colour, its lights and shadows, its composition, its nameless unticketed charms, when the sun is shining on a June day, and Londoners are sighing for the country. But, having the country always, we denizens of it think such a day not wasted in town, and glean many beauties from the streets and squares. Nor only

on such days: nor only in day itself. Here is a bit that I saved, and thought worth saving, out of a country newspaper, which gives the beauty of the city at night:—

'I love to see the quiet dignity
With which, when work is done and night
draws on,
And all the din of footsteps dies away,
It shakes from off its flanks the ebbing tide
Of busy life, slips off the glare of day,
Wraps round its walls the mantle of the Past,
And settles back to its historic calm,
As if no break divided its long rest.'

In short, we enjoyed the very journey, which, however, ended duly, and we soon found ourselves denizens of the only two seats (as it would almost appear) that were unoccupied. A new scene to my wife! The immense hoop, 'like a (double) rainbow fallen,' the colour, and the movement, and the numbers that every moment swelled. But soon after we arrived the men began to prepare for commencing the game; and we eagerly scanned the lithe, often stalwart and graceful forms that wore the dark or light blue cap. Cambridge was, I believe, expected to win; and we looked askance at the ranks of the foe; of course we had bought a card with the names, and my wife intended to score, but we knew not the men by sight, hardly by reputation, so out of the cricketing world were we. Soon, however, I gathered, piecemeal and here and there, intelligence concerning the prowess of this or that champion, and of one or two I knew the fame. The captain of the Oxford Eleven, for instance, had but lately signalized himself by a score, I think, of 100, in some great match. And now it was pleasant, while the men sauntered about, or leant against the posts of the pavilion, to survey the many faces that passed and repassed about and behind us, and now and again to recognize some familiar Oxford face, often appearing from the strange clerical garb yet that seemed natural somehow,—I suppose from one's own familiarity with one's self in it—although it made a change in the look of the men that used to swing with easy stride down towards the boats, or to mount the drag to

Cowley, in all coats, and hats with every coloured ribbon.

But the preliminaries were settled: the toss won: and the first men (Oxford) in. Alas! my wife has vainly sought for the carefully, too carefully, kept card; else might I have borrowed the Homeric strain; have given a list of the chiefs, who first who last went to the battle, and how this and that triumphed or fell, not from crashing spears, but from crafty shooters: not from rending crags, but from ripping balls. It may not be: but few of their names even can I remember. Let me give a general idea of the progress of the fight.

The men were placed: guard given: several thousands expecting the first ball. Let me hasten to relieve excitement by stating that, to the best of my recollection, it was a maiden over, and that about the beginning of the match a certain flatness prevailed. It was really quite long, I fancy, before the telegraph marked ten; and I employed the opportunity in careful explanations, not then first begun, to my wife.

In vain, perhaps you say: for how can a woman possibly understand cricket? I reply that if she does not, the fault is in her teacher. To begin, you have to clear her mind of a hopeless muddle concerning the whole intents and purposes of every man in the field. This is begun, and half ended, by simply impressing and emphasizing this broad fact: that the two batsmen are, throughout the innings, the sole representatives of the one side, and that every other player on the field is occupied in the endeavour to get them out. This understood, the nature and reason of the 'over,' another great puzzle, may be well instilled; and the quadrille to which this episode gives rise among the men reduced to simplicity, by just explaining how the altered direction of the ball must necessarily alter the places of those who are waiting to stop or catch it, and how those posted at the long distances change posts as well as places to save time and peregrination. This much premised, the ground will be cleared of

wilderness, and you may then answer questions, which will soon become intelligent enough, and you can put in your drills of regular information. It is your own fault if there be not soon full enough idea of the great game to permit an intelligent appreciation of it, and close interest in it. Quickness of understanding is the last thing in which women are deficient: the power of weighing opposite considerations judicially and impartially; the power of reasoning logically; the power of following out a thing to its consequence or to its source, with the close patience of a sleuth-hound—these are her deficiencies, and for these her education—or want of it—rather than the character of her mind is accountable. This by the way. *My* pupil, at any rate, was apt; and soon she could, and did, enter most heartily and thoroughly into the meaning and spirit of the game. This was well, for it would have been a huge disaster, if no interest in the play had been aroused, to have taken her for a whole day's dose of watching it.

By this time two wickets were down, and the score sluggish in the extreme. I longed for a little warmer work; but the bowling was evidently not to be trifled with, and the batsmen played a careful game. Behold, however, another vacancy: and now a lithe, middle-sized man, with the dark-blue cap pressed down above his (it seemed so far as we could see) dark, good-looking face, stepped, bat in hand, from the pavilion. I asked his name. 'Maitland.' Full of excitement, I announced to my wife the presence at the wickets of the Captain; and hurriedly again declared his exploits of late, and promised that at last the spell should be broken, and the fours and fives fly about the field. Eagerly and intently we watched, as the swift ball left the bowler's hand: would it go for six? or would he be content with just a two or three to begin? How utterly blank we looked, as—yes, it was a reality: the stumps behind that redoubtable bat were scattered hither and thither. *He* could afford it, however, but Oxford hardly could, and we felt

sorely dashed. The chief sustained his reverse with the same quiet dignity with which he would have carried success. I always admire the bearing of these chieftains as they calmly seek the pavilion under a hail-storm of clapping, or a sympathetic silence that would be applause if it could. Well did the Captain, let me remark here, retrieve this fall, next day, in the second innings: and much did we exult in his success. Things, however, at present looked ill for the dark-blue colours; and although a stand was made at the end by the less powerful batsmen, yet I think the Oxford score did not exceed some eighty or ninety. It was evidently all over with them, for there were some tremendous batsmen on the Cambridgeside. We mournfully discussed some sandwiches and bitter ale between the rival innings.

'Twere long and tedious to dwell in detail upon every phase of the match; even could memory produce sufficient photographs for the purpose. Enough to tell how our languid interest revived, as the experience of Oxford was repeated in the Cambridge innings. Runs most gradually got: and wicket after wicket crashing down. The interest was fully aroused, quickened into excitement; the match seemed recovering its even balance: and though a stand here was made, and the fatal ball arrested, yet I think Cambridge did but head Oxford by some twenty runs; and as many as this were obtained by Oxford in her second innings, without the loss of a wicket, before the day's play closed. Thus the two were once more even: for the entire eleven of Oxford had yet to go in: to begin, as it were, all fresh next day, with twenty runs for a start.

I like to see the fielding in a match like this. It is nearly the prettiest part of cricket. The ball so cleanly taken, and instantly and unerringly sent in; the cautious and instinctive backing up; the coolness and self-possession; the neatness, precision, absence of flurry or hurry: all these things are to me a study. Indeed I remember learning a useful lesson upon which I

have practically acted, from seeing the bearing of a true cricketer upon missing a ball which he should have fielded. The tyro, or the half-bred player, would have lost his self-possession, scrambled and fumbled after the ball, and finished perhaps by kicking it a few yards further on its course, certainly have made a bad shot or two at capturing it. Not so my friend. He just drew himself up for a moment, and let the ball lie: then cool, rapid, certain, swooped upon it, and had it in in a twinkling. And I have applied this example in cases dissimilar in circumstances, but alike in kind: cases, I mean, of making a slip or a mistake. Pause for a moment to collect yourself and to avoid flurry, and then act. Thus, even in the case of public reading, how sometimes you will find a slip or a fault followed by a stammering and confusion, much more disturbing and painful to audience and reader or preacher, than the calm dignified recollection and then the quiet rectification of the error. A curious mode, you may say, of learning elocution. But there are analogies in most things to a mind which has a turn for discovering them.

Well, to end our match. My wife was not only ready, but eager, to visit Lord's next day; and my father also accompanied us, to see the end. When we arrived Oxford was not only in, but, in considerable degree, *out*; and things were looking anything but well for our chances. Still, Maitland's fine innings cheered us a bit, the more because of our jealousy for his reputation, in which all Oxford men seemed part proprietors. Something like one hundred

the innings closed for, not enough by some decades at least. And the Cambridge score crept up, not brilliantly, but quietly; even to the last the interest continued; for, if I remember right, there were yet ten to get with the last man in but one; and before this was obtained, the last man was facing the bowler. The excitement was intense as the ball sped on its voyage of discovery, and the cheers rung out, when a clean and gallant cut secured the match for Cambridge.

'Alas! that Oxford men should sing
The combat where her colours fell:
That Oxford bard should wake the string,
The triumph of her foes to tell!'

Yet so it was: and I can't help it; nor am I sure that if I could I would. At the time, of course, one's sympathies are strongly enlisted, but when it is over, so long as it was a good fight, and that the Universities have kept fairly even in the whole list of matches, we do not grudge the victors their well-earned triumph.

So, well pleased, we returned home, and retained a pleasant memory of the eager play, the blue canopy (that would wear Cambridge colours) above it all, the smooth green sward, the great circling crowd; some sweet girl-faces with the dark or the light blue garb; some faces dear through old friendship, and pleasant to be seen again, and last, some faces of other chieftains besides those of cricket; chieftains in Art, in Literature, &c., who had been pointed out to us, and who are certain to be seen there on that great day when Oxford meets Cambridge on the tented field.



WHO WINS?

A Lay of the River.

WHO wins? They're off! and bending
 Their blue blades and their backs;
 The pace! the pace! is mending,
 And horsemen spur their hacks.
 Put out the blue in bunting!
 Shine blue dear women's eyes!
 Look blue at steamers hunting
 The crews that women prize.
 Young oarsmen on the river,
 Pedestrians on pins,
 Shout, Oxford! Cambridge! give her
 Your muscle, boys! Who wins?

There's not a foot between them!
 From Putney left behind
 The cheers of those who've seen them
 Float on the Easter wind.
 Old Oxford plods machine-like,
 Dark Oxford, Isis-bred,
 But faster now and queen-like
 Light Cambridge gets ahead!
 Cheer, Cambridge! who can wonder?
 The turn of luck begins,
 Here's Hammersmith! and under
 First! What a roar! Who wins?

From balcony and basement,
 From lawns that kiss the stream,
 Cheer from the cosy casement
 Where idle lovers dream;
 Sing for the men of mettle
 Who battle for the blue,
 Reserve the roses' petal
 Maidens! on bosoms true.
 Then when the struggle closes
 We'll empty out our bins,
 And you shall give the roses,
 And eyes shall say who wins.

Sigh, for the pluck defeated!
 Weep, for the baffled strength!
 The old tale is repeated,
 And Oxford leads a length.
 Why, fickle maid, Fortuna,
 To Cambridge never cling?
 There's Henley yet, and June a
 Sweet victory may bring.
 When Cam is widened double,
 The sluggish Cam, whose sins
 Have brought her children trouble,
 We'll tell you then who wins.

Who wins? say, Carolina,
 And Isabel, you quiz,
 If dark or light between a
 Vast difference there is?

If both could be the winners
 All eyes might then be bright,
 For dark are saints and sinners,
 And loved and hated light.
 Wave kerchiefs for your brothers!
 Sing for your kith and kin,
 Pour pity on the others,
 But let the best men win!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

A MODEL MARKET.

I WAS once amused and scandalized by hearing a misogynistic humorist contend that there is no such being, and never was in this world any such being, as a charitable woman. He was careful to define and explain his meaning in the use of the adjective. Said he, 'I know about the ministering angel, and all that. I know that when pain and anguish wring the brow it is woman's hand alone that can exhibit the tasteless gruel and the nauseous draught with a gentleness that equalises flavour, and mildly compels the patient to swallow both abominations, without complaint or querulous and shuddering protest. I know that the Lady Bountiful of fiction and the Mrs. Fry of reality find a just and universal acceptance as the types of feminine benevolence. I know that my good old grandmother—excellent lady—led a wretched, wandering creature out of the wintry wind, hail, and sleet, down a dark gateway, and stripped off her own warm and comfortable garments to part them with her forlorn sister, as St. Martin parted his cloak with the naked mendicant. Oh, yes, to be sure, I know thus much, and more too; but for all that, I am as certain as I am certain of anything that true charity in womankind does not exist. The good deeds of all these delicate creatures, as Othello calls the ladies, are trammelled with conditions. In their charity is much uncharitableness.' Having spoken to this effect, if not in these very words, my friend paused and then made the following remarkable concession: 'Well, I grant you Miss Burdett Coutts; she is quite exceptional;

and if you challenge me I'll show you that she proves my rule.'

I did not challenge him. I stopped my ears against his profanity. I said, 'Avaunt, comic but cold-blooded woman-hater!' I felt that the name he had uttered was not a contradiction of female charity, but was rather its affirming head and front. For thousands and thousands who have all the will to do good, and to do it unconditionally, there may scarce be one who is blessed with the means. And it does indeed seem like a special blessing that wealth should come into hands that can bid it go forth again in streams of well-directed mercy. Of a truth, the benefactions of Miss Angelina Burdett Coutts are lessons worth studying in the art of kindness. This art, we may be happily sure, will never be lost while nature survives among us, and men and women continue to be real. But, as an art, it is the better for strict rules, and the worse for wild practice. Systematic, orderly, symmetrical, the kindness of Miss Burdett Coutts is tenfold more effective than it would be if it were merely a spontaneous outflow, altogether destitute of organization or any sensible sign of a plan. Miss Coutts would seem to have mastered the very architectonics of charity.

The driver of the Hansom cab number nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, hailed in Piccadilly by this present writer, on the twentieth morning of the month of March last past—as unpleasant a morning as might be, with the barometer backing to stormy, and umbrellas going up like Bank Stock—looked uncertain when told to drive to

Crab Tree Row, Bethnal Green. The rain streamed from the peak of his hat, and from the stiff shiny channels of his black oilskin covering, as he bent down to receive sailing orders. He gave himself a dog-shake, showering raindrops to the rain, and his wet face plainly said, 'This 'ere job ought to be double the reg'lar fare; but I ain't likely to get it.' A Hansom on a rainy day is not a triumphal car, nor a coach of state, nor, in any vehicular likeness, a pleasant thing to ride in. As they build London Hansoms smaller and smaller, space for your knees there is none; and the sense of dampness in those joints is increased by the tight stowing. You must have the glass down or you must have it up; and the choice of evils is a desperate case of heads-or-tails. The infernal machine which guillotines your hat, or grazes the bridge of your nose, leaks at the folding joint, and lets in the muddy water fitfully. The overhanging ridge of the hinged division thrusts its obnoxious peak into your chest; and you are soon stifled with your own breath. Knowing these miseries by doleful experience, you elect perhaps to have 'the glass up.' Then you must protect yourself with your open umbrella if you would avoid the splashes of many hoofs, met in your slushy progress. I had ample time to study the demerits of either plan as I journeyed that day from St. James's to the remote parish of St. Leonard, Shore-ditch. Crab Tree Row is a thoroughfare leading from the Hackney Road, eastward to Bethnal Green; and in Crab Tree Row Miss Burdett Coutts has builded a market-place which will have been formally opened when these pages are in the hands of the reader. It is a part of a large and growing scheme of beneficence begun by her some years ago, and changing, day by day, the sorrowful aspect of this poor faubourg. The rainy 20th of March was the appointed date of a meeting within the bounds of the newly-finished market. Miss Coutts had invited the Metropolitan Board of Works to inspect the market buildings, and to concert with the committee of ma-

nagement such plans for the general improvement of the neighbourhood as might seem requisite and practicable. There were a few guests not officially connected with the government of King Thwaites; and I was one of them. From what I then saw and heard I shall now, with the aid of notes and drawings which are before me, endeavour to describe Columbia Market.

The Gothic quadrangle of two acres had the appearance of being, as it was, uninhabited and unfurnished; or I could have fancied that I stood, with English weather wrapping me coldly about, in the market-square of a French or German city. In the innocent art-prattle of Mr. Beresford Hope, mention is frequently made of the 'sky-line' as a special beauty of good domestic architecture. The 'sky-line' of Columbia Market only wanted a sky. Perhaps those chimneys on the ridge of the steep high roofs were a trifle too formal, and heavy for their situation, and were hardly consistent with the pointed windows below. But there were projections and pinnacles enough to break any level monotony of the two-and-two semi-detached-villanous infusion of 'style.' Mr. Darbishire has a true feeling as to what roofs should be like, and he is one of the architects to whom we look for a restoration of the good old gable-ends and the comfortable quaintnesses of Tudor-Gothic. It is rarely that any group of buildings raised together on a plan, instead of being the fruit of time and time's necessity, fulfils the conditions of the picturesque so well as does the snug little nest of labourers' dwellings called 'Holly Village,' near Miss Coutts's lodge at Highgate. When a little of the newness shall have got rubbed off the edge of this 'loved masonry,' when the prim paths shall begin to show wear and tear; when the negligence and neatness of home shall be in accord, and the ease of custom shall overgrow like ivy the stiff precision of strangeness, a prettier spot than Holly Village will be sought in vain near London. The design of Holly Village and the design of Columbia Market are from the same hand. In

fact, Mr. Darbishire is architect-in-chief to Miss Burdett Coutts, who selects the ablest aids for the accomplishment of her benevolent ends, and who has been even more than usually happy in the formation of a board of control for her new market. Her secretary, Mr. John Hassard, who is also secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury, having served Dr. Tait in the same capacity while that excellent divine was Bishop of London, is a member of the committee in question, at whose head is Mr. Edmund Johnson, a Middlesex magistrate and a man of noted capacity in the management of large and complex affairs. He has estimated the returns upon capital expended by Miss Coutts, in the erection of this market-place, at five per cent. for the first year, and from that amount to ten per cent. in years to come. Miss Coutts, then, looks for interest on the money she places to the account of philanthropy? Yes, it is even so; and by-and-by we shall have to consider this point, our present business being with the market-place itself.

In the wretched rain, interior views were more agreeable than the sight of outer walls, however sightly. But the external architecture, nevertheless, commanded our notice that day before we looked within. A gate-house three storeys high is the central object in the south front, which gives upon Crab Tree Row. Long arcades on either side connect this building with the east and west flanks of the market. A lofty archway forms the principal approach to the enclosed square, and this archway is adorned with ornamental gates of hammered iron, the work being that of men in the employment of Messrs. Cubitt and Co., the builders. The market-office is on the first floor of the gate-house; and the clerk of the market will have his residence in the rooms above. The arcades of the south front will accommodate a class of dealers not requiring the use of shops. Like the lofty centre arch, they are guarded with folding iron gates, the whole line being honest hammer-work that does a man's eyes good to look upon. Those persons who take an

interest in local comparisons of skilled labour, and who are sufficiently expert to distinguish nice differences of merit, may find in the northern range of buildings, to be presently described, other gates of wrought iron, which are from Birmingham forges, the south gates being, as I have said, the production of London handiwork. It is fortunate for a principle if these examples of metropolitan art-work are the best. I hope they are; though I must confess my inability to decide by technical judgment one way or the other.

Before we go on with our inspection of the place, it will be well that we take with us some knowledge of the needs which it is intended to satisfy. Four classes of dealers will assemble here. The first or lowest class will be that of the hawkers and costermongers, those poor caterers of the poor, who live from hand to mouth by selling to those who can barely do as much. The second class of dealers will be such as rent stalls under cover, and not in the open square. The third class will be shopkeepers, but only shopkeepers; and the fourth will be shopkeepers whose shops have dwelling-places attached to them.

Now, for the hawkers the accommodation is simple. They will bring their barrows into the uncovered place, either to carry away provisions which they may purchase wholesale, or to remain and drive a retail trade. The next grade of merchants will find room in the arcades of the south front, which have been already spoken of, and perhaps in other parts of the market, too. The penultimate class, non-residential shopkeepers, are handsomely provided for in the market-hall, of which building I shall have a few words to say presently. Fourth and last are the domiciled tradesmen, whose shops line the east and west sides of the quadrangle.

Looking northward across the open place, paved with bluish granite, which is divided by red lines into squares of six feet, and centrally adorned with the useful ornament of a large lamp, surrounded by hydrants and washing basins,

we are struck by the sight of a tall and graceful belfry, rising from the midst of a Gothic roof. This prominent object denotes the principal building—a fine hall, with a groined porch at the base of the *campanile*. It is the market-hall, bounding by its sole length the entire north side of the square. East and west, that is to say right and left as we face the decorative architecture of this pinnacled edifice, are the houses with high-pitched roofs and pointed gables, and a cloistered footway in front of their shops. Flanking these rows, east and west, and forming the two wings of the south front, in Crab Tree Row, are buildings arranged in flats, which are to be let out to City clerks, if City clerks will take them. Nor is this proviso at all unlikely; for the City clerks have been growling, as much as a body so amiable as City clerkship can growl, at their neglected and forlorn condition, saying, ‘While ye, O rich and good, are giving wealth and time and care to the amelioration of labouring folks’ lodgings, our lodgings are dearer and less comfortable than ever; pray you, therefore, look to it.’ City clerks are as honourably independent as any other people; and they are too shrewd men of business to expect boons or gifts merely as boons or gifts. But perhaps they think, with some reason, that riches and intelligence might be profitably busied in the building of homes that would pay better than the ruinously cheap and tawdri-ly nasty terraces and villas run up by that snob of snobs the ‘speculative builder,’ who, to the gross-est ignorance of the class of hodmen whence he has sprung, usually joins the mischievous cunning that availeth no man, but curseth ‘him that gives and him that takes.’ If the model lodging-houses founded by Miss Burdett Coutts and such practically kindhearted persons had wrought no other good than the discomfiture of the sordid bunglers who put their pence into the brick-and-mortar traffic, they would have done well.

Externally, we have now seen as much of the market-place as we

care to see through the wet blanket of a cold and rainy day in the middle of March. We might, to be sure, keep beyond the northern boundary of the quadrangle, and we should then see a large, unfinished, and untidy yard, which will, when in order, be a place for the unloading of carts, and for the transaction of wholesale business; and being on that farther side of the hall, we become aware that the new Columbia Market closely abuts on the fine range of lodging-houses built by Miss Coutts’s architect, and named Columbia Square; also that there is as much decoration on the outer side of the hall itself as on that part which overlooks the market-place; moreover that there is a tavern for the use of the market people; likewise a coffee-house, rather comfortless now in its bare blank northerly look-out, but capable of being made more attractive; lastly, that there is an opening to cellars which would be invaluable to a wine-merchant in some other part of the town, and may be found very useful here.

It is a pleasant change from the chilly north yard and its bare buildings with its bleak aspect, bleaker now for the excessive inclemency of the weather, to the inside of the great hall; great, I call it, for so it is, considering its purpose and the little prospect there would have been of such a hall being raised here except by private munificence. There is a clear length of one hundred and four feet with a width of fifty; and the height from the paved floor to the top of the groined roof—which by-the-by is of pitch-pine, unusually beautiful in grain and colour—is fifty feet. The ground space, unobstructed by any fixtures or movable furniture, gives an area of two thousand six hundred square feet; and in the aisles, behind the clustered granite pillars which divide the length of the hall into seven bays, are twenty-four small shops, each thirteen feet deep, about seven feet wide, and eight feet high. They are lined with the polished Connemara marble, which is so hard and close of grain as to be the very best material to

insure perfect cleanliness; and they are furnished with sink, counter, and other fittings necessary for the sale of meat, fish, and poultry. These shops, which are supplemented with offices containing each a fireplace and a desk, are in four flat blocks, two on each side of the hall; and thus four platforms or terraces, neatly tiled, will be available for the display and sale of shrubs and flowers. The pine roof has moulded ribs, springing from the capitals of the pillars, which are thirty-five feet high. The Portland stone used in the building of this hall is variously adorned with the beautiful Irish marble already mentioned, with Sicilian marble, and with Aberdeen granite. Light on all sides is gained from large mullioned windows, extending from the galleries to the groining of the roof with which their heads are concentric. Two compartments in each window are furnished with casements, which, by an ingeniously simple contrivance, are made to open outwards, for ventilation. The building has four entrances. I have already spoken of one, the chief entrance, through the deep porch at the base of the belfry and clock-tower. Then there are gates or doors at either end, and one on the north side leading from the outer yard and New Street, Hackney Road.

Now for the questions—Ought a charitable deed, like the founding of this market, to be made a matter of commercial speculation; and, being calculated to pay, will it pay? First, with the first. I do not think that in all cases a tangibly profitable return of the bread we cast upon the waters should be looked for. We should not invariably expect to get it back again, as the Yankee showman said, buttered. I am quite certain, as every man with his eyes open, and his heart tolerably uncantered must be, that thousands and thousands of pounds given by such a true sister of charity as Miss Burdett Coutts, are given without the hope of reimbursement. Yet according to a principle on which the most important of her philanthropic schemes are wrought out, that hope must be

very pleasing to her. The principle is simply this—works that are meant to benefit struggling, but not helpless persons, ought to remunerate the projectors, and are tested by the amount of remuneration. The more they are wanted the better they should pay. It is easy to understand, therefore, how a charitable man or woman, who makes charity a study and a business, should watch with a sort of disinterested greed the financial success of operations purely benevolent in their scope and aim. Then, Will the capital expended in the building of Columbia Market return a fair interest? Will the marbles, and the sculpture, and the wrought-iron foliation, and the peal of fifteen bells in an ornamental turret yield a money return? The answer is plainly, ‘No.’ But the principle, nevertheless, is vindicated and maintained. There will be, in all reasonable likelihood, a very good profit on the outlay for plain and solid construction, which is covered by the figure 100,000*l.* Beyond this, the decorative work, costing 50,000*l.*, need not be considered. That is Miss Coutts’s own affair. Use and beauty are two distinct things; and it would be absurd to think of making poor toilers pay for architectural grandeur and ornament. Still, the expenditure of this large sum of fifty thousand pounds in the adornment of a market-place may not be unprofitable, even in a strictly business-like point of view. Better work makes better workmen; and it is a noteworthy and significant fact that the iron gates of the entrance in Crab Tree Row were hammered into forms of beauty by men who were obliged to have the requisite knowledge and skill hammered into them; for they were previously inexpert at this dignified kind of art-labour. It will be impossible for the coarsest and most ignorant minds to be in constant familiarity with graceful forms without profit of elevation and refinement. So let us leave Columbia Market to its twofold work, hoping that it may help to enforce a wider recognition of the truth that man cannot and should not live by bread alone. G. T.

THE SPRING CLEANING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

MR. WALTON, of the Temple and the Home Circuit, had very pleasant lodgings very close to Hyde Park. The rooms were not very extensive, neither, indeed, was the house, but then the situation was so exceedingly good. Mr. Walton went, or rather he used to go, the home circuit, that being handy and comparatively inexpensive. He had also his name—with a great variety of other names—painted over a door in the Temple; but beneath that door itself Mr. Walton had not passed for years. The law had proved a severe step-mother, not affording him the slightest nourishment; but Mr. Walton had means of his own, and after his first twelvemonth, seeing no immediate prospect of being appointed Solicitor-General, he had virtually abandoned the law. Still he was a barrister of seven years' standing, and was very ready to accept any good thing, of which he had some chance through a powerful connection, which might fall to him as a barrister of a certain standing.

He had fixed upon taking these rooms in Tyburnia as soon as he had set eyes upon them. He had wanted West-end lodgings, and had given up a day or two to that wearisome search. Some landladies were so painfully grand, others so painfully shabby. Sometimes the furniture was good but ancient, and with a general savour of dilapidated horsehair; sometimes it was new and shiny, but cheap and fragile, and as scanty as could be, consistently with due appearance. Everywhere the voice was insincere, the eye-lustre metallic, and the manner wavering between cringing servility and mere impudence. At last he came to this particular house. It was thoroughly homelike. The rooms were furnished very prettily and very fully, the ornamentation elegant, the comforts numerous. Freshness and neatness everywhere, and very admirable. He told himself, and with truth, that he had dropped into a good thing. He would have taken the rooms at once, they suited him so well, and, more-

over, he was quite taken with the quiet, pleasant, ladylike manners of his landlady. It may here also be mentioned, as a fact in the general history, that, on entering one of the rooms, he saw a really beautiful girl bending over some drawing on which she was engaged, who rose when he entered, and dropping a slight but very graceful curtsy, withdrew, which young lady was the landlady's daughter. The circumstance had, however, no other effect upon our Templar than supplying him with the comfortable reflection that it was better to have nice women about him than women who were not nice.

His lodgings were on the ground-floor; that is to say, his sitting-room was the front dining-room. There was a parlour behind, which was one of the rooms which Mrs. Merton, the landlady, occupied for herself. The drawing-room floor was let to a member of Parliament and his wife for a season. On the third floor were three bedrooms, two belonging to the drawing-room, and one to Mr. Walton, with small dressing-room annexed. There were no other lodgers. It is desirable that the geography of the place should be thus far understood.

Mr. Walton would have liked his landlady still better, and her apartments still more, if he had known more about her. He knew it all afterwards. Mrs. Merton's husband had been a surgeon, rather distinguished in his day, as careful and kindhearted as he was clever, and whose reputation, in a difficult department of his profession, still lasted and was likely to last. He was climbing fast into fame and a large practice, and had taken this pretty West-end house, where he had hardly lived two years, when, attending gratuitously a sickly family in a fetid court, he sickened and died. He had not insured his life, and he had saved very, very little for his wife and two children, girl and boy. The widow had hardly anything beyond the lease of the house, which was worth something, and its abundance of handsome fur-

niture. It was her supreme desire that her children should have the education that their gifted father would wish them to have, the boy going into the father's profession, where he would find many friends. The only plan that suggested itself to Mrs. Merton was that she should let off her house into apartments. This was a sore trial to good Mrs. Merton—a sore blow to that decent pride which may have something wrong in it, but, at the same time, is such a help to most of us imperfect people. The dining-room, where friends had so often gathered round their cheerful board; that exquisite drawing-room, overlooking the gay, bright park, in which she had taken such pride, and which was crowded with tokens of her own fair tastes, must be given up to strangers, who would look upon her as a mere hireling, and would know nothing of the ghostly sympathies and associations which cling to such chambers in their vanished joys. But Mrs. Merton thought she saw her duty, and she did it, though with a laceration of heart and feeling which made those who knew her best wonder how she could possibly go through with her daily work. But she was sustained by duty and love, and duty and love, as is their wont, were now bringing their reward. Her eldest boy was walking the hospital at Edinburgh, with the fairest of fair characters, and every hope of attaining to future eminence. Her daughter she had sent to an excellent school, where the worthy schoolmistress, though giving her special pains, had made in her case special reductions. Mabel had now finished her education, and was anxious to begin the world as a governess, while her mother was anxious to keep her at home. And the good mother, amid constant occupation and growing interests, had now regained a full measure of cheerfulness and tranquillity. One of Mr. Walton's family friends, hearing of his whereabouts, told him all about the home and family where he lived.

The most stable institution of the Merton household was that every spring there should be a grand

house-cleaning. Other cleanings there were numerous and vexatious, but the spring cleaning was the greatest institution of all. In some houses there is such a chronicity about cleaning that I verily believe it is simply a vindictive and retaliatory proceeding adopted towards the race of mankind as an ingenious instrumentation of torture to redress any balance of female grievances that might be standing over undressed.

It was now the pleasant spring, Easter-tide, the Easter falling late. The cutting nor-easter had finished its work of cutting and carving at weakly lungs, and old Æolus had bottled up his east wind in his cellar, and had given us zephyrs as a desirable change. Very pleasant was the change to man, and beast, and little fishes. Among its evidences was the grateful fact which Mr. Walton's eye appreciatingly noted, that a slight glass vase of fresh flowers repeatedly adorned his breakfast-table. Sometimes, in that adjacent room, he heard music, soft and low, such as his soul loved. Once, letting himself quietly in with his latch-key, he heard the silvery ripple of a voice in converse, sound hardly less musical. Once, also coming in very quietly from a dinner-party, he heard a magnificent soprano voice in that next room, which was silenced as soon as the arrival was known. When he was at home music did not ordinarily go on in that adjacent room.

One morning, contrary to her custom, Mrs. Merton made her appearance in his room while he was still at breakfast.

'Mr. Smith, the member, sir,' she said, 'is going out of town for his little parliament holiday.'

'Hope he'll enjoy it, Mrs. Merton,' said Walton, with real indifference. 'Gentlemen generally go out a few days at Easter-tide. It brightens them up for the season.'

'Not at all a bad plan,' returned Walton; 'a little change brightens us all up.'

'Pray, Mr. Walton,' said the widow, coming to the point, 'do you intend going away for a few days this Easter?'

‘Why, really, Mrs. Merton, I can’t say that I am. The fact of the matter is that I had never thought about it.’

Then Mrs. Merton left the room with a somewhat aggrieved and decidedly disappointed air.

The next day, however, she entered his apartment with a braced-up expression of countenance indicative of much mental determination.

‘I hope it won’t put you out at all, Mr. Walton, but we are beginning our spring cleaning, and we shall want to take up your carpets in a morning or two.’

‘Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!’ groaned Mr. Walton, burying his face in his hands. He had been familiar with the affliction from his youth up, and here it was once more facing him in all its horrors.

To Mr. Walton, indeed, the calamity was a real one. We are greatly attached to him, but we must also frankly own that he was generally in much of a muddle. He was a man who had really little or nothing to do, but he persuaded himself that he was the busiest man in London. The phrase *strenua inertia* might have been expressly invented for him. There never was a more pleasant and amiable man. A bit of an artist, a bit of a painter, a bit of a critic and poet, a bit of a mathematician and *savant*, he had gained a smattering, a footing, in many accomplishments and branches of knowledge without attaining to the slightest proficiency. It was fortunate that he had not to gain his living by this *dilettantism*. Perhaps if he had he would have been more energetic and have achieved distinction.

He was the most careless man that could be conceived, his room always in a litter—photographs, stamps, stray silver, water-colour paintings, cards, letters, even jewellery, strewn around. It was not even clear that he took the trouble of reading his letters, and friends who knew him would insist on seeing him and not leaving messages, there was so little chance of his ever attending to a message. To such a man the proposition of clearing out his sitting-room was the

most painful and exasperating that could be imagined. But he was too indolent even to object, but acquiesced in fate and the inevitable personified by Mrs. Merton, only begging that the operation might be put off as long as it could, and then be got over as speedily as possible.

The next morning there was an ominous noise overhead which told him that the devastating work had commenced. Huge pieces of furniture were being dragged about, draperies were hanging over the banisters, windows were flying up, small dust was in the air, suspicious-looking females were carrying buckets upstairs, and the spring cleaning was commenced in real earnest. His bedroom was to be ruined that afternoon, and his sitting-room to undergo the same fate the afternoon following.

That afternoon, when Mr. Walton was out, a gentleman called to see him, and expressed some little annoyance at not finding him at home.

‘It is rather important. Can I write him a line?’ said the visitor.

The handmaiden said she had no doubt he could, but she would speak to Miss Mabel.

Miss Merton at once asked him into her mother’s pretty room, and gave him writing materials. In about a minute he dashed off a short note, and gave particular instructions that it should be carefully delivered to Mr. Walton.

You can bring a horse to the water but you cannot make the noble animal drink. You might lay a note on Mr. Walton’s writing-table; you might tell Mr. Walton that there was a note lying on his writing-table; you might point the note out to him, but you could not insure the certainty that Mr. Walton would open and peruse such a note.

There were several little notes lying on his writing-table when he came home. One, pink and perfumed, from a great lady, asking him to a party, was eagerly opened. Mr. Walton looked meditatively at the others, and shook his head at them, and smoked a meditative cigar over them, and concluded that he would open them next day. One or

two of them looked dunnish. Mr. Walton did not overlive his modest income, but a man of his irregularity generally adjusts things badly, and is liable to get dunned.

The next morning Mrs. Merton asked him whether she should help him put his books and water-colour drawings in order before the char-woman came; but Mr. Walton declared his intention of preparing himself in person for the visitation of these harpies.

'The fact is, Mrs. Merton, I don't mind it now. My books and papers want arranging sadly, and this will be a good opportunity now that I am compelled to arrange them.'

The next morning Mr. Walton set his house, or rather his portion of the house, in order; that is to say, he did so according to his lights. He made a glorious litter, and after his manner, meditatively shook his head at it, and smoked a cigar over it. Then he began the work of assorting prints and photographs, which he stopped to gaze on, and of binding up familiar letters which he stopped to read once more. A man does not make much progress in this last sort of work, and it is rather sad work; at least Mr. Walton felt a little depressed. He was two-and-thirty now, and the seven years of his professional life were, he acknowledged to himself, blank and failure. He had not got on, and never expected to get on, at the bar. His 'influence,' the powerful friend who had it, might do something for him, only his 'influence' didn't, and that hope deferred was beginning to make his heart sick. He was sufficiently well off to live luxuriously as a bachelor; but it is uniformly your gentle, luxurious bachelor who is always peopling his fool's paradise with a lovely wife and pretty children. Mr. Walton awoke up from this vein of meditation by discovering that he had not many minutes wherein to complete his preparations. These were made with extreme haste and by no means thoroughly. Books, papers, and prints were flung into separate heaps or crammed unsorted into drawers; some stamps and coins

were collected, but more were left lying about, and a general sweep into a huge waste-paper basket of all remaining papers, circulars, &c., carried out his very rudimentary notions of tidiness and good order. Then, as he went out, with a sudden impulse he said to his landlady—

'As my room will be all in confusion to-night, Mrs. Merton, I will fling myself upon your hospitality for a cup of tea.'

And the good lady assented, before she exactly realized to what she was pledging herself.

Walton refused more than one good invitation for that evening in the course of the day. Somehow he found himself looking forward to the widow's little room adjoining his own. There was a pleasant voice that was musical and low, which that night should be musical and low to him; which could sing magnificently, and that night should sing magnificently for him. When he got back to the house, after dinner at his club, the place was in the utmost turmoil and disorder, and the little parlour was a perfect haven of brightness and peace. The widow gave him his cup of tea. Mabel was there, a really beautiful girl,—and I am not using that much-abused term lightly—calm and ladylike as a princess. Mrs. Merton, with all her goodness, had, perhaps, rather deteriorated during those years of her widowhood, under the unfavourable process of letting lodgings; but Mabel had all the frankness, grace, and culture that can belong to the well-bred maiden of eighteen. The voice was as low and musical, the singing as glorious as he had anticipated. Walton himself sang well. Let it be said for him that he was a good-looking fellow, with excessively gentlemanly manners, soft intonation, and large dreamy eyes, but a few grey hairs were prematurely peeping out amid the curly brown.

'I am afraid you are a very careless man, Mr. Walton,' said Mabel. 'When we went into your room, after you were gone out, we found a couple of photographs, a dozen postage-stamps, and three shillings, in silver and copper, not to mention

a lot of papers, which I am not at all sure that you wished to have destroyed.'

'Oh, never mind the papers,' said Mr. Walton; 'but I am much obliged for the other trifles.'

'There they are, on the mantelpiece,' said Mrs. Merton.

And on the mantelpiece the careless man left them, perhaps on purpose that he might come in and ask for them next day.

It was a delicious evening. Mr. Walton enjoyed himself thoroughly. Such a pretty home scene, by its rarity and attractiveness, pleased him greatly. Such frank confidences and intimacy with two good women, and one young and beautiful, was what he could thoroughly appreciate. He was a man of a very susceptible nature; and, as he took his candle and went up those uncarpeted stairs, picking his way through the *débris* of the day's hostile work, to his renovated chamber, he thought that if Mabel Merton were only a young lady with an immense amount of money, he could take the whole house off her mother's hands, and live, not unhappily, with her as his wife. Such are the silly speculations of the unoccupied mind.

The next morning he breakfasted in the drawing-room apartment appertaining to the member of parliament, who had gone down for his Easter holiday to see the Volunteer Review. But after breakfast he descended into Mrs. Merton's pleasant sitting-room, to claim the photographs, the stamps, and the stray sixpences. Mabel was there, fresh as the dawn, and with an unrestrained expression of pleasure as the guest of last night entered. He persuaded her to go on with her painting, which his own knowledge of art told him was really excellent. Then they fell into conversation, and she asked him whether he could give any advice or assistance about being a governess. Thus one or two morning hours stole by, and then a servant entered.

'Please, sir, a man at the door wishes to know if you have any answer to the letter which was left here for you the day before yesterday.'

'Dear me! What letter was that, I wonder?' said the careless Walton.

'It was the letter which the gentleman wrote here,' said Mabel, 'and which I laid on your desk. I told Susan particularly to draw your attention to it.'

'So I did, sir,' said Susan.

'I remember it now,' said Mr. Walton; 'but I am afraid that I never looked at it. What on earth shall I do? Oh, tell the man, Susan, that there is no answer.'

When Susan went to give the message, Miss Merton, with a vague impulse, went out into the passage. The messenger was a highly respectable man, and did not appear to be quite satisfied with the answer.

'Is there anything particular?' asked Mabel, for she had a practical mind, and it occurred to her that the careless lodger might be treating an important matter rather summarily.

'It must be particular,' said the messenger, 'for Sir Charles Vernon said that it was to be sent down to him to-night, in his own despatch-box, to Windsor Castle, where he has gone.'

And the man was gone in a moment.

Mabel was astounded at this remark of the messenger, and hurried to tell Mr. Walton. And Mr. Walton certainly looked seriously discomposed.

'Good gracious, Miss Merton! It is a most important letter—one that I have long expected—from the Secretary of State. Sir Charles must have left it himself.'

Quick as thought, with all the enthusiasm and elasticity of youth, Miss Merton had caught up her hat, and had discerned the messenger afar down the Park, and had started in pursuit.

Walton went into his room, and instituted a thorough search. Alas! his room was now in a frightful state of tidiness. Not a single stray paper was lying about. He went to the drawers and littered their contents to the floor. Then he went down on his knees and searched through them all. Mrs. Merton was summoned—the servants—the harpies

of charwomen—but nothing was known, except that some papers had been torn up and others burnt below stairs.

Just then Mabel returned, and the office-messenger with her. She at once saw the reason of all this confusion.

‘Mr. Walton,’ she said, blushing, ‘after I found those other things in your room, I fancied you might have mislaid some more stamps and photographs in the waste-paper basket, so I told Wilson (an absent assistant at this memorable cleaning) to take the empty waste-paper basket downstairs in mamma’s little room, that she might see if you had left anything of importance by accident in it.’

Into mamma’s little room they went, and Mabel’s quick eye soon detected the envelope with her own cipher, which she had given to the caller. Mr. Walton tore it open, and read:—

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘I was sorry to find you out when I did myself the pleasure of calling to-day. I am glad to be able to offer you the legal office of Inspector of Crown Leases, generally given to a barrister of your standing. It is a thousand a year. Please to let me hear from you immediately in case you accept.

‘Yours truly,
‘CHARLES VERNON.

‘J. Walton, Esq.’

You may believe that, with wonderful self-reproaches, an immediate and very grateful acceptance was sent.

You may also believe that before very long, Mrs. Merton let no more lodgings. Mr. Walton ascended, however, with great grandeur to the drawing-room apartments, vacated by the M.P.—and he was not companionless. This is what came of the Spring Cleaning.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY GAMES IN 1869.

THE afternoon of Thursday, the 18th of March last, found me once more on my way to Brompton, to witness the Sixth Annual Athletic Contest between the two Universities. The scene was no longer laid at Beaufort House: again the venue has been changed, and the meeting—which has by turns been held at Oxford, Cambridge, and for the last two years on the temporary ground of Beaufort House—seems at length to have found a more suitable and permanent arena on the new ground of the Amateur Athletic Club. Until the day in question I was (I am ashamed to say) in almost total ignorance as to the nature and constitution of the Amateur Athletic Club; but being interested to learn something of a club, which has succeeded in transforming the cabbage garden of November last into the admirable running-ground which, on this occasion, met my view, I obtained information as to the club and its members from a source which never fails to afford me the best, upon all subjects connected with Athletics. Some of the particulars which I

gleaned will be interesting to many, especially to those who, though far distant from the scenes of their former struggles and triumphs, cherish the remembrance of those contests, and look with keen interest for reliable information on any great athletic reform. The Amateur Athletic Club was founded in December, 1865, by a few devoted admirers of every kind of athletic pursuit. The original members were chiefly members of the Universities, Army, and Civil Service. Their objects were to establish a representative body which should hold a position analogous to that of the Marylebone Cricket Club in the cricket world: a body which could, by its committee, direct and control all subordinate amateur meetings in the kingdom; which should publish a code of rules to be adopted by all amateur athletic clubs; and which should, in fact, stimulate and encourage every branch of athletic pursuit. How great a success the scheme proved, may be gathered from the fact, that within three months of its foundation it held an amateur champion

meeting, and has continued to hold one in every year. It has, moreover, established champion cups for amateur boxing, as well as for some of the races; and annually gives a great number of cups and medals as prizes for swimming and foot-racing, walking, jumping, and feats of strength.

I could tell a great deal more of what the club has done and of what it still hopes to do; but perhaps the greatest benefit of all is, that, after a roving and precarious existence, it has, through the enterprise of one of its leading members, laid out the new running-ground at West Brompton, and so provided a recognized and suitable ground for practice, and for holding the various meetings in London. In short, the club has supplied the most pressing wants of every amateur athlete; and I think I may predict for it a glorious career, for I believe it to be an institution which not only every athletic performer of the present day, but also every lover of athletic pursuits in days long gone by, will feel it his duty to support.

The Inter-University meeting was the first that had ever been held on this new ground, and of course, under the pressure of so great a crowd of spectators, some of the arrangements were found slightly insufficient; but the few mistakes were all of a character that can easily be remedied, and certainly the ground shows every capability of development, and there is ample space for a splendid cricket-ground, as well as for racket-courts, swimming-baths, and, in fact, anything which the requirements of the members demand and the resources of the club permit. I certainly do congratulate the committee on having already done so much for the athletic world, and wish them heartily the success they merit.

But I fear I have digressed somewhat from the subject of this paper, and must recal my mind to describe something of what was achieved by Dark and Light Blue on this occasion. My satisfaction at seeing so great a step achieved in the cause of athletics must be the excuse for the digression. And though I could

ramble on for some time on the general topics of these now popular recreations, I turn, not unwillingly, to the events of the day, for truly they were glorious contests, unsurpassed by few (if by any) since the day when the shouts of Darbyshire deafened the ear at the conclusion of the first race ever run between the two Universities.

The ground and the stands were thronged with a brilliantly-attired company of spectators, even before the games commenced. Those wearing the light blue looked anxious and constrained, as if still suffering from the defeat of the previous afternoon at Barnes, and fearing lest a like fate awaited them on this occasion. The supporters of Oxford, on the other hand, bore an unusually cheerful expression, for the Oxford team was reported to be particularly strong, and so the glory of another victory, which they regarded as already gained, roused their spirits and lit up their eager faces. Certainly the Dark Blue prospects looked particularly bright, for, as will be seen when we come to discuss each particular competition, in every case but two, the trials at Oxford in the University Athletic Games contrasted favourably with the corresponding competitions at Cambridge. How large a part Dame Fortune plays in these contests, or rather how impossible it is to compare the merits of individual men until they are pitted one against another, the results will show. But certainly before the games were commenced, the odds were much in favour of Oxford proving victorious.

Shortly after two o'clock, and whilst the March sun was still shining brightly, the games commenced by the High Jump. For some reason or other, this did not excite among the spectators the interest which it has in former years. Possibly, being the first event, and occupying some considerable time, the spectators needed something more soul-stirring, before their enthusiasm reached the usual University pitch.

For Oxford there appeared R. L. N. Michell, of Christ Church, whom all will remember as the Two Mile

winner of 1867, after that magnificent struggle with C. Long, of Trinity, Cambridge. For Cambridge, J. G. Hoare, of Trinity, who jumped unsuccessfully last year, and E. O. Phelps, of Sidney, contended. Michell had jumped 5 ft. 6½ in. at Oxford, whereas, at Cambridge, Hoare and Phelps tied at 5 ft. 2 in. For this event, therefore, Oxford appeared singularly well in, but it being known that the ground at Cambridge was terribly bad on the day on which Hoare and Phelps jumped, the Light Blue partisans did not despair. F. Philpott, of whom we shall hear again before our story is ended, was also entered on behalf of the Dark Blue, but he reserved his strength for other contests. None of the three competitors failed until the bar was put at 5 ft. 5 in., which height Phelps could not get over. Michell and Hoare both cleared it well, but neither of them were able to get any higher. So the first event resulted in a tie. With such judges as officiated on this occasion it is almost impossible to imagine a mistake; but it was suggested—and I confess I rather gave credence to the rumour—that the height which was cleared by Michell and Hoare was certainly not less than 5 ft. 6½ in.; still the eye is not unfrequently deceived on questions of height and distance. Of the competitors Hoare is decidedly the best jumper in point of style; Michell, though he gets clean over, never, to my mind, jumps with any appearance of ease or certainty.

Next on the card came the Hundred Yards, and a very grand display of sprint running took place. The Oxonians were J. P. Tennent, of Wadham, the winner of last year, and J. G. Wilson, of Worcester. In the Oxford University Games, Wilson was the winner, Philpott, of St. Edmund's Hall, whose name has already been mentioned, being second; Tennent was only third, but, in consequence of Philpott being anxious to reserve himself for the Hurdle and Broad Jump, Tennent was elected to run in his stead.

The Cantabs were C. C. Corfe, of Jesus, the President of the University Athletic Club, and J. E. Strachan, of Trinity Hall. This was

the third year in which Corfe has won the Light Blue in the same contest; Strachan was a new candidate. At Cambridge, Corfe defeated Strachan by two yards, and the times in the two trials were taken to be exactly the same, namely, 10½ sec. each. But, owing to the fact that Tennent made such good time last year, and that Wilson had this year beaten him, the latter was made a very strong favourite, nor did he in any way disappoint his supporters.

After breaking away four or five times they were despatched to a very average start, Strachan getting off the best. At sixty yards Strachan was leading by a yard, Corfe and Wilson level, Tennent last, when suddenly Wilson shot out with a magnificent rush, and landed himself a winner by three yards at least. Corfe was a foot behind Strachan, and Tennent last by three yards. The time was 10½ sec. It is worthy of comment, that, on this occasion, Corfe was as far in front of Tennent as he was behind him last year, and Wilson beat Corfe by as much as Corfe beat Tennent. From this it would seem, either that Wilson is an extraordinarily good man, or else Tennent is quite off his last year's form. Certainly Tennent did not move as he did last year; and I fancy Corfe does not like a soft path, for he never runs so well as on Fenner's, where the course is unusually hard.

Whilst the men were coming out for the Mile, the next event, the excitement increased. Oxford men were very confident, as well they might be, and not a few Cantabs knew that Royds was very fit and likely to improve on his Cambridge performance, which had been done under most unfavourable circumstances. The Oxonians were nobly represented by R. V. Somers-Smith of Merton, who ran for them in the quarter of a mile last year, and did wonders at Oxford this spring, winning the Half-mile and Mile, and running second in the Quarter of a Mile in the Oxford University Games; the Mile being run in the fine time of 4 min. 33 sec., the fastest ever done on the Marston ground. Their second horse was S. G. Scott, of Magdalen, who won

for them in 1867, and ran fourth last year. Lastly, they ran J. W. Laing, the conqueror of Lawes in 1866, who ran second to Gibbs, of Jesus, Cambridge, last year; doing the mile in 4 min. 43 sec. Surely these made up a team which any one might well be proud or afraid of.

For Cambridge there appeared E. Royds, who ran second to Scott in 1867, and also tried so gamely in the Three Miles last year. His fellow-competitor was H. P. Gurney, of Clare, who also ran for Cambridge last year. Royds won the Cambridge mile in 4 min. 43 sec.; so the Dark Blue appeared to have nearly 10 sec. to the good. After starting they ran in a cluster for the first lap (there being three to the mile), Scott forcing the pace, but closely followed by Laing and Royds, Somers-Smith being last. During the second lap, Scott and Laing running together, slightly increased their lead, and Somers-Smith passed Gurney. Just after entering the third and last lap, Royds, with consummate judgment, came out, and, running with great strength, raced down Laing and Scott one after the other. Three hundred yards from home Somers-Smith also passed the other Oxford men and came gradually up to Royds. They were level at the turn into the last straight, which is 180 yards long, and then commenced a most magnificent struggle, each straining every muscle. Royds, however, lasted longest, and getting in front one hundred yards from home, he managed to steal away and win one of the finest races ever witnessed by three yards in 4 min. 35 sec. Laing caught Scott on the post, and made a dead heat for third place about thirty yards behind Somers-Smith.

The ovation the winner received can be more easily imagined than described; and certainly he richly deserved it, for he had by himself to race down each of the three Oxonians one after another, and the judgment he showed in so doing was very fine. He has during his whole career run with undoubted pluck, but on this occasion he showed much greater strength than in any previous race. Somers-Smith is a very fine goer, but I think half

a mile is more his distance, as his turn of speed is rather thrown away in a mile. The unexpected pleasure of winning the Mile seemed to inspire the Light Blue competitors and partisans with fresh hopes, and certainly the stroke of fortune so nobly gained led to a brighter result than the most sanguine Cantab had even dared to hope. It is a wise arrangement which was adopted by the authorities in putting the hammer next after such a race as the Mile, inasmuch as before the excitement produced by such a magnificent race and close finish has subsided this long and rather wearisome competition is half over. Still I am no advocate for withdrawing from the programme the contest known as Throwing the Hammer. I think it an exercise which displays great activity and strength, and which, when well executed, is a sight amply repaying the time spent in its decision. The honour of Cambridge was defended by H. Leeke, of Trinity, who was second last year with 98 ft. 8 in., when T. Batson, of Lincoln, Oxford, was first with 99 ft. 6 in. He was assisted by H. C. Shelton, of Pembroke. Oxford had only one representative, namely, F. A. Waite, of Balliol, who, like Shelton, had never appeared before. The attempts were fairly even up till Waite's third throw, when the hammer covered 101 ft. The Dark Blue cheers at this throw seemed ominous of victory, but Leeke, nothing daunted, steadily increased the length of his throws about 2 ft. at each attempt, until with his fifth throw he sent the unwieldy weapon 103 ft. 11 in., being the longest distance ever thrown in a match by an amateur. Shelton's best throw was 95 ft. 1 in. Leeke and Waite are both remarkably good throwers, and it is hard to choose between them; Leeke has the advantage of height, which he does not fail to make use of. If Shelton is only properly taught he will make the finest thrower ever seen, for even now he is a very fair thrower, although he loses almost entirely the advantage gained by his two first springs and swingings of the hammer. If he will only practise carrying on the impetus

gained, without a check, he will next year be very nearly best. I cannot leave this contest without again entering my protest against the method by which the hammer-throwing is measured—a method which, to my mind, has no redeeming feature to recommend it, and which goes far to degrade what can and ought to be made a competition of great skill into one of brute force.

I have omitted to mention that at Cambridge Leeke threw 98 ft. 6 in., at Oxford Waite 97 ft. 10 in., in their respective trial contests.

And now the competitors enter the ground for the Hurdles, that most popular of all races. Strangely enough none of them are old hands. The Oxonians are F. O. Philpott, of St. Edmund's Hall, and F. C. Williamson, of Pembroke. In the Oxford University Games Philpott ran a dead heat with Hillyard, of Pembroke, who had on two occasions represented his University, but the latter was precluded from competing on account of his standing at the University, four years' residence being the limit.

The Cantabs were W. W. Cooper, of St. John's, and E. E. Toller, of Trinity. The times of the two trial contests were about the same, viz., 17½ min. They got off to a very fair start, but Toller had a clear lead over the first hurdle. At the next flight he fell, leaving Philpott and Cooper nearly level, and Williamson last. Cooper and Philpott ran very evenly to the fifth hurdle, the Oxonian gaining slightly, when the Cantab tired very fast, and Philpott going on as strong as ever, won by four yards in 17 sec. The winner is a very fine goer over hurdles, and takes them without any effort; but Cambridge was decidedly unfortunate in being deprived of the services of Pitt Taylor, of Trinity, who won so well for her last year. Cooper has certainly not improved much since he went up to the University; in fact, I think his best performance was that in the Freshmen's games in 1867.

Putting the Weight came next, a contest which, though very interesting to those who understand it, is, I must allow, not a very exciting

spectacle to the general public or casual outsider. Neither of the Oxonians had ever represented their University before; they were S. F. Lucas of Exeter and W. H. R. Domville of Pembroke. Lucas put 34 ft. ½ in. in the Oxford Games. Cambridge was represented by R. Waltham, of St. Peters (the fourth year of his appearance), and E. Phelps, of Sidney, the high jumper. At Cambridge, Waltham had put 38 ft. (I believe the longest distance ever done by an amateur), so that there was not much difficulty in naming the winner. Owing, however, to the state of the ground, the putting was not so good as expected. Waltham covered 34 ft. 3 in. at his first attempt, and then stood out, as in former years, watching the others do their best in their six attempts. Lucas, at his third attempt, put 33 ft. 11 in., but could get no further; the others were some distance behind. Waltham only made one more effort, when he put 34 ft. 8 in. In 1867 he won with 34 ft. 9 in. and in 1868 with 34 ft. 3 in. Strangely enough, with all her reputation for gymnastic exercise, Oxford has never succeeded in winning this event.

One of the closest and finest struggles of the day, nay, more, one of the finest races I have ever witnessed, took place in the quarter-mile which stood next on the card. The Light Blue was worn by C. C. Corfe, of Jesus, the hundred-yard runner and Cambridge President, to whose antecedents I have already referred, and by A. R. Upcher, of Trinity, a freshman at his University. The best-known performance of the latter had been running second to Corfe in the previous week at Cambridge, being beaten by 4 yards in 51 sec. Oxford was represented by J. G. Wilson, of Worcester, fresh from his victory in the Hundred Yards, and A. F. Jeffreys, of Christchurch, who was third to Wilson and Somers-Smith on the Marston Ground, the quarter then being run in 53 sec. These times apparently gave Cambridge a great chance, but the result showed there was no great difference between them. They started very slowly, Jeffreys leading. At the first turn Wilson took the

lead from him, closely pressed by Corfe, and Upcher also passed Jeffreys. Round the last corner Wilson faltered, and Corfe took the lead and maintained it by a yard until 70 yards from home. Then he was again collared by Wilson, who got in front and led to within 5 yards of the post, where he fell, apparently run clean out; Corfe passed him, but tiring to nothing, he in his turn was caught by Upcher on the post and beaten by a yard. The time was $53\frac{2}{5}$ sec. As will be gathered from the brief description given above, the race throughout was a grand spectacle of pluck and pace. I was astonished at the result, as Corfe seemed to me the strongest man of the four. My impression is that the race was run too slow for him. Had Jeffreys cut the work out faster at the beginning, I think Corfe would have won; but as the race was run, Wilson remaining fresh till the last 150 yards, was enabled by his fine turn of speed to run Corfe down, and then, not staying to the end, he let up Upcher. The Light Blue have great reason to congratulate themselves in possessing two such grand quarter-of-a-mile runners as Ridley and Upcher, both eligible for next year, and Oxford will have to find a very good man to divide them.

The next event, the Broad Jump, was anticipated with very great interest by both sides, as it was known that the contest would be very close. For Oxford there appeared F. O. Philpott, St. Edmund's Hall, the hurdle-racer, and J. Brookes, of Pembroke. For Cambridge the apparently indefatigable champions Waltham and Phelps. Waltham had won at Cambridge with 19 ft. 7 in., and Phelps had been known to jump well over 20 ft. Philpott, at Oxford, had jumped 20 ft. 7 in. None of them seemed in form at first, but at his third jump Waltham covered 19 ft. 3 in. Philpott could not beat it until his very last try, when he seemed to get into his own style, and made a very fine jump of 19 ft. 6 in. Waltham, however, not to be beaten, and encouraged, no doubt, by the knowledge that he had three more trials, and that the odd event depended on it, went well

at it and cleared 20 ft. 8 in., and that, too, from a bad take off. This event gave the Light Blue the victory, and the cheering of the Cantabs, as may be imagined, was loud and long. Before I pass on to the last and greatest event of the meeting, let me ask those who read this account, and who do not understand athletics from experience derived in practice, whether they appreciate what a wide jump of over 20 ft. is? Let them get up in their drawing-rooms and measure out 20 feet on the floor, and they will be inclined to say, is it possible that a man has cleared that at one bound? Yes, and two feet more. Wonderful as it may seem, A. C. Toswill, of Oriel, Oxford, the Dark Blue champion of last year, though debarred by too long residence from representing them on this occasion, jumped, in the Oxford Games this year, *twenty-two feet two inches*. Harrow boys take you with pride to show one or two of Buller and Maitland's mythical jumps; Rugby still shows over 21 feet, jumped by C. Bowen more than thirteen years ago. Little and Roupell raised the University standard of high jumping from 5 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 9 in.; but the name of Toswill, of Oriel, must for the present, and will perhaps for some years, be recorded as the only amateur who has beaten 22 feet.

The Three Miles, the long race! I always feel sad when the men start, because I know that my afternoon's enjoyment is nearly over, and that the cheers which greet the winner will recal me from my dreams of the past to the realities of a life full of occupations totally unconnected with Athletics.

The only man of the six competitors who had appeared before was J. H. Morgan, of Trinity, Oxford, whose wonderful performance in 1868 will be in the recollection of so many. The other Oxford competitors to the post were K. A. Deakin, of St. John's, and E. Ashmead Bartlett, of St. Mary's Hall. The Cambridge men were T. T. Paine and L. R. Whigham, both of Trinity, and G. Henderson, of Pembroke. The three miles at the two Universities were run in exactly the same time, 15 min. 58 sec.; but if from this

coincidence a spark of hope was kindled in any Cambridge breast that they were going to see a race, the first two laps told them that they were indeed doomed to disappointment. Race there was none, for Morgan went off with the lead, and although for a time some of the men stuck to him, and Paine, in the second mile, made most gallant efforts to do so, it was all of no avail; he went farther and farther ahead, and apparently faster and faster as he went, until he won by 28 secs. from Paine, who was quite as far ahead of Bartlett, the third man. The time of the winner was 15 min. 34 sec. Of Morgan's running it is impossible to speak too highly. I can simply repeat what was said last year, 'It must be seen to be appreciated.' He finished, on this occasion, fresh as ever, and, in fact, seemed to treat the whole affair as a mere exercise trot. Paine ran a most plucky race, but he met a man far too good for him; in fact, there are few professionals who could beat Morgan at three miles.

So ended the Games in 1869, Cambridge again securing a good victory, having gained five events against three won by Oxford, and one being a dead heat. Once only since these games were established in 1864, has Oxford claimed the victory, though this year she seemed to hold it in her hands. In 1864 each University won four events; in 1865 Cambridge six against Oxford three; in 1866 Cambridge five against Oxford three, there being one dead heat; in 1867 Cambridge six and Oxford three; and in 1868 Oxford five against Cambridge four. In all, Cambridge has won on four occasions, Oxford on one, and one drawn.

The judges this year were again men renowned in old University athletic sports, namely, the Hon. F. G. Pelham, formerly of Trinity, Cambridge, who ran for his University in the hundred yards in 1865 and in the quarter in 1865, 1866, and 1867. The other was the Earl of Jersey, of Balliol, Oxford, who represented his University in the mile and two miles in 1865. The referee was P. M. Thornton, of Jesus College, Cambridge, who ran for the

Light Blue in the quarter and mile in 1864. He, moreover, is rightly regarded as in very truth the virtual founder, though not the originator, of athletic games at his University. All the races were most admirably started by A. W. Lambert, of St. John's, Cambridge, who ran in the quarter of a mile last year.

The Public Schools were very badly represented this year compared with previous years, Eton claiming only Royds and Somers-Smith, Harrow the great Morgan, Charterhouse Cooper. Upcher comes from Rossall, Wilson from Durham, Laing from Blackheath, Scott from Brighton College, and Shelton from Guildford.

I am in hopes soon to see two more contests added to the programme, viz., a walking race and pole jumping. That they both would produce great competition will not, I think, be denied, and they commend themselves to the notice of the committees as being so extensively practised at both Universities.

High pole-jumping, when well executed, is perhaps the neatest exercise ever witnessed in athletic sports; nor need any objection be raised to lengthening the programme, for it is not too long at present, and by beginning with the walking race at one p.m. the whole time would not be really increased.

Before I bid farewell for another interval to the contests which I have been for the last few years permitted to chronicle in these pages, let me enter my humble protest against the tone and spirit of articles that have lately appeared in some of the newspapers to the effect that the widespread practice of athletic pursuits at our colleges and schools is injuring the intellectual capacities and scholastic attainments of Young England. Of course when recreations of so fascinating a nature have received such a re-enforcement as has lately occurred at the two Universities, and in London, by reason of the facilities previously unknown which are now afforded for their practice, there is the danger that (for a time) there may be a little excess in their pursuit. But I challenge any one to prove that the

standard of University scholarship and learning has in any way become lower since the establishment of these contests; and I deny that mental culture or intellectual pursuits are cared for less than in former years. Moreover, any temporary excess at present arising from the novelty of the pursuits and the recent progress they have made will soon pass away, and there will remain the great benefits that always accrue to a nation from the fact that her young men exercise their bodies as well as their minds by system and not at random. As far as I have seen—and I have endeavoured to observe carefully—I see that these pursuits have gone far to empty the billiard-rooms of our towns; they have put an end to

the card-playing at the small hours of the night, and the mid-day wine-parties got up to kill time; they have given to the hard-worked and preoccupied reading man a ready means of clearing his head and of changing the objectless routine of a walk for the advantage of a systematized course of exercise, without trenching on the precious hours of his studies. Nor is this all. I believe they have gone far to make our youth more manly, more noble, and more good-hearted. If I am right in my views, and if, as I think, this influence for good is likely to continue, such meetings as that I have attempted to describe are worthy of the support, patronage, and assistance of every right-thinking Englishman.

D. D. R.

M. OR N.

‘Similia’ similibus curantur.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF ‘DIGBY GRAND,’ ‘CERISE,’ ‘THE GLADIATORS,’ ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIXES AND SEVENS.

IN the mean time, while Dick Stanmore is hugging himself in the warm atmosphere of hope, while Lord Bearwarden hovers on the brink of a stream in which he narrowly escaped drowning long ago, while Tom Ryfe is plunged in depths of anxiety, jealousy, and humiliation, that scorch like liquid fire, Miss Bruce’s dark eyes, and winning, wilful ways, have kindled the torch of mistrust and discord between two people of whom she has rarely seen the one and never heard of the other.

Mr. Bargrave’s chambers in Gray’s Inn were at no time more remarkable for cleanliness than other like apartments in the same locality; but the dust lies inch-thick now in all places where dust *can* lie, because that Dorothea, more moping and tearful than ever, has not the heart to clean up, no nor even to wash her own hands and face in the afternoon, as heretofore.

She loves her ‘Jim,’ of course, all the more passionately that he makes her perfectly miserable, neglecting her for days together, and when they do meet, treating her with an indifference far more lacerating than any amount of cruelty or open scorn.

Not that he is always good-humoured. On the contrary, ‘Gentleman Jim,’ as they call him, has lost much of the rollicking, devil-may-care recklessness that earned his nickname, and is often morose now—sometimes even fierce and savage to brutality.

The poor woman has had a quarrel with him, not two hours ago, originating, it is but fair to state, in her own extremely irritating conduct regarding beer, Jim being anxious to treat his lady-love with that fluid for the purpose, as he said, of ‘drowning unkindness,’ and possibly with the further view of quenching an inconvenient curiosity she has lately indulged about his movements. No

man likes to be watched; and the more reason the woman he is betraying has to doubt him, the less patience he shows for her anxiety, the less he tolerates her inquiries, her jealousy, or her reproaches.

Now Dorothea's suspicions, sharpened by affection, have of late grown extremely wearisome, and Jim has been heard to threaten, more than once, that 'if so be as she doesn't mend her manners, and live conformable, he'll take an' hook it, he will, blessed if he won't!'—a dark saying which sinks deeply and painfully into the forlorn one's heart. When, therefore, instead of drinking her share, as usual, of a foaming quart measure containing beer, dashed with something stronger, this poor thing set it down untasted, and forthwith began to cry, the cracksman's anger knew no bounds.

'Drop it!' he exclaimed, brutally. 'You'd best, I tell ye! D'ye think I want my blessed drink watered with your blessed nonsense? What's come to ye, ye contrairy devil? I thought I'd larned ye better. I'll see if I can't larn ye still. Would ye now!'

It was almost a blow,—such a push as is the next thing to actual violence, and it sent her staggering from the sloppy bar at which their altercation took place against a bench by the wall, where she sat down pale and gasping, to the indignation of a slatternly woman nursing her child, and the concern of an honest coalheaver, who had a virago of a wife at home.

'Easy, mate!' expostulated that worthy, putting his broad frame between the happy pair. 'Hold on a bit, an' give her a drop when she comes to. She'd a' throwed her arms about your neck a while ago, an' now she'd as soon knife ye as look at ye.'

Wild-eyed and pale, Dorothea glared round, as Clytemnestra may have glared when her hand rested on the fatal axe; but this Holborn Agamemnon did not seem destined to fall by a woman's blow, inasmuch as the tide was effectually turned by another woman's interference.

The slatternly lady, shouldering her child, as a soldier does his fire-

lock, thrust herself eagerly forward.

'Knife him!' she exclaimed, with a most unfeminine execration. 'I'd knife him, precious soon, if it was me, the blessed willen! To take an' use a woman like that there—a nasty, cowardly, sneakin', ugly, tallow-faced beast!'

Had it not been for the imputation on his beauty, Dorothea might perhaps have blazed out in open rebellion, or remained passive in silent sulks; but to hear *her* Jim, the flash man of a dozen gin-shops, the beloved of a score of rivals, called 'ugly,' was more than flesh and blood could endure. She turned fiercely on her auxiliary and gave battle at once.

'And who arst *you* to interfere, mem, if I may venture to make the inquiry?' said she, with that polite but spasmodic intonation that denotes the approaching row. 'Keep yerself to yerself, if you please, mem. And I'll thank ye not to go for to come between me and my young man, not till you've got a young man of your own, mem, and if you'd like to walk out, there's the door, mem, and don't you try for to give *me* none o' your sauce, for I'm not a-goin' to put up with it.'

The slatternly woman ran her guns out and returned the broadside with promptitude.

'Door, indeed! you poor whey-faced drab, you dare to say the word door to *me*, a respectable woman, as Mister Tripes here knows me well, and have a score against me behind that there wery door as you disgraces, and as it's *you* as ought to be t'other side, you ought, for it's out of the streets as *you* come, well I knows, an' say another word, and I'll take that there bonnet off of your head, and chuck it into them streets and *you* arter it. Oh dear! oh dear! that ever I should be spoke to like this here, and my master out o' work a month come Toosday, and this here gentleman standing by; but I'll set my mark on ye, if I get six months for it—I will!'

Thus speaking, or rather screaming, and brandishing her baby, as the Gonfaloniere waves his gonfalon, the slatternly woman, swelling into

a fury for the nonce, made a dive at Dorothea, which, but for the interposition of 'this here gentleman,' as she called the coalheaver, might have produced considerable mischief. That good man, however, took a deal of 'weathering,' as sailors say, and ere either of the combatants could get round his bulky person, the presence of a policeman at the door warned them that ordeal by battle had better be deferred till a more fitting opportunity. They burst into tears therefore, simultaneously, and the dispute ended, as such disputes often do, in a general reconciliation, cemented by the consumption of much exciseable fluid, some of it at the expense of the philanthropic coalheaver, whose simple faith involved a persuasion that the closest connection must always be preserved between good-fellowship and beer.

After these potations, it is not surprising that the slatternly woman should have found herself, baby and all, under the care of the civil power at a police-station, or that Gentleman Jim and his lady-love should have adjourned to sober themselves in the steaming gallery of a playhouse.

Behold them, then, wedged into a front seat, Dorothea's bonnet hanging over the rail, Jim's gaudy handkerchief bulging with oranges, both spectators too absorbed in the action of the piece to realize its improbabilities, and the woman thoroughly identifying herself with the character and fortunes of its heroine.

The theatre is small, but the audience if not select are enthusiastic; the stage is narrow, but affords room for a deal of strutting and striding about on the part of an overpowering actor in the inevitable belt and boots of the melodramatic highwayman. The play represents certain startling passages in the career of one Claude Duval, formerly a running footman, afterwards—strange anomaly!—a robber on horseback, distinguished for polite manners and bold riding.

This remarkable person has a wife, devoted to him of course. In the English drama all wives are

good; in the French all are bad, and people tell you that a play is the reflection of real life. Besides this dutiful spouse, he cherishes an attachment for a young lady of high birth and aristocratic (stage) manners. She returns his tenderness, as it is extremely natural a young person so educated and brought up would return that of a criminal, who has made an impression on her heart by shooting her servants, rifling her trunks, and forcing her to dance a minuet with him on a deserted heath under a harvest moon.

This improbable incident affords a favourite scene, in which Dorothea's whole soul is absorbed, and to which Jim devotes an earnest attention, as of one who weighs the verisimilitude of an illustration, that he may accept the purport of the parable it conveys.

Dead servants (in profusion), struggling horses, the coach upset, and the harvest moon, are depicted in the back scene, which represents besides an illimitable heath, and a gibbet in the middle distance: all this under a glare of light, as indeed it might well be, for the moon is quite as large as the hind-wheel of the coach.

In the foreground are grouped, the hero himself, a comic servant with a red nose and a fiddle, an open trunk, and a young lady in travelling costume, viz., white satin shoes, paste diamonds, ball-dress, and lace veil. The tips of her fingers rest in the gloved hand of her assailant, whose voice comes deep and mellow through the velvet mask he wears.

'My preserver!' says the lady, a little inconsequently, while her fingers are lifted to the mask and saluted with such a smack as elicits a 'hooray!' from some disrespectful urchin at the back of the pit.

'To preserve beauty from the jeer of insult, the grasp of violence is my duty and my profession. To adore it is my religion—and my fate!' replies the gallant highwayman, contriving with some address to retain his hold of the lady's hand, though encumbered by spurs, a sword, pistols, a mask, and an enormous three-cornered hat.

'And this man is proscribed, hunted, in danger, in disgrace!' exclaims the lady, aside, and therefore loud enough to be heard in the street. Claude Duval starts. The start of such an actor makes Dorothea jump. 'Perdition!' he shouts, 'ye have reminded me of what were well buried fathom-deep—obliterated—forgotten. Tryou, lady, 'tis ee-ven so! I have a compact with my followers—the ransom!'

'Shall be paid right willingly,' she answers; and forthwith the comic servant with the red nose wakes into spasmodic life, winks repeatedly, and performs a flourish on his 'property' fiddle, a little out of tune with the real instrument in the orchestra at his feet.

'What are they going to do?' asks Dorothea, in great anxiety.

'Hold your noise!' answers Jim, and the action of the piece progresses.

It is fortunate, perhaps, that minuets have gone out of fashion; if they involved such a test of endurance as that in which Claude Duval and his fair captive now disport themselves with an amount of bodily exertion it seems real cruelty to encore. His concluding caper shakes the mask from his partner's face, and the young lady falls, with a shriek, into his arms, leaving the audience in that happy state of perplexity, which so enhances the interest of a plot, as to whether her distress originates in excess of sentiment or deficiency of wind.

'It's beautiful!' whispers Dorothea, refreshing herself with an orange. 'It minds me of the first time you and me ever met at High-bury Barn.'

Jim grunts, but his grunt is not that of a contented sleeper, rather of one who is woke from a dream.

After a tableau like the last, it is natural that Claude Duval should find a certain want of excitement in the next scene, where he appears as a respectable householder in the apartments of his lawful spouse. This lady, leaving a cradle in the background, and advancing to the footlights, proceeds to hover round her husband, after the manner of stage wives, with neck protruded

and arms spread out, like a woman who is a little afraid of a wasp or earwig, but wants to catch the creature all the same. He sits with his back to her, as nobody ever does sit but a stage husband at home, and punches the floor with his spur. It is strictly natural that she should sing a faint song with a slow movement, on the spot.

It is perhaps yet more natural that this should provoke him exceedingly, so he jumps up, reaches a cupboard in two strides, and pulls out of it his whole paraphernalia, sword, pistols, mask, three-cornered hat, everything but his horse. Then the wife, from her knees, informs all whom it may concern, that for the first time in their happy married life she has learned her husband is a robber, as they both call it, by 'prowfession.'

Dorothea's sympathies, woman-like, are with the wife. Jim, whose interest is centred in the young lady, finds this part of the performance rather wearisome, and thirsts, to use his own expression, for 'a drain.' ♦

Events now succeed each other with startling rapidity. Claude Duval is seen at Ranelagh, still in his boots, where he makes fierce love to his young lady, and exchanges snuff-boxes (literally) with a duke. Next, in a thicket, beset by thief-takers, from whom he escapes after prodigies of valour, aided by the comic servant, and thereafter guided by that singular domestic to a place of safety, which turns out to be the young lady's bedroom. Here Jim becomes much excited, fancying himself for the moment a booted hero, rings, laced-coat, Stein-kirk handkerchief, and all. His dress touches that of his companion, but instinctively he moves from her as far as the crowded seat will permit, while Dorothea, all unconscious, looks lovingly in his face.

'She's a bold thing, and I can't abide her,' is that lady's comment on the principal actress. 'She ought to think shame of herself she ought, a-cause of his wife at 'ome. But he's a good plucked-un, isn't he, Jim? and, lady or no lady, that goes a long way with a woman!'

Jim turned his head aside. Brutalized, besotted, depraved, there was yet in him a spark of that fire which lights men to their doom, and his eyes filled with tears.

But the thief-takers have Claude Duval by the throat at last; and there is a scene in court, where the young lady perjures herself unhesitatingly, and faints once more in the prisoner's arms. In vain. Claude Duval is sworn to, found guilty, condemned; and the stage is darkened for a grand finale.

Still gay, still gallant, still impenitent, and still booted, though in fetters, the highwayman sits in his prison cell, to be visited by the young lady, who cannot bear to lose her partner, and the wife, who still clings to her husband. Unlike Macheath, he seems in no way embarrassed by the position. His wife forgives him, at this supreme moment, all the sorrow he has caused her, in consideration of some unexplained past, 'gilded,' as she expresses it, 'by the sunny smiles of southern France,' while the young lady, holding on with great tenacity to his hand, weeps frantically on her knees.

A clock strikes. It is the hour of execution. Dorothea begins to sob, and Gentleman Jim clenches his hands. The back of the stage opens, to disclose a street, a crowd, a hangman, and the fatal Tyburn tree. Faint cheers are heard from the wings. The sheriff enters bearing in his hand a reprieve, written apparently on a window-blind. He is attended by the comic servant, through whose mysterious agency a pardon has been granted, and who sticks by his fiddle to the last.

Grand tableau: Claude Duval penitent. His wife in his arms. The young lady conveying in dumb show how platonic has been her attachment, of which, nevertheless, she seems a little ashamed. The sheriff benignant; the turnkeys amused; the comic servant, obviously in liquor, brandishing his fiddle-stick, and the orchestra playing 'God save the Queen.'

Walking home through the wet streets, under the flashing gas-lights, Dorothea and her companion pre-

serve an ominous silence. Both identify themselves with the fiction they have lately witnessed. The woman, pondering on Mrs. Duval's sufferings and the eventual reward of that good lady's constancy and truth; her companion, reflecting, not on the charms of the actress he has lately been applauding, but on another face which haunts him now, as the wilis and water-sprites haunted their doomed votaries, and which must ever be as far out of reach as if it belonged indeed to some such being of another nature; thinking how a man might well risk imprisonment, transportation, hanging, for one kind glance of those bright eyes, one smile of those haughty, scornful lips; and comparing, in bitter impatience, that exotic beauty with the humble, homely creature at his side.

She looks up in his face. 'Jim,' says she, timidly, and cowering close to him the while, 'if you was took, and shopped, like him in the long boots, I'd go to quod with you, if they'd give me leave—I'd go to death with you, Jim, I would. I'd never forsake of you, I wouldn't! I couldn't, dear,—not if it was ever so!'

He shudders and shrinks from her. 'It might come sooner than you think for,' says he, adding, brutally enough; 'now you *could* do me a turn in the witness-box, though I shouldn't wonder but you'd cut out white like the others. Let's call in here, and take a drop o' gin afore they shuts up.'

The great picture of Thomas the Rhymer, and his Elfin Mistress, goes on apace. There is, I believe, but one representation in London of that celebrated prophet, and it is in the possession of his lineal descendant. Every feature, every shadow on that portrait has Simon Perkins studied with exceeding diligence and care, marvelling, it must be confessed, at the taste of the fairy queen. The accessories to his own composition are in rapid progress. Most of the fairies have been put in, and the gradual change from glamour to disillusion, is cunningly conveyed by a stream of cold grey morning light entering

the magic cavern from realms of upper earth, to deaden the glitter, pale the colouring, and strip, as it were, the tinsel, where it strikes. On the Rhymer himself our artist has bestowed an infinity of pains, preserving (no easy task) some resemblance to the original portrait, while he dresses his conception in the manly form and comely features indispensable to the situation.

But it is into the fairy queen herself that Simon loves to throw all the power of his genius, all the resources of his art. To this labour of love, day after day, he returns with unabated zest, altering, improving, painting out, adding, taking away, drinking in the while his model's beauty, as parched and thirsty gardens of Egypt drink in the overflowing Nile, to return a tenfold harvest of verdure, luxuriance, and wealth.

She has been sitting to him for three consecutive hours. Truth to tell, she is tired to death of it—tired of the room, the palette, the easel, the queen, the rhymer, the little dusky imp in the corner, whose wings are changing into scales and a tail, almost tired of dear Simon Perkins himself; who is working contentedly on (how can he?) as if life contained nothing more than effect and colouring—as if the reality were not better than the representation after all.

'A quarter of an inch more this way,' says the pre-occupied artist. 'There is a touch wanting in that shadow under the eye—thanks, dear Nina. I shall get it at last,' and he falls back a step to look at his work, with his head on one side, as nobody but a painter *can* look, so strangely does the expression of face combine impartial criticism with a satisfaction almost maternal in its intensity.

Before beginning again, his eye rested on his model, and he could not but mark the air of weariness and dejection she betrayed.

'Why, Nina,' said he, 'you look quite pale and tired. What a brute I am! I go painting on and forget how stupid it must be for you, who mustn't even turn your head to look at my work.'

She gave a stretch, and such a yawn! Neither of them very graceful performances, had the lady been less fair and fascinating, but Nina looked exceedingly pretty in their perpetration nevertheless.

'Work,' she answered. 'Do you call that work? Why you've undone everything you did yesterday, and put about half of it in again. If you're diligent, and keep on at this pace, you'll finish triumphantly with a blank canvas, like Penthesilea and her tapestry in my ancient history.'

'Penelope,' corrected Simon, gently.

'Well, Penelope! It's all the same. I don't suppose any of it's true. Let's have a peep, Simon. It can't be. Is that really like me?'

The colour had come back to her face, the light to her eye. She was pleased, flattered, half amused to find herself so beautiful. He looked from the picture to the original, and with all his enthusiasm for art awarded the palm to nature.

'It was like you a minute ago,' said he, in his grave, gentle tones. 'Or rather, I ought to say you were like *it*. But you change so, that I'm often in despair of catching you, and, somehow, I always seem to love the last expression best.'

There was something in his voice so admiring, so reverential, and yet so tender, that she glanced quickly, with a kind of surprise, in his face; that face, which, to an older woman who had known suffering and sorrow, might have been an index of the gentle heart, the noble chivalrous character within, which, to this girl, was simply pale and worn, and not at all handsome, but very dear, nevertheless, as belonging to her kind old Simon, the playmate of her childhood, the brother, and more than brother, of her youth.

Those encounters are sadly unequal, and very poor fun for the muffled fighter, in which one keeps the gloves on, while the other's blows are delivered with the naked fist.

Miss Algernon was at this time perhaps more attached to Simon Perkins than to any other creature in the world, that is to say, she did not

happen to like anybody else better. How different from him, to whom she represented the very essence of that spiritual life which, in our several ways, we all try to live, which so few of us know how to attain by postponing its enjoyment for a few short troubled years.

It is probable, that, if the painter had thrown down his brush at this juncture, and asked, simply, 'Nina, will you be my wife?' she would have answered, 'Thank you, kindly, yes, I will!' but although his judgment told him he was likely to succeed, his finer instincts warned him that an affirmative would be the sacrifice of her youth, her illusions, her possible future. Such sacrifice it was far more in Simon's nature to make than to accept.

'Will she ever know me thoroughly?' he used to think. 'Will the time ever come when I can say to her, "Nina, I am sure you care for me now, and therefore I am not afraid to tell you how dearly I loved you all through?"' Such a time would be well worth waiting for, ay, though it never came for seven years, and seven more to the back of that. Then I should feel her happiness depended on mine. Now I often think the prince in the fairy tale will ride past our Putney villa some summer's day, like Launcelot through the barley sheaves (I'll paint Launcelot when I've time, with the ripe ears reddened in the sun, and the light flashing off his harness) ride by, and take Nina's heart away with him, and what will be left for me then? I could bear it! Yes, I could bear it if I knew she was happy. My darling, my darling! so that you walk on in joy and triumph, it matters little what becomes of me!

The sentiment was perhaps overstrained. It is not thus that women are won. The fruit that drops into people's mouths is usually over-ripe, and the Sabine maiden would have thought less of her Roman lover, though, doubtless, she would have taken the initiative, rather than miss him altogether, had it been necessary to pounce on him in the vineyard and desire him, straightway, to carry her home. But the

bird of prey must have its natural victim, and such hearts as our poor generous painter possessed are destined for the talons and the beak. Ah! those who value them least win the great prizes in the lottery. Fortune smiles on the careless player—gold goes to the rich—streams run to the river, and if you have more mutton than you know what to do with, be sure that in your folds will be found the poor man's ewe-lamb. Put a ribbon round her neck, and be kind to her as *he* was. It is the least you can do!

'You've taken a deal of pains, Simon,' says the sitter, after a long and well-pleased scrutiny. 'Tell me, no flattery now, why should I be so difficult to paint?' Why, indeed, you saucy innocent coquette! Perhaps, because, all the while, you are turning the poor artist's head, and driving pins and needles into his heart.

'I *ought* to make a good likeness of you,' answers Simon, rather sadly. 'I'm sure, Nina, I know your face by heart. But I'm determined to take enormous pains with this picture. It's to be my great work. I want them to admire it at the Academy. I want all London to come and look at it. I want the critics, who know nothing, to say it's well drawn, and the artists, who do know something, to say it's well treated, and the public to declare my fairy queen is the loveliest, and the sweetest, and the dearest face they ever beheld. You see I'm very—very—*ambitious*, Nina!

'Yes, I suppose all painters are,' replies Miss Algernon, with a little gasp of relief, accompanied by a little chill of something not quite unlike disappointment. 'But you ought to be tired of working, and I know I am tired of sitting. Hand me my bonnet, Simon—not upside down—why that's the top where the rose is, of course! And let's walk back through the Park. It will be nearly full by this time.'

So they walked back through the Park and it *was* full—full to overflowing; nevertheless, amongst all the riders, drivers, sitters, strollers, and idlers, there appeared neither of

the smart-looking gentlemen who had roused Nina's indignation by bowing to her in the morning, without having the honour of her acquaintance.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OFFICERS' MESS.

A gigantic sentry of Her Majesty's household cavalry paces up and down in front of the officers' quarters at Knightsbridge Barracks some two hours before watch-setting. It is fortunate that constant use has rendered him insensible to admiration. Few persons of either sex pass under his nose without a glance of unqualified approval. They marvel at his stature, his spurs, his carbine, his overalls, his plumed helmet, towering high above their heads, and the stupendous moustaches, on which this gentleman-private prides himself more than on all the rest of his heroic attributes put together.

Beyond a shade of disciplined weariness, there is no expression whatever on his handsome face, yet it is to be presumed that the man has his thoughts too, like another. Is he back in Cumberland amongst his dales, a stalwart stripling fishing some lonely stream within the hills, watching a bout at 'knurr-and-spell' across the heather, or wrestling a fall in friendly rivalry with his cousin, a son of Anak, tall as himself? Does that purple sunset over Kensington Gardens remind him of Glaramara and Saddleback? Does that distant roar of wheels in Piccadilly recall the rush and ripple of the Solway charging up its tawny sands with the white horses all abreast in a spring-tide?

Perhaps he is wishing he was an officer with no kit to keep in order, no fatigue-duty to undergo, sitting merrily down to as good a dinner as luxury can provide, or a guest, of whom he has seen several pass his post in starched white neck-cloths and trim evening clothes. Perhaps he would not change with any of these, after all, when he reflects on his own personal advan-

tages, his social standing amongst his comrades, his keen appreciation and large consumption of beer and tobacco, with the innumerable conquests he makes amongst maids and matrons in the middle and lower ranks of life. Such considerations, however, impress themselves not the least upon his outward visage. A statue could not look more imperturbable, and he turns his head but very slightly, with supreme indifference, when peals of laughter, more joyous than common, are wafted through the open windows of the mess-room, where some of our friends have fairly embarked on that tide of good-humour and hilarity which sets in with the second glass of champagne.

It is a full mess; the colonel himself sits at dinner, with two or three friends, old brothers-in-arms, whose soldierlike bearing and manly faces betray their antecedents, though they may not have worn a uniform for months. A lately joined cornet looks at these with a reverence that I am afraid could be extorted from him by no other institution on earth. The adjutant and riding-master, making holiday, are both present—'To the front,' as they call it, enjoying exceedingly the jests and waggeries of their younger comrades. The orderly-officer, conspicuous by his belt, sits at one end of the long table. Lord Bearwarden occupies the other, supported on either side by his two guests, Tom Ryfe and Dick Stanmore. It is the night of Mrs. Stanmore's ball, and these last-named gentlemen are going there, with feelings how different, yet with the same object. Dick is full of confidence, elated and supremely happy. His entertainer experiences a quiet comfort and *bien-être* stealing over him, to which he has long been a stranger, while Tom Ryfe with every mouthful swallows down some emotion of jealousy, humiliation, or mistrust. Nevertheless he is in the highest spirits of the three.

'I tell you nothing can touch him, my lord, when hounds run,' says he, still harping on the merits of the horse he sold Lord Bear-

warden in the Park. Of course half the party are talking of hunting, the other half racing, soldiering, and women. 'He'd have been thrown away on most of the fellows we know. He wants a good man on his back, for if you keep him fretting behind it breaks his heart. I always said you ought to have him—you or Mr. Stanmore. He's just the sort for both of you. I'm sorry to hear yours are all coming up at Tattersall's,' adds Tom with a courteous bow to the opposite guest. 'Hope it's only to make room for some more.'

Dick disclaims. 'No, indeed,' says he, 'it's a *bonâ-fide* sale—with-out reserve, you know—I am going to give the thing up!'

'Give up hunting!' expostulates a very young subaltern on Dick's left. 'Why, you're not a soldier, are you? What shall you do with yourself? You have nothing to live for.'

Overcome by this reflection, he empties his glass and looks feelingly in his neighbour's face.

'Are you so fond of it too?' asks Dick, with a smile.

'Fond of it! I believe you!' answers the boy. 'What is there to be compared to it?—at least that I've tried, you know. I think the happiest fellow on earth is a master of fox-hounds, particularly if he hunts them himself: there's only one thing to beat it, and that's soldiering. I'd rather command such a regiment as this than be Emperor of China. Perhaps I shall, too, some day.'

The real colonel, sitting opposite, overhears this military sentiment, and smiles good-humouredly at his zealous junior. 'When you *are* in command,' says he, 'I hope you'll be down upon the cornets—they want a deal of looking up—I'm much too easy with them.' The young soldier laughed and blushed. In his heart he thought 'the chief,' as he called him, the very greatest man in the world, offering him that respect combined with affection which goes so far to constitute the efficiency of a regiment, hoping hereafter to tread in his footsteps, and carry out his system.

For ten whole minutes he held his tongue—and this was no small effort of self-restraint—that he might listen to the commanding officer's conversation with his guests, savouring strongly of professional interests, as comprising Crimean, Indian, and continental experiences, all tending to prove that cavalry massed, kept under cover, held well in hand, and 'offered' at the critical moment, was the force to render success permanent and defeat irretrievable.

When they got into a dissertation on shoeing, with the comparative merits of 'threes' and 'sections' at drill, the young man refreshed himself liberally with champagne, and turned to more congenial discourse.

Of this there seemed no lack. The winner of the St. Leger was as confidently predicted as if the race were already in his owner's pocket. A match was made between two splendid dandies, called respectfully by their comrades 'Nobby' and 'The Dustman,' to walk from Knightsbridge Barracks to Windsor Bridge that day week—the odds being slightly in favour of 'The Dustman,' who was a peer of the realm. A moderate dancer was freely criticised, an exquisite singer approved with reservation, and the style of fighting practised by our present champion of the prize-ring unequivocally condemned. Presently a deep voice made itself heard in more sustained tones than belong to general conversation, and during a lull it became clear that the adjutant was relating an anecdote of his own military experience. 'It's a wonderful country,' said he, in reply to some previous observation. 'I'm not an Irishman myself, but I've observed that the most conspicuous men in all nations are pure Irish or of Irish extraction. Look at the service. Look at the ring — prize-fighters and book-makers. I believe the Slasher's mother was born in Connaught, and nothing will convince me but that Deerfoot came from Tipperary — east and west the world's full of them—they swarm, I'm told, in America, and I can answer for

them in Europe. Did ye ever see a Turk in a vineyard? He's the very moral of Pat in a potato-garden: the same frieze coat—the same baggy breeches—the same occasional smoke, every five minutes or so,—and the same rooted aversion to hard work. Go on into India—they're all over the place. Shall I tell you what happened to myself? We were engaged on the right of the army, getting it hot and heavy, all the horses with their heads up, but the men as steady as old Time. I was in the Lancers then, under Sir Hope. The Sikhs worked their guns beautifully, and presently we got the word to advance. It wasn't bad ground for manœuvring, and we were soon into them. The enemy fought a good one—those Sikhs always do. There was one fine old white-bearded patriarch stuck to his gun to the last. His people were all speared and cut down, but he never gave back an inch. I can see him now, looking like the pictures of Abraham in my old Sunday-school book. I thought I'd save him if I could. Our chaps had got their blood up, and dashed in to finish him with their lances, but I kept them off with some difficulty, and offered him "quarter." I was afraid he wouldn't understand my language. "Quarter," says he, in the richest brogue you'll hear out of Cork—"quarter! you bloody thieves! will you stick a countryman, an' a comrade, ye murtherin' villains, like a *boneen* in a butcher's shop!" He'd have gone on, I dare say, for an hour, but the men had their lances through him before you could say "knife." As my right-of-threes, himself a Paddy, observed—he was discoorsin' the devil in less than five minutes. The man was a deserter and a renegade, so it served him right, but being an Irishman, you see, he distinguished himself—that's all I mean to infer.'

The young officer was exceedingly attentive to an anecdote which, thus told by its bronzed, war-worn, and soldier-like narrator, possessed the fascination of romance with the interest of reality.

Lord Bearwarden and his guests had also broken off their conversa-

tion to listen—they returned to the previous subject.

'There are so many people come to town now-a-days,' said his lordship, 'that the whole thing spoils itself. Society is broken up into sets, and even if you belong to the same set, you cannot insure meeting any particular person at any particular place. Just the same with clubs. I might hunt you two fellows about all night, from Arthur's to the Arlington—from the Arlington to White's—from White's to the Carlton—from the Carlton back to St. James's Street—and never run into you at all, unless I had the luck to find you drinking gin and soda at Pratt's.'

Tom Ryfe, belonging only to the last-named of these resorts, looked gratified. Dick Stanmore was thinking of something else.

'Now to-night,' continued Lord Bearwarden, turning to the latter, 'although the ball is in your own stepmother's house, I'll take odds you don't know three-fourths of the people you'll meet, and yet you've been as much about London as most of us. Where they come from I can't think, and they're like the swallows, or the storks, or the woodcocks, only they're not so welcome. Where they'll go to when the season's over I neither know nor care.'

Tom Ryfe would have given much to feel equally indifferent. Something like a pang shot through him as he reflected that for him the battle must be against wind and tide—a fierce struggle more and more hopeless, to grasp at something drifting visibly out of reach. He was not a man, however, to be beat, while it was possible to persist. Believing Dick Stanmore the great obstacle in his way, he watched that preoccupied gentleman as a cat watches a mouse.

'I don't want to be introduced to any more people,' said Dick, rather absently. 'In my opinion you can't have too few acquaintances and too many friends.'

'One ought to know lots of women,' said Mr. Ryfe, assuming the air of a fine gentleman, which fitted him, thought Lord Bear-

warden, as ill as his uniform generally fits a civilian. 'I mean women of position—who *give* things—whom you'd like to be seen talking to in the Park. As for girls, they're a bore—there's a fresh crop every season—they're exactly like each other, and you have to dance with 'em all!'

'Confound his impudence!' *thought* Lord Bearwarden. 'Does he hope to impose on *me* with his half-bred swagger, and Brummagem assurance?' but he only *said*, 'I suppose, Tom, you're in great request with them—all ranks, all sorts, all ages. You fellows have such a pull over us poor soldiers; you can be improving the time while we're on guard.'

Tom looked as if he rather believed he could. But he only *looked* it. Beneath that confident manner, his heart was sad and sinking. How bitter he felt against Miss Bruce, and yet he loved her, in his own way too, all the while.

'Champagne to Mr. Stanmore!' said his entertainer, beckoning to a servant. 'You're below the mark, Stanmore, and we've a heavy night before us. You're thinking of your pets at Tattersall's next week. Cheer up. Their future masters won't be half so hard on them, I'll be bound. But I wouldn't assist at the sacrifice if I were you. Come down to the Den with me; we'll troll for pike, and give the clods a cricket-match. Then we'll dine early, set trimmers, and console ourselves with claret cup under affliction.'

Dick laughed. Affliction, indeed, and he had never been so happy in his life! Perhaps that was the reason of his silence, his abstraction. At this very moment, he thought, Maud might be opening the packet he made such sacrifices to redeem. He had arranged for her to receive the diamonds all reset and glittering at the hour she would be dressing for the ball. He could almost fancy he saw the beautiful face flushed with delight, the dark eyes filled with tears. Would she press those jewels to her lips, and murmur broken words of endearment for *him*? Would

she not love him *now*, if, indeed, she had not loved him before? Horses, forsooth! What were all the horses that ever galloped compared to one smile of hers? He would have given her his right arm, his life, if she wanted it. And now, perhaps, he was to obtain his reward. Who could tell what that very night might bring forth?

Mr. Stanmore's glass remained untasted before him, and Lord Bearwarden observing that dinner was over, and his guests seemed disinclined to drink any more wine, proposed an adjournment to the little mess-room to smoke.

In these days the long sittings that delighted our grandfathers have completely given way to an early break up, a quiet cigar, and a general retreat, if not to bed, at least to other scenes and other society. In ten minutes from the rising of the colonel, Lord Bearwarden, and half a dozen guests, the larger mess-room was cleared of its inmates, and the smaller one crowded with an exceedingly merry and rather noisy assemblage.

'Just one cigar,' said Lord Bearwarden, handing a huge case to his friends. 'It will steady you nicely for waltzing, and some eau-de-Cologne in my room will take off all the smell afterwards. I know you dancing swells are very particular.'

Both gentlemen laughed, and putting large cigars into their mouths, accommodated themselves with exceeding goodwill to the arrangement.

It was not in the nature of things that silence should be preserved under such incentives to conversation as tobacco and soda-water with something in it, but presently, above other sounds, a young voice was heard to clamour for a song.

'Let's have a chant!' protested this eager voice. 'The night is still young. We're all musical, and we don't often get the two best pipes in the regiment to dine here the same day. Come, tune up, old boy. Give us "Twisting Jane," or the "Gallant Young Hussar."'

The 'old boy' addressed, a large, fine-looking man, holding the appointment of riding-master, smiled

good-humouredly, and shook his head. 'It's too early for "The Hussar,"' said he, scanning the fresh, beardless face with its clear, mirthful eyes. 'And it's not an improving song for young officers, neither. I'll try "Twisting Jane," if you, gentlemen, will support me with the chorus,' and in a deep, mellow voice, he embarked without more ado on the following barrack-room ditty:—

I loved a girl, down Windsor way,
When we was lying there,
As soft as silk, as mild as May,
As timid as a hare,
She blushed and smiled, looked down so shy,
And then—looked up again—
My comrades warned me—"Mind your eye,
With Twisting Jane!"

'I wooed her thus, not sure but slow,
To kiss she vowed a crime,—
For she was "retiring back," you know,
While I was "marking time."
"Alas!" I thought, "these dainty charms
Are not for me, 'tis plain;
Too long she keeps me under arms,
Does Twisting Jane."

'Our corporal-major says to me,
One day before parade,
"She's gammoning you, young chap," says he,
"Is that there artful jade!
You'll not be long of finding out,
When nothing's left to gain,
How quick the word is 'Threes about !'
With Twisting Jane!"

Our corporal-major knows what's what;
I peeped above her blind,
The tea was made—the toast was hot—
She looked so sweet and kind.
My captain in her parlour sat,
It gave me quite a pain!
With coloured clothes, and shining hat,
By Twisting Jane.

'The major he came cantering past,
She hustled out to see,—
"Oh, major ! is it you at last?
Step in and take your tea?"
The major halted—winked his eye—
Looked up and down the lane,—
And in he went his luck to try
With Twisting Jane.

'I waited at "attention" there,
Thinks I, "There'll soon be more,"
The colonel's phaëton and pair
Came grinding to the door.
She gave him such a sugary smile,
(Old men is very vain !)
"It's you I looked for all the while,"
Says Twisting Jane.

"I've done with you for good," I cried,
"You're never on the square;
Fight which you please on either side,
But hang it, lass, fight fair !

I wou't be last—I can't be first—
So look for me in vain
When next you're out 'upon the burst,'
Miss Twisting Jane !—
When next you're out 'upon the burst,'
Miss Twisting Jane !"

'A jolly good song,' cried the affable young gentleman who had instigated the effort, adding, with a quaint glance at the grizzled visage and towering proportions of the singer, 'you're very much improved, old chap—not so shy, more power, more volume. If you mind your music, I'll get you a place as a chorister-boy in the Chapel Royal, after all. You're just the size, and your manners the very thing!'

'Wait till I get you in the school with that new charger,' answered the other, laughing. 'I think, gentlemen, it's my call. I'll ask our adjutant here to give us "Boots and Saddles," you all like that game.'

Tumblers were arrested in mid-air, cigars taken from smooth or hairy lips, while all eyes were turned towards the adjutant, a soldier down to his spurs, who 'tuned up,' as universally requested, without delay.

BOOTS AND SADDLES.

'The ring of a bridle, the stamp of a hoof,
Stars above, and a wind in the tree,—
A bush for a billet—a rock for a roof,—
Outpost duty's the duty for me !
Listen. A stir in the valley below—
The valley below is with riflemen crammed,
Covering the column and watching the foe—
Trumpet-major !—Sound and be d—d !
Stand to your horses !—It's time to begin—
Boots and Saddles ! The Pickets are in !

'Though our bivouac fire has smouldered away,
Yet a bit of good 'baccy shall comfort us
well ;
When you sleep in your cloak there's no
lodging to pay,
And where we shall breakfast the devil can
tell !
But the horses were fed, 'ere the daylight had
gone,
There's a slice in the embers—a drop in the
can—
Take a suck of it, comrade ! and so pass it on,
For a ration of brandy puts heart in a man.
Good liquor is scarce, and to waste it a sin,—
Boots and saddles ! The Pickets are in !

'Hark ! there's a shot from the crest of the
hill !
Look ! there's a rocket leaps high in the air.
By the beat of his gallop, that's nearing us
still,
That runaway horse has no rider, I'll swear !

There's a jolly light-infantry post on the right.

I hear their bugles—they sound the "Advance."

They will tip us a tune that shall wake up the night,

And we're hardly the lads to leave out of the dance.

They're at it already, I'm sure, by the din,—
Boots and Saddles! The Pickets are in!

'They don't give us long our divisions to prove—

Short, sharp, and distinct, comes the word of command.

"Have your men in the saddle—Be ready to move—

Keep the squadron together—the horses in hand—"

While a whisper's caught up in the ranks as they form—

A whisper that fain would break out in a cheer—

How the foe is in force, how the work will be warm.

But, steady! the chief gallops up from the rear.

With old "Death-or-Glory" to fight is to win,
And the Colonel means mischief, I see by his grin.—

Boots and Saddles! The Pickets are in!—

Boots and Saddles! The Pickets are in!"

'And it must be "Boots and Saddles" with us,' said Lord Bearwarden to his guests as the applause subsided and he made a move towards the door, 'otherwise we shall be the "lads to leave out of the dance," and I fancy that would suit none of us to-night.'

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. STANMORE AT HOME.

DANCING.

Amongst all the magnificent toilettes composed to do honour to the lady whose card of invitation heads this chapter none appeared more variegated in colour, more startling in effect, than that of Mrs. Puckers the maid.

True, circumstances compelled her to wear a high dress, but even this modest style of costume in the hands of a real artist admits of marvellous combinations and extraordinary breadth of treatment. Mrs. Puckers had disposed about her person as much ribbon, tulle, and cheap jewellery as might have fitted

out a fancy fair. Presiding in a little breakfast-room off the hall, pinning tickets on short red cloaks, shaking out skirts of wondrous fabrication, and otherwise assisting those beautiful guests who constituted the entertainment, she afforded a sight only equalled by her after-performances in the tea-room, where, assuming the leadership of a body of handmaidens, almost as smart as herself, she formed, for several wag-gish and irreverent young gentlemen, a principal attraction in that favourite place of resort.

A ball is so far like a run with fox-hounds that it is difficult to specify the precise moment at which the sport begins. Its votaries gather by twos and threes attired for pursuit; there is a certain amount of refitting practised, as regards dress and appointments, while some of the keenest in the chase are nevertheless the latest arrivals at the place of meeting. Presently are heard a note or two, a faint flourish, a suggestive prelude. Three or four couples get cautiously to work, the music swells, the pace increases, ere long the excitement extends to all within sight or hearing, and a performance of exceeding speed, spirit, and severity is the result.

Puckers, with her mouth full of pins, is rearranging the dress of a young lady in her first season, to whom, as to the inexperienced hunter, that burst of music is simply maddening. She is a well-bred young lady, however, and keeps her raptures to herself, but is slightly indignant at the very small notice taken of her by Dick Stanmore, who rushes into the tiring-room, drops a flurried little bow, and hurries Puckers off into a corner, totally regardless of the displeasure with which a calm, cold-looking chaperon regards this unusual proceeding.

'Did it come in time?' says Dick in a loud agitated whisper. 'Did you run up with it directly? Was she pleased? Did she say anything? Has she got them on now?'

'Lor, Mr. Stanmore!' exclaims Puckers, 'whatever do you mean?'

'Miss Bruce—the diamonds,' explains Dick, in a voice that causes two dandies, recently arrived, to



Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson]

THE ANSWER IN THE TEA-ROOM.

[See 'M. or N.' Chapter XV.

pause in astonishment on the staircase.

'Oh! the diamonds!' answers Puckers. 'Only think now. Was it *you*, sir? Well, I never. Why, sir, when Miss Bruce opens the packet, not half an hour ago, the tears comes into her eyes, and she says, "Well, this *is* kind"—them was her very words—"this *is* kind," says she, and pops 'em on that moment; for I'd done her hair and all. Go upstairs, Mr. Stanmore, and see how she looks in them. I'll wager she's waiting for Somebody to dance with her this very minute!'

Though it is too often of sadly short duration, every man *has* his 'good time' for a few blissful seconds during life. Let him not complain they are so brief. It is something to have at least tasted the cup, and perhaps it is better to turn with writhing lip from the bitter drop near the brim than, drinking it fairly out, to find its sweets pall on the palate, its essence cease to warm the heart and stimulate the brain.

Dick, hurrying past his mother into the soft, mellow, yet brilliant radiance of her crowded ball-room, felt for that moment the happiest man in London.

Miss Bruce was *not* waiting to dance with him, according to her maid's prediction, but was performing a waltz in exceeding gravity, assisted, as Dick could not help observing with a certain satisfaction, by the ugliest man in the room. The look she gave him when their eyes met at last sent this shortsighted young gentleman up to the seventh heaven. It seemed well worth all the hunters in Leicestershire, all the diamonds in Golconda! He did the honours of his step-mother's house, and thanked his own friends for coming, but all with the vague consciousness of a man in a dream. Presently the 'round' dance came to an end, much to the relief of the ugly man, who cared, indeed, for ladies as little as ladies cared for him, and Dick hastened to secure Miss Bruce as a partner for the approaching 'square.' She was engaged, of course, six deep, but she put off all her claimants and took

Mr. Stanmore's arm. 'He's my cousin, you know,' said she, with her rare smile, 'and cousins don't count; so you're all merely put back *one*. If you don't like it, you needn't come for it—*C'est tout simple!*'

Then they took their places, and the dark eyes looked full into his own. Dick felt he was winning in a canter.

Miss Bruce put her hand on the collar of diamonds round her neck. 'I'm glad you're *not* my cousin,' she said; 'I'm glad you're *not really* a relation. You're far dearer as it is. You're the best friend and truest gentleman I ever met in my life. Now I shan't thank you any more. Mind your dancing, and set to that gawky woman opposite. Isn't she badly dressed?'

How could Dick tell? He didn't even know he had a *vis-à-vis*, and the 'gawky woman,' as Miss Bruce most unjustly called her, only wondered anybody could make such blunders in so simple a figure as the *Eté*. His head was in a whirl. A certain chivalrous instinct warned him that this was no time, while his idol lay under a heavy obligation, to press his suit. Yet he could not, for the life of him, help venturing a word.

'I look at nobody but you,' he answered, turning pale as men do when they are in sad earnest. 'I should never wish to see any other face than yours for the rest of my life.'

'How tired you'd get of it,' said she, with a bright smile; but she timed her reply so as to embark immediately afterwards on the *Chaine des Dames*, a measure exceedingly ill calculated for sustained conversation, and changed the subject directly she returned to his side.

'Where did you dine?' she asked, saucily. 'With those wild young men at the barracks, I suppose. I knew you would: and you did all sorts of horrid things, drank and smoked—I'm *sure* you smoked.' She put her laced handkerchief laughingly to her nose.

'I dined with Bearwarden,' answered honest Dick, 'and he's coming on here directly with a lot of them. My mother will be so

pleased—it's going to be a capital ball.'

'I thought Lord Bearwarden never went to balls,' replied the young lady, carelessly; but her heart swelled with gratified vanity to think of the attraction that drew him now to every place where he could hear her voice and look upon her beauty.

'There he is,' was her partner's comment, as his lordship's head appeared in the doorway. 'We'll have one more dance, Miss Bruce—Maud—before the night is over?'

'As many as you please,' was her answer, and still Dick felt he had the race in hand and was winning in a canter.

People go to balls for pleasure, no doubt, but it must be admitted, nevertheless, that the pleasure they seek there is of a delusive kind and lasts but for a few minutes at a time.

Mr. Stanmore's whole happiness was centred in Miss Bruce, yet it was impossible for him to neglect all his stepmother's guests because of his infatuation for one, nor would the usages of society's Draconic laws, that are not to be broken, permit him to haunt that one presence, which turned to magic a scene otherwise only ludicrous for an hour or so, and simply wearisome as it went on.

So Dick plunged into the thick of it, and did his duty manfully, diving at partners right and left, yet, with a certain characteristic loyalty, selecting the least attractive amongst the ladies for his attentions. Thus it happened, that as the rooms became crowded, and half the smartest people in London surged and swayed upon the staircase, he lost sight of the face he loved for a considerable period, and was able to devote much real energy to the success of his stepmother's ball, uninfluenced by the distraction of Miss Bruce's presence.

This young lady's movements, however, were not unobserved. Puckers, from her position behind the cups and saucers, enjoyed great reconnoitring opportunities, which she did not suffer to escape unimproved—the tea-room, she was

aware, held an important place in the working machinery of society, as a sort of neutral territory, between the cold civilities of the ball-room and the warmer interest fostered by juxtaposition in the boudoir, not to mention a wicked little alcove beyond, with low red velvet seats, and a subdued light suggestive of whispers and provoking question rather than reply.

Puckers was not easily surprised. In the housekeeper's room she often thanked her stars for this desirable immunity, and indeed on the present occasion had furnished a loving couple with tea, whose united ages would have come hard upon a century, without moving a muscle of her countenance, albeit there was something ludicrous to general society in the affectation of concealment with which this long-recognised attachment had to be carried on. The gentleman was bald and corpulent. The lady—well, the lady had been a beauty thirty years ago, and dressed the character still. There was nothing to prevent their seeing each other every day and all day long, if they chose, yet they preferred scheming for invitations to the same places, that they might meet *en evidence* before the public, and dearly loved, as now, a retirement into the tea-room, where they could enact their rôle of turtle-doves, uninterrupted, yet not entirely unobserved.

Perhaps, after all, this imaginary restraint afforded the little spice of romance that preserved their attachment from decay.

Puckers, I say, marvelled at these not at all, but she did marvel, and admitted it, when Miss Bruce, entering the tea-room, was seen to be attended, not by Mr. Stanmore, but by Lord Bearwarden.

Her dark eyes glittered, and there was an exceedingly becoming flush on the girl's fair face, usually so pale. Her maid thought she had never seen Maud look so beautiful, and to judge by the expression of his countenance, it would appear Lord Bearwarden thought so too. They had been dancing together, and he seemed to be urging her to dance with him again. His lordship's manner was

more eager than common, and in his eyes came an anxious expression that only one woman, the one woman it was so difficult to forget, had ever been able to call into them before.

'Look odd!' he repeated while he set down her cup and gave her back the fan he had been holding. 'I thought you were above all that, Miss Bruce, and did what you liked, without respect to the fools who stare, and can't understand.'

She drew up her head with a proud gesture peculiar to her. 'How do you know I do like it?' said she, haughtily.

He looked hurt and lowered his voice to a whisper. 'Forgive me,' he said, 'I have no right to suppose it. I have been presumptuous, and you are entitled to be unkind. I have monopolized you too much, and you're—you're bored with me. It's my own fault.'

'I never said so,' she answered in the same tone; 'who is unkind now?' Then the dark eyes were raised for one moment to look full in his, and it was all over with Lord Bearwarden.

'You will dance with me again before I go,' said he, recovering his former position with an alacrity that denoted some previous practice. 'I shall ask nobody else—why should I? You know I only came here to see *you*. One waltz, Miss Bruce—promise!'

'I promise,' she answered, and again came into her eyes that smile which so fascinated her admirers to their cost. 'I shall get into horrid disgrace for it, and so I shall for sitting here so long now. I'm always doing wrong. However, I'll risk it if you will.'

Her manner was playful, almost tender; and Puckers, adding another large infusion of tea, wondered to see her look so soft and kind.

A crowded waltz was in course of performance, and the tea-room, but for this preoccupied couple, would have been empty. Two men looked in, as they passed the door, the one hurried on in search of his partner, the other started, scowled, and turned back amongst the crowd. Puckers the lynx-eyed, observing and recognizing both, had sufficient skill in

physiognomy to pity Mr. Stanmore and much mistrust Tom Ryfe.

The former, indeed, felt a sharp keen pang, when he saw the face that so haunted him in close proximity to another face belonging to one who, if he should enter for the prize, could not but prove a dangerous rival. Nevertheless, the man's generous instincts stifled and kept down so unworthy a suspicion, forcing himself to argue against his own conviction that, at this very moment, the happiness of his life was hanging by a thread. He resolved to ignore everything of the kind. Jealousy was a bad beginning for a lover, and after all, if he should allow himself to be jealous of every man who admired and danced with Maud, life would be unbearable. How despicable, besides, would she hold such a sentiment! With her disposition, how would she resent anything like *espionage* or *surveillance*! How unworthy it seemed both of herself and of him! In two minutes he was heartily ashamed of his momentary discomfiture, and plunged energetically once more into the duties of the ball-room. Nevertheless, from that moment, the whole happiness of the evening had faded out for Dick.

There is a light irradiating all such gatherings which is totally irrespective of gas or wax-candles. It can shed a mellow lustre on dingy rooms, frayed carpets, and shabby furniture; nay, I have seen its tender rays impart a rare and spiritual beauty to an old, worn, long-loved face; but on the other hand, when this magic light is quenched or even temporarily shaded, not all the illuminations of a royal birthday are brilliant enough to dispel the gloom its absence leaves about the heart.

Mr. Stanmore, though whirling a very handsome young lady through a waltz, began to think it was not such a good ball after all.

Tom Ryfe, on the other hand, congratulated himself on his tactics in having obtained an invitation, not without considerable pressure put upon Miss Bruce, for a gathering, of which his social standing hardly entitled him to form a part. He

was now, so to speak, on the very ground occupied by the enemy, and though he saw defeat imminent, could at least make his own effort to avert it. After all his misgivings as regarded Stanmore, it seemed that he had been mistaken, and that Lord Bearwarden was the rival he ought to dread. In any case but his own, Mr. Ryfe was a man of the world quite shrewd enough to have reasoned that in this duality of admirers there was encouragement and hope. But Tom had lost his heart, such as it was, and his head, though of much better material, had naturally gone with it. Like other gamblers, he determined to follow his ill-luck to the utmost, bring matters to a crisis, and so know the worst. In all graver affairs of life, it is doubtless good sense to look a difficulty in the face; but in the amusements of love and play practised hands leave a considerable margin for that uncertainty which constitutes the very essence of both pastimes; and this is why, perhaps, the man in earnest has the worst chance of winning at either game.

So Tom Ryfe turned back into the crowd and waited his opportunity for a few minutes' conversation with Miss Bruce.

It came at last. She had danced through several engagements, the night was waning, and a few carriages had already been called up. Maud occupied the extreme end of a bench, from which a party of ladies had just risen to go away; she had declined to dance, and for the moment was alone. Tom slipped into the vacant seat by her side and thus cut her off from the whole surrounding world. A waltz requiring much terrific accompaniment of brass instruments pealed out its deafening strains within ten feet of them, and in no desert island could there have been less likelihood that their conversation would be overheard.

Miss Bruce looked very happy, and in thorough good-humour. Tom Ryfe opened the trenches quietly enough.

'You haven't danced with me the whole evening,' said he, with only rather a bitter inflection of voice.

'You never asked me,' was the natural rejoinder.

'And I'm not going to ask you now,' proceeded Mr. Ryfe; 'you and I, Miss Bruce, have something more than a mere dancing acquaintance, I think.'

An impatient movement, a slight curl of the lip, was the only answer.

'You may drop an acquaintance when you are tired of him, or a friend when he gets troublesome. It's done every day. It's very easy, Miss Bruce.'

He spoke in a tone of irony that roused her.

'Not so easy,' she answered, with tightening lips, 'when people have no tact—when they are not *gentlemen*.'

The taunt went home. The beauty of Mr. Ryfe's face was at no time in its expression—certainly not now. Miss Bruce, too, seemed well disposed to fight it out. Obviously it must be war to the knife!

'Did you get my letter?' said he, in low, distinct syllables. 'Do you believe I mean what I say? Do you believe I mean what I *write*?'

She smiled scornfully. A panting couple who stopped just in front of them imagined they were interrupting a flirtation, and, doing as they would be done by, twirled on.

'I treat all begging-letters alike,' answered Maud, 'and make yours no exception, because they contain threats, and abuse into the bargain. You have chosen the wrong person to try and frighten, Mr. Ryfe. It only shows how little you understand my character.'

He would have caught at a straw even then. 'How little chance I have had of studying it!' he exclaimed. 'It is not my fault. Heaven knows I have been kept in ignorance, uncertainty, suspense, till it almost drove me mad. Miss Bruce, you have known the worst of me; only the worst of me, indeed, as yet.'

The man was pleading for his life, you see. Was it pitiable, or only ludicrous, that his voice and manner had to be toned down to the staid pitch of general conversa-

tion, that a fat and happy German was puffing at a cornet-à-piston within arm's-length of him? But for a quiver of his lip, any bystander might have supposed he was asking Miss Bruce if he should bring her an ice.

'I have seen enough!' she replied, very resolutely, 'and I am determined to see no more. Mr. Ryfe, if you have no pleasanter subjects of conversation than yourself and your arrangements, I will ask you to move for an instant that I may pass, and find Mrs. Stanmore.'

Lord Bearwarden was at the other end of the room, looking about, apparently, for some object of unusual interest. Perhaps Miss Bruce saw him—as ladies do see people without turning their eyes—and the sight fortified her resolution.

'Then you defy me!' whispered Tom, in the low suppressed tones that denote rage, concentrated and intensified for being kept down. 'By Heaven, Miss Bruce, you shall repent it! I'll show you up! I'll expose you! I'll have neither pity nor remorse! You think you've won a heavy stake, do you? Hooked a big fish, and need only pull him ashore? *He* shan't be deceived! *He* shall know you for what you are! He shall by —!'

The adjuration with which Mr. Ryfe concluded this little ebullition was fortunately drowned to all ears but those for which it was intended by a startling flourish on the cornet-à-piston. Miss Bruce accepted the challenge readily. 'Do your worst!' said she, rising with a scornful bow, and taking Lord Bearwarden's arm,

much to that gentleman's delight, walked haughtily away.

Perhaps this declaration of open war may have decided her subsequent conduct; perhaps it was only the result of those circumstances which form the meshes of a certain web we call Fate. Howbeit, Miss Bruce was too tired to dance. Miss Bruce would like to sit down in a cool place. Miss Bruce would not be bored with Lord Bearwarden's companionship, not for an hour, not for a week—no, not for a lifetime!

Dick Stanmore, taking a lady down to her carriage, saw them sitting alone in the tea-room, now deserted by Puckers and her assistants. His honest heart turned very sick and cold. Half an hour after, passing the same spot, they were there still; and then, I think, he knew that he was overtaken by the first misfortune of his life.

Later, when the ball was over, and he had wished Mrs. Stanmore good-night, he went up to Maud with a grave, kind face.

'We never had our waltz, Miss Bruce,' said he; 'and—and—there's a reason, isn't there?'

He was white to his very lips. Through all her triumph, she felt a twinge, far keener than she expected, of compunction and remorse.

'Oh, Dick!' she said, 'I couldn't help it! Lord Bearwarden proposed to me in that room.'

'And you accepted him?' said Dick, trying to steady his voice, wondering why he felt half suffocated all the time.

'And I accepted him!'



THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.*

WE do not profess to belong to the number of the very ardent admirers of Mr. Browning, of those who consider that Tennyson is weak and emasculated, that Swinburne is a musical rhetorician, and that strength and genius have found their culmination in Browning alone. Neither do we belong to those who maintain the sturdy opinion that Mr. Browning exists in a chronic state of intellectual fog; that he is obscure to his readers because his conceptions are obscure to himself; that he revels in words to which no clear sense is ordinarily attached. It is necessary to arbitrate between such conflicting views, and such a work as the 'Ring and the Book' is a rebuke to either extreme opinion. This enormous poem, of many thousand lines, is indeed a most substantial addition to the literature of our age, a work, we will venture to predicate, which will never be popular among ordinary readers, and which will also never be left unread by those who wish to comprehend one of the most complex and remarkable intellectual efforts of our time. Hardly any one but Mr. Browning would have ventured to have published such a poem in four consecutive volumes. A great deal of premature criticism was wasted on the appearance of the first. The admirers were loud in their admiration; but it was an admiration uncritical and indiscriminate, and could not have been justified until Mr. Browning had developed his conceptions in the succeeding parts. There was more reason, indeed, for the adverse criticism, but as the poet's design has attained its full perfection, many of the strictures will lose their relevancy, and something of the admiration has also become unintelligible.

There is still some force in the

* 'The Ring and the Book.' By Robert Browning, M.A. In Four Vols. Smith and Elder.

observation that the poet has taken a remarkable case out of the Italian Newgate Calendar. But how wonderfully the treatment has redeemed the subject, and given us a gallery of portraiture grand, subtle, and of incomparable force! Still it is like the famous picture of the Caracchi family in the library of Christ Church, where the interior is a butcher's shop and all the artists are butchers. Throughout the poem, despite the artistic merit, despite the portraiture, butchers and victims form the subject, and the red smear of bloodshed is on every page. The repellent story is presented with every variety of presentment. At first the plot seemed lengthy and complicated, but it is shown in so many cross lights, in so many narratives, in so many comments, in such varying aspects of varying minds, in such contemporary gossip and barristerial ingenuity, that we become somewhat sated and weary with the familiar details. It is with the utmost relief that we alight on that splendid monologue of the Caponsacchi speech which first fully indicates the ultimate grandeur of the poem. The exquisite simplicity, purity, and pathos of Pompilia, is evidenced almost at the beginning in the tender passage beginning

'Oh, how good God is that my babe was born!'

and there is something both human and divine in the flush of her pure love for her delivering priest, like sunset upon alpine ice and snow, the looking forward to that eternal state when there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. In violent contrast with this simplicity, the result of the poet's intensest and highest art, are the rival speeches of the two lawyers, Hyacinthus de Archangelis and Johannes Baptistae Bottinius. Whatever Mr. Browning has of ingenuity, of logomachy, of sophistic reasoning, of verbal license, is here carried to absolute revelry,

the foil to passion, the Margites element in the epic, the comic Parabasis rudely introduced into the tragedy. There is an immense quantity of Latin, which need not, however, frighten the ladies, as the poet, *seriatim*, translates all the phrases into free English, and the poem now resembles nothing so much as the end of the Eton Latin Grammar, where the prosody is construed out into the vernacular. The Procurator Pauperum, overflowing with love for his little eight-year old boy, and with professional rivalry against his opponent the Fisce, and all the while that he is working out Guido's case, intent upon his dinner of lamb's fry and Rosolio wine, and then the fun, as is Mr. Browning's manner, suddenly becoming earnest, as he rejoices in home sanctitudes, is, though highly curious, out of place, and would easily bear excision from the poem. The fourth volume is in every respect the worthiest of the quaternion. The Pope's monologue is the highest part of the whole work, the highest tones to which Mr. Browning, or any poet of our day, has ever attained. We by no means agree in the somewhat disparaging estimate that has been made of the second Guido speech. There is a sulphurous odour about it, indeed, redolent of the pit, but it is unsurpassable in energy and passion, and we only place it below the pontiff's because the piety, insight, wisdom, and greatness in the pope's speech are so much richer food for contemplation. It is thus he settles the main issue of the story, by sending his rescript for the execution of Guido and his assassins as soon as may be.

'For the main criminal I have no hope,
Except in such a suddenness of fate.
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was
earth
Anywhere; sky, or sea, or world at all:
But the night's black was burst through by a
blaze—
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and
bore
Through her whole length of mountain visible.
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.

Else I avert my face, nor follow him
Into that sad, obscure, sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain; which must not be
Enough, for I may die this very night,
And how should I dare die, this man let live?
Carry this forthwith to the Governor.'

Throughout the pope's speech there is as pure an air as Pompilia's own and higher thought. There is a vein of simple, natural piety about the good old man which would appear strange to undiluted Protestantism. There is his fatherly joy over the endurance of Pompilia.

'Not the escape by way of sin. O God,
Who shall pluck sheep Thou holdest from—
Thy hand!'

'Ten years a gardener of the untoward ground
I till; this earth, my sweat and blood manure
All the long day that barrenly grows dusk:
At least one blossom makes me proud at eve,
Born 'mid the briers of my enclosure.'

'My flower,
My rose, I gather for the breast of God.'

And so, too, in his loving admiration and acquittal of Caponsacchi. 'Work, be unhappy, but bear life, my son.' Here is a satiric touch that belongs to our age as much as to the age of Pope Innocent.

'There's a new tribunal now,
Higher than God's,—the educated man's!
Nice sense of honour in the human breast
Supersedes here the old coarse oracle.
Confirming handsomely a point or so,
Wherein the predecessor worked aright
By rule of thumb, as when Christ said,' &c.

There is in the pope a deep vein of religion, or what may be called the metaphysics of religion, as when he meditates how pain is the machinery designed to evolve the moral qualities of man, or when he grapples with the reasoning which he attributes, hardly historically, to Euripides. There is here warm imagining, real devoutness, and keen argument, eminently calculated to stimulate thought. There is, however, a kind of obscurity, partly due to condensation of thought and language, and partly, we cannot but think, to some indistinctness in the poet's own ideas. We may here remark that when he apostrophises 'Lyric Love' in two remarkable passages, it is not quite clear, perhaps designedly so, whether he means the

great poetess England has lost in his loss.

We had marked many passages for quotation, but our limits only permit us to cull a few. For the intensity of hate and energy it is impossible to surpass the conclusion of Caponsacchi's words, in which he predicts the meeting and companionship of Count Guido and Iscariot in the nethermost portion of Hades. At times our poet is so forcible that he becomes coarse, and there are some passages that are unquotable. But then there are many that are so very much the reverse. Here are a few.

'Both wrapped up in the love of their one child,

The strange, tall, pale, beautiful creature grown

Lily-like out o' the cleft i' the sun-smit rock,
To bow its white, miraculous birth of buds
I' the way of wandering Joseph and his spouse,—

So painters fancy : here it was a fact.
And this their lily,—could they but transplant,
And set in vase to stand by Solomon's porch,
'Twixt lion and lion.'

'There was no duty patent in the world
Like daring try be good and true myself,
Leaving the shows of things to the Lord of show
And Prince o' the power of the air.'

There is a strong vein of humour at times, as in Count Guido's grim jesting about the torture. So in a speech Caponsacchi says his bishop made to him.

'I have a heavy scholar cloistered up
Close under lock and key, kept at his task
Of letting Fenelon know the fool he is,
In a book I promise Christendom next spring.
Why, if he covets so much the meat, the claws
As a lark's wing next Friday, or any day
Diversion beyond catching his own fleas,
He shall be properly swunged, I promise him.'

The following is an example of simple narratives, where Count Guido gives the origin of his family arms:—

'Tis said a certain ancestor of mine
Followed whoever was the potentate
To Paynimrie, and in some battle broke
Through more than due allowance of the for,
And risking much his own life, saved the lord's.
Battered and bruised, the Emperor scrambled up,
Rubs his eyes and looks round, and sees my sire,
Picks a furze-sprig from out his hauberk-joint,

(Taken how near the ground went majesty.)

And says, "Take this, and, if thou get safe home,

Plant the same in thy garden-ground to grow ;
Run thence an hour in a straight line and stop ;
Describe a circle round (for central point)

The furze aforesaid, reaching every way
The length of that hour's run. I give it thee,—
The central point to build a castle there,
The circumjacent space for fit demesne,
The whole to be thy children's heritage,
Whom for my sake bid them wear furze on cap!"

These are my arms: we turned the furze to tree

To show mare and the greyhound tied thereto,
Straining to start means swift and greedy both.'

We have not busied ourselves with that range of minor criticism to which the work is sufficiently liable, the long involutions of speech, illustrations and sub-illustrations, violence to language and forms of speech, irregular inharmonious rhythm, which Mr. Browning might so easily correct. Greatly, also, should we like some intercalary lyrics, such as he could write so well, to relieve these twenty thousand lines of blank verse. Neither, since Mr. Browning has so greatly advanced beyond his previous works, do we like to complain of the obscurity, which, still to some extent, exists; and since he has shown us that he can be plain and clear enough, we cannot altogether divest this obscurity from the nature of his own conceptions. But let the reader read this great poem, and though he may not greatly care for the first perusal, yet on the second and third it will brighten up greatly for him, and he will find that he has made a solid addition to his intellectual stores, in becoming familiar with one of the most learned, thoughtful, and poetical minds of our age.

THE CURABILITY OF ILLNESS SUPPOSED INCURABLE.

The other day, going into the London Library, I took up a book which had been presented to us by our constant visitor, Mr. John Stuart Mill, which treated on the curability of phthisis.* Every now

* 'Consumption,' &c. By Henry Mac-Cormack, M.D. Second edition. London: Longmans.

and then, in medicine, some idea is brought before us in the simplicity and vastness of a great discovery. We seem to be trembling on the verge of some mighty disclosure of the mysteries of nature, which has baffled us for ages, and yet whose simplicity makes us wonder that it has ever baffled us at all, and whose curative effect must make a large addition to the average of human life. It would be almost impossible to number up the remedies that have been discovered from those diseases of the chest which are almost the special domain of empirics and enthusiasts. Dr. MacCormack, of Belfast, in this work I have mentioned, writes with an honesty and earnestness which make us long to believe that the great medical discovery of the age has been made. And yet we cannot with sincerity say that we think so. There is much, indeed, in his book which ought to be shouted aloud upon the housetops, but, as usual, this would be the enunciation of old truth, not the promulgation of new. Air, air, fresh air, is the burden of Dr. MacCormack's work, and all physiologists would desire to echo the cry with the utmost intensity. But here we stay. The doctor says that tubercle, which he calls the 'analogue of soot,' is engendered by rebreathed air and consequent arrest of the unconsumed carbonaceous waste, and this doctrine he preaches everywhere with all the zeal of a propagandist. He not only, as all medical men do, preaches on fresh air and free respiration, but he declares that tubercle is deposited by the blood that has not been oxidised, because the same air has been rebreathed. The detention of carbon in the blood is the sole cause of the mischief. This may possibly be, but his case is not strengthened by the way in which he puts some of the details. He recommends all people, however weak, to sleep with their windows open at night; which is healthy enough for strong people, but against which the instinct of invalids revolts. He declares that cod-liver oil is utterly inane and useless in phthisis. We believe that if this is the case there

is an utter end of all evidence and all reasoning in medical science. We are able, from our own observation, to correct a serious misstatement of Dr. MacCormack's. He takes the Scilly Isles, where consumption is, without doubt, alarmingly prevalent, and he says that the reason is, because the inhabitants sleep in chambers, every window closed. We do not think, from our own observation, that this is at all more true of the pretty and prosperous little town in St. Mary's Island than of any large English village. The causes are not far to seek. In the first place—and this alone is sufficient—close intermarriages have prevailed on the islands for generations, and all the inhabitants are related. In addition to this, the atmosphere is very heavily charged with moisture, and what is curious, there seemed to be an immense quantity of floating particles of sand in the air, which must be as deleterious as the dust which is inhaled in so many noxious trades. With the moral of always seeking to breathe pure sweet unbreathed air, we of course thoroughly agree, but many of this writer's statements appear to us to be exaggerated and unsubstantiated.

In a country with a climate like our own phthisis will always possess an absorbing interest for the public. In our judgment by far the most important contribution to this subject made of late years is that by a series of papers which appeared in the '*Lancet*' last year, by Dr. C. J. B. Williams, and his son, Dr. C. Theodore Williams. This is a subject where Dr. Williams speaks with pre-eminent authority; and these papers give the brightest and most hopeful view that we have ever seen advanced on authentic testimony. The papers are based on the experience of a large private practice which Dr. Williams has for many years enjoyed. They are much more hopeful than hospital reports, and, generally speaking, hospital cases succeed much less often than house cases, which surely implies that future hospitals ought to be constructed on the plan of a series of houses. Dr. Williams

now greatly lengthens the average duration of life under consumption. It has always been known that phthisis could be occasionally prolonged to an extraordinary extent. Sir William Watson, in his famous work, quotes the late Dr. Gregory (Edinburgh), to the effect that he knew a man who died at seventy-two, who had been ill of phthisis all his life. Sir William adds: 'It has been my melancholy task to watch the long decline and the death, at last, of a statesman who served his country well and strenuously, yet of whose years and health a precisely similar description to this would be true.' Such prolongation is altogether wonderful and abnormal, on which not one in a myriad can count. Those great authorities, Louis and Laennec, put down the average duration at two years, as the limit of the life of the consumptive. Dr. Williams' tables bring out for the first time much more favourable results in the milder forms of consumption than those hitherto attained. He says, that, under careful treatment, life may be prolonged for many years in comfort and usefulness, and in not very few cases the disease is so permanently arrested that it may be called cured. The 500 cases tabulated by Dr. C. T. Williams are especially interesting and valuable, because it is rare indeed that we obtain so clear an insight into an extensive private practice, where, pretty uniformly, the patients have the power of putting themselves into the most favourable conditions for recovery. Of these cases, upwards of one-half had a duration of upwards of ten years. It is delightful to read so many cases, which ordinarily would be regarded hopeless, lasting for ten, thirteen, sixteen, twenty, twenty-five years, or being permanently cured. Such cases form the very triumph of thoughtful judicious treatment, wide experience, and medical remedies. That instinctive hope which clings to the consumptive, may not be altogether without a natural legitimate basis, the instinctive belief that there are remedies in existence if only they could be found. There is now a large

substantial measure of hope—destined, we trust, to be largely increased—which should, most of all, teach, first, caution to anticipate disease, and, secondly, to meet it promptly at once in its earliest stage. We sincerely trust that before long these most valuable papers will be gathered into a separate volume.

In the last of them Dr. Williams gives a summary, which, we need hardly say, is most interesting and instructive. He takes a retrospect of its treatment during the last forty years. In the first decade of that time the only hope seemed to lie in a prolonged voyage to Australia or India. 'My general recollection of the histories of the developed disease at that time is that of distressing tragedies, in which no means used seemed to have any power to arrest the malady. In the next ten there was a marked improvement. Much was done by the habitual use of mild alterative tonics, but more than all other means put together was the immense good wrought by pure cod-liver oil. This has quadrupled the average duration of life in phthisis, and, indeed,' says Dr. Williams, 'this is below the actual results as calculated by my son, for of the 500 cases, 380 were still living at the last report, and many of those are likely to live for many years to come.' Dr. Williams has many interesting remarks on the treatment of consumption. There is a crumb of consolation for sufferers in the fact that this treatment is pretty uniformly of a mild and generous kind. 'Not only the most nutritious food, aided by a judicious use of stimulants and of medicinal tonics, but pure air, with such varied and moderate exercise in it as the strength will bear, and the enlivening influence of bright sunshine, and agreeable scenery, and cheerful society, are among the means best suited to restore the defective functions and structures of frames prone to decay.' From starving the patient, the tendency of late years has been too much, Dr. Williams thinks, to the opposite extreme of stimulants and full diet. Next to the oil, change of



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

LADY DIANA DE VERE BEAUCLERK.

Drawn by the late George H. Thomas. Engraved by William L. Thomas.

climate is the great desideratum. A warm climate in winter and a high and dry locality in summer, are the great objects. On this point Dr. C. T. Williams has issued a little work on the climate of the south of France, to which Dr. C. J. B. Williams has been of great use, which is a valuable addition to the now considerable literature of climatology. He does not think much of the use of foreign waters, which are sometimes much recommended. He does not care much for such places as Cautelets and Ems. Dr. Williams does not hesitate to express his opinion that continental practitioners are far behind the British in their skill and success in the treatment of disease in general, and of diseases of the chest in particular. Their treatment may be more brilliant, but, unhappily, it is not equally efficacious.

In a country which seems peculiarly selected for the ravages of phthisis, one in eight of all illnesses being this illness, these latest results of medical investigations are peculiarly consolatory. It may be said generally of all disease hitherto supposed incurable, that there is a stage in which such is curable; that in all stages there are palliatives; and that the medical science seems groping through the darkness towards the discovery of specifics which may overtake the influence of what have hitherto seemed to be invincible destroyers.

A GROUP OF NOVELS.

There is a pause at present in the production of famous novels. Mr. Dickens is resting on his oars, and to Mr. Thackeray no successor has arisen. There is no serial story which all the world alike is reading and which may supply small talk in the afternoons. We old stagers are waiting to see what the new generation will turn out, and the new generation turns them out fast enough, but as they pass, one after another, we shake our heads and think it will hardly do. Failing our most illustrious novelist we fall back on the second-rate men and the third-rate men, whom we have

known ever so long, and as they have amused us before may amuse us again—our Charles Lever and Anthony Trollope; and as these old favourites still hold their own, and as the horde of younger aspirants do not come near them, we are beginning to hope that the fountain of fiction is running dry and the public are entering on some new phase of literary temper.

What is the reason that we always take so kindly to our Trollope? We take him up with the same sort of luxurious feeling with which we slip into slippers and an easy-chair, to which his pages form so agreeable an accompaniment. One reason is that Mr. Trollope is a man of humble and limited aims, and he knows it. In reading some novels we perceive that the authors are straining and aping into something larger than themselves; but Mr. Trollope, with good sense and breeding, always keeps on the safe side. We read his stories knowing he can do something much better than his stories; he is a man of the world, a keen observer, an extensive traveller, a man of political knowledge and ideas. He could write a book with a great deal of social and moral philosophy in it, but he is philosopher enough to know that such philosophy is best administered in infinitesimal dribbles, to be taken in huge draughts of fiction. And Mr. Trollope is a most industrious man. The Post Office must have been to him a sort of pleasant fiction, and fiction-writing the solid business of life. For months past he has had two solid novels on the stocks—'Phineas Finn' and 'He knew he was right'—and we have read them lazily with a lazy wonder why we should be reading them.

And yet the reason is obvious. Mr. Trollope photographs the average middle-class life from which romance has been too much excluded by romancists. There is all the difference in the world between a great picture and a photograph. It is one thing to study a Turner or a Claude and another to stare at a photograph in the shop window. Yet the photograph has a personal interest which could not possibly

belong to the picture. We see our intimate friend Brown in the most naked veracity, his little eyes, his smug nose, his bald pate, his obstreperous stack of hair. Mr. Trollope goes about photographing the Browns of humanity. But Mr. Trollope not only does the Browns, but he soars into higher regions. As Mr. Trollope has gone up into the world his heroes and heroines have gone up correspondingly. He can hardly very well go beyond Cabinet Ministers and Dukes of Omnium, unless he makes one of the royal princes his hero and lays his scene at German Courts or at Windsor Castle. In his 'Phineas Finn,' in spite of his well-intentioned protest he does in a way adumbrate Mr. Bright under Mr. Monk, and anticipates a future schism in the Cabinet on an Irish land bill. Then Mr. Trollope has his touches of realism, hardly visible but very pungent, realising Sidney Smith's salad lines:

'Let shreds of onion lurk within the bowl,
And, though unseen, yet animate the whole.'

He has got a sketch of a Cabinet Council, which must have been gleaned from some Cabinet Minister or a hall porter in Downing Street. But we know where we shall find Mr. Trollope's touches of realism—in official life, in foreign sketches, in London parties. In this realism Mr. Trollope is very honest and industrious, always accurate and painstaking. We can ourselves testify to that. The summer before last when the Peripatetic was peripateting the west country he came a good deal across Mr. Trollope's traces; at Lynton, on the Dart, and other Devonian parts. Mr. Trollope was accumulating literary provender, and it is now elaborated into his partly-Devonshire story '*He knew he was right.*'

But Mr. Trollope has not always got the power of settling stories in a striking way, and generally finishes them off in a negative and merely goody fashion. This was the case with our old friend Lilian Dale. We hold that something definite ought to have been done for Miss Dale. Either she ought to have forgiven

the repentant Crosbie or have rewarded the persevering Eames; in either case there would have been the bracing and elevating influence of a higher on an inferior nature. But to have Lilian Dale an old maid was not a termination according to nature, and Mr. Trollope virtually confessed that he was fairly baffled by those elements of fiction which he had drawn together. Similarly in his 'Phineas Finn,' of which the ladies grew rather tired and often passed over quickly as a 'political novel.' The engagement to Mary Flood Jones is a tame and impotent conclusion. Most novel readers will be of opinion that Mr. Kennedy ought to have been put to death in order that the Irish member might marry his widow, or, barring that, he ought to have married Violet Effingham. But to make him marry a girl for whom he had never really cared, whom he had forgotten, and to whom he proposed in consequence of being a short time in her company at a season of doubt and disappointment—a young woman totally disconnected from the main business of the story, makes the plot a total failure considered as a work of art. Another objection to Mr. Trollope's writings is the uniformly low ethical tone. We look in a novel for something that shall satisfy the instinct for poetic justice. Mr. Trollope never gets beyond the average humanity of us poor worldlings. He has more of Gignamity than broad sad humanity about him. But though he thinks lots of money necessary for terrestrial happiness, we thankfully acknowledge that in this mercenary age he does good service by impressively warning young ladies not to marry for money alone. In some measure in the 'Crawley Family' he has reproduced for our day the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' which would be more true if he should cut down his work to the dimensions of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

There is more force and freshness about 'That Boy of Norcott's' than has characterised many of Mr. Lever's late works. Young Norcott has the true 'Harry Lorrequer' and 'Charles O'Malley' smack about him. Mr. Lever has a wide cosmo-

politan experience. Her Majesty's Consul at Spezzia has a minute fidelity in all his continental sketches. His description of the little town on the Adriatic and of the great Transylvanian castle will prove a real addition to the stock of most persons' ideas. Mr. T. A. Trollope is an author who uniformly gives an Italian colouring to his stories. But the colouring ought always to be subordinate to dramatic interest, and this is the reason why 'That Boy of Norcott's' is the most pleasing of Mr. Lever's continental stories.

There is a class of novels, many of which are greatly to be deprecated, where the undoubted tendency is not only to be sensuous but sensual. Some writers, in cold blood, deliberately adopt the prurient style with the intention to trade and traffic on the vices and infirmities of humanity. In other cases such stories are the genuine outcome of nature and disposition. In the way of legible lust, perhaps no extant author quite comes up to Mr. Algernon Swinburne. But in this path of fiction Mr. Mortimer Collins makes a very decent or indecent second. Now we have very kindly feeling for Mr. Mortimer Collins. He has a genuine love of letters and a true gift of lyric song. We appreciate Mr. Collins' lyrics very highly, and we think that the public has hardly done justice to him in this respect. It is therefore really distressing to see Mr. Collins, when writing fiction with a cleverness that trenches upon genius, take so avowed a rank in the kingdom of evil. This is only an instance of a class. The novels of 'Ouida,' not to mention other authors and authoresses, lie open to very much the same imputation, although the military descriptions by 'Ouida' make her novels favourites with army men. But even here 'corrup-

tion wins not more than honesty.' Lust made legible is hardly popular with the community at large. Opposed to this is the school of simple narrative, faithful description, close quiet thought, in which a band of female novelists stands pre-eminent, and where such writers as Mr. George Macdonald, despite a certain vagueness and extravagance of thought, deserves to be named, and Miss Yonge, who in a long series of beneficent works has well sustained and carried on that which once seemed to be the special department of Miss Sewell.

We quite grant that the proper function of a novel is not to be goody, and obtrude a sermon in the place of a sentiment. But we cannot regret that the acid of sensuality is neutralized by such an alkali. The novel should supply for us the Comedy of Manner, the new comedy of old Menander, which, with satire, irony, and close observation, possessed also earnestness and purpose. When this is done, the novel may even acquire an historical importance. For instance, the novels of Smollett, the novels of Captain Marryat, and the few sea-stories of Mr. James Hannay, may very well give us a kind of consecutive history of manners in the modern British navy. It is also open to the novelists, if only they could achieve it, to give us the largest exhibition of the workings of passion and motive—which, indeed, all the novelists profess to do, and which is perhaps done, say in one case out of a thousand. These deeper sources of interest are very much neglected in current fiction for the light photographing of fleeting manner and costume, which we only desire may be well done, and with subjects well chosen, until some great genius may again arise to hold an admiring world in laughter or in tears.



ISIS v. CAM.

BY WAT BRADWOOD.

WHAT went they out into the wilderness for to see? The British populace on Wednesday, March 17th. Two eights rowing? They could see a score of them any summer evening, floundering and catching shell-fish on the tideway between Barnes and Wandsworth. To see good rowing? Not one of them in a hundred could have distinguished one crew from the other had they been suddenly painted black and white instead of indigo and azure—or would have been the wiser, but for the uniforms, had the University match at the last been tacitly withdrawn, and a couple of scratch eights of the Leander and London Rowing Clubs gone to the post to make sport for the community.

To see a race? They one and all made up their minds before ever they left their homes, that Oxford could not lose, and five to two against the ever-persevering Light Blue went hopelessly begging!

As far as a *coup d'œil* of rowing—as the sight of a race from start to finish, and not of one only but of ten or a dozen of all sorts and sizes every half-hour, and for scenery and fair summer weather, why did they not keep their energies for Henley Regatta, the Ascot and Goodwood combined, as the University Boat Race is the Derby, of rowing?

They turn out early or late, in fair or foul, for the University Race because it is the standard spectacle of its kind; and one-half the spectacle consists, not only in the race itself, but in the motley masses that throng to the river banks upon the same errand. The bill of fare has been uniform for many years past—challenge, preparation, training, gossip, arrival at Putney, scrutiny, an eve of rest, the race. And its sequel, the lunch of the crews at Mortlake, the dinner in town in the evening, have also been in the same strain without interruption since 1856. Till that year the match, though frequent, had not yet worked itself into an annual groove. And

the uniformity has become almost monotonous on one point, viz., the result; for since the double races of 1849, the one of which Cambridge won by superior condition and the other lost by a foul, Light Blue has thrice only led the way at the winning-post, viz., in '56, '58, and '60. Of intermediate years in which no Putney match took place, viz., '50, '51, '53, and '55, Oxford walked over at Henley in the former, won on the next two occasions, and were beaten by Cambridge on the last. So that of twenty years, four only show a Cambridge superiority, the two Universities having met either at Henley or Putney every one of these years, excepting '50, when, as above explained, Oxford, for reasons doubtless best known to the rowing world of that date, were left alone in their glory at Henley.

The preceding twenty years, from the first University match in '29 till '49, show a marked difference in result. The first match, from Hambleton Lock to Henley Bridge, was easily won by Oxford, who, having gained the toss, had undeniably the best of the station for the first mile to the Pavilion Island. In '36, the match was renewed, and Cambridge won easily, so also in '39, '40, and '41. In '42 Oxford turned the tide and won with a celebrated crew who made the nucleus of the 'glorious seven' in the succeeding year.

In '45 and '46 Cambridge again had the upper hand, and the next Putney match brings us to those already mentioned, of 1849.

Thus up to that point when Oxford won by a foul Cambridge had scored seven matches to Oxford's two. There had, however, been other meetings besides the matches. Oxford had meantime twice beaten Cambridge for the Gold Cup at the Thames Regatta, and of two meetings for the Grand Challenge at Henley each boat won one event; besides two other wins of the Grand Challenge by Oxford, in which Cambridge put in no appearance. The seven-

oar episode in 1843 was not nominally a meeting between the Universities proper, and cannot rank as a match. The Oxonians were a University eight, but the Cantabs were the 'Cambridge Subscription Rooms' of London, comprising oarsmen both past and present, but not necessarily the exact pick of each class, though they had thus double ranks from which to select.

From 1829 to 1839 there had been a custom, so far as we can trace in the absence of authentic records, that the head college boat of each University should meet for a spin over the Henley reach at the close of the summer term. Training was not thought much of in those days, and it was as common as not for the boats to row down from Oxford, fifty miles, to the scene of action, overnight. The only match recorded is that of Queen's College, Oxford v. St. John's, Cambridge, in 1837, won easily by the former.

It was the recurrence of these quasi-University matches, and the desire of other clubs to measure their strength with the Universities (for Cambridge had, to the surprise of the world, beaten the far-famed Leander Club in a match from Westminster to Putney in 1838), that induced the town of Henley to give the Grand Challenge Cup, open to the world, first rowed for in 1839, and which formed the nucleus of future Henley regattas.

Many scientific oarsmen have puzzled their brains to discover the reason why Cambridge, after showing on the whole superiority for the first twenty years of University boat-racing, should in the later twenty have failed to hold its own, and for the last nine years should have been systematically beaten.

The reason probably is, that the small volume of water in the Cam is not so suitable for learning rowing in the modern style of light boats as is the fuller and deeper Isis. Boats drag heavily on narrow and shallow water, and feel as heavy as 'tubs' even when they are racing 'shells.' When, at the last, the crews come to race on deep buoyant water, that crew which is most accustomed to

that style of rowing has manifest advantage.

In olden days boats were so heavy and broad, and offered such resistance to the water of themselves, that the difference between deep and shallow water was not so appreciable; just as two runners shod with heavy hobnailed shooting-boots would not find so much difference between muddy ground and light turf, but if they changed to running-pumps the consistency of the ground on which they practised would make all the difference to the acquirement of proper action and stride.

Secondly, in these days cesspools still existed; the Cam was not a public sewer as it now is, silted a couple of feet shallower than its former normal depth.

Thirdly, Oxford in former days had petty jealousies and disorganizations: till Shadwell and Menzies came to the rescue in 1842, few men were taught to row, or chosen for what they could be made by care and coaching: the latter art was hardly understood. The President who got into office divided his favours among his own school and college friends, and rivalry ran high between ex-Etonians and Westminsterians.

These causes can explain, to a great extent, why Cambridge once had the upper hand and subsequently lost it. Want of success, however, of late years had sown demoralization and want of confidence among Cambridge oarsmen. They changed coach after coach, tactics after tactics, but without improvement; rather the reverse, for they lost even the common appliances of good time of oars and form of body. This year, Mr. G. Morrison, who had, while President of Oxford, trained the winning crews of '61 and '62, went down to Cambridge to coach, at the request of their President, and produced a marked improvement. He brought out a neater crew than the Oxonians, though not so powerful a one, or so *au fait* at rowing a light boat upon deep water. The crew made a good race for two miles, and none can say that, under the circumstances, their defeat was any disgrace. The authorities of Cambridge are now beginning to awake to a sense

of the state of their river, and the work of clearing it out has commenced. By next year, when it will have been deepened and widened, if Cambridge will row in as good form as they did this year, with as able a coach to guide them, they will as likely as not regain their old pride of place.

The race this year was a very pretty one up to Chiswick Eyot; the pace of both boats was above the average, far greater than that of the preceding year, and few of the accompanying steamers saw much of the struggle. Oxford got the best of the start, and led more or less the whole way to Craven Point and into the shoot beyond it. The steering of both boats was here very erratic, to say the least; and Oxford steering wide to the right, into the Crab Tree bight, were caught and passed by Cambridge, and off the Soap-works were a quarter of a length to the bad. Here they came with a rush, and shot Hammersmith Bridge, a mile and three-quarters from the start, but a yard behind, and went in front off the Doves just beyond. It was still a close race to Chiswick Eyot, but Cambridge had so far held alongside of Oxford simply by dint of rowing three or four strokes more in the minute than the others; consequently they were the first to crack under the severity of the pace. Oxford, on the other hand, had a shot or two left in the locker, and forcing the pace with a quickened stroke as they passed the Eyot, came away from Cambridge, who were already extended to their utmost, and led by a clear length as they crossed to the Middlesex shore in Corney Reach. Up the broad water to Barnes Bridge they improved their position, and had a good three lengths' lead as they shot the shore arch. From thence to the winning-post they had all their own way, and won by six lengths in 20 min. 20 sec. (not 20 min. 5 sec., as recorded by Benson's chronograph and other timekeepers, who probably took the win from the usual point of the 'Ship' instead of the flag-boat a hundred yards further on). But, be the

time what it may, it is at least the best on record of any that have been rowed in the flood-tide, and only surpassed by that of 1863, rowed on a strong ebb and with favouring breeze, in 23 min. 6 sec. from Barker's rails (5 miles), and 20 min. 5 sec. from the Ship to Putney; the last four miles and a quarter which forms the standard distance, the same as rowed this year.

But, after all, the time of a race rowed on a tideway is little or no criterion of a boat's capabilities, so seldom does any crew manage to secure a strong tide and smooth water at the right moment. An afternoon tide always runs stronger than a morning one, *i.e.*, those tides which fall later than two o'clock are nearer the 'spring' than those which are at their height before noon, and are 'neaps.' This year the tide was a fair one, but three or four days beyond the spring-tide (which had been on the Saturday), and thus, though better than some tides, still not one of the best. The race being usually a fixed date, Saturday week before Easter (which itself varies by the new moon), has generally fallen upon a thorough neap-tide: this year being on the Wednesday before the usual date it had rather a better stream. Moreover, many crews in former years—to wit, in '60, '65, '66, &c.—have been bullied by steamers overcrowding them, till the tide (a neap at the time) had spent and almost turned before a clear field had been secured for the start: and a crew is not worked up to complete concert pitch, to maintain full racing pace the whole way, till the last day or two of training; hence, at the time of spring-tide, a week before the race, they are rowing but half speed of stroke. Yet even these half-speed strokes, of about 34 and 35 a minute, have on spring-tides completely eclipsed racing records, and times varying from 20 min. 20 sec. to 19 min. 50 sec. have been accomplished on those terms in training, while 20 min. 20 sec. is the quickest record for a race. At the same time no disparagement is meant to the Oxonians of this year, who were, though rather rough in form, considerably above the ave-

rage in speed, and fit to be placed in the same class with the winning crews of '57, '63, and '66, which were no doubt the pick of those which have been brought out since the keelless boat has come into vogue.

Two points come into strong relief in contemplating the subject of University Races: one, the intense *furor* of the populace for the event, which can principally be attributed to the fact that this contest alone, of the leading items of sport in the season, is the one that cannot be 'squared' or bought at any price. A well-known turfite of large property and of the 'leg' class, whose horses run in and out on the turf in a manner explicable only to their owner, having lately lost a racing trial in a court of law, openly attributed his failure as he left the court to having recklessly neglected to 'square the—judge' before the cause came on. Such individuals fall into the natural yet very uncharitable error of estimating their neighbours' probity by the ratio of their own; yet the narrative serves to show the too general standard of morality among professional racing men, and at the same time the appreciation which the more fair-dealing public accord to a race which is beyond the influence and contamination of the 'legs.'

Last of all, the populace marvel and applaud the stubborn, bulldog pertinacity with which Cambridge year after year come up again to the scratch, saddened, no doubt, but unsubdued by the disaster. Characteristic though the whole race and its concomitants is from first to last of the English, and of no other

nation, yet this one feature is perhaps the most marked characteristic of all. In no other nation would such a trait be found, and, without disparaging other clubs, in hardly any other society even of England itself. An Anglo-Saxon never knows when he is beaten, and hence can never be finally crushed; the same spirit that made Oxford steal the race from the fire in '65, though three lengths behind at Hammersmith and virtually beaten by all precedents of boat-racing, urges Cambridge year after year to ignore all idea of inferiority and to throw down the gauntlet with new hopes and new pains in store. The tide must turn in time. Considering the extent to which Cambridge were handicapped by the inferiority of their river, their crew this year did them as much and more credit than did the Oxonian boat to the Isis. There is no school like adversity to those who know not to be crushed or cowed by it, and who, not scorning to take a leaf from their victors, do their best to repair year by year the weak point which caused their failure the year before. Cambridge will yet find a Zama to revenge Cannæ and its preceding overthrows, and like her prototype

'Per damna, per caedes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Merses profundo, pulchrior exiet,
Luctere, magno prouet integrum
Cum laude victorem !'

And the ovation of that day will go far to atone for all the hardships and disappointments of a ten years' uphill struggle with luck, demoralization, and (pardon the bathos) the shortcomings of a navigable sewer!



UNDER THE CHESTNUTS.

I.

FALL the white blossoms, the soft turf is glowing,
 Rustle the tender green fans in a row:
 Under the chestnuts it seems to be snowing,
 Whilst the grand leafy boughs sway to and fro.

II.

Glints on the mill-stream the silvering glory
 Of the full tender-eyed Queen of the Night:
 Telling to lovers the ever-same story,
 Filling with dewdrops the lily-cups white.

III.

Hushed are the moorlands; the nightingale keepeth
 Vigil alone, as he plaintively sings;
 Under the ferns every grey rabbit sleepeth,
 Monarchs are peasants, and peasants are kings.

IV.

Through the tall chestnuts the night breeze is straying,
 Kissing their leaves and their pyramids white;
 Through the tall chestnuts the zephyrs are playing,
 Sporting like brownies and fays in the night.

V.

Under the chestnuts we wandered a-dreaming,
 True friends, and lovers, in years long ago;
 Back come those visions to-night, and, in seeming,
 Boyhood has come again;—would it were so!

VI.

And yet I know not—for why should we, weeping,
 Sigh for the past, that can ne'er come again?
 Better by far to let memory, sleeping,
 Lie unawakened, nor murmur in vain!

A. H. B.



LONDON SOCIETY.

JUNE, 1869.

OXFORD BEFORE COMMEMORATION.



BEAUTY AND BEER.

HOW to see Oxford, and when? Questions to be carefully pondered by the visitor who meditates a trip to the old university town upon the banks of the Isis; for Oxford is in a special degree dependent upon contingencies of times and seasons for the impressions which,

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favourable or unfavourable, she may leave upon the stranger's mind. Viewed under atmospheric influences of an untoward nature, when the clear brightness of early October has given place to the fogs of November—and an Oxford fog in point of discomfort is second only to a

London fog—that seat of learning, which boasts of King Alfred as its founder, is about the most uninviting place conceivable. Its graceful spires and beautifully-proportioned towers are almost lost to view amid the general opaqueness of the air. Classical piles of antique building, which under happier aspects are rightly called majestic, seem heavy and sombre, while the graceful curve of the High Street—which, by-the-by, Mr. G. A. Sala certainly ought to celebrate in his ‘Streets of the World’—simply appears an interminable vista of drizzle, vapour, and mist. We might perhaps supplement these brief hints as to when Oxford is *not* to be visited, by mentioning the circumstance that certain other conditions than those of time and weather must be fulfilled if it is wished for an excursion to that university to leave a pleasurable, rather than a painful effect upon the memory. For instance, old Brown, the banker, who paid a visit to Oxford some two years ago, and the three Miss Robinsons, who were there chaperoned by a judicious aunt, just a year ago, would give you very different accounts indeed of the city, the university, and their inhabitants. If Mr. Brown’s opinion were asked, he would not hesitate to record a verdict of an extremely unfavourable nature. The place may be pretty enough, only he could see precious little in it. As for the undergraduates, he thought them the most objectionable set of young coxcombs and spendthrifts with whom he had ever been brought into contact. The tradesmen were all swindlers, and the college tutors not much better. But then it must be remembered that this asperity of judgment is, in a certain degree, to be possibly accounted for by the fact that the sole purpose of Mr. Brown’s visit was to look into the affairs of his somewhat extravagant son—a process which involved the liquidation of sundry not wholly insignificant liabilities, for Brown junior had managed, as in undergraduate parlance it is termed, ‘to run a pretty considerable mucker.’

On the other hand, the Miss

Robinsons thought everything was perfectly charming. The undergraduates were delightful; the balls were perfection; and the picnics under the shadow of the Nuneham woods were divine; for the time chosen by the young ladies for their visit was about the middle-June, when the Oxford Commemoration gaieties were in full swing, and their host was none other than a very favourite cousin, the son of that same discreet relative under whose espionage their academical pilgrimage was performed.

Not that from the diversity of these experiences we would lead our readers to infer that we recommend them to choose the celebration of the *Encenia*, or, as it is more commonly known, Commemoration, for the occasion of their visit. On the other hand, we most distinctly would not. Any person who would take our advice would indeed manage to make himself acquainted with Oxford when clad in its summer dress, but would also so time his visit that he escapes the consummate boredom of the great annual academical carnival. Let it be assumed, in the first place, that the intelligent stranger wishes to make himself acquainted with the ordinary every-day life of Oxford at this agreeable period of the year; let it be further laid down that he is disposed to take his pleasure leisurely, and that he is systematically opposed to indecent haste when the object is enjoyment. Judged by these canons—and we take it they are the true ones—Commemoration is a gigantic imposition—a traditional delusion. In the first place, Oxford under her customary garb is not seen at all, and persons who trust to their Commemoration experience for true and accurate ideas of academical life are miserably deceived. In the second place, the relentless manner in which the stranger is hurried through all kinds of ordeals, miscalled those of pleasure, precludes the idea of genuine enjoyment. He is made to dance all night; he is roused up at unseasonable hours for a heavy and indigestible breakfast; he is dragged about and ruthlessly lionized during

the whole of the morning, suffering, not improbably, from the combined pangs of ennui and dyspepsia. At one he is made to sit down to lunch; then comes a flower-show; then, at half-past five, dinner; then private theatricals, and, to wind up all, perhaps another ball, while the next morning is the signal for the recommencement of the performance *da capo*. If this account appears to have the demerit of cynicism, it certainly has the merit of truth.

But Oxford preparing for Commemoration is a very different thing indeed from Oxford in the midst of Commemoration. If the latter is only spurious delectation, the former is certainly genuine. Three days of summer weather, then — to stay more than three days in Oxford at a time is a great mistake, for in taking one's pleasure, as in eating one's dinner, one ought to leave off with an appetite — are a really thorough treat. As a rule the time to be chosen is very early in June, when the sun seems brighter, while the air withal is fresher — when the foliage on the trees is greener, and the birds sing more merrily than at any other period of the year. Whether as regards inanimate nature or animate, that is the season when the life-blood of Oxford seems the fullest in the veins, and when the pulses beat the quickest and the strongest. Then is the time when her sons are busiest on the river, on the Cowley Cricket Ground, ay, and even in that dismal haunt of examiner and examinees, the schools — the time, in fact, when the academical year is just culminating, and when, as a consequence, the scene is the most interesting and active. If in October Oxford is visited by some beautiful days of sunshine — if the walls of some of the colleges are lovely to look upon, clad in a dress of red autumnal creepers, which the sun seems to light up with gold — if even then the river swarms with boats, and the captains of crews are keeping a sharp look-out for promising recruits — its attractions cannot compare with those of the early June, simply because one does not then

find every side of university life so fully represented.

The obliging reader will perhaps kindly imagine that we have arrived in Oxford about that time which we have indicated. The sky is divinely clear, and the sun scorchingly hot; the hour is four P.M. We have taken up our quarters at the Mitre, the only genuine Oxford hotel now remaining, for the Star has given place to the Clarendon, and the old Angel is being pulled down to make way for the Examination Schools. A novel edifice of imposing dimensions, the Randolph, has been constructed; but as we object on principle to these somewhat pretentious and usually inhospitable hostelries, of which the proprietors are companies, we stick firmly to the Mitre. You may live there like a prince, and if you pay for it in proportion, you are only doing what you would do elsewhere, and the game has certainly been worth the candle. Moreover the waiters are civil, do their best to make you comfortable, and succeed; while the air, if sometimes redolent of cigar-smoke, is also redolent of classical tradition. We glance idly up and down the High — Oxford etymology drops by ellipse the 'street' — and it occurs to us that a stroll might be advisable. 'Lodgings for Commemoration' is the superscription borne on the placard which is hung up in almost every window. We pass on, and leave the lodging proprietors to make their harvest — a very golden one — while the sun shines. A fortnight has to elapse before Commemoration is due; but, notwithstanding this, we notice that there are several who have already learned the lesson of wisdom which we have tried to teach — that it is better to visit Oxford before than during Commemoration — for we meet with more than one group composed obviously of visitors piloted by academical friends. If we look up, on our right hand or on our left, we shall see Young Oxford taking his ease in the approved summer fashion of the place. Just outside the windows yonder you may see a delicately-constructed iron frame. A red damask cushion constitutes a species of lining; and

with arms recumbent upon this, dog-like as the watchman in the Agamemnon, the undergraduate of the period takes, from his lofty post, his survey of the situation. He is not alone, for a friend shares with him the comfortable appendage mentioned above. A silver—we will call it silver for the poetry of the thing—tankard lies between them, containing claret-cup; a pipe—young Oxford affects pipes in preference to cigars, when within the precincts of his university—hangs languidly from the mouth of each, and the pair are indulging in their comments and criticisms upon those who pass below. These two young gentlemen are rather by way of being exquisites; and if they find a pleasure in looking at the scene around them, it is a reasonable supposition that they also find a pleasure in glancing down at their own faultless clothes; for in this fashion does Young Oxford delight to take his ease.

Oxford has been called the City of Spires; with as much propriety might it be called the City of Bells. From noon to night, from morn to to dewy eve, the air is seldom without a suspicion of tintinabulation. When we awake from our comfortable slumbers to-morrow morning, it will be at the summonses, needed or not, of 'those chapel bells;' and now, as we stroll in the beautiful summer afternoon, gazing the while upon every conceivable development of academical life, young and old, grave and gay—clear as the sound of silver, from many a tower, borne over the stately elms of many a college garden, we hear the musical message which tells us that the hour of evening chapel is near at hand. Not by any means a popular institution are these vespers during summer time, for Young Oxford enjoys having its afternoons uninterrupted by any such roll-call. Still, college ordinances, with their inexorable routine, require, as a rule, one attendance daily at the chapel; and if that attendance has not been given before the day has begun, it must be volunteered as it is drawing to its close. Here as we stand in our station in the High, we have a

capital opportunity of witnessing the undergraduate, with a sprinkling of the graduate world, returning *en route* to those organ-pealing, dimly-lighted shrines. From the river, from the cricket-ground, from basking like water-lilies in pleasant punts on the Cherwell, and from serenely defending their wickets on the Bullingdon Ground,

'While the Buttress of the period
Bowled them his peculiar twisters;'

from constitutionals, from cross-country larks, on some of Charley Symonds' nags, from quiet drives through Nuneham Park, the undergraduate world streams in to chapel—some slowly and reluctantly, others as taking a pride in being present at the coming ceremony. For in the undergraduate community the ritualistic element is more or less represented; and it is one of the articles in the creed of undergraduate ritualism never to miss an evening service. We cannot pretend to have much sympathy with this phase of university life. Your youthful ritualist is very likely only passing through a short-lived stage; but while it lasts it is an unpleasant one—unpleasant to the verge of absurdity. Those two young gentlemen who walk up on the other side of the street, are two specimens of this type, Messrs. Reredos and Mullion, of St. Ambrose. Their dress is sombre, but they each of them wear rather massive watch-chains, bedecked with crosses and sundry apostolical devices. Having spent their twelve terms within the walls of their college, they are now in lodgings, and strange stories are told of the mock priestly scenes enacted by this enthusiastic pair, for they have taken up their habitation together. It is believed, and believed on good authority, that if you got the chance of examining the contents of their wardrobe, you would come across stoles and vestments of marvellous cut, and multitudinous hues. It is also reported that if you could gain an *entrée* to their apartments at certain hours, you might see strange scenes of devotion celebrated—wonderful obeisances performed. Each of them

also happens to be great in the way of vocal music; and if they accelerate their steps now, it is that they may not fail to take their places among the chapel choir. When there, they will make themselves conspicuous by the complexity of the religious evolutions and manœuvres through which they will go, by the somewhat obtrusive audibility of tone with which they will repeat the responses, and the unflagging energy which they will display when the anthem is sung. The chapel bell has only four minutes more to ring, when a light dog-cart drives up to the college-gates: a neatly got-up groom is in waiting, and two young gentlemen get down. These are Messrs. Dashville and Fenton, two college intimates, of a very different stamp from our ritualistic young friends. They are in a great hurry: the reins are thrown to the Automedon who stands close by, and the pair hurry off to put on their gowns. Only a minute more. They are seen rushing down their respective staircases: now they are at the chapel door, and have saved their distance by a second or two—a fact upon which, as they walk up the aisle to take their seats, they congratulate themselves not a little: for our two friends—of a very different turn from Reredos and Mulion—have been told by the Dean of the college, that unless they manage to keep one chapel *per diem* during the remainder of the term, they will assuredly, out of regard to one or two little irregularities, be sent down at once. The warning has had the desired effect; and though, as Mr. Dashville says, after the ceremony is over, to Mr. Fenton, they have only done it by a shave, it has been done after all.

The last of the chapel bells are hushed, and we stroll back to the Mitre to dress for dinner, for to-night we dine, by appointment, with the Rev. Percy Bulteel, fellow and senior tutor of St. Ambrose. As we reach our friend the Rev. Percy's rooms, we find him deep in examination papers: for, as he tells us, 'Moderations are on,' and he is unfortunate enough to have been appointed a moderator. *Apropos* of a

celebrity who is both an examiner and a don, it may be worth while to say a few words towards correcting a mistake, deplorably prevalent, touching this bifold character. During the last twenty years—especially during the last ten—a very marked change has come over the composition of the *genus* 'Don.' It has ceased to be at all wholly made of those crusty, cross-grained specimens of humanity, living in a world of their own, with no sympathies and no experiences beyond such as are shadowed forth to us in all the regulation stories of college life. Instead, we shall now find, as a rule, the tenants of an Oxford common room not differing very materially in kind from highly-educated gentlemen elsewhere; while the examiner of the period has emphatically ceased to be that natural foe to the whole kind of undergraduates which the uninitiated love to fancy that he constitutes. He plucks, and must pluck occasionally—'plough' they call it now, but the difference in nomenclature does not change the disagreeableness of the proceeding—but he does so reluctantly, and with more pity than anger at undergraduate ignorance. An admirable type of the new Oxford fellow is the Rev. Percy Bulteel: young—he is scarcely more than five-and-thirty, an accomplished scholar, an admirable oar, and a thorough-going gentleman. The story runs that, not very long ago, a staid and somewhat stern Paterfamilias brought up his eldest son to matriculate at St. Ambrose. He arrived at a singularly untoward time, 2.30 in the afternoon, when full swing is being given to the physical as distinguished from the intellectual energies of Oxford.

'Is the Dean in?' asked Paterfamilias of the porter.

'No, sir,' was the reply. 'Won't be in till chapel time, for he has gone down to Cowley to coach the Eleven.'

'The senior tutor then?'

'He's on the river with the Eight, sir,' was the reply to this further query.

Mr. Bulteel tells us the anecdote, and also relates to us how, when

Mr. Jones finally committed his son to the care of the authorities of St. Ambrose, he did so with the expression of an earnest hope that he might not be led astray by his love for athletic pursuits to neglect his academical studies. Not much fear of that, however; for Mr. Bulteel is not only the most active college tutor but the best private coach in Oxford.

St. Ambrose dining-hall is not troubled with a large attendance of undergraduates just now: for in the

fine days and long evenings of summer, it is, to a great extent, the fashion for those who are not vindicating the prestige of their college upon the cricket-ground, to betake themselves to some agreeable sylvan retreat for the purpose of an early afternoon repast, to be followed by a substantial supper—*o noctes coenæque deum*—when they return to college. They then pull down to Sandford Lasher, where the double object is achieved, of getting the best dip possible in the Isis and of



IN THE COMMON ROOM.

eating the most delicious of eels; or perhaps to Godstowe, the traditional prison-house of Fair Rosamond, whither they row under the shade of murmuring lime-trees, or drive in one of those snug little basket-carriages, which, from their abundance in Oxford during the summer-time, might have been supposed to be manufactured for the special convenience of the undergraduate. Others there are, too—*rapidi juvenes*, in the

questionable Latinity of the author of 'Verses and Translation,'—the *élite*, in their own estimation, of the University, members of a club known as the 'Bullington,' which boasts of a cricket-ground of its own, and a barn for a dining-place.

But by this time we have been introduced to the senior fellow at the St. Ambrose high-table, and dinner is already almost over. We

wind up with some choice Stilton, and a wine-glass of that very particular old ale upon which the cellars of St. Ambrose pride themselves, and in five minutes more we have taken our seats at the mahogany table in the centre of the common room, which we enter after having surmounted a long flight of stairs. The table in question is laid for desert: the windows are open, and through them we gaze over the tops of graceful trees, past a beautiful lawn—the ‘Fellows’ garden’—upon the towers of All Souls. Obliquely the rays of the setting sun stream in upon us, reflecting themselves upon the glossy mahogany, and lighting up the claret jugs with a ruby lustre. Could anything be more attractive? As visitors, we are made the most of, and, with a placid sense of enjoyment, we sip our Lafitte—St. Ambrose is famed for its wine of this vintage—with a sense of tranquil enjoyment and with a conviction that of all lives in the world, that of the well-to-do Oxford fellow is the most purely pleasurable. And so, perhaps, it is, though after a time just a little monotonous: for there is much sameness in the society of most university common rooms. Ah, those common rooms! what different spectacles have they witnessed! For it is not to be supposed that they are wholly devoted to the agreeable conversation and the consumption of the excellent beverages which are this evening *de rigueur*. They are also the stern tribunals from which justice is meted out to peccant undergraduates, as well as decorous feasting halls to judicial dons. At the expiration of each term, an institution, known in the different colleges by the name of ‘Collections,’ is celebrated,—a kind of examination at which the intellectual progress made by the student is tested, and his moral deportment criticized. Paper work is succeeded by *viva voce*, and very abominable to the majority of undergraduates this latter ordeal is. Mr. Sportoke, we will imagine, has just received a summons from the college porter before those grave and reverend seignors, who are going to pass

their judgment upon his conduct during the past term.

‘Has Mr. Sportoke,’ inquires the head of the college, whether he be entitled principal, master, or provost, of the dean, ‘been tolerably regular in his attendance at chapel?’

The question is of course merely formal, for the answer has been arranged already between the two dignitaries.

‘I regret to say,’ replies the dean, ‘that Mr. Sportoke has given me much dissatisfaction in this respect.’

The provost, if provost he be, shakes his head gloomily at this intelligence, and then appeals to the senior tutor.

‘I hope,’ is the sanguine tone in which his inquiry is propounded, ‘that Mr. Sportoke has made satisfactory progress with his college lectures?’

But the answer here again is not exactly what the interrogator expressed himself as anticipating; and the unlucky Sportoke is informed that a continuance of such habits is not to be tolerated: that discipline will be upset, and that a repetition of such offences will be met with immediate and relentless rustication.—*Exit* Sportoke. Our friend Mr. Bulteel informs us that some such scene as this has occurred on this very spot that morning. We express our surprise, and sip our claret.

But the races are going on, and we determine to ramble down to the river’s banks. *En route* thither we meet several groups bound in the same direction. But the surpassing loveliness of Christ Church meadows on this divine evening arrests us even more than our fellow-travellers. Where is there such a noble avenue to be found as that designated by the name of the ‘Broad Walk?’ Can Kensington Gardens show anything to equal it? Where will you see trees of nobler girth, of more plentiful or more verdant umbrage? And then the evening air is heavy with odours, and louder even than the light laugh of the undergraduate is heard the opening note of the shrill musical nightingale. But here we are on the St. Ambrose barge, and the boats are just com-

mencing to row down to Iffley, the starting-place. We will not attempt to describe the race. That has been done already *passim usque ad nar-seam*: we will merely for a moment glance around at the spectators. That rather ancient gentleman is

one of the oldest residents in the University — quite an academical troglodyte; he gained his fellowship at the commencement of the century, and he never leaves his college, except for a month in August, a fortnight of which he spends with a



ON THE UNIVERSITY BARGE.

brother who has a living in Cornwall, the remainder of the time being devoted to his attendance upon a paralytic sister at Leamington. His Cornwall brother, however, has daughters — two very pretty girls, whom this venerable old gentleman, by way of fulfilling all his duties to his relations, invites to spend a fortnight with him

every year at Oxford, under the care of their mother: and at the present instant these two young and charming ladies are with him on the college barge, for a headache prevents Mrs. Esmond from coming out, and the two Miss Esmonds would not lose an evening of the races for any consideration. It must be confessed that their aged and reverend uncle

is—as indeed he looks—somewhat out of his element amid this merry and frivolous crowd; but he looks upon the discomfort as a duty to his family, and he congratulates himself upon the circumstance that a year more must pass before another June comes round. As for entertaining his nieces actually at Commemoration, nothing will induce him to do that: so he effects this kind of compromise with their tastes for academical dissipation, and gives them just a foretaste of these gaieties—a piece of diplomacy upon which we congratulate him, and for which the young ladies ought also to be thankful, for reasons mentioned above—*sua si bona norint*.

Other fellows of Colleges there are younger indeed by much, as well as certain more sapient undergraduates, who knowing well, from painful experience, the utter misery of entertaining friends at Commemoration, transfer their hospitality to the fortnight preceding it. So that altogether there is no lack of muslin dresses, of bright young faces, or of opportunity for ruining oneself in the matter of gloves: for what young lady ever witnessed a boat race without wishing to back her opinion in Houbigant's wares?

Well, the race is over now; we do not much care who has bumped whom, whether Trinity heads the river, or Corpus, or Queen's: and we are not going to attempt to relate the marvellous struggle between Brasenose and Exeter, which took place at the Gut, or at Sander's barge. It is quite enough to know that the contest is ended, and that we may stroll Mitre-wards, or, if you like it best, into College, where we shall doubtless find some hospitable undergraduate who will give us a cool draught of Moselle cup, or of the more homely bitter, for our *fauces* begin to grow *aride*. As we re-enter the High Street we hear the echoing of a horn, we look down, and in the dusk of the evening see the St. Ambrose College Cricket drag driving towards us, while we ourselves have taken up our station on the St. Ambrose steps. And here the Eleven with their friends alight. They have won their match, have

dined on their ground, and are generally in high feather. Ah, there is another drag! Come from the same haunt of cricketers, and as we stand here, yet another. The place is alive with them, and very pleasant indications of undergraduate animation they are—indications, moreover, which, had we deferred our visit till the time when Commemoration was in full swing, we should never have seen. It is almost dark now, but the air seems full of life for all that.

As we stand on the St. Ambrose steps we think we recognize a form of an old college friend—a very great intimate indeed in the days when Plancus was Consul. He comes nearer; it is, it is, old Jones; but he is not alone; on his arm there trips a neat, natty-dressed, little form.

'Jones, old fellow,' we say, as we greet him, 'is that you?'

As Jones returns our salutation, he introduces us to the little figure we had already noticed, which belonged to no less a person than Mrs. Jones.

'You see,' he tells us, 'I have come up from Hocus-cum-Pocus—by-the-by I have the living—to take my masters (*i. e.* the degree of M.A.), and as I never could stand Commemoration, I chose this, as I think, the pleasantest of all times, and I have brought my wife with me. Will you come and see me go through the formality at nine A.M. to-morrow?'

We promise, and Jones passes on.

As we return to the Mitre we find a number of letters awaiting us from different townsmen who have known us years ago in our undergraduate days, and who also let lodgings, wanting to know whether we should like capital accommodation for Commemoration. On this point we have already enunciated our opinions, so that they need not be reiterated here.

We are in the schools quad, faithful to our appointment with Jones. We could not have timed our visit thither better, for not only shall we have the opportunity of witnessing the conferring of the degrees, but we see a host of youths who are at

present engaged in endeavouring to pass the ordeal which must inevitably be undergone before those degrees can be received. As we pass through the large quadrangle we meet on every side a variety of white-chokered youths just on the point of entering the schools: some are in for 'Greats,'—such in the slang of the place is the final examination for degree called—others for moderation. The expression of the different countenances which greet us is a genuine study. There is the languidly confident, or seemingly quite careless passman, who wanders up to the door, chats with a friend or two, and then walks in; there is the nervous candidate, who busies himself to the last moment with mastering, or endeavouring to master, some mysterious *memoria technica*, which contains in a few unintelligible words the chief points of the ethics, or the principal facts of the Testament history. But we take leave of these and hurry to the building where degrees are to be given.

Making our way in through a troop of undergraduates, some to turn out full-fledged B.A.s, who stand round the door discussing the class list, the prospect of So-and-so getting his fellowship, and of the approaching Commemoration being gay, or the reverse, we discern Jones, in the midst of several other incipient M.A.s struggling into a bachelor's gown, hired by him, with the regulation rabbit-skin hood, for a modest consideration, of the obliging clerk of the schools, who stands close by. He beckons us to his side, and we walk out of the vestibule into Convocation House itself. We take up our position close by Mrs. Jones, who has come to see her lord and master achieve the last honours that the University can bestow upon him, unless, indeed, Jones, in days yet to come, receives the honorary degree of D.D., or D.C.L.—a contingency, which, looking back on our old chum's academical achievements, we mentally decide with ourselves is the reverse of probable. Convocation House itself is imposing, rather from the dignity of the ceremonies celebrated within its precincts, than for the aspect of the

mere edifice. Up and down either sides are ranged long oaken benches placed there for the benefit of those who may wish to witness the ordination undergone. At the top of the room—for room it really is—on a species of throne slightly elevated above the remainder of the floor, is seated the Vice-Chancellor, supported on his left and right by the two Proctors. At the bottom stand the Deans of different Colleges, who introduce to the said Vice-Chancellor the undergraduates and graduates of their respective colleges, who are aspirants for the various degrees. We must suppose that all the fees have been paid in the above-mentioned ante-room to a certain academical dignitary who is ensconced in a little oaken box. This being done nothing remains but to be formally presented to the virtual head of the University, and to be saluted a Bachelor, Master, Doctor of Divinity, or whatever other title may have been assumed. As it happens, there are a good many degrees to be conferred to-day. The first who go up to the Vice-Chancellor, and after a long beatification pronounced upon them by him, depart glorying in the appendage of D.D., are two country schoolmasters, and one or two old rectors. Next come the masters—a formidable batch. The 'Dean of Balliol' is the name called out by the University officer on the right hand of the Proctor, and the Dean of Balliol accordingly makes his appearance. Then ensues a slight Latin colloquy between himself and the Vice-Chancellor, finally he presents his different charges; they kneel down, after having gone through the formality of taking an oath to the effect that they will never conspire against the Church or Queen, and, rising up, depart. After a little waiting the Dean of St. Tristram brings forward our friend Jones, who, submitting to the same ceremony, takes upon himself the same obligations, has his head patted by the Vice-Chancellor, and is told that he has the academical sanction 'to dispute and to teach, and to do everything else in this University which properly appertains to the degree of Master of Arts'

—for the benefit of our lady readers we translate the Latin formula. Mrs. Jones looks on approvingly. Jones walks up to her where she is seated on the spectator's bench, takes her out, and as he makes his exit is met by his old college scout, who has furnished himself with a master's gown for his former part proprietor. The process known as tipping is gone through, and the Rev. Mr. Jones leaves Convocation House, having enjoyed thoroughly being up for his master's—not, be it known, so much for the sake of the additional dignity with which it has endowed him, as for the opportunity he has had of meeting old college friends, scattered, in their different occupations, to the four winds of heaven, who once in a way have again met together, bent on one and the same mission. These are the times at which A. comes across B. after having lost sight of him for four or five or any number of years. All this time A. has been working away in his country parish, and B. has perhaps been grinding at law in the vain expectation of briefs, or has possibly been losing his health and his liver under Indian suns. As the friends greet each other outside Convocation House, many are the hurried notes compared as to how the intervening time since they last met as undergraduates struggling to get through the schools has been spent. What has become of Smith? what of Leserton? and has any one heard anything of Gibbs—you remember Gibbs? and where are you living now, Thistleton? and do you know anything of Manning, who used to live in the rooms opposite you? It is wonderful how speedily old associations are revived under the shadow of these familiar towers.

But let us linger behind for a moment and glance at those who are at this present instant in *statu pupillari*, but who before many minutes are over will have thrown aside the bib-like undergraduate's gown for the long flowing sleeves of the costume worn by the B.A. That gentleman rather older in appearance than most of his compeers, who is being conducted in front of the Vice-Chancellor by the Dean of his

College, is none other than Mr. Messiter. To-day is really the proudest of his life; for he has at last safely established himself beyond the reach of all examiners and examinations. Nearly seven years ago he matriculated at Oriel, but if you look for his name in the University Calendar you will find that it no longer figures among the list of members of Bishop Whateley's old College, but that he has retired to St. Alban's Hall. The meaning of the change? Well, our friend Messiter has been unfortunate in his schools—in plain English he has failed on various occasions quite to satisfy the examinatorial standard. He has been plucked at least three times for everything for which he has gone in; and so the fellows and tutors of Oriel recommended him to retire into the private life of a hall. But at last he is through; and when, a week since, Messiter gained his *testamur* for his final schools, the news went like wildfire throughout the circle of his rather numerous academical friends. Even when the long-wished-for little piece of oblong paper which certified the joyful fact was brought to Messiter by a trusty friend, who had frequently been on the same errand, but with very different results before, he could scarcely believe his eyes. If you scrutinize him closely at this present moment it is possible to see that he is not completely at his ease—not indeed that he has not by this time realized the blissful truth of his having done for ever with 'those wretched schools,' but because there are certain other circumstances connected with his University career which make him feel anxious to have fairly clutched the B.A. within his grasp. For Messiter, like a good many other of his friends who have protracted their stay at the pleasant University of Oxford, and who have spared nothing to make their time as pleasant as is reasonably possible, has managed to contract a considerable crop of bills. And at the last several of his tradesmen turned, as he expressed it, 'rusty' and demurred to his proceeding to his degree: a step, by-the-by, which the representatives of Oxford commerce have it quite in their power to adopt

with respect to undergraduates peculiarly embarrassed. The process is very simple. The creditor, whosoever he may be, has but to pluck the gown of the Proctor who walks once up and once down the floor of Convocation House, as the names of the different incipient B.A.s are read aloud. The banns are forbidden, and the ceremony is stopped. Hence, too, by the way the real etymology of that mysterious word 'plucking.' But Messiter has managed matters with the skill of a financier and a diplomatist; he has made arrangements with his tradesmen, and he believes that all is right. And so, in spite of his previous misgivings, at the last moment, turns out to be the case. Messiter's name is called out aloud: no one interposes, and in the twinkling of an eye the object of his ambition is reached, and the B.A. robe assumed.

We will turn for one moment more to another gentleman who is on the point of grasping the same dignity as that which Messiter has just achieved, and whose personal appearance is very different from that of any of those around him. An undergraduate he is, certainly: we know as much from his gown and the company amongst which he is; but in other respects his semblance is emphatically clerical. What is he? who is he? why is he there? Now the real fact is this: our friend yonder is a clergyman, it is true—is, in fact, none other than the curate of Mudbury-cum-Littleton, the Rev. Barney Bloker. But he was ordained under exceptional circumstances. Industrious when at college to a proverb, he fared considerably worse than the idlest of his fellow-students with the examiners. Not all his suits of rusty black, nor his spectacles, nor his thin lank hair, nor his general ungainliness of aspect, managed to procure for him a *testamur* in the degree schools. Meanwhile term after term flew by, and Bloker, senior, after having long and patiently cherished the dream that his immaculate son was possessed of genuine talent, began, when the 'plucks' followed fast upon each other, to entertain not wholly unreasonable suspicions as

to his powers, and to suggest, that as education was such long and such expensive work, he should give it up, and in reality take up his place at the tail of the paternal ploughshare, whose honours he had vindicated so well at the University. But at this communication the heart of Bloker, junior, began to faint within him: he had only 'greats' to pass, and why should he not stay on till the last terrible obstacle was surmounted? His ambition was for the church, and into the church he was determined, if possible, he would go. Meanwhile, on a sudden, a most felicitous opportunity of effecting a compromise presented itself. By a piece of marvellous good luck, Bloker met with a country rector who wanted a curate: would Bloker come? 'How could he,' helplessly he replied, 'without having taken his degree?' 'Oh!' responded the genial ecclesiastic, 'that we can easily manage. If you will but promise the bishop and myself that, after being ordained, you will pass your schools, I have no doubt that I can use my influence with his lordship to ordain you.' Bloker, overjoyed, leapt at the proposal. The Bishop of B—— was not as strict as others of his order, and the consequence was that in three months' time after the colloquy ensued, Bloker was able to prefix the title of 'Reverend' to his name. Still there were those dreadful schools which must be gone through. Bloker went up once from his curacy and failed: a second time, and with the same result. But when 'greats' next came round, Bloker began to wax desperate, and after evening service one Sunday night he informed his rector—

'I am going up to Oxford tomorrow, and I have made up my mind not to return till I have passed my examination.'

'Then,' was the immediate response of this facetious ecclesiastic, as, with an air of affectionate regret, he seized hold of Bloker's hand and shook it heartily—'then, my dear fellow, good-bye for ever: for I shall never see you again.'

But the rector's prophecy is falsified, for Bloker has managed to

satisfy the examiner this morning; and while we have been indulging in these reminiscences, has actually put on his gown. If he walks out with an air of visible pride, and if, as he ascends the pulpit in the parish church of Mudbury-cum-Littleton, on Sunday morning next, he feels that he has added at least six inches to his stature, will it be wonderful?

But we were very nearly forgetting an invitation which stands on our engagement-list for two o'clock to-day—an invitation of no ordinary character, to lunch with Amberville, of St. John's, who has this morning put on his gown, and who is known as having perhaps the most beautiful rooms in a college, which, taken as a whole, is certainly one of the prettiest in Oxford. Amberville happens, also, to be one of the richest young men in the University, and possessed of an artistic taste which does not fall short of his income. His rooms are a study: and I promise you that the *déjeuner* which is to be served up in them presently will be equally perfect in its way, for Mr. Amberville, of St. John's, is not in the habit of doing things by halves. Imagine to yourself a long, lofty, oak-panelled apartment, furnished with a variety of tables of every conceivable shape and every conceivable material, from gold-threaded marble down to maple; there are two large bow-windows which gaze out on the surpassingly beautiful gardens of St. John's, and which are fitted up outside with a hanging garden of flowers, that even Babylon, under Semiramis, could not surpass; ottomans, and temptingly-luxurious arm-chairs of every description that an original genius for comfort could devise, are strewn about over the sumptuously rich carpet, all covered with the softest of silk damask; the dark-oak panelling of the walls is varied here and there by rare proofs before letters, or with exquisitely-cool water-colours. As we enter, we can hear the rustle of the trees outside, and as we look across the room, we see an open door communicating with a smaller apartment, in which there plays a miniature

fountain of scent. Meanwhile, from some unseen quarter, we catch the sound of subtle melodies played by a most delicately-attuned musical-box. Such is a rough sketch of Amberville's rooms—something unique in Oxford: for undergraduates are not able, as a rule, to keep their chambers in such faultless trim; but then Amberville does everything in a manner peculiar to himself.

In due time lunch is served by Amberville's scout, assisted by his own private servant. It is more than a lunch: it is a perfect banquet. The iced cups which go their round are simply delicious, and as we take a leisurely survey of matters, it occurs to us that even as the soul of Pythagoras is said to have passed into a peacock, so the spirit of Apicius or Lucullus must, at this present moment, be animating the languid form of the young academical epicure who is our host. One thing only, reader: don't imagine that the style of feast, or the style of apartment is common to the Oxford undergraduate; for Amberville, as we have hinted, is one of those brilliantly meteoric exceptions who occasionally flash across the academical sky.

We will wander out into those tempting gardens upon which Amberville's rooms look down. They are full of surprises: just as one fancies one has hopelessly lost oneself in a labyrinth of shrubbery one comes upon a beautiful lawn, with grass recently mown and smooth as velvet. Here, in some cool nook, reposes an undergraduate of the college, who, though an edition of Plato's 'Republic' lies by his side, is really amusing himself from the novel or the magazine which is in his hands. Another turn, and we come across a recumbent group of two or three, who, with their faces half-covered with their straw hats, are stretched upon the emerald turf, beneath the shade of those 'immemorial elms.' We can discern a silver tankard amongst them, but nicotine is entirely unrepresented, for the laws against smoking in the St. John's College gardens are very stringent indeed. But this gentle-

man who comes towards us, tall, black whiskers, grave, and clerically dressed, who is he? and is that his sister, or — ? Ah! that is a young don, who has acted upon the advice which, in the course of this paper, we have more than once given—to the effect that, the most favourable time at which to ask friends to visit Oxford is not in the busy hum of Commemoration, when the St. John's gardens are nothing but a noisy arena for flower shows and fancy fairs, but rather when June is in its infancy, and there are still, quiet nooks in those delightful groves, where Strephon can woo Chloe unmolested and solitary; and the dignity of a fellowship does not render its possessor any more proof against such temptations than the most impetuous of undergraduates. But let us leave the Rev. Anthony Morells to wander on at his own sweet will with his cousin, and make our way yonder till we are in the centre of the large lawn of the gardens.

Ubiquitous as the passion for croquet is known to be, there is something which surprises us in seeing no less than two games going on in front of us. One set is made up of

undergraduates, another of fellows—for, frivolous as the pastime may seem, Apollo does not always keep the bow strung, and the college don has acquired a passion for toying with the croquet balls. Let him play on in peace. As for our undergraduate friends, they have introduced into their set a few of those fair young friends whom their relatives have brought up with them on a few days' trip to Oxford. They are all merry enough: they don't seem particularly intent upon the game: but they are enjoying themselves, and that is enough.

There are other places whither we would fain take our readers. We should like to show them the glorious lime walk of Trinity and the exquisite garden of the college. We should be glad for them to hear, in imagination though it was, the pealing symphonies of the Magdalen Chapel choir, and the gay melodies of the Queen's College Glee Club. But we are not long enough in Oxford to do and to see everything. We have given glimpses—and that is enough. There are certain pleasures which *commendat rarior usus*, and to our view that of lionizing Oxford is among them.

THE LADY WITH THE LITTLE FEET.

I.

'I WAS always fond of feet, you remember,' said Ranger.

But before I tell you what Ranger said next, I may as well mention who Ranger was, and the occasion of the communication in reference to his partiality for the useful extremities in question.

I can scarcely describe him, however, in the 'Who's Who' sense of the matter. I knew nothing of his family, and had not made his acquaintance through the medium of any common friends. But I had met him from time to time in the course of my travels in most parts of the world, and had found him a well-bred, well-educated gentleman,

full of what is called accomplishments, and talents that tell in society—as active as a queen's messenger, and as watchful as a 'special correspondent.'

I met Ranger in different places while I was moving about; but had I stayed in any one place I should have been equally certain to see him; for he was always on the move, and you could no more avoid meeting Ranger than you could avoid meeting the sun. I first came across him travelling in Germany, when he helped me out of a difficulty in which some frontier officials were concerned. His happy English face and pleasant *savoir faire* went a



Drawn by Adelaide Claxton.]

THE LADY WITH THE LITTLE FEET.

[See the Story.

long way, I thought on that occasion, in persuading the hitherto imperturbable Prussians that I was neither a smuggler nor a spy—though by the way he had no reason, beyond my representations, to believe that I was not both. I next met him ascending the great Pyramid in Egypt. We were both being bullied by our guides, and were enabled, by joining our forces, to escape with the payment of no more backsheesh than we had bargained for. Another encounter was at the Crown and Sceptre, Greenwich, where we were both discussing whitebait; and after this we met again on Mont Blanc, during a senseless excursion of mine as far as the Grand Mulets. Among other places where he subsequently turned up was on board a steamer on the Mississippi; and after that I saw no more of him till we met in the Himalaya mountains, one morning when we had both gone out to see the snowy range in the sunrise, mounted upon hill ponies. That was the last I had seen of him until I met him in Paris, where he gave me the reminder recorded above.

You will suppose, perhaps, that I was as great a wanderer as he. Nothing of the kind. I had done a little travelling in my time, but *he* was always doing it. Wherever he was, he was sure to be going somewhere else, and regarded localities principally from a 'Bradshaw' point of view, as made for arrival and departure; though he certainly managed to make the most of them during his stay.

Nothing could be more natural, therefore, than my meeting him in Paris one day when I went to dine *solus* at the Moulin Rouge, and found him preparing to dine *solus* also at the same place. We had a common taste—in summer at any rate—for taking the meal of the day in the open air, and a common taste, too, for not taking it alone if we could avoid it. So we joined our forces, as we had done on the Pyramid, and made as pleasant a party as I dare say could be made by any two men who are likely to meet under such conditions.

It was when dinner was well-nigh

disposed of, and we were discussing some Burgundy we both particularly liked—with British reticence in getting to our coffee—that Ranger began to be confidential, and seemed to think that I was bound to know the state of his affections at the period. It was then that he said—

'I was always fond of feet, you remember. Not for vulgar purposes of progression, though I ought to be obliged to them in that particular, for people call me the Wandering Jew. But I need not tell *you* what I mean. I think a woman without a foot—that is to say a good foot, and of course a little foot—is not worth looking at. I like a face as well as most men. A woman can't have too pretty a face for me'—this was a liberal concession at any rate—'but I insist that she must have a foot. And here, in Paris, at my hotel, I have found some feet that have, so to speak, carried me away with them. I have fallen in love with them, in fact.'

'What a charming chance!' I said, with the sympathy deserved by such a confidence. 'I trust that the face is worthy of the feet, and the lady worthy of both.'

'Well,' he answered, with rather a fall in his enthusiasm, 'that is just what I am unable to tell you. The fact is I have not seen the lady as yet.'

'Then how the deuce have you seen her feet?' I asked, with brutal practicality. Then I added, 'Oh, I see—mysterious muffled lady, all veil—chance glimpse getting into a carriage, and so forth. Well, that is romantic at any rate, and rather creditable to your susceptibilities, considering that you have seen so much of the world.'

'No, not even that,' rejoined Ranger, who was a very good-natured fellow, and did not mind a little jesting at his expense; 'not even that: I have no idea whether the lady is tall or short, stout or thin, young or old. I have not even seen her shadow, and of course have not seen even the feet that have fixed my affections.'

'What have you seen then?' I asked, rather puzzled by this time.

'Well, I have only seen her boots,'

he answered, rather sullenly, and disappointed at my want of feeling.

'Oh, I see,' said I; 'case of Cinderella and the Glass Slipper—Prince sees a brodequin in a boot-maker's shop—tree in it very likely—falls in love with it—vows he will never marry any lady whose foot cannot take the place of the tree. Why this beats the barber in the book who fell in love with the wax lady in the shop window, to say nothing of his prototype, Pygmalion.'

'Now don't be a fool,' said Ranger, losing his patience; 'I said I had seen the boots at my hotel. Of course they were outside one of the doors.'

'Waiting to be cleaned,' I suggested, with a mischievous introduction of the prosaic element.

'Well, and if they were, what then?' asked Ranger almost fiercely. 'The only suggestion which such an arrangement makes to my mind is that the shoeblack ought to be a happy man. But this is the fact. Every night when I pass through the corridor—*au premier* at the Grand Hôtel—on my way to my more elevated chamber, I see these bottines on the mat. Not always the same though. Sometimes they are of plain leather, kid or whatever it may be; sometimes they are of a beautiful bronze; sometimes they are not boots at all, but the sweetest things you ever saw in shoes.'

'You have surely not fallen in love with three ladies at once?' said I, reproachfully.

'No, no; don't, like a good fellow, talk nonsense,' said Ranger. 'Of course they belong to the same person; no other person could wear them. It is a case of the Glass Slipper as far as that fact goes, and I only wish I was in the position of the Prince. As it is I don't know what to do. What would you?'

'Well,' said I, 'if you wish me to take a practical view of the case, I should find out who occupied the room, identify her at the table d'hôte, or wherever you may meet her in the hotel, and then move heaven and earth to make her acquaintance.'

'As if any man, not an idiot, didn't know that!' cried Ranger, impatiently. 'Why I tell you there are two of them.'

He had not told me that, but I took no notice of this little fact.

'But surely,' I further suggested, recurring to the main point, 'you would be in a fair way of finding her out if you watched the ladies at the hotel, and observed if there were any feet going about that seemed likely to fit the bottines! But what do you mean by there being two of them? Do you mean that there are two sets of boots belonging to equally small feet?'

'What I mean is this,' said Ranger. 'I have watched everybody in the hotel, and have seen feet in most of their varieties, but nothing capable of belonging to my bottines. If you were to observe the delicate rise of the instep from the toe, until it melts into the ankle—for of course *my* bottines are bottines, and none of your vulgar Wellingtons, Hessians, what do you call them, with tassels—you would agree with me that there is not a foot to be seen in the whole hotel that would fit them. But however, I have progressed beyond the necessity for a general search. When I said there were two, I meant that there are two ladies occupying the same suite of rooms, which has only one entrance from the corridor, and that *my* boots are only one of the two pairs that are always on the doormat.'

'And what are the others like?' I asked.

Ranger answered, in a tone of profound contempt, 'BEETLE-CRUSHERS!'

'Perhaps you take too harsh a view of them,' said I, 'as Heinrich Heine seems to have done with regard to the feet of the ladies of Göttingen. He tells us, as you may remember, that he was earnestly engaged for years in the refutation of the too-prevalent belief that the ladies of Göttingen have *not* enormous feet. For this purpose he not only studied comparative anatomy, and made copious extracts from all works obtainable on the subject, but he also watched for hours the feet

of the ladies as they passed him in the street. And in the erudite treatise which was the result of his labours he made separate divisions:—"On Feet in general"—"On the Feet of Antiquity"—"On Elephants' Feet"—"On Feet in connexion with each other"—and so forth. I am not quite sure that he convinced his readers in the case of the ladies of Göttingen, and it may be that you apply the severe epithet of "Beetle-Crushers" without an equally attentive study of the subject.'

Ranger laughed this time.

'At any rate,' said he, 'any ordinary feet would look like Beetle-Crushers beside *my* feet.'

Then returning to the practical point, I argued: 'But surely you have by this time identified the two occupants of the rooms, and after that there should be no difficulty, with a very little amount of the attention bestowed by Heine on a far wider subject, in distinguishing one from the other.'

'So you would think,' said Ranger, cynically, 'and so would all remarkably clever persons. But this is just what I have been trying to do for ten days, without success. There is one fashion in ladies' skirts which has gone out, and another fashion in ladies' skirts which has come in. In neither is any mystery made of the feet; but unfortunately my people will not adopt either one or the other. They neither wear hoops nor short dresses, but clinging drapery trailing on the ground, which defies any investigation, levelling in a common obscurity the "little mice" of the poet and such monstrous things as—Beetle-Crushers.'

Here the waiter seemed to think that coffee was imperative on us, so we went to coffee accordingly, or rather we allowed coffee to come to us, and, spurning the proffered 'Londres,' lit up such Havannas as are pearls beyond all price in Paris.

'And what is to be your next course of action?' I asked, resuming the subject; 'have you made the acquaintance of these ladies?'

'That is the only thing to be done,' replied Ranger; 'but I have not tried as yet. I have been too nervous to take the initiative, and

they are not people, evidently, who are likely to talk to stray bachelors without some kind of inducement. Perhaps you might help me in the matter—if you don't mind a table d'hôte dinner. My seat is exactly opposite theirs, and if we could get them to be just civilly conversational, I might, perhaps, establish something like an acquaintance. Not of course that this would necessarily gain me my information, but I should certainly seem nearer to it than now.'

Ever ready in the cause of friendship, I agreed to dine with him at the Grand Hôtel on the following day.

II.

There is no need to apologise for asking a man to dinner at the table d'hôte of the Grand Hôtel unless the objection be to tables d'hôte altogether. So I thought as I entered the gorgeous hall where the repast was served, and received such a sensation of gold ornaments and mirrors, lights, flowers, and silver plate, as was calculated to give an appetite at once by raising expectation—not, I am bound to say, likely to be disappointed—of the *menu*.

Ranger was waiting, and at once conducted me to a seat beside his own near the centre of the room. There were two vacant places opposite.

'Those are *the* places,' whispered Ranger, 'but of course there's a chance that they will not be filled.'

Just, however, as the preliminary oysters were placed on the table, two ladies threaded their way towards the chairs, and took possession of them with continental composure. A glance from Ranger was sufficient to satisfy me of their identity, and I was free to form further impressions for myself.

They were both young, but one was, I should say, several years younger than the other. I would not venture to guess the age of the elder, but that of the younger might be about eighteen. They were both pretty, more than pretty—but their styles were by no means alike. The elder was the darker of the two.

her features, not more delicate, were somehow more *piquante*; there was more animation in her mouth, and her black beady eyes conveyed an inevitable impression of suppressed mirth. The younger and lighter, however, had at least equal attractions of her own. Her features were as delicate as those of her companion, and there was a delicious softness about her deep-blue eyes—a softness which indeed pervaded her, and gave the prevailing character to her beauty.

Other things being equal—which they never are—I should think it would be difficult to choose between the two.

Ranger had told me their names and relative positions on the previous night, for he had talked about them all the way from the Moulin Rouge, past the Madeleine, to the very door of the Variétés Theatre, where we finished the evening. The elder lady was a widow named Merridew, and the younger was a cousin of hers, named Pembroke, who lived under her protection. So, at least, Ranger had learned in the hotel, and in hotels a great deal more is known of most persons than their names, after a short residence.

Ranger, by the way, had not informed me of the fact which I now found apparent—that they were both such charming persons in appearance. Absorbed in the important question which he had set himself to solve, he made no observation upon mere matters of detail.

The dinner developed for some time in a highly satisfactory manner as far as the viands were concerned, and we paid a touching attention to widowhood by making considerable acquaintance with Cluquot. But we made no way at all in getting upon speaking terms with our opposite neighbours. But for Ranger's sensibility in regard to them, I should have dashed into an introductory remark—at the risk of a rebuff—which, however, one is not likely to get at a foreign table d'hôte, even from English people. Apart, too, from Ranger's feelings, I was the stranger. He had been sitting opposite to them, at intervals, during ten days,

and was plainly the one to take the initiative.

The two ladies in the meantime talked upon indifferent subjects as if we had no existence, though I could not help thinking that Mrs. Merridew looked occasionally at Ranger with an inquiring glance, made the more significant by the twinkle of her irrepressible eye. I fancied she must at least have met him before. Ranger, on the other hand, though acute and observant in most matters, was curiously the contrary where ladies were concerned. I knew this failing of old.

Presently an opportunity *did* present itself for joining in their conversation. Mrs. Merridew, in continuation of some previous discussion as to their plans for the season, said to her cousin—

'Yes, if I do not get a letter to-morrow I think we had better go on to Baden-Baden and wait for them there. But it's rather an awkward place for two ladies who are alone. I know it no more than you do, and I am very doubtful as to the hotels. Some of them may be quiet enough, but there is no knowing which, and it would be very weak to trust to the guide-books.'

'If you will allow me, madam,' said I, with a decision which Ranger regarded with looks of dismay, 'I can furnish you with the address of the best and quietest house in the place. It is not exactly an hotel, but the better suited perhaps on that account.'

And I gave her a card which I had in my pocket-book, at the risk, as it afterwards occurred to me, of being taken for a touter engaged by the concern.

I had no need to have any fears as to my reception. Mrs. Merridew was all graciousness, accepted the card, and returned thanks as if for a great favour, assuring me that she would certainly avail herself of my courtesy if she and her cousin—the reference to her cousin was encouraging—should really go to the place. But they were not sure, they expected some friends in Paris—and so forth.

Even Miss Pembroke put in a word or two expressive of pleasure at

the reception of so much valuable information; upon which I ventured to say that they were wise not to stay very long in Paris just then, when even the French all ran away on account of the heat.

Both ladies responded pleasantly to this sentiment; and the ice being thus broken, Ranger—what a diffident man he was for such a traveller!—went into the conversation with a plunge. He was quite as well received as myself—rather better, I thought, as far as Mrs. Merridew was concerned. And the result was that before dinner was over we were all upon very friendly travelling terms.

There was only one point in the conversation that need be recorded. Alluding to the many things to be seen in Paris, Mrs. Merridew said—

‘We do not, however, see half so much on our way as we might; for we go everywhere in a carriage. I am a very good walker, but my cousin, I am sorry to say, is a very bad one.’

Ranger’s face expressed visible satisfaction at this announcement. But he was probably not observed, for the ladies rose immediately afterwards, and we bowed them away from the table—Ranger, by the way, regarding them attentively till they passed out at the door. ‘His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet’—or would have done so had those objects been in sight.

We of course went on the Boulevards. As Ranger placed his arm in mine preparatory to our saunter among the life of the city, I felt him clutch me with what the French call effusion.

‘I am not sure, of course,’ said he, ‘and would not hazard anything as yet; but I have a strong suspicion that Miss Pembroke’s are the Mice and Mrs. Merridew’s the Beetle-Crushers!’

III.

Ranger came over to me—he had not to come far, only to the Hôtel des Princes—on the following day, soon after breakfast.

‘Congratulate me,’ he said; ‘I think I have a clue.’

‘Clue to what?’ said I.

‘To the owner of the feet,’ he said, exultingly; ‘and this is how I have got it. Both of the women—if they will allow me to call them so—appeared this morning at breakfast, and the train of conversation which we commenced yesterday, thanks to you, was continued to-day, thanks to them, and was made not quite unavailable, I suspect, thanks to me.’

‘Well, what’s your idea?’ said I, bringing him to the point.

‘You shall see,’ he said. ‘Let me tell you what happened. Mrs. Merridew talked quite unreservedly in my presence about their plans—not only prospective, but immediate; not only about Baden-Baden next week, but their little expeditions during the day. And among other things she said to Clara—why the deuce am I calling her Clara?—but that is the name by which she addresses Miss Pembroke. Among other things that she said to Miss Pembroke was this: “We must not forget to call at the bootmaker’s.”’

‘Was that all?’ I asked, discouragingly.

‘Wait,’ returned Ranger. ‘In the course of the conversation I actually heard the address of the bootmaker’s at which they were to call.’

‘Something may come out of that,’ said I.

‘Something!’ cried Ranger, ‘everything I should hope. They seem to have boots in preparation. They intend to call at twelve o’clock. I mean to call at one—they must surely have left by that time—and it will be hard if I do not find out something. Come with me, like a good fellow.’

So like a good fellow I went with him. It was only into the Rue de la Paix, and the bootmakers were well known. We were there ten minutes before the time, but seeing nobody in the front shop we ventured to enter and open our campaign.

Ranger gave an order for some dress boots, for which he was duly measured, and while this process was being performed he took care to engage the shopman in conversation.

'Do you make ladies' boots?' he asked—the slimy villain, as if the shop was not full of feminine articles.

Yes, without doubt, the Frenchman answered; they made everything of the kind for great ladies of the world.

Were they making many now? was the next question.

Ah, his faith, yes, certainly, for great ladies among the English living at the hotels. They were sending that afternoon to Meurice's, to the Castillone, to the Louvre, to the Grand, and elsewhere.

And the shopman pointed to a number of packets piled on a counter ready for delivering.

Ranger acknowledged the information in a careless manner, and then gave some preposterous order in reference to the making of his own boots, which sent the man away to consult his master.

'Now,' said Ranger, when the shop was clear, 'let us see if we can find out anything like a fact.'

So he overhauled the parcels on the counter with rapid assiduity, and presently raised a cry of satisfaction.

'See,' said he, 'there are two packets for the Grand Hôtel, one directed to Madame Merridew, and the other to Mademoiselle Pembroke.'

There were certainly two packets so addressed, and he held them before me triumphantly.

'Look,' said he, 'there seems to be a couple of pairs of boots in each, and one packet is much smaller than the other.'

'There does seem a difference in the size,' I observed; 'and the next question is easy to determine.'

It was easy. The larger packet was addressed to Madame Merridew; the smaller one to Miss Pembroke.

Ranger was quite idiotic in his demonstrations at this discovery.

'I told you so,' said he; 'I knew that Clara—that Miss Pembroke—had the small feet. Look, look, here are the Mice, unmistakably; and here—does not the fact proclaim itself?—here are the Beetle-Crushers.'

Appearances were certainly in his

favour, and I congratulated him upon the discovery.

'Now,' said I, 'you may make your court without fear of making a mistake.'

He was in ecstasies at the idea, but still seemed to require my help, and insisted that I should dine with him again that night at his hotel. I could not choose but promise.

IV.

At six o'clock—they dine early at tables d'hôte in Paris—I was again among the gilding, the glass, the plate, the flowers, and the damask that distinguish the dinner at the Grand Hôtel beyond all other diners of its class.

Again we were early; again our opposite neighbours were late; and when they appeared at last they brought with them a companion upon whom we had not counted. It was a hateful being in the form of man.

Not a man that we could object to, however, upon general or particular grounds. He was a gentleman, that was evident, and one who, without any appearance of dictation, took command of the party as if by a natural right. He ordered the wine, and assumed every other function connected with the control of the feast, as if he were in his own house. He was a man, perhaps, of forty years of age—we could not object to that at any rate—a well-looking, well-mannered, conventional style of person, with an air of opulence about him, and a serene way of not seeming to care a straw about anybody, which goes a great way at a table d'hôte, to say nothing of other places.

The new comer engrossed the attention of the ladies during the entire dinner. Beyond a slight salutation at the commencement, and an inane remark about the weather from Mrs. Merridew, they took no notice of us. Their conversation, too, unconstrained as it was, gave us no clue to the relation in which the gentleman stood towards them, or to one of them in particular. He was a cousin, perhaps, or an uncle, or a brother of

the elder lady—he was too old, surely, to be a brother of the younger, though he might be a *prétendu* to either of them. The latter idea was not a pleasant one—from Ranger's point of view—for my friend was clearly head over ears in love with the lady who was now inseparably associated in his mind with the little feet. So the dinner passed off in as unsatisfactory a manner as could well be to us both; for apart from my sympathy with poor Ranger in his infatuation, the state of mind in which he was quite spoiled him for purposes of society.

An incident occurred towards the conclusion of dinner, however, which gave him relief. Mrs. Merridew's French maid entered the room, and brought a message from the manager of the hotel, in answer, as it appeared to a previous application. 'Oh yes,' said that young person, 'Mademoiselle could have a chamber adjoining the appartement of Monsieur and Madame; it was quite ready for her reception.'

I thought Ranger was about to express his surprise at this announcement in an audible manner, so visibly impressed was he at the fact disclosed. Mrs. Merridew was not a widow, then, after all, and, what was more important, her husband could not be a *prétendu* of Miss Pembroke.

We were in doubt when dinner was over, whether to begin our evening prowl at once, or to look in for a few minutes upon the party in the salon assigned to the residents of the hotel. It was lucky that we decided upon the latter course; for an incident took place immediately on our entering the room, which brought the adventure to a crisis, and was of immense importance—as the event proved—to the future of my friend.

Ranger was looking about him with an object that may be guessed, when an elderly gentleman—whose erect, bold bearing, said 'old soldier,' as unmistakably as his jovial red face, shaded by the whitest of moustache and whisker, said *bon vivant*—tapped him on the shoulder to attract his attention.

Ranger turned round in some

surprise, and immediately fell to shaking the elderly gentleman cordially by the hand.

'My dear uncle,' said he, 'I am delighted to see you.'

'And I you, my boy,' returned the uncle, beaming with pleasure. 'It is very seldom that you are caught, thanks—or rather no thanks—to that way of yours of being here, there, and everywhere at once. You are staying at this hotel? So am I. Very fortunate, isn't it, that we should meet?'

Ranger said it was, and evidently meant what he said. He introduced me presently to his jovial relative, who seemed almost as delighted to see a friend of his nephew's as his nephew himself. My new acquaintance proved to be General Holsterley, an old dragoon, who, I afterwards learned, was a very rich bachelor, and had made Ranger his heir.

After a little talk, the General said to Ranger—

'I must leave you for a few minutes. I vote for going somewhere together afterwards, but I must go and speak to some people I see at the end of the room. I promised to meet them here, to do a little Paris with them. But stay, why should I leave you? Come with me, and I will introduce you to a couple of as charming women as you could wish to meet in a day's march—and that's not saying enough for them, by-the-by. And, I tell you what, if you played your cards well, you would have a very great chance with the only one of the two who has a chance left open. Come on, my boy—and your friend too,' he added, seeing that Ranger was doubtful what to do with me.

So we were both marched up to the end of the room, and in another minute the General was exchanging the heartiest of greetings with—our friends of the table d'hôte.

As soon as there was a pause—for they all talked together—Holsterley took an opportunity of presenting his nephew, and then myself, to his friends.

They were all very cordial, and Mrs. Merridew rather demonstrative.

'We were fast becoming ac-

quainted with your friends through meeting them at dinner, though Mr. Ranger was very reserved, and did not seem to trust himself to talk much with strange ladies.'

And she looked at him—what shall I say? well, wickedly if you will—with those beady black eyes of hers which she knew so well how to employ.

Ranger looked a little confused, as a man is apt to look if he thinks he is being ridiculed by a pretty woman; and he told me afterwards that the idea came upon him suddenly that he had seen those eyes somewhere before.

It is sufficient for me to say, however, that we all became very intimate on short notice; that we all went to the theatre together, and had one of the pleasantest evenings possible. It must have been especially so to Ranger, for he had Miss Pembroke nearly all to himself during the entire time; and it was not difficult to see that her deep-blue eyes and soft happy beauty had fairly completed the impression which they had made upon him from the first.

Colonel Merridew—the new comer turned out to be an old comrade of the General's—left us at the door of the theatre, and took the ladies home, while the rest of us went somewhere to supper. The latter arrangement was Holsterley's doing, for Ranger was disposed to make himself as generally disagreeable as persons in a similar condition usually do.

When we in our turn arrived at the hotel the General went off to bed—it was quite time too—and then Ranger, who evidently wanted to talk about himself, insisted upon taking me up to his room. On our way we passed the apartments occupied by our friends, and then Ranger, who dared not speak for fear of being overheard, pointed triumphantly to some objects lying on the door-mats.

At one entrance there were two pairs of boots, belonging to a lady and a gentleman respectively. At the other was a single pair, particularly small, and to an amateur in feet, I should say, justifying all the

praise that had been bestowed on them.

I dragged Ranger from the spot, where he seemed absurdly disposed to linger. When we reached his room he became guilty of rapturous conduct to a ridiculous degree, and then asked me, in a lucid interval, if I did not think him the happiest of men.

I declared my very high opinion of his state of bliss, and got away from him as soon as I could.

His must have been pleasant sleep that night—if he slept at all.

V.

I did not see my friend on the following day, but on the day following that he came to me with a message from Mrs. Merridew, asking me to dine with the Colonel and herself, who had a small party in their own apartments.

All was going right, he said, between himself and Miss Pembroke; and he had the advantage, he frankly confessed, of a great deal of backing up from Mrs. Merridew as well as from his uncle. 'I shall propose,' said he, 'the very first opportunity—to-night if I get a chance.' He said nothing about feet this time—I suppose he thought his present relations with Miss Pembroke did not justify such a discussion. But I noticed when we met the ladies that they continued to wear robes so long as to preclude investigation into that particular.

At dinner Ranger was placed as a matter of course beside the blue-eyed beauty, while she of the beaded black divided her attentions very pleasantly between the rest of us—the General and myself being the only other guests.

After dinner we all went to the theatre; and there also Ranger's seat in the box was next to that of Miss Pembroke. He had by this time got so far as to talk to her in whispers.

The box was rather crowded, and the General, the Colonel, and myself, were not sorry to go out for half an hour between the pieces. On our return I noticed that the blue eyes were much cast down, and that their

owner was constrained, and evidently indisposed for conversation. The black eyes, on the contrary, were all animation and triumph, and their owner conversational to an unusual degree. I had my suspicions.

Ranger made a remark in the course of the evening which seemed mal-à-propos—I could not tell why at the time. There was a young lady on the stage playing the part of a *soubrette*, with skirts of course which made no mystery of a little foot and a well-turned ankle. Somebody made a remark that she was not quite so pretty as the author of the piece intended her to be.

'No,' said the General, who had a blunt way of expressing his opinion on the 'points' of ladies; 'but her feet are first-rate.'

'I am an immense admirer of pretty feet,' said Ranger to his neighbour, in a voice intended doubtless for a whisper, but which was audible to the whole box.

Miss Pembroke drew herself up, blushed unmistakably, and I thought looked rather indignant. The compliment was perhaps rather too direct.

The General accompanied the Colonel and the ladies home this time. When Ranger and myself were left alone on the boulevard, Ranger clutched me by the shoulder, and said—

'All right, my boy!—congratulate me.'

I did congratulate him, and remarked that he seemed to have managed matters rather cleverly during our absence from the box.

'Well,' said he, 'Mrs. Merridew was very considerate; pushed her chair into a corner and said she had a headache, seemed, in fact, to be asleep; and I popped the question in the quietest manner possible.'

'And received the answer in the same way?'

'Yes, as far as I got any answer at all; and perhaps I am not quite justified in saying that it's all right—she said nothing more than "Tomorrow!"'

And Ranger looked a little nervous at the new idea.

'Oh, I think you are safe if she

said that,' replied I, and I congratulated him over again.

We were to meet next day, according to an arrangement made in the course of the evening, to go and see the waters play at Versailles.

VI.

I was at the Grand Hôtel next day soon after noon. I met Ranger in the hall before presenting myself in the Merridews' domain. He was radiant with joy. Miss Pembroke had not appeared at breakfast, but he had sought and obtained an interview with her immediately after, had renewed his suit, and had received the answer which might have been expected after her response of the night before.

'Now,' said Ranger, when he had told me these interesting particulars, 'we will go the Merridews' quarters—the ladies ought to be ready by this time.'

There was nobody in the little salon when we entered; but in a few minutes the two ladies joined us.

A moment's glance at their costume revealed a fact which astonished me, and caused in Ranger nothing less than consternation. I could see what was working within him, though he tried to keep it in control.

Mrs. Merridew and Miss Pembroke were both attired in fashionable costumes which permitted the feet to be visible; and the unaccountable fact became apparent that it was the elder lady who owned what Ranger called the Mice, while to the younger belonged the—I will not use the word which Ranger had ventured upon in his indignation, and the more so as the epithet in its signification as a satire on size was quite unjustified. Miss Pembroke's feet were not remarkably large. They were of very fair average dimensions, strictly proportionate to her figure, which was on a grander scale than that of her cousin. They were very good feet besides, and *chaussé* to perfection. But if diminutiveness were the object in view, no feet could hope to compete with those of Mrs. Merridew. These were on so small

a scale that in a statue they would have looked incongruous; but seen in connection with the neat and nicely-clad figure of their present owner, they must have gained admiration from a great many persons besides the Chinese.

I saw Ranger regarding first one lady and then another with looks of wonderment, and I am sorry to add, mortification. Mrs. Merridew, whose beady eyes were merry, I suspect at his expense, seemed to see that something was the matter, and tried to cover his confusion by talking to any extent. Miss Pembroke also seemed to see that something was the matter; but her mode of meeting it took the form of reserve. They were all, I fancy, as much relieved as I was when the General and the Colonel came in and a movement was made for the railway station.

But things were no better when we were in the train. Ranger was moody and embarrassed, even cold in his manner towards the beautiful girl about whom he had been raving little more than an hour before. And Miss Pembroke evidently felt herself slighted. She was seated next to her betrothed, but turned away from him, and addressed her conversation during the short journey almost entirely to me. I could not help thinking, under her charming influence, what a fool my friend was to allow his infatuation to carry him to this extent. Had it been my case—but no matter.

At Versailles we saw all the grand things that were to be seen; but neither the palace nor the gardens had their old attractions for us. A gloom was cast over the party; for none could fail to perceive the breach that was taking place between the lovers, though all could not, I suppose, attribute it to its proper cause.

As we roamed through the rooms and galleries, Ranger walked beside Miss Pembroke, and spoke to her from time to time; but he had lost his power of conversation, and was constrained beyond all attempts at disguise. The lady met his coldness by this time more than half way, and her beauty wore a haughtiness

that ill became it—like that of a frozen rose.

In the gardens he offered his arm, but this was decisively refused; and, as if to prevent another demonstration of the kind, Clara—may I call her Clara?—took the arm of Mrs. Merridew.

The elder lady improved the occasion by taking the younger one apart, and holding her for some time in conversation. I watched the pair while Ranger walked on with the two officers. I purposely avoided any colloquy with the former, as I saw that such advice as I had to offer would be ill received.

The effect of Mrs. Merridew's communication upon Clara was far from being mollifying. Indignation was visibly depicted on the young lady's countenance; and as they both rose from the seat where they had taken refuge, and rejoined me, I heard Miss Pembroke say—

‘I do not know how to forgive you, Flora. Of course I *do* forgive you, for you meant well; but I consider that I have been the victim of a most humiliating plot.’

We returned to Paris under as unpleasant conditions as ever attended a party of pleasure. When we alighted from the train the ladies entered the open carriage that was in waiting, and Ranger followed them—as I supposed to seek a reconciliation. The rest of us walked. When we arrived at the hotel I excused myself from joining the party at dinner, and took my leave.

Ranger came to me early next morning, and told me that his engagement with Miss Pembroke was broken off.

‘Surely,’ said I, ‘you are not fool enough to quarrel with her for not having Mrs. Merridew's feet! If so—’

‘Hear me, man,’ said he, sternly. ‘I love her more than I ever loved anything upon this earth, and I would marry her if her feet were really the Beetle-Crushers pictured by my depraved imagination. But I seem to have been the victim of a plot in which it is not quite clear that she was not an accomplice; and the joke of the thing is that she

makes a similar complaint on her own part.'

'But surely,' I urged, 'this misunderstanding can be accommodated.'

'The difficulty,' said he, 'is now on her side. Look at this letter, which was brought to me with my—with my boots,' he added with a laugh, remembering his absurdities in connection with those articles of costume.

I read the letter. It was a dismissal, couched in sufficiently contemptuous terms, intimating that the writer was not disposed to ally herself with a person whose affection depended upon abstract qualifications.

He would not listen to my persuasions. He was off, he said, somewhere; he had had quite enough of Paris—as if Paris was in fault!—and never wished to see the place again. His intention was to go—well, he did not quite know where. He should either join some foreign service where there was hard fighting, in hopes of being knocked over, or join his friend——(he mentioned a great name connected with the Geographical Society) in discovering the source of the Nile. He was not sure which.

And so he left me.

Two days after, when I called at the Grand Hôtel, I found that Colonel Merridew and his party had also taken their departure.

VII.

Nearly a year went by, and I saw nothing of Ranger, nor of his friends. But in the autumn succeeding that of our sojourn in Paris I happened to be at Baden-Baden. There, as I came out of the Kursaal one day, I met going in—the entire of our Paris party. Mrs. Merridew, her husband, and the jovial old General, were in front; Clara and Ranger—with their arms in one another this time—brought up the rear.

The meeting was a hearty one, and when it came to my turn to have a quiet confab with Ranger, I could not help saying maliciously—

'Why, I thought you were killed in the Danish war, or held in capti-

vity by that king in Africa who has all the fat wives?'

'Now don't be annoying, my boy,' said he. 'I made it all right, though only six weeks ago by the way, when that lovely girl who has just left my arm, became Mrs. Charles Ranger, F.R.G.S., and some other distinctions if you did but know them. I thought better of the two alternatives I suggested, and determined to follow the thing up. I did so by letter, and after that by personal appeal, and somehow, after an immense deal of devotion on my part, and no little influence, I suspect on the part of Mrs. Merridew, the lady's scruples were removed. I will tell you all about it after dinner—you will dine with us of course to-day.'

I was delighted to hear what I did, and delighted to dine with them of course; but Mrs. Merridew told me 'all about it' before Ranger had an opportunity. This is what she said, when I gave her my arm, coming away from the Kursaal:

'As Mr. Ranger's friend you ought to know the facts of the case; and indeed I owe it to you, on my own part, that I should explain my share in the proceedings. When I first met Charles at the table d'hôte, I recognized him at once, apart from his name, which I well remembered also, as an old pupil of my father's—my father was a clergyman who took pupils—before he went up to Cambridge. It is a dreadful time ago, but I was a mere girl then, as you may suppose,'—and her beady black eyes here gave a sly glance of inquiry—'and not grown up. He paid me an awful amount of attention in those days, and was particularly infatuated, as he said, with my feet. He was always raving about my feet, in fact; and as they seemed to be the special objects of his affection, I was less flattered than I should otherwise have been, and merely made fun of him instead of falling in love, which might otherwise have been the case. Indeed his fondness for feet appeared to be of an abstract character, for he took to admiring a housemaid who had gifts in that direction. This was quite enough for me as

you may suppose, and after the girl had gone—which I took care should be at an early date after the discovery—I gave him his dismissal also. I was very young then, of course,—here the beaded eyes again made an appeal for confirmation—‘but even at my age the attentions that he paid were of importance. Well, he went to the University in the natural course of things, and I saw him no more. When I met him at the hotel he did not recognize me. I suppose I am changed.’—Again the beaded eyes looked arch.—‘I was then away from my husband. I thought that had I introduced myself he would be making love to me, and that, of course, would never do. But on the other hand I had a regard for him, and considered that he would make a capital match for my cousin. So I determined to play upon his weakness in a harmless way. I persuaded Clara that the new costumes were indecorous wear for ladies in an hotel by themselves, so we always wore trains. I saw that he was struck with one of us, and guessed that he would find out our rooms, and be bewildered by the boots at the door. I even let him hear the name of the bootmaker, in order that he might prosecute his inquiries there, which he did, as *you* know. When my husband came, I even went so far as to change the boots at the different doors in order

to deceive him. All went well, and I almost *drove* him to the proposal at the theatre. It was two days after that that Clara, when we were going to Versailles, suggested that there was no longer any reason for continuing our trains. I had no longer any excuse for opposition, and the result was as you saw. When Charles turned sulky—as you saw also—I had to explain the whole to Clara, who nearly quarrelled with me, and quite threw Charles off. Nothing but his constant pleadings, for nearly a year, during which time he followed us about with a persistence which left no doubt of his sincerity, and my earnest persuasions directed all the time at Clara, induced her at last to forgive him; and there they are now, man and wife, to the great delight of us all.’

We were a happy party that day at dinner, and for a great many days afterwards. I was the more happy, too, when Ranger told me, in confidence, that he was quite cured of his partiality for feet, and looked upon them in the light of simply useful extremities.

‘I would rather be married to Clara,’ he added, ‘if she had really Beetle-Crushers—which you know she has not—than to anybody else in the world, even though she could step into a glass slipper belonging to Mrs. Merridew.’ S. L. B.

PERPLEXITIES OF BRADSHAW.

ABOUT thirty years ago a thin, modest, yellow-coloured periodical began to make its appearance, purporting to be a guide to the railways of Great Britain: showing how far they went, how many trains per day there were on each line, at what hours the trains arrived at the several stations, and the fares charged for each journey from London. It was not much altogether, for there was not much to talk about. Not a single important line was fully opened, except the far-famed Liverpool and Manchester, the talk of those days. Indeed there was then a state of things which is hardly comprehensible to us just now.

The Brighton line was only in part opened. The South Eastern was in progress, and that was all (the wicked Chatham and Dover of course did not exist in those days). The South Western began at Nine Elms instead of Waterloo, and comprised no railway communication whatever with Portsmouth, Gosport, Salisbury, or places beyond them; it was, in fact, nothing more than a Nine Elms and Southampton Railway. The Great Western was struggling to get to Bristol, but had not yet achieved that desirable result. The London and North Western—known in those days as the London and Birmingham—really

had reached the last-named town, where it formed part of the only main line in the kingdom. The Midland had not approached within eighty miles of London, and was simply part of a small family of railways in the three hosiery counties of Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby. The Great Northern was yet undreamed of. The Great Eastern was not great in anything except the name of Eastern Counties; it was struggling to reach somewhere about Colchester, and was in that state of desperate financial embarrassment which has clung to it almost ever since; it has had almost as many Chairmen of Boards as Mexico has had republican presidents—which is saying a great deal. The little Blackwall was unconnected with any other line; and the little Greenwich did not yet exist.

Such were the railways which started from the metropolis in the early days of the little yellow book. As may readily be supposed, matters were still less developed in more remote districts. Sussex had only one bit of railway, a portion of the Brighton line. Dorset had nothing; Devon and Cornwall nothing. The broad gauge, working its way gradually through Berks and Wilts, had just begun to touch Somerset and Gloucestershire. Lincoln the large and Rutland the little, as well as Huntingdon and Cambridge, were quite without railways. Hereford and its cider, Worcester and its hops, Shropshire and its iron, had to do as well as they could without the aid of the iron horse. Yorkshire had begun to show a little in this way, but Westmoreland and Cumberland had not; nor had Northumberland, except in the form of tramways connected with the collieries. Wales had nothing whatever. Scotland had certain little bits, infantine railways a few miles long: none of them long enough for an hour's journey, or forming links in a main line of communication. Poor Ireland (everybody says 'poor Ireland') had merely four miles of railway out of Dublin, and about as much out of Belfast; Mr. Bianconi's well-appointed cars had not yet been tampered with in the least.

The little yellow book, then, did not say much, because there was not much to say. Bradshaw ushered the book into the world; Bradshaw does so still; but whether there is really a Bradshaw—whether there has ever been a Bradshaw—who knows? Can any one tell us about Mr. Day or Mr. Martin; Mr. Barclay or Mr. Perkins; Mr. Howell or Mr. James; Mr. Childs, Mr. Coutts, Mr. Pickford? Are they alive? Are *any* of them alive: or do they belong to the same order of beings as the mythical Mrs. Harris? The public don't know; the public don't care. And so it is with 'Bradshaw.' It may be that George Bradshaw, an engraver and printer at Manchester, who started the little yellow book, died some sixteen years ago; it may be so, but 'Bradshaw' knows nothing about it. 'Bradshaw' comes out in a new yellow coat every month, without a tear for the memory of its parent. Everybody knows 'Bradshaw,' especially the inevitable 'boots' at inns and hotels. We go to a railway station, and ask for 'Bradshaw,' the supplementary word 'Guide' is a superfluity. 'Bradshaw' to us is a thing, a commodity; or, if a person, an undying one, like the Wandering Jew. Not like him, however, in one sense; for while the Jew became thinner and wayworn, 'Bradshaw' becomes fatter and more jolly the older he gets; he will burst his yellow garment soon, unless it be enlarged.

'Bradshaw' had much ado in his early days in overcoming difficulties, more than the present generation know about. He had to deal with (say) forty railway companies, for the most part so jealous one of another, that what are called *through* trains were scarcely thought of. When you reached the junction of two companies' lines (what few such junctions there were), you had to change carriages; perhaps to wait an hour or two; perhaps to change the style of your travelling from third class to second, or from second to first—a favourite dodge in those days. 'Bradshaw' had trouble to get the companies to send him their time-tables once a month; and

even then it was so late that the fifth or sixth of the month would arrive before the yellow book could appear. The directors, moreover, often changed the times of their trains in the middle of the month, thus exasperating 'Bradshaw' and bewildering the public. Whether 'Bradshaw' converted the directors by his expostulations, or whether they came to see the truth by their own unaided efforts, certain it is that the plan became customary of making changes in times and trains on the first day of the month, almost exclusively, and of letting 'Bradshaw' have the information in good time—a system convenient for everybody.

And so the railways grew; and so 'Bradshaw' grew. In 1840 there were 1100 miles of rail open in the United Kingdom; in 1850 the length had stretched out to 6600 miles; in 1860 to 10,400; and now in this good year 1869 the total length is something like 15,000 miles. No wonder that 'Bradshaw' becomes burly and obese, in his attempt to comprise and digest so much matter. When he was young he extended only to thirty-two pages, and no one thought it worth while to give him any advertisements; but now—mark the change—here are upwards of four hundred pages of the most closely-packed type that human eye can ever wish to pore over. And so anxious is 'Bradshaw' that you shall be able to find what you want, and when you want it, that he gives an Index to the Tables, a Key to the Index, a Map to the Key, and all sorts of marks and indications likely to be useful. And yet, who but a bagman can understand it without the aid of some one who has already gone through this kind of drilling? Let us take a particular number and a particular page—no matter which. Say that we want the No. 6 train on the Euston Square line. Very well; let us see. In the first place that train begins, not at Euston, but at Rugby, about seven in the morning; it goes on to Stafford, followed by a vertical row of dots; then there are two notices concerning Stoke and Macclesfield, where we are told to 'stop'; after

this comes another vertical row of dots; and then, to the bewilderment of many an explorer of the book, the train starts again from Crewe before six *the same morning*, ending in a row of dots somewhere about Bolton. Or let it be No. 16. We start from Euston in early morning, and go on to Watford; here we slip off diagonally, for reasons unexplained, into No. 17 column; but No. 16 picks itself up again, and suddenly reappears (no one knows how) at Birmingham, but not for long; at Stafford a finger points upwards, to tell you to note something (but what that something is, you are to find out); and then you run off again to No. 17; recovering yourself once more, you pick up No. 16 at Warrington, but somehow find that it has changed its character from a third class to a first and second class train. These are samples of the 'pursuit of trains under difficulties,' very little exaggerated, as many a passenger knows full well. Some years ago 'Punch' got up a capital drama of the spasmodic kind, in which the main incidents depended on the impossibility of anybody being able to understand the time-tables in Bradshaw, and on the consequent arrival of all the characters either at the wrong stations, or the wrong times, or both. In truth, however, as is well known to those who have become accustomed to the yellow book, the difficulties arise from having so much to pack within a given space. If there were double the number of pages, there would be facilities for separating the columns and trains in a different way; but then the book would be too big for an ordinary pocket, and probably sixpence would not suffice to pay for it. Many persons think they can see how to simplify 'Bradshaw': we only say, *Try it!* Several attempts have been made, with partial success; but 'Bradshaw' still remains king.

When we come to consider what our railway system really is, we may rather marvel that such a complicated network can be treated with any regularity at all, than that difficulties should occur in tabulating

and describing it. Our fifteen thousand miles of line have cost five hundred millions sterling. There are greatly over six million trains running on the lines in the course of a year; the whole distance run by all the trains reaching the almost incredible amount of a hundred and fifty millions of miles. These trains earn forty millions sterling annually, of which almost exactly half is absorbed in working expenses, leaving the other half for appropriation as interest and dividend on capital. This second half of the gross earnings amounts to 4 per cent. on the invested capital, on an average; but as debenture-interest and preference-dividend carry off a larger percentage, the ordinary shareholders have to be content with a much lower ratio. The best half of the year (May to October) brings four millions sterling more gross traffic than the worst half (November to April). So vast has the system of amalgamation now become, that fourteen companies receive four-fifths of the entire revenue, after having borne four-fifths of the expenditure. Those who remember how these companies have been built up are well aware that each is the result of complex arrangements, by which purchasings and leasings have brought many lines under the management of one board of directors. And what a prodigious amount of work the companies get through in the course of a year! They possess eight thousand locomotives and a quarter of a million carriages and waggons of various kinds. They carry in these carriages three hundred million passengers in the course of a year. The waggons convey, of inanimate luggage, a good deal more than a hundred million tons; while sixteen million cattle, calves, sheep, lambs, pigs, horses, asses, and dogs, produce an amazing amount of boo-ing, bleating, baa-ing, grunting, squeaking, neighing, braying, and bow-wow-ing.

'Bradshaw' does not give us the kind of information just touched upon; his yellow book is too busy

with places and times to talk about millions of pounds or of people. He does, however, give us all the railway stations in the United Kingdom; and a remarkable collection it is, ranging alphabetically from Abbeyleix to Ystalyfera, ranging north and south from Golspie to Penzance, and east and west from Yarmouth to Killarney. The reader may do what he likes with the English, Scotch, and Irish stations; but we warn him to screw up his mouth in a peculiar way before he attempts to pronounce such names of Welsh stations as Cefn-y-bedd, Llanwrtyd, Llanidloes, Caersws, Machynlleth, Ynys-las, Llanbrynmawr, Llwyngwrl, Criccieth, Dinas Mawddwy, Llan-y-mynech, Troedyrhiew, Penpergwm, Glyndyfrdwy, Chwilog, Llan-rhaiadr, Gwyddelwem, Llanwuda, Pennrhyndendraeth, and Cynwyd. If the porter at a Welsh station bawls out such a name as one of these, let an English passenger keep all his wits about him, for he will have need of them—it may perchance sound very much like 'Skwhrghtyfllddrhoow.'

One of the puzzlements in 'Bradshaw' is to know whether a particular station is on a main line or on a branch; and even when we know this, we have to see from what point the branch springs out, and whether a particular train accommodates the branch as well as the main line. This matter is becoming more difficult than ever; because, in the natural course of things, new main lines can only be few in number, whereas branch lines are being increased every year. Look at the grand London and North Western, for instance; here the branches are not far under fifty in number, some barely half a dozen miles in length, while others stretch across two or three counties.

But really our railway system is a marvellous thing, when all is told; and 'Bradshaw' tells us as much about it as can possibly be told in a handy space. He gets fat; but his food is legitimate.

A FORCED LOAN.

A PERSON who may be desirous of negotiating a loan, has the option of placing himself in communication with one of those obliging gentlemen who are perpetually making known to the public that they have at their disposal boundless wealth, which is ready to be scattered broadcast among needy applicants. It is clear that nobody ought to want a pound, as long as money is to be had without security, and with the most immediate despatch. Should any one enter upon the transaction under the impression that the reckless liberality of the terms seems to be all on the side of the borrower, he will presently discover that the philanthropic lender has divers little secrets at command for turning this seeming advantage entirely to his own profit. In other words a loan, judiciously conducted according to the rules of the craft, is by no means an unprofitable speculation for any one who has money to lend. What between interest, renewals, and costs, the man of money has it all his own way. He is pretty sure to make a decent picking off his victim before he is driven for refuge into the arms of the Bankruptcy Commissioner. Those who have tried the experiment will confess that it is better to lend than to borrow. This, at least, is European experience. But just on the borders of civilization, and separated from Western thought and manners by a narrow belt of sea, lies a nation of ancient date and famous history, who, if appealed to, would most probably affirm that it was safer to borrow than to lend. But why should the Moors have such unconventional views upon the subject of cash advances? Why should not a Western Barbary man lend his money, and charge his fifty per cent. just like a Christian? His perverted notions of a loan would seem to argue a distempered mind. How has this state of commercial obliquity been brought about? The answer is simple enough. Money is a dangerous possession in Morocco. A paternal government has acquired

a happy method of privately appraising the valuables of a wealthy subject, and, for fear of their falling into unlawful hands, most obligingly condescends to transfer them to its own. This system may be strictly in favour of the safe custody of property, but it can hardly be said to offer much encouragement to its accumulation. A loan, therefore, is a piece of business which must be conducted with even more than the promised secrecy which civilized 'puffs' announce. Let it once get wind that a man has pitchers of money buried in his garden, and he will be called upon to execute a loan, which may be highly advantageous to the borrower, but which will scarcely tend to the development of commercial activity. The state of the case is as follows:—The Pacha of a province must forward to the Sultan any sum of money that he may be pleased to demand. This is the royal revenue. But where is it to come from? and how are his own wants to be supplied? Like waiters at certain hotels, he has no allowance from his master, and must take his chance of what he can pick up. Now, supposing that the times are bad—that the harvest was short, and that locusts had eaten twice as much as their share—what is to be done? Let the people suffer as they may, and let the Pacha get in the revenue as he can, the Sultan will not be kept out of his money. A loan is the only chance. So the Pacha drops a hint to an attendant, who takes into his alliance three or four professional informers, and the gang of man-catchers stroll down to the market-place, in the hope of meeting with some well-to-do farmer who may serve their master's turn. Having scented out a substantial-looking proprietor of a string of camels, heavy with merchandize from Fez, they wish him all kinds of happiness and prosperity, and then proceed to inform him that the Pacha has heard of his arrival in the town, and desires the pleasure of an interview. The countryman

becomes nervous. He evidently is not as much flattered with the attention as he ought to be: but the emissaries grow pressing, and begin to elbow him along in the direction of the Castle. He may as well obey quietly, particularly as two or three ill-favoured soldiers have joined the company, and are fingering their cudgels in an ominous manner. So off they start, and in a few moments the new arrival finds himself in the presence of the Pacha, who looks particularly grim, and wishes to know if this is the rascal who has allowed his cattle to stray into a neighbour's field, and eat up a poor man's crop. The attendants assure his highness that they have found the right man at last, and conclude with some pious aphorisms on the subject of wicked ways never prospering, and the like. The subject of this accusation pinches himself to see if he is awake, and begins to show so much embarrassment and nervousness that the Pacha pronounces his behaviour to be not only eminently disrespectful towards himself, but to be direct evidence of a guilty mind. The offence, he proceeds to say, is one against religion, and one, therefore, which every faithful follower of the Prophet is bound specially to detest and abhor. Rob a poor man! The miscreant would rob a mosque! And then to stand there without a word of penitence! It is positively the worst case that ever came before him. Considering the position and appearance of the prisoner, it is actually the very worst. 'Take him to prison,' adds his highness, 'and there let him repent of his wickedness and make restitution.' The order is obeyed with a promptitude which leaves the luckless countryman in a state of stupid bewilderment; and he has been locked up for two or three hours in the common prison, in company with a pleasing selection from the vagabondage of the province, before a feeble perception of his position begins to dawn upon his mind. The Pacha, he thinks, has made a mistake. He must have got hold of the wrong man, and as he discoursed in such a very pious and

edifying way, he will be sure to let him out, with a handsome compensation for false imprisonment. Meanwhile, it is needless to say that the ill news has brought his wives to town, and that they are tearing their hair and howling dismally at the prison-door. But nobody minds a noise in Morocco, and as the wailing does not happen to disturb the slumbers of the Pacha, he is enabled to bear the domestic bereavement with much placidity. As to mistakes—*he* never makes any mistakes, not he!

Two or three more days pass, and the prisoner is now thoroughly alive to his position. He must be the victim of a conspiracy, he thinks. Somebody has been slandering him to the Pacha. Happy thought! The matter only needs a word of explanation, and everything will be put right. He will send, therefore, for some friend of undoubted respectability, and ask him to wait upon his highness. The friend makes his appearance, and, after the usual condolences, sets off to see the Pacha, and vouch for the innocence of the accused. He, the friend aforesaid, is in a position to state that no damage at all has been done, and that nobody's crops have been eaten up. As to the prisoner's cattle, he knows that they are pasturing on a hill twenty miles away. It is just an unfortunate little mistake, he adds, with a most ceremonious bow, which he trusts that his highness will kindly rectify. 'What!' exclaims the Pacha in a towering rage, 'do you come to plead the cause of a rascal like that? Son-of-a-pig that you are, you shall keep him company, till you learn to respect our lord the Prophet and his law.'

So now there is a pair of them safely housed in gaol; and, having caught them, it is pretty plain that the Pacha means to keep them. His prison doors open to nothing but a golden key. What, then, is to be done? Unless the prisoners have a fancy for growing grey in bondage, they had better send at once for a Shereef. It is their only chance. But, in the meantime, who is the Shereef? He is one of a set of men

who are, or who pretend to be, descended from Mahomed, and who, in virtue of their holy lineage, wander about in robes of green—a colour sacred to the Prophet—and who are allowed to do pretty much what they please, as a tribute of respect to their relationship with the founder of their faith. Having bribed some one to fetch a Shereef, the man of saintly descent attends upon the prisoners, and delivers himself of many virtuous and appropriate sentiments in relation to the enormity of their crime. They protest their innocence. He shakes his head till the green turban seems to be on the point of toppling down, and thinks the case so bad that he must retire. They protest more loudly than ever. ‘Nonsense!’ says the holy man; ‘if you have not committed this crime, you have committed others, or certainly will commit them some day, and this punishment is mercifully designed as a warning.’ This piece of logic seems so unanswerable, that the prisoners change their tone, and say that they are tired of the prison, and want to get out.

‘Oh! very well,’ says the Shereef; ‘then you must make satisfaction for your sins.’

This means that they are to give him a handsome fee, and empower him to offer money to the Pacha for their release. A good deal of time is wasted in haggling over the sum, but it is fixed at last, and off the Shereef goes. But the Pacha does not get two big fish at a haul every day of his life; so he tells the Shereef that the prisoners cannot be so penitent as he tries to make out, or they never would have thought of offering such a trumpery sum. It is rather a proof of their hypocrisy, he goes on to say, and shows that their hearts must be very hard indeed. He sees plainly enough that an example must be made of these men. The Shereef is, of course, convinced by such consummate wisdom, and, doubling his own fee, goes back to the prisoners, and tells them that the Pacha is inexorable. The only hope that he sees for them is to hand over two-thirds of their pro-

perty. Otherwise, they must remain where they are ‘till their hour is come.’

Things begin to look bad. In vain the prisoners declare that the new demand will be their ruin. The Shereef takes a very placid view of this unpleasant contingency, and makes preparations for departure. No time is to be lost. If they are to get out of prison, it must be now or never; for the only effect of delay will be to increase the demand. So the Shereef is armed with unconditional powers to offer any sum that he may think proper.

Once more the holy man makes his appearance before the Pacha, and expatiates in touching words upon the penitence of his clients. He further explains how they have been awakened by his ministrations to a sense of the enormity of their guilt, and winds up by mentioning a good round sum, which is to be placed at his highness’s disposal for distribution among the poor, or for any other pious use.

The Pacha begins to relent. ‘Well, come now,’ he says, ‘I don’t want to be hard, and if these men are really as penitent as you make out, they shall be released. But I must have a written acknowledgment of their guilt, and a statement of the circumstances under which the crime was committed.’

‘Will your highness see them, and hear what they have to say?’ inquires the Shereef.

‘No, I cannot see them again, after their having had the audacity to deny their crime. But they can write an account of it; and then I will see what is to be done.’

‘But the money, your highness?’

‘Oh! I do not want their money. But they are such a precious pair of rogues that they will be sure to turn it to some bad account. So you may leave it under my charge for the present.’

This is, of course, exactly what the Shereef expected. So off he goes to the prison again—not forgetting his fee for the return journey. By this time the prisoners are ready to say or do anything that may have the effect of putting them

outside the prison walls; so the confession is very quickly drawn out, and having been duly attested by the Cadi is carried to the Pacha. The details of the crime are stated with much minuteness, and the document winds up with a very piteous prayer for mercy, which the culprits say that they by no means deserve. This paper is put by in some convenient place, in case the prisoners should use their recovered liberty in making an appeal to the Sultan; not that it would do them much good, if they did appeal. They would have to make their way to some distant part of the empire, on the chance of finding the Sultan, and, after endless delays and unlimited bribery of officials, they would find their written confession staring them in the face, and his Majesty would probably order them

to be well flogged for a pair of rogues. Our two prisoners, therefore, if they are wise, will never dream of an appeal, but will take the best possible care of the liberty which they have recovered by adding perjury to bribery. Thus, having learnt from the governing powers how to lie and cheat, and how to turn their knavery and falsehood to account, they proceed to indemnify themselves by bringing false accusations against others. Or, oftener still, perhaps they sell the little property that remains to them, bury the proceeds, walk about in filth and rags, become noisy and threatening mendicants, and take to any of the thousand knavish tricks which are encouraged by their paternal and pious government. Anything is preferable to a *Forced Loan*.

DE VERNEY'S ETON DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE name of Eton had been familiar to me from my earliest years. Several of my first cousins had been there, and they seemed to speak of their Eton days as the proudest period of their lives. My uncle, for whom I had an immense admiration on account of the skilful way in which he manufactured bird-traps, had also been there; and often in the winter evenings, before my hated bedtime arrived, he would set me upon his knee and tell me such stories of his school-life as greatly excited my juvenile ambition. His accounts of the fagging, flogging, and fighting were tantalizing above measure, and I longed to take part in such stirring scenes. He had actually blacked boots, been made a warming-pan of, climbed out of windows and over garden walls, and finally had been duly marked with the Eton arms by the birch of old Keats, who was very unwilling to 'spoil' so good a child.

My parents did not take the same pleasure as myself in these recitals. They thought my uncle was un-

settling my mind and teaching me naughty tricks; besides, as my papa observed, he had not decided upon sending me to Eton. But after what I had heard I was quite decided upon going, and from the day that I reached twelve gave my parents no peace whatever. I became desponding and irritable, and even betrayed some symptoms of disaffection, so that it was thought better to entertain the project; and an old friend being asked, replied that, for steady boys Eton was a desirable place, but that an erratic genius would be better under stricter supervision. How delighted I was on hearing that judgment had been given in my favour! How overwhelmed when, on applying to one of the Eton masters, we were informed that as I could not write Latin verses I could not be admitted to the school!

The fact was, that up to that time I had been under the care of a private tutor, and my studies had been principally confined to drawing and the modern languages. I had, indeed, a slight acquaintance

with Latin and Greek; but of versification I was supremely ignorant. Here, then, was an unexpected and apparently insurmountable obstacle. I was in danger of being sent to Harrow, where I could be admitted later; but by active importunity I persuaded my parents to send me to a 'coach,' and promised to acquire the necessary proficiency before I arrived at the prescribed limit of fourteen.

My studies were now directed into an entirely different channel from heretofore. In Greek I was instructed in a book entitled 'Famaby,' containing a choice selection of jests and epitaphs; all of which seemed to me to be of an equally melancholy description. I never was able, with the aid of the best lexicon, to discover the point in a Greek joke. In Latin, I was introduced to the charms of poesy by writing 'nonsense' verses, that is, such as consisted of words but conveyed no ideas, resembling in this respect the effusions of some of our most celebrated living bards. After emerging from this poetical purgatory I arrived in a bright region, where I sang of woods, and streams, and trees, and fields, and revelled in eternal spring; and I was finally admitted into Arcadia itself, and wrote amatory addresses to Phillis, Chloe, Daphne, and all the rest of them, even the nymphs and goddesses not being free from my persecution. All this ought to have been very delightful, and would have been so had I not been obliged to express my feelings in words fitted together like a Chinese puzzle, and sometimes to omit my strongest claim to consideration on the ground that it contained a false quantity. At the end of the year, however, I, and the other little boys, left our tutor's with such a vocabulary for blushes, glances, sighs, groans, and ejaculations, as could not fail to meet the requirements of the most desperate suit, urged in the most inconvenient metre.

The awful day of examination now approached, and my papa accompanied me to one of the assistant masters. I had good need of some support on that occasion, for there

was an indescribable something about Mr. Sleekly which filled me with apprehension. Whether it was his suavity, his precision, or his wonderful cleanliness, I cannot say; but when he bade me be seated; and handed me the sense for verses, and a sheet of paper, I seemed to be in the power of some gentlemanly executioner. Nymphs and goddesses with their blushes and improprieties all vanished into thin air, and I felt as though my mind were as blank as the surface of the paper before me. It was a relief to me when he left the room with my papa, and I was left alone with my troubles. How appalling did that smooth sheet before me appear! How glad should I have been to be able to say, 'Take back the virgin page!' but yet on my performances upon it depended all my hopes of an Eton career. I dipped my pen three times in the ink before I could summon courage to pollute its snowy whiteness, and when I did so it was—oh horror!—by a great blot, the sight of which almost deprived me of breath. This misadventure, however, had one good effect; the field was now broken, and I felt I must exert myself to atone for my black offence. Nothing occurred to interrupt my work of fixing and joining, until, about half an hour after I had commenced, I heard a light tap at the door. 'Come in,' said I, timidly; and a little boy about two feet nothing presented himself and asked in an off-hand manner, which seemed to me bordering on profanity, 'Where's my tutor?' I was unable to inform him, and he then walked over to the other side of the table at which I was writing and eyed me with undisguised, and, as I thought, most impertinent curiosity.

'Are you coming to my tutor's?' he inquired.

'Yes, I believe so,' I simpered. This seemed to throw him into deep speculation.

'Have you been into speeches?' at length he asked.

'No, I have not.'

'Then you'll get pretty well squashed when you do,' he added, with evident satisfaction; and dis-

appeared, evidently enjoying my state of mystification and alarm.

My papa called for me in the evening, and next day we returned and heard, to my great delight, that I had passed the examination, and was to be entered on the books in the afternoon. The head master's duties not being of so personal a character as those of the rest, he was proportionably less formidable, and kept smiling and bowing with charming affability and condescension. I had to inscribe my name in a large book—an operation I performed very deliberately in my largest round hand, bearing in mind that the pages might some day be searched to find so valuable an autograph. This being accomplished, my papa left me at my tutor's with his blessing, a sovereign, and a plum-cake.

Notwithstanding the high position to which I had now attained, I must confess I felt myself very desolate as the carriage drove away. There was no one to sympathise with me, or care what became of me. I saw some boys playing about and talking to one another, but they only stared at me as at some unnatural phenomenon. It was a great relief when the housemaid came down, and took me up to show me my room. My expectations as to accommodation were naturally great. Eton had always been connected in my mind with everything grand and superlative, and I looked forward to some unusual elegance and luxury. Picture my consternation when I was directed to a sort of closet, about a quarter the size of my bedroom at home, and which, with its barred windows, seemed like a chamber in a prison or lunatic asylum. The furniture was all of common wood, and consisted of a table, two chairs, well carved by preceding generations, a bureau—a sort of *'multum in parvo'* for books, clothes, and everything else,—and a large press, the use of which I could not divine, but which seemed to me unpleasantly to resemble a place of punishment. The matronly individual who accompanied me was most kind, and seemed desirous of making me com-

fortable as far as lay in her power. She unpacked my portmanteau, and laid my clothes neatly in the little drawers, then spread my cloth, made me a large pot of weak tea, and brought up my *'order,'* which consisted of a hunch of bread and a thin slice of butter on a piece of paper. This seemed to me to form but an unsavoury repast, but it was seasoned by my newly-acquired dignity, although I could not but think Eton a very different place to what I had expected.

In the evening my tutor sent for me to go to the *'pupil room.'* It was situated close to the back door, and furnished with three rows of old desks and benches most melancholy to behold. The only thing which appeared to be liberally supplied in it was ink, and of this the little boys sitting round were actively taking advantage, for not only pens, but fingers, books, and everything else seemed to be steeped in the indelible fluid. Each of the pupils had a ruled sheet, which looked like a tax-paper, before him, and was supposed to be doing *'derivations,'* that is, tracing out the parentage and remote origin of certain misbegotten Greek verbs. I was directed to sit down with the rest, and took my place between two boys who appeared to be hard at work, but I found that in reality one was cutting his name on the already well-scored desk, and the other drawing likenesses of my tutor in a grotesque and pre-Raphaelite style. As soon as I was seated they each began to inquire my name, and on my reply, my artistic neighbour drew something like a sack with two handles, and passed it round the room, with *'De Verney'* inscribed under it. Indignant at such disrespectful treatment, I endeavoured to remonstrate, but my labour was in vain, and only produced a pin from my wood-carving neighbour on the other side, with which he pricked me so mercilessly that I was unable to obtain a minute's rest. While expostulating and endeavouring to seize my tormentor's arm, I was suddenly startled by my tutor's voice calling out in an authoritative

tone, 'De Verney, attend to your work. If you have finished, I will give you something else.' Finished! alas, I had not commenced!

'You'll be swished to-morrow, De Verney, if you don't do your derivations,' said my neighbour with the pin.

'Yes, that he will,' replied the pre-Raphaelite, 'and pretty tight too. You'd better look slippery, De Verney.'

'But how can I do anything while you're teasing me so?'

'Teasing you! that is good. I say, Jones, he calls bullying teasing him. Who taught you that word—the lady's-maid?'

'I don't know,' I replied, sulkily.

'Oh, you're going to be cocky, are you? That won't do here, I can tell you. You'll soon have to chain up,' he added, giving me a pinch.

'De Verney,' called out my tutor, with significant severity, 'don't let me have to speak to you again!'

But the grand tumult took place when my tutor was called from the room to speak to a messenger. All the boys left their work and stood up, and their attention seemed to be turned upon me in anything but a pleasant manner. A dozen voices called out together—

'What's your name?'

'I've told you,' I returned.

'You must answer your name when you're asked,' was the reply, 'until you've been a year at the school.'

This question decided, every boy in the room demanded my name in turn, and that of my tutor, with merciless pertinacity; and although the Christian virtues of forbearance and patience under injuries had been well instilled into me at home, I felt myself losing my temper under such vexatious provocation. At the same time my new Greek Grammar, which I had missed, was thrown at me from the other end of the room, and I found that some genius had, with impertinent assiduity, inscribed 'De Verney is a fool' in every page of it. This was too much: all my amiability and charity would last no longer, and I demanded, fiercely, 'Who has done this?'

'Crown him, crown him!' cried a dozen voices at once, and at the word a little urchin jumped up on one of the forms, unhooked the bell of the gas lamp, and clapped it on my head.

I felt quite wild and reckless, seized my decorator round the waist, and after a contest we both fell over, and rolled struggling under one of the desks. At this moment a creaking of boots was heard in the passage, and all rushed to their places. My antagonist was up much quicker than myself, and was sitting as demurely as though he had been a fossil for centuries.

'De Verney,' said my tutor, on entering, 'making a disturbance again! This is a bad beginning. What are you doing with the lamp bell?'

'I am not doing anything with it,' I replied; 'I did not take it down.'

'Then who did?' asked my tutor, severely, 'I insist upon knowing.'

No answer.

'Who was it, De Verney?'

I made no reply, for I had a sort of intuitive feeling of honour, and the boys whispered, 'You wouldn't sneak.'

'Then you'll all write out a hundred lines of Virgil, and let me have it at two to-morrow. De Verney, come and sit where I can see you.'

At half-past nine we all 'showed up,' and my tutor told me that my derivations were not full enough, and that I must do more before eleven o'clock school next day. Spratt, the genius of the lamp, delivered himself up before we separated, and was condemned to expiate his offence next morning on the block.

He had no alternative but confession, as the rest would not submit to a general punishment. I did not fully understand the point in the mock coronation until I revisited my room, where I discovered that my hair was thickly laden with a noisome coating of lamp-black.

But what weighed most on my mind that night was that my tutor had informed me that I should have to say twenty lines of Ovid by heart next morning. My severest task

hitherto had been to learn ten lines in two days, but to learn twenty in two hours seemed a superhuman labour. I asked some of the boys what would ensue if I failed in the task, and they assured me that a 'swiping' or 'swishing' was the regular penalty. Next morning, after a miserable night, I went for the first time into school. The room we entered much resembled the 'pupil room' in its old forms, its panelling, and cobwebbed windows. At a central desk sat a severe-looking personage in a cap and gown, round whom a knot of little boys were collected, following each other in repeating parts of their 'saying lesson.' I became so nervous when my turn came that I should not have been able to go through a single line had I not been assisted in an unexpected manner. As it was one part of the duty of the 'prepositor,' one of the class, to provide the master with a book of the lesson, so it was another part of it to place a second copy open on the form below, where the master—who, by some merciful dispensation, was shortsighted—was unable to see it. By this arrangement things went on merrily enough, the boys reading off the lesson accurately, and the master dismissing each successively with an approving 'next.'

Between the time of my setting out and returning to my room, I was asked my name, where I boarded, and who was my tutor, by at least fifty boys. On hearing 'De Verney,' they generally replied, 'You're a Frenchman.' I indignantly denied the imputation. 'Yes, you are,' they repeated; 'you're a toad-eating Frenchman.' Such observations were particularly offensive to me, as I had always been somewhat proud of my name, and the discovery of this furnished my little persecutors with a constant source of amusement. The boys in the house thought 'De Verney' too long for common use, and after considerable twisting and turning, hit upon the happy substitute of 'Wormy,' a designation which seemed sufficiently short and complimentary.

At eleven o'clock I set out again for school in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. On my way I passed one of the masters in cap and gown, who turned round sharply on observing me, and asked my name, and why I did not take off my hat.

'I didn't know I was to do so, I replied, in considerable alarm.

'Didn't you know you were to take off your hat to the masters?'

'No,' I replied.

'Who is your tutor?' he demanded.

'Sleekly,' I returned.

'Oh, indeed! I shall take care to let him know on what terms you are with him. Is that the way you speak to him?'

'Yes,' I gasped, quite unable to understand what offence I had committed.

'Then I shall let him hear of you!' he added, fiercely. 'Go along, sir!'

I was for some time at a loss to imagine of what I had been guilty, or what condign punishment awaited me, but afterwards discovered that I had been greatly wanting in proper respect in not prefixing 'Mr.' to my tutor's name, and in not adding 'Sir' to every sentence I addressed to this very self-important master.

Eleven o'clock school was over in half an hour, and at twelve all the lower boys in our house, and all his other friends assembled with undisguised delight to see Spratt 'swished.' Every one but himself seemed to think it capital fun. We accompanied him up-stairs to the head master's or doctor's room—a small chamber adjoining the upper school. Here were the full terrors of the law. The block, with all its appalling associations, had been drawn forth, and beside it stood two collegers arrayed in long black gowns, as if about to assist at a real execution. The centre of the scene was formed by the doctor himself, but oh! how changed from the obsequious courtier of yesterday! There he stood, stern and statuesque, with his nose sublimely elevated, and the birch-rod in his hand—eternal thunder 'settled on his head.'

'Spratt, minor,' at length he demanded with marked and awful brevity.

'Yes, sir,' replied the trembling culprit, advancing from the crowd in a pair of leather gauntlets.

'Go down,' commanded the doctor, airily.

'Please, sir, it's my first fault,' urged Spratt, in a tone of injured innocence.

'Why you were here last week,' replied the doctor, indignantly.

'No, please, sir, that was my major' (elder brother).

'I know your face perfectly,' replied the doctor.

'And more than his face,' suggested a boy behind me.

'At all events,' he continued, 'I only allow first fault for lessons. Go down; a lamp-bell is a lamp-bell.'

There was no answering this, and his only plea having failed, Spratt was soon kneeling on the block. The use of the gauntlets, which I could not at first understand, now became manifest, for every time the birch descended he thrust his hand in the way to break its force. The collegers did all in their power to prevent this evasion of justice, but nevertheless sometimes succeeded, and the doctor consequently gave him a sly extra cut, just as he was rising, to square accounts, and make up for all deficiencies.

Next day a little boy, who occupied the room below me, and was not altogether proof against the attractions of my plum cake, proposed that we should mess together. Eton is, in this respect, more sociable than Oxford, and there is scarcely any one there who takes his breakfast and tea alone. Sometimes three or four join, and they usually, in turn, make little additions to the repast. The boys at these messes are generally good friends of the same standing in the school, and the quiet morning and evening *r  union* was a pleasant contrast to the turmoil of business or pleasure during the day. The only thing that interfered with our enjoyment at this time was fagging — a word which has very different significations. The lower boys in each

house always belong to the head or 'captain' of it, and he, according to his generosity, appoints some of them to attend on the fifth form below him. The amount of fagging depends, therefore, on the characters of the upper boys in the house, and the comparative number of the lower. In some cases it is a mere form, like tendering a rose in token of vassalage, but with us, unfortunately, it was a reality. At nine o'clock every morning we laid our masters' cloth and breakfast things, and then waited until their arrival, which was generally late, as they were 'airy swells' in the eight or eleven, and moved with a slowness suitable to their dignity. Woe betide us if, on their appearance, anything was misplaced on the table! If a fork or the mustard was wanting, summary punishment was inflicted, even although the deficiency was immediately supplied. Our masters then generally sent us out to a well-known cook-shop to see whether their hot meat was ready. Here some dozen or more fags would be seen anxiously assembled round a large kitchen fire, while a portly dame was manipulating a hissing collection of gridirons and frying-pans containing chops, steaks, sausages, &c. On our return with the required dish, and after our masters had given us a little chastisement, and made a few unpleasant jokes, such as 'Do you like kidneys?' 'Oh yes!' 'Then see me eat them!' the permission 'You may go,' at last met our delighted ears. By this time our tea was often cold, and we had only sufficient time to snatch one or two mouthfuls of our uninviting 'order' before we went to pupil-room. Something of the same kind occurred at tea-time, and fagging was not over after 'lock up,' for during the evening the fifth form in the house were perpetually calling 'Here.' When this dismal sound reached the lower boys' rooms, the quickest of them instantly cried out 'Finge,' which was supposed to excuse them from attendance. On answering the call you were sometimes sent on a message, sometimes required to sing a song, and generally had something

thrown at you. But although disagreeable at the time, I must confess that fagging, like many other trials, was finally productive of good fruits. It not only taught me to clean knives, lay tables, and make toast, but, what was more important, it made me humble, considerate to others, and less sensitive to small injuries and insults.

Before I had been many days at school I had made two very extraordinary discoveries. One was that the Eton boys had no mammas. On the day after my arrival I found Jones and Vere throwing my nightcaps out of the window, and called out to them not to do so, as my mamma had told me to wear them. I shall never forget the burst of laughter with which this statement was received. The only thing more ridiculous than wearing nightcaps was having a 'mamma.' Thompson, who was good-natured, spoke to me afterwards about it gravely and as a friend. An Eton boy, he said, had no 'mamma,' but a 'mother,' 'mater,' or 'maternity;' I might take my choice; and the corresponding terms were used instead of papa. But the second discovery was more startling—there were no boys at all at Eton. As soon as the smallest atom had his name registered on the head master's books he was constituted then and there a 'fellow.' This designation, it must be understood, has no reference to Egyptian bondage, but is the superlative form of fellow, synonymous with 'good fellow,' and signifies that its happy possessor has all the best qualities implied by the latter term and many more beside. The epitaph, therefore—

'Here lies a fellow of no notoriety,
Not even a fellow of the Royal Society,'

confounds together two different words. These changes in style appeared to me somewhat dignified, but in another matter I was sadly disappointed. I had always looked forward to being an 'Etonian;' there was something melodious and classical in the designation. To my dismay I now found that there was no such being, and that the term, like the corresponding 'Ox-

onian,' was only fit to be used by tailors and shoemakers.

My next discovery was—with all deference to the head master and provost be it spoken—that the real autocrat of Eton was—the *pieman*. He was a pleasant personage to behold, of sleek aspect and unctuous smile, and had he lived in the good old days his *contour* would have done credit to some pious fraternity. At the same time he was no ascetic or religionist. No; on the contrary, he wore his hat on one side of his head, and affected a certain jauntiness of manner much out of keeping with his corporate proportions. No one doubted that there was something very remarkable about this man; a haze of mystery always seemed to surround him. His name could not be found in any directory, and many boys confidently affirmed that no one knew who he was or whence he came. Some believed that he was a man of fortune who had an eccentric fancy for selling pies; but he was generally regarded as a being entirely different from any other ever created. The machine which he carried on his arm bore, like himself, a double character. It was a square tin box with legs underneath and a handle above, and of so convenient a height, that, while it served as a receptacle for 'turts' and other juvenile delicacies, it also answered as a seat on which the owner could rest himself and keep the contents warm.

This genius was the centre of Eton in more than a metaphorical sense, for he took up his position at an entrance near the school gate, which most boys had to pass once, and many half a dozen times a day; and here not a few would linger on their way, and cluster like bees round a honeypot, listening to the soft sentences which fell from his oracular lips. To them he was the *ensor morum et elegantiarum*, from whose decision there was no appeal. Sometimes he would astonish his admiring audience by snatches from authors; sometimes he would himself essay a period or Heliconian flight; and if any little boy indulged his little wit so far as to hazard 'You're a

poet,' he was instantly extinguished with the concise metrical rejoinder, 'Sir, I know it.'

But the most prominent, and in those days the most refreshing trait in Spanky's character, was his reverence for rank. The point where he daily took up his position was exactly opposite the most aristocratic house in the school, to whose windows he could lift his longing eyes and imagine that he could see 'my lord' changing his noble trousers after football, or honouring with his spoon a pot of strawberry-jam, which he had been allowed the privilege of sending him. Often was some learned effusion with which he had been charming the listening throng brought to a sudden termination by 'Good morning, my lord,' or often by a reverential silence announcing that 'your grace' had dawned on his happy eyes. But for the scions of commercial houses, however rich they might be, he entertained but small respect. He would sometimes direct our attention in the following manner to a boy whom he perceived approaching.

'Is that you, my little Burton? Hope you're getting on in your studies, sir. I know one of your public-houses in the Isle of Wight, sir. Your beer's very much liked, sir. You don't put rats'-bean in it, as some do. Saw a coal-porter last time I was there, waving a pewter pot and calling out, "Three cheers for Burton's ale!" Did, indeed, sir.'

'Who is that, sir? That's Mr. Snookson. They're great cotton manufacturers. Very respectable people, sir, in their way—oh, very. Never heard nothing at all against them. I believe it's a very good concern. They're not in a small way, you know, sir. Oh, dear no!'

But when a boy of still lower origin was presented to his view he was unable to control his feelings. There were a few sons of rich tradesmen at Eton, and he seemed to think that no such ill-conditioned progeny had a right to come

'Betwixt the wind and his nobility,'

and took every opportunity of publicly expressing his sentiments.

'Good morning, sir,' he would say, with mock politeness, calling general attention to his victim. 'Glad to see you back, sir. Called at your establishment in the vacation; bought some pocket-handkerchiefs there, sir. Very reasonable, sir—four shillings a dozen—but I don't find them wash well. Would you like to see one, sir? Can show it you. Got one in my pocket.'

I need not say that the boy addressed did not want to see or hear anything more, and made his escape as quickly as possible from the general laughter and taunts by which he was assailed.

But although Spanky was a poet and a courtier, he never allowed fancy to interfere with business. His commodities did not lose for want of recommendation. Did you but ask for a bottle of ginger-beer, he inquired whether you said champagne, observing that what he had was called ginger-beer, but was champagne. Nor did he in his own case despise the profits of trade. His acuteness in deciding who could be trusted and allowed to run up 'ticks,' and who, on the contrary, was a 'bad sort,' was beyond all admiration. He kept an account-book by him for making entries, and was so constantly studying this favourite literature, that his little audience would at times grow impatient, and some would maliciously suggest that he was adding tails to the noughts. It required a hardened reprobate to defraud Spanky of his due. As soon as his account was presented he allowed no peace until it was paid. Every time his victim passed into school it was, 'Good morning, sir! Got it about you, sir?' or 'Good evening, sir! Did you say you had it now, sir?' This repeated about six times a day generally wore out the patience of the most incorrigible. Some little boys, however, have an amazing power of opposition; and I remember on one occasion when Spanky, exasperated and forgetful of his dignity, followed one of these into his dame's house; he received payment in kind by having one of his own pots of jam broken on his head.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

PRINCESS EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

Drawn by the late George H. Thomas. Engraved by William L. Thomas.

No! Even the great Spanky was not exempt from the cares of life. He had, moreover, an enterprising rival as soft, as portly as himself, and possessed of a much more formidable engine of destruction. At three o'clock every day something like a huge barrow with two wheels was seen approaching the school wall, beside which it was soon moored, opened, and—oh, wondrous display!—what an aggravating variety of delights saluted the bewildered sense.

Here were grapes, raisins, oranges, cakes, all sorts of biscuits, ices, sausage-rolls, and patties. But the highest heaven was a 'strawberry mess,' composed of fresh fruit beaten up with ice-cream and sugar. On the bright revelation being made, some immediately made their choice and 'fell to,' while others who had been extravagant, and were not so well provided with 'tin,' stood round and beheld them with mingled admiration and misery. Never did counsel regard woollack, or curate crozier, with half such longing eyes as these little mendicants did the contents of that magic wagonette. Sometimes these feelings overcame them, and they gave way to doleful appeals, such as 'I say, Bryant, you might as well tick me some grapes;' or 'I say, Wilton, sock me half an ice, I know you're a brick;' but generally in vain. The dispenser of this tantalizing store was a good-natured commonplace individual, without either the romance or the astuteness of Spanky, and was more often imposed upon by his juvenile customers. Yet could he sometimes parry a thrust and turn a sentence to account; and when some little 'fellow' would complain that he had given him but a small pennyworth of preserve in his jam bun; 'I was afraid it might disagree with you, sir,' showed the amiability of his intentions.

CHAPTER II.

Life is a series of disenchantments. In how many respects had my childish ideas been altered before I had been a month at Eton! I had

imagined, among other things, that men holding the high position of Eton masters would be superior to any other body in the world; that those whose duties and whose caps and gowns were similarly awful would be in every respect a band of brothers, cast in the same mould of unapproachable perfection. How different was the reality! I was so much surprised that I came at last to the conclusion that they had more peculiarities than any other individuals located within so small a space. They exhibited every phase and degree of kindness and coldness, of ability and irritability. One was sensitive, and thought that nothing could prevent a boy from learning his lesson but a malicious desire to offer him a personal affront. Another was magniloquent, and liked to hear himself better than any one else, and visited inattention with proportionate severity. I remember on one occasion, when a master of this latter type had been making a long oration, to which, as usual, no one had been listening, he suddenly turned upon me, and demanded sharply whether I understood what he had been saying. Fearful of a tedious repetition, I hastily replied in the affirmative. 'Then draw your conclusions,' was his summary and convicting reply. Some masters, who were naturally deep and knowing, had, in the pursuit of their avocation, acquired powers which seemed almost supernatural. They would close their eyes, and relapse into apparent unconsciousness; but, at the same time, if any little boy attempted to misconduct himself during this apparent interval of oblivion, he was as certain to be swished as he was to have mutton for his dinner. All but the most severe occasionally indulged in humorous sallies, for which schoolmasters of all ages seem to have had an amiable weakness; and whenever it was understood that anything of the kind was intended, the boys laughed immoderately, particularly those who were ill prepared with their lessons. I am bound, however, to add that the jokes indulged in were never in the least objectionable; on the contrary, they were in ge-

neral conspicuously innocent—such as that Hannibal died of *Prusic acid*, &c.

Of the head master I happily saw very little until towards the end of my Eton days. Dr. Hawtrey is admitted by all to have been one of the most learned and gentlemanly of men; and although familiarly known in the school as 'Plug,' or 'Gulp,' was always highly respected. He was a gentle successor to fierce old Keats, and, except in very transparent cases, never questioned a boy's word. Sometimes, no doubt, he was imposed upon; but the lesson taught by his generosity was not forgotten. He aimed at reclaiming the froward more by a commendation of honour than by an infliction of punishment.

But besides the regular masters, whose sway was acknowledged by every boy in the school, there was an amphibious class styled 'extra' masters. These despised men were permitted to catch whom they might to teach and charge, but had no means of enforcing discipline, inasmuch as, however irritated they might be, they had no right to 'complain' to the Doctor. That the professor of dancing and modern languages should be condemned to these realms below seemed nothing wonderful; but I was certainly astonished to find the mathematical master among the shades. This latter was a particularly good-natured man, and presided in a round, theatrical-looking building, generally known as the 'Station-house.' Those boys whose parents desired it were entered on the books of this establishment, but the time spent there was one rather of recreation than of study. A pleasant change was sometimes made by turning off the gas, or by letting off squibs and crackers in November, which was a particularly merry time. The unfortunate master did not even receive sympathy or commiseration from his classical superiors, but was rather looked upon by some as an interloper and enemy to versification; and I remember hearing one of them observe, with reference to his genial manner, that a cap and bells would

be better suited to him than a cap and gown. This state of misrule exists no longer. The study of mathematics is no longer optional, and the master has been raised to his proper position in the school.

Breaking bounds is a time-honoured custom at all schools. At Eton the bounds are narrow, but no punishment is inflicted for transgressing them provided the offence be not brought prominently under the eyes of the authorities. Hence arises the system of 'shirking.' If a master is seen approaching—and he can generally be recognized at a distance by the radiance of his white tie—the boys disappear right and left, over hedges and ditches, into shops, or anywhere. Sometimes a sporting or disengaged master will give chase across country, or pull a presumptuous offender from under a counter, but such occurrences are not common. I was only once in any danger in this respect. It happened that as I was walking up the High Street in Windsor I espied one of the masters approaching. He was a particularly dangerous man, and was known to have walked along with an umbrella over his head, in hopes of 'nailing' incautious wanderers. Immediately on seeing him I turned and took refuge in a neighbouring bootmaker's, for the tradespeople all know the system which prevails, and readily offer a retreat to fugitives. As ill-luck would have it, Mrs. Dragon was coming into that very shop to try on a pair of boots, and I saw a complacent smile playing on Mr. D—'s countenance, which I thought by no means indicative of good intentions. On looking round I observed at the end of the shop one of those large boot and shoe trophies which we sometimes see in such establishments; and, as the ill-omened couple entered, I crept quietly behind it. Mrs. Dragon took her seat near the door, and began to inspect her pretty little boots; but the master made straight for the trophy behind which I was concealing myself. As he approached its end I gradually sidled round, until at last, when he was fairly behind it, I made a bolt for the door,

upsetting Mrs. Dragon, bootmaker, boots and all, and not stopping to draw breath until I was half way across Windsor Bridge.

To turn to more serious subjects. My tutor informed me, about a month after my arrival, that I should have shortly to pass a regular examination. Few boys, even of those who are best prepared, relish such a prospect, and I, being somewhat 'shaky,' felt especially nervous. When the awful morning arrived I repaired, with the rest of my fellow-sufferers, to the well-known bookseller's, where a gentleman, whose comfortable appearance seemed to mock our misery, supplied us, much to his satisfaction, with pens, paper, and a portable inkstand. He also handed each a paper of printed instructions, which referred principally to unimportant matters, but concluded with the grand statement: 'A few good verses are worth much, and many are more; but many bad verses are worth nothing,' which certainly betrayed a lamentable ignorance of the value of poetry at the present day.

An examination is never a pleasant thing, and this one was no exception to the rule. Those who had been idle or negligent were, of course, in dire distress, while the rest were worried by their thoughtless importunities. The first day was principally for verses; and, 'Give us a three-syllabled word for place;' 'What's the Latin for seat?' and such-like questions, varied by 'I'll give you a licking when we come out,' might be heard at intervals around; but the masters, by walking up and down, caused the fusilade to be somewhat irregular. Some of the boys' papers, from repeated scratchings, crossings, and interpolations, more resembled pictures, or pieces of music, than exercises. The second day was passed in the same miserable manner, only, instead of writing verses, we had to translate from books. My friend Thompson thought to be very sly on this occasion, and said he was well up in his topography, *i.e.*, a knowledge of the different pockets in which he had stowed his 'cribs;' but his ingenuity did not avail him,

for he spent all his time in trying to find the place in one of them, and when the hour arrived for showing up, had nothing to present but a blank sheet.

I had to pass another examination about a year afterwards, and, as I was fairly industrious, rose considerably in my division. In a class of about sixty boys, the golden or middle part was composed of such as had been moderately gifted with industry and intelligence, while the extremes formed a ludicrous contrast to one another. At the head were boys, generally of weak constitution, who never joined in the games, but devoted themselves entirely to reading. Many of them made their anxiety for distinction unpleasantly prominent, wrote exercises three or four times as long as were required, and were suspected of soliciting the masters' favour in various unlawful ways. These characteristics made them naturally unpopular in the schools, and they were generally stigmatized as 'saps' and 'swinks,' the wheat being thus literally among the 'chaff.' At the other, or 'lag' end of the class, came a widely-different community, whose mental decrepitude was almost grotesque. They were, fortunately, for the most part, boys of good expectations, who were never likely to be dependent on their own exertions. A great incentive to labour is wanting to such as are born to fortune, and they are almost as much to be pitied as blamed. There are more such boys at Eton than in any other school, and I feel certain that they make as much progress there as they would anywhere else. The birch is the only cogent argument which can urge such loiterers along the flowery path of knowledge; and a friend of mine, whose parents took him away and sent him to a private tutor, confessed to me afterwards that he never learned anything after he left Eton. Examinations were the bugbears of these lotoseaters. They were skeletons to them in more than one sense; and when, at the end of the half, the Doctor read out the results, the invariable statement that Vere and Lloyd had been absent from indisposition,

was greeted with a burst of immoderate laughter, which was redoubled when the Doctor decorously observed, 'I don't see any cause for mirth. I have no doubt they were very ill.'

The unpromising character of some mental soils can scarcely be conceived by the inexperienced. 'Well, Blanque,' I inquired one day, as I saw one of my *dolce far niente* friends emerging from an examination, with his face full of care, 'how have you done, old fellow? Polished them off?'

'No,' he replied, in a mournful tone; 'I'm afraid not. I've made several mulls.'

'Big ones?' I ventured.

'I'm afraid so. However,' he added, brightly, 'I've answered one question right.'

'Well, that's something,' I replied, to encourage him. 'How many were there?'

'Fifteen.'

'You've one right, at all events,' I continued. 'What was it?'

'The distance of the earth from the sun.'

'Well, what did you say?'

'Ninety miles.'

'Not ninety millions?'

'No, ninety miles. I know that's all right, because I heard a fellow in front of me say so.'

Such delicious innocence as this was not met with every day, but good stories were constantly in circulation about the wide shots of some of these gifted sons of luxury.

There was one boy in our division who for some time puzzled me sorely. He was about twice as big as any of the rest, and held no communication with us, whom, indeed, he seemed to look down upon with the most ineffable contempt. At first I conceived that he was some private friend of the master, with whom he seemed to be constantly in conversation; but I afterward discovered that he was a boy who had been turned down for misconduct from a higher class in the school. At the end of the 'half' he was reinstated, and we lost the doubtful advantage of his company. I may here observe, in passing, that 'half' was the word commonly used for the school time,

much to my tutor's annoyance, who considered the term incorrect. 'What do you mean?' he inquired one day of a little boy who thus expressed himself. 'How many halves are there in the year?'

LITTLE BOY. 'Three, sir.'

TUTOR (*smiling*). 'Three? Then you shouldn't say this "half." What should you say?'

LITTLE BOY. 'This *quarter*, sir.'

On my return after my first holidays, I was warmly greeted both by friends and foes. However uncivil and pugnacious some of the Eton boys may be, none of them are ever neglectful of the rules of etiquette; and any one who has any pretensions to popularity needs a strong hand at the commencement of the half. Those who are in the least degree acquainted invariably wish each other 'Good night,' as they separate to their respective houses; and should a boy accidentally touch your jacket in going to his place in school or church, he is certain to beg your pardon politely, even although he just punched your head while waiting in the yard outside.

'Chaff' seems indigenous to the soil of Eton. 'Mirth and youthful jollity' trip hand in hand; and, although sport may sometimes be indulged in at one another's expense, there are few who do not look back upon their Eton days as among the happiest in their existence. How many sweet summer evenings have we spent wandering along the banks of the silver Thames, and collecting cockchafers to put into Waxy's bed! How often have I been called to a window, to answer a question, and received as my reward the contents of a wash-jug, which drenched me from head to foot! Yet with all this we enjoyed

'The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits free, the slumbers light;'

and might truly have been said to have felt

'No chill, except long morning.'

Practical joking, however, was only common in the lower part of the school. The upper boys discouraged it, and confined themselves to more amiable sport and chaff, in

which some of them showed considerable talent and ingenuity.

But beside the untrained luxuriance of humour grew a fairer and more grateful plant. The atmosphere of Eton was redolent with the sweet scents of Poetry. Not only were its little inhabitants, as I have before observed, employed in soliciting the Muses—not only was the great Spanky a poet—but there was a real official priest of Calliope, —a man of haggard and moonstruck aspect, who dressed himself in many-coloured robes on state occasions, and distributed his effusions to the admiring throng. His flights were not, I am sorry to say, so high as might have been expected, although he sang the boys' 'ravages'

'Among the unoffending cabbages;'

and his costume bore an unhappy resemblance to that of a pantaloon; but the surrounding scenery, the

'Distant spires and antique towers,'

were sufficient to inspire the dullest soul, even without their historical associations. In one place, beneath overarching foliage by the water's side, was a shady avenue known pre-eminently as 'Poet's Walk.' A more happy name could not have been devised; and yet, for certain reasons to be hereafter mentioned, the lower boys did not consider it in the least attractive.

Not only did humour and poetry flourish and abound at Eton, but also taste. Neatness in attire is not common among boys, but there they affected even a certain amount of elegance. There was a stringent rule that a certain decorous uniformity should be observed in dress —no lounging or shooting coats, no straw hats or caps were permitted. No; the bigger boys wore black dress-coats and spotless white ties, and looked like juvenile candidates for clerical preferment. Many, however, indulged in a variety of charms, studs, and other jewellery, and decorated their coats with the flowers of the day, in the arrangement of which great taste was displayed. 'Eton bucks,' says the old proverb, and certainly in my time they deserved the compliment; and none knew better how to

lay the rose or geranium blossom on its leaf. But the crown of all was the hat, and the Eton boy took an incredible amount of pride in that finish of his attire. Though worn and faded, he still cherished and protected it, but when new and radiant his devotion was unbounded. The Oxford swell might exclaim 'Take my life, but spare my collars!' the Eton boy would have substituted, 'but spare my tile;' and it was always considered a mark of the lowest degradation when any one could stand tamely by while his hat was being ill-used.

I have already intimated that my second schooltime was the 'summer half,' extending through that sunny period which is everywhere pleasant, and at Eton most enjoyable. At this season came the momentous question whether I was to enrol myself among the 'wet bobs' or 'dry bobs,'—to become a cricketer or an 'oar.' Each recreation had its advocates and attractions,—the 'dry bobs' laughed at the 'wet bobs' cutting 'crabs' on the river, and were in turn laughed at by them for their 'butter fingers' in the playing-field. But on the whole, aquatic pursuits were the most popular: not more than a third of the school played cricket, and great credit is due to this minority for the able manner in which they have rivalled, and often beaten both Harrow and Winchester at Lord's. But with regard to my decision, I found that before becoming a 'wet bob' it was necessary to learn to swim, and 'pass' before one of the masters, and I therefore commenced with being a 'dry bob,' and subscribed to the despised lower boy cricket-ground, called 'Sixpenny.'

This school time I changed masters, and became fag to one of the Eleven. I thought this fortunate, as my late master generally came home tired with rowing, and his fags had to put him to bed; but the other lower boy wished me joy, and told me that I should have to go 'Poet's Walk.' This seemed to me a pleasant prospect, and I could not understand the manner in which they spoke of it. I soon dis-

covered, however, that the Eleven and their friends in the Upper Club took their tea in the summer time in that romantic locality, and that a portion of their fags' play-hours was occupied in taking their tea-things and 'orders' down there, and attending on them until they had finished their repast. My new master was considerate towards me, as he looked on me as a future cricketer, and was fond of talking to me about the game, although he had not so high an opinion of my play as I had, and sometimes laughed at the idea of my being able to make any runs. Now at this time I sometimes received hampers from home containing strawberries, and seidlitz powders to take after them; the former of which I materially assisted in diminishing, but gave the latter away to those who liked them better. One day a larger present than usual arrived, and on the case being opened, it was found to contain, among other good things, a fine roast leg of mutton. My master happened accidentally to see this substantial joint, and I suppose thought it would form an agreeable object on his breakfast-table, for next day, when talking about cricket, he asked me how I played, and whether I thought I could get twenty runs off his bowling in twenty wickets. I replied that perhaps I could; though, to say the truth, I had no idea at the time of entering the lists with one in the Eleven, who were considered to possess incredible dexterity. He immediately proposed a match, and said the stake should be a leg of mutton. I had no conception that he was in earnest, but thought he was indulging in one of his humorous sallies. It may be easily imagined, therefore, that I was in considerable trepidation when two days afterwards he called upon me to fix an hour, and told me that he was ready to play. My fellow-fags laughed loudly at my temerity, but I had drifted into the engagement and it was too late to retract. I felt certain that he would not press the match unless he was sure of success; while at the same time

Thompson and I had eaten the leg of mutton, and had not money enough between us to buy another. Here was a miserable dilemma, but there was no retracting; so I resolved to do my best, and face boldly what it was impossible to avoid.

The match was to be played 'after four,' that is, after four o'clock school, and I was accompanied to the ground by many in the house, who thought it rare fun. The wicket was pitched, all fielding was forbidden, and I stood up to meet my fate. My antagonist felt so confident that he commenced with very easy bowling, which to his astonishment I put away without much difficulty; and whenever I sent the ball about twice as far as the bowling crease, I made a point of running, trusting to his not being able to hit the wicket. I was punished, however, more than once for this temerity, for he proved an excellent shot, and I was obliged to adopt a safer system. By degrees, as I worked him about the ground, he grew more and more irritated, and sent in the balls at me so fiercely that I could scarcely make anything. But by this time I had acquired full confidence, and although I lost many wickets, I still kept the result doubtful, till, on his sending a badly-pitched ball, I made a hit which gave me the victory. I was hailed winner by general acclamation; and although my master was evidently chagrined, he was generous enough to say that I had played well, and stood up to my wicket like a man. We had a grand breakfast next morning in honour of the contest, in which we all partook of the savoury forfeit; and he often to this day laughs with his sons about the match he played with his fag at Eton for a leg of mutton.

But the river was, as I have said, the great attraction to the majority. The annual Westminster match, for which that with Radley has now been substituted, tended to foster aquatic enthusiasm. Besides, there were two grand regattas in the summer, and one of these on the fourth of June, instituted in memory of George III., a great patron of

Eton, was now approaching. On this occasion all those who belonged to the 'boats'—that is, to the six eights and the 'ten oar'—were regaled with a supper at Lurley Hall, and it became an object with every lower boy to ingratiate himself with one of that august body. When the day arrived, Eton seemed for the time completely metamorphosed; no work, no play was going forward; the boys were lounging about the school wall in holiday attire, gazing at the visitors, conversing with their relations, and perhaps speculating on possible 'tips.' (Schoolboys seldom refuse a little pecuniary remembrance from an old friend of the family, though I heard of one, who, on being offered five shillings by a miserly uncle, replied superciliously, 'We don't take silver here, sir!' 'Then,' returned the old monster, 'of course you don't take gold,' and forthwith slipped the affront into his pocket.) The day wore the dissipated aspect of a fête day; but there were no speeches, and all thoughts were concentrated on the evening. At length it arrived, and a vast concourse collected on Windsor Bridge and the immediate vicinity to see the boats start. Every eight had its own uniform; and the little steerers with their swords, cocked hats, and large bouquets, presented a pretty and fantastical appearance. As a contrast to the gay costume of the crew, there sat in every boat a demure gentleman in black, who seemed to be singularly out of place, and who was known as the sitter. In cautious, old-fashioned times, this term was applied to a well-balanced individual who sat in the centre of the boat to keep it steady; now it referred to a person who sat in the stern, and who, to judge from a hamper of champagne in front of him, was more likely to make it unsteady. The bands play up 'See the conquering hero comes,' and land and water move off together in the direction of 'Old Surley.' There supper was laid *al fresco* for the crews of the boats, while the sixth form and a few other magnates were honoured with a tent. About seventy boys were thus provided

for; and the rest had either the privilege of standing quietly by to see the others eat, or of endeavouring to obtain a share by favour and importunity. The latter was the course generally pursued, and the crowd of little mendicants clustered like bees round the chairs of their more fortunate friends, who sat like princes distributing their bounty. The characters of the boys contrasted strangely on this occasion. Some were selfish and reserved, and would scarcely distribute anything; others were absurdly generous, and gave away everything; and equally, among the applicants, some had many friends, and were invariably seen with a glass of wine in one hand and a chicken-bone in the other; while others seemed to have no interest whatever, and were endeavouring by longing looks to move the compassion of boys to whom they were entirely strangers. The loyal and local toasts were at length drunk, and the crews rising, resought their boats and returned to Eton, where they kept rowing up and down by the bridge, while a splendid display of fireworks took place on the opposite eyot. Here, after rockets and jets innumerable, the last and most magnificent piece was lighted, and the time-honoured motto, 'Floreat Etona,' shone forth, kindling a general response, while amid universal enthusiasm the band struck up 'God save the Queen,' and the fourth of June was over, and the boys hastened back to be in time for 'lock up.'

There is a similar festival on the last Saturday of the summer school time, but time-honoured Montem, which still casts its parting glories over Eton, has been abolished for a quarter of a century. It was condemned because of its popularity, for as the crowds who assembled to witness the pageant became more numerous, they also became naturally less select. The collecting 'salt' for the captain of the school was also considered objectionable, and did not answer the purpose originally intended, as he was expected to spend in entertainments more than the money thus obtained.

The disbursements for the fourth of June were made by the Captain of the Oppidans, who generally had in the end to supply some deficiencies out of his private resources.

The Queen, in the happy days of her youth, when she was accompanied by Prince Albert, frequently graced our annual festivals; and the College, which had risen under the shelter of the Castle, was always noted for its loyalty. Whenever her Majesty passed through Eton she was loudly cheered by its little inhabitants, in return for which she would check the speed of her carriages out of consideration for those who ran beside her to the Park gate. Occasionally, when there was any exhibition at the Castle which she thought would amuse boys, she would send down to the Doctor to ask leave for the school. Sometimes she would testify her goodwill towards us by asking the head master to tea;

sometimes by inviting our young noblemen to play with the princes at the Castle. The latter favour was not, I regret to say, as much valued as it should have been, for the boys did not appreciate the motherly care which provided them rather with wholesomes than delicacies; and they found, sometimes to their cost, that the royal children were as fond of a little fun as less distinguished individuals. On one occasion, the Prince of Wales so far forgot himself as to kick one of his playmate's new 'tiles' along the terrace; whereon the owner, losing all command over his feelings, pursued his Royal Highness and treated him to an Eton black eye. The Queen intervened at the moment, and on hearing both sides of the case impartially, justified the exercise of school law; but I am bound to add that I feel certain that no other indignity would have led the little visitor into such a flagrant breach of propriety.

BRINGING HOME THE MAY.

BRINGING home the May, bringing home the May!
 We met together in the lane, at golden set of day;
 And I was blate and bashful, and Nell was coy and shy,
 And I spoke with a blushing cheek, and Nell with downcast eye.

What *was* there in the twilight soft, what *was* there in the air,
 What *was* there in the balm of eve, that life should look so fair?
 We pictured it, in roseate hues, upon that summer day,
 When our young hearts together beat, in bringing home the May.

Bringing home the May, bringing home the May!
 The western sky was tinged with gold, the scent was on the hay;
 The linnet carolled in the furze, the quavering blue bells
 Bowed gracefully their tender heads, and nodded on the fells.

And our young hands together came, half pleased and half in pain,
 And then drew back all-bashfully to meet and meet again;
 And our young pulses leapt and danced; and heaved our bosoms, sighs,
 Yet know not we the reason why, *except 'twas in our eyes.*

And what we said together there, why none may ever know,
 The heather heard it, and the sky was in a crimson glow;
 Not sweeter was the blackbird's pipe, from the white hawthorn spray,
 Than what we said together, dear, in bringing home the May!

A. H. B.

M. OR N.

'Similia similibus curantur.'

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'CERISE,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

'MISSING—A GENTLEMAN.'

AGE about thirty. Height five feet nine inches and a half—fair complexion—light grey eyes—small reddish-brown whiskers, close trimmed,—short dark hair. Speaks fast, in a high key, and has a habit of drawing out his shirt-sleeves from beneath his cuffs.—When last seen, was dressed in a dark surtout, fancy necktie, black cloth waistcoat, Oxford-mixture trousers, and Balmoral boots.—Wore a black hat with maker's name inside—Block and Co. 401 Regent Street. Whoever will give such information to the authorities as may lead to the discovery of the above, shall receive—A Reward!

Such was the placard that afforded a few minutes' speculation for the few people who had leisure to read it, one fine morning about a week after Mrs. Stanmore's eventful ball, and towards the close of the London season; eliciting, at the same time, criticism not altogether favourable on the style of composition affected by our excellent police. The man was missing, no doubt, and had been missing for some days, before anxiety created by his absence, growing into alarm for his safety, had produced the foregoing advertisement, prompted by certain affectionate misgivings of Mr. Bargrave, since the lost sheep was none other than his nephew, Tom Ryfe. The old man felt, indeed, seriously discomposed by the prolonged absence of this, the only member of his family. It was unjustifiable, as he remarked twenty times a day, unfeeling, unheard-of, unaccountable. He rang for the servants at his private residence every quarter of an hour or so, to learn if the truant had returned. He questioned the boy at the office sharply and repeatedly, as to orders

left with him by Mr. Ryfe before he went away, only to gather from the answers of this urchin, who would indeed have forgotten any number of such directions, that he looked on the present period of anxiety in the light of a holiday and festival, devoutly praying that his taskmaster might never come back again. Finally, in despair, poor Bargrave cast himself on the sympathy of Dorothea, who listened to his bewailings with stolid indifference, when sober, and replied to them by surmises of the wildest improbability, when drunk.

Alas! in common with so many others of her class, the charwoman took refuge from care in constant inebriety. Her imagination, thus stimulated, pointed, like that of some old Castilian adventurer, steadily to the west.

'Lor, Mr. Bargrave!' she would say, staring helplessly in his face, and yielding to the genial hiccough which refused to be kept down, 'he be gone to 'Merriky, poor dear—to better hisself—I make no doubt. Don't ye take on so. It's a weary world—it is—and that's where he be gone, for sure!'

Yet she knew quite well where he was hidden all the time; and, inasmuch as she had some regard for her kind old employer, the knowledge almost drove her mad. Therefore it was that Dorothea, harassed by conflicting feelings, drowned her sorrows perseveringly in the bowl.

For a considerable period this poor woman had suffered a mental torture, the severest, perhaps, to which her sex can be subjected. She had seen the man she loved—and, though she was only a drudge, and not by any means a tidy one, she could love very dearly,—she

had seen, I say, the man she loved, gradually learning to despise her affection, and to estrange himself from her society. She was a good deal afraid of 'Gentleman Jim,' perhaps she liked him none the less for that,—and dared neither tax him with falsehood, nor try to worm out of him the assurance that she had, or had not a rival. Nevertheless, she was determined to ascertain the cause of her lover's indifference to herself, and his changed conduct in other relations of life.

Jim had always been somewhat given to the adornment of his person, affecting that flash and gaudy style of decoration so much in favour with dog-stealers and men of like dubious professions. Of late, however, he had adopted, with different tastes and habits, a totally different costume—when 'off duty,' as he called it—meaning thereby release from the fulfilment of some business engagement subject to penalties affixed by our criminal code. He now draped himself in white linen, dark-coloured clothes, a tall hat, and such outward marks of respectability, if not station, going even so far as to invest in kid gloves and an 'umbrellier,' as he called that instrument. At first sight, but for his boots, Jim might almost have been mistaken for a real gentleman. About this period, too, he left off vulgar liquors, and shamefully abandoned a short black pipe that had stuck by him through many ups and downs, substituting for these stimulants a great deal of brown sherry, and certain sad-coloured cigars, demanding strong lungs and a strong stomach as well. These changes did the forlorn Dorothea note with increasing anxiety, and, because every woman becomes keen-sighted and quick-witted where her heart is concerned, drew from them an augury fatal to her future happiness. After a while, when the suspense grew intolerable, she resolved on putting a stop to it by personal inquiry, and with that view, as a preliminary, kept herself tolerably sober for twenty-four hours, during which probationary period she instituted a grand 'clean-up' of his

premises; and so, as she mentally expressed it, 'with a cool head and a clean 'ouse and a clear conscience,' confronted her employer on the stairs.

Old Bargrave had of late become very nervous and uneasy. The full meals, the daily bottle of port, the life of self-indulgence, though imparting an air of portliness and comfort while everything went well, had unfitted him sadly for a contest with difficulty or reverse. Like the fat troop-horse, that looks so sightly on parade, a week's campaigning reduced him to a miserable object—flabby, shrunk, dispirited, and with a sinking heart at least, if not a sore back.

Dorothea's person blocked up the staircase before him, or he would have slipped by and locked himself unnoticed in his chambers. 'Can I speak with you, sir?' said the charwoman. 'Now, sir, if you please. H'immediate.'

Old Bargrave trembled. 'Certainly, Dorothea—certainly. What is it, my good girl? You've heard something. They've traced him—they've found him. One minute, my good girl. One minute, if you please.'

He had preceded her through the office to his own inner room, and now, shaking all over, sat down in his easy-chair, pressing both hands hard on its arms to steady himself. Dorothea, staring helplessly at the wall over his head, made a muf of her apron, and curtsied—nothing more.

'Speak!' gasped the old gentleman, convulsively.

'It's my h'aunt, if you please, sir,' said Dorothea, with another curtsy.

'D—n your aunt!' vociferated Bargrave. 'It's my nephew! Have you heard nothing? I'm hasty, my good girl; I'm anxious. I—I haven't another relation in the world. Have they told you anything more?'

Dorothea began to cry. 'He be gone to 'Meriker, for sure,' she whimpered, trying back on the old consolatory suggestion—'to better hisself, no doubt. It's me, sir; that's my h'aunt. She's wuss this

turn; an' if so be as you could spare me for the day, I've been and cleaned up everthink, and I'd wipe over that there table and shake the dust out o' them curtains in five minutes, and——'

'That will do—that will do!' exclaimed the old gentleman, aghast, as well he might be, at the proposal, since none of the furniture in question had been subjected to such a process for years, and immediate suffocation, with intolerable confusion of papers, must have been the result. 'If you want to go and see your aunt, my girl, go, in heaven's name! I can spare you as long as you like. But you mustn't tidy up here. No; that would never do. And, Dorothea, if you should hear anything, come and tell me that instant. Never mind the expense. I'd give a great deal to know he was safe. Ah! I'd give all I have in the world to see him back again.'

She curtsied and hurried out, leaving Bargrave to immerse himself in law-papers and correspondence. From sheer force of habit he took refuge in his daily work at this hour of anxiety and sad distress. In such sorrows it is well for a man to have disciplined his mind till it obeys him instinctively, like a managed steed bearing its rider at will out of the crowd of assailants by whom he is beset.

Dorothea, scrubbing her face with yellow soap till it shone again, proceeded to array herself in raiment of many colours, and, when got up to her own satisfaction, scuttled off to a distant part of London, making use of more than one omnibus in her journey, and so, returning almost upon her tracks, confronted Gentleman Jim as he emerged from his usual house of call in the narrow street out of Holborn.

He started, and his face lengthened with obvious disgust.

'What's up now, lass?' said he. 'I've business to-night. D'ye mind? Blessed if my mouth isn't as dry as a cinder-heap. You go home, like a good gal, and I'll take ye to the theaytre, perhaps, to-morrow. I haven't a minnit to stop. I didn't ought to be here now.'

The promised treat; the hurried manner; above all, the affected kindness of tone, roused her suspicions to the utmost, and Dorothea was woman enough to feel for the moment that she dared match her wits against those of her betrayer.

'It's lucky,' she answered coolly; 'for I've got to be home afore dark, and they're lighting the lamps now. I've been down to see arter him, Jim, an' I thought I'd just step round and let you know. I footed it all the way back; that's why I'm so late now.'

She paused and looked steadily in his face.

'Well?' said Jim, turning very pale, while his eyes glared in hers with a wild, horrible meaning.

She answered his look rather than his exclamation.

'He's a trifle better since morning. He don't know nothing yet. Nor he won't, neither, not for a while to come. But he ain't a-goin' to die, Jim; not this turn.'

His colour came back, and he laughed brutally. 'Blast him! D'ye think I care?' said he, with a wild flourish of his arm, but added, in a quieter voice, 'Perhaps it's as well, lass. Cold meat isn't very handy to hide, and he's worth more alive nor dead. I couldn't hardly keep from laffin' this mornin' when I saw them bills. I'll stand ye a drop, lass, if you're dry, but I mustn't stop with ye to drink it.'

Dorothea declined this liberal offer. 'Good-night, Jim,' said she, and turned coldly away. She had no heart for a more affectionate farewell; and could their positions have been reversed, he must have detected something strange in this unusual lack of cordiality; but men are seldom close observers in such matters, and Jim was full of his own interests, his own projects, his own wild, senseless infatuation.

He watched her round her homeward turn, and then started off at a quick pace in an opposite direction. With all his cunning he would never have suspected that Dorothea, whose intellect he considered little better than an idiot's, could presume to dog his footsteps; and the contempt he entertained for her—

of which she was beginning to be uncomfortably conscious—no doubt facilitated this unhappy creature's operations.

Overhead the sky was dark and lowering, the air thick, as before thunder; and though the gas-lights streamed on every street in London, it was an evening well suited to watch an unsuspecting person, unobserved.

Dorothea, returning on her footsteps, kept Jim carefully in sight, walking from twenty to fifty yards behind him, and as much as possible on the other side of the street. There was no danger of her losing him. She could have followed that figure—to her the type of comeliness and manhood—all over the world, but she dreaded, with a fear that was almost paralyzing, the possibility of his turning back and detecting that he was tracked. 'He'd murder me, for sure,' thought Dorothea, trembling in every limb. Nevertheless, the love that is strong as death, the jealousy that is cruel as the grave, goaded her to persevere; and so she flitted in his wake with a noiseless step, wonderfully gliding and ghostlike, considering the solidity of her proportions.

Jim turned out of Oxford Street to stop at an ill-looking, dirty little house, the door of which seemed to open to him of its own accord. She spied a small grocer's shop nearly opposite, not yet shut up. To dodge rapidly in, and sit down for a few minutes, while she cheapened a couple of ounces of tea, afforded Dorothea an excellent chance of watching his further movements unseen.

He emerged again almost immediately, with a false beard and a pair of spectacles, carrying a large parcel carefully wrapped in oiled silk. Then, after looking warily up and down the street, turned into the main thoroughfare, for the chase to begin once more.

'He must be dreadful hot, poor Jim!' thought Dorothea, pitying him in spite of herself for his false beard and heavy parcel, while she wiped away the drops already beginning to pour off her own forehead. The night was indeed close

and sultry. A light, warm air, reeking like the steam from a cook-shop, breathed in her face, while a low roll of thunder, nearly lost in the noise of wheels, growled and rumbled among the distant Surrey hills.

She followed him perseveringly through the more fashionable streets and squares of London, tolerably silent and deserted now in the interval between dinner and concert, ball, or drum. Here and there, through open windows, might be seen a few gentlemen at their wine, or a lady in evening dress coming out for a gasp of fresh air on the balcony overhead; but on the pavement below, a policeman under a lamp, or a lady's-maid hurrying on an errand, were the only occupants, and these took no heed of the bearded man with his parcel, nor of the dirty, gaudily-dressed woman who followed like his shadow. So they turned down Grosvenor Place and through Belgrave Square, into one of the adjoining streets. Here Jim, slackening pace, took his hat off, and wiped his brow. Dorothea, with all her faculties on the stretch, slipped into a portico at the very moment when he glanced round on every side to make sure he was not watched. From this hiding-place she observed him, to her great astonishment, ring boldly at the door of a large, handsome house. That astonishment was increased to see him admitted without demur by an irreproachable footman, powder, plush, and all complete. Large drops of rain began to fall, and outside London, beyond the limits of our several gas companies, it lightened all round the horizon.

Dorothea crept nearer the house where Jim had disappeared. On the ground floor, in a dining-room of which the windows stood open for the heat, she saw his figure within a few yards of her. He was unpacking his bundle and arranging its contents on the table, where a servant had placed a lamp when he admitted this unusual visitor. The rain fell now in good earnest, and not a living creature remained in the street. Dorothea cowered down by the area-railings, and watched.

Not for long. The dining-room door opened, and into the lamplight, like a vision from some world of which poor Dorothea could scarcely form the vaguest conception, came a pale, haughty woman, beautiful exceedingly, before whom Jim, her own Jim, usually so defiant, seemed to cower and tremble like a dog. Even in that moment of bewilderment Dorothea's eye, woman-like, marked the mode in which Miss Bruce's long black hair was twisted,

and missed neither the cut nor texture of her garments.

Jim spread his goods out for inspection. It was obvious that he had gained admission to the house under the guise of a dealer in rare silks and Eastern brocades. We, who know everything, know that Mrs. Stanmore was dozing over her coffee upstairs, and that this scheme, too, originated in the fertile brain and determined character of her niece.



'I'll take that shawl, if you please,' said Maud, in her cool, authoritative way. 'I dare say it's better than it looks. Put it aside for me. And—you were to ask your own price.'

Dorothea, drenched to the skin, felt, nevertheless, a fire burning within; for, raising her face to peer above the area railings, she marked a mute worship in Jim's adoring eyes; she marked the working of his features, pale, as it seemed, with

some new and overpowering emotion. Could this be Gentleman Jim? She had seen him asleep and awake, pleased and angry, drunk and sober, but she had never seen that face before. Through all its agony there rose in her heart a feeling of anger at such transparent folly—almost of contempt for such weakness in a man.

His voice came hoarse and thick, while he answered—

'Never name it, miss, never name

it. 'I done as you desired, an' a precious awkward job it were! *He'll tell no tales now!*' She started. The hand in which she held a small embroidered note-case trembled visibly; but her voice, though low, was perfectly firm and clear.

'If you exceeded my order,' said she, 'you have nothing to hope from my forbearance. I shall be the first to have you punished. I told you so.'

He could scarcely contain his admiration. 'What a plucked un!' he muttered; 'what a plucked un! No, miss,' he added, 'you needn't fear. Fear, says I? You never feared nothink in your life. You needn't think of that 'ere. Me and another party we worked it off as neat as wax, without noise and without violence. We've a-trapped him safe, miss, and you've got nothink to do but just you lift up your hand, and we'll put him back, not a ha'porth the wuss, on the very spot as we took him from.'

She drew a great breath of relief, but suffered not a muscle of her countenance to betray her feelings. 'It is better so,' she observed, quietly. 'Remember, once for all, when I give orders they must be obeyed to the letter. I am satisfied with you, Jim—I think your name is Jim?'

There was just the least possible inflection of kindness in her voice, and this ruffian's heart leaped to meet it, while the tears came to his eyes. He dashed them savagely away, and took a letter from his breast-pocket.

'That's all we found on him, miss,' said he, 'that an' a couple o' cigars. He hadn't no watch, no blunt, no latch-key, nor nothink. I kep' this here careful to bring it you. Bless ye, I can read, I can, *well*, but I've not read that there. I couldn't even smoke of his cigars. No, I guv 'em to a pal. This here job warn't done for money, miss! It were done for—for—well—for *you!*'

She took the letter with as little emotion as if it had been an ordinary tradesman's bill for a few shillings; yet had she once pawned a good many hundred pounds worth

of diamonds only on the chance of recovering its contents.

'At least I must pay you for the shawl,' said she, pulling the notes out of their case.

'For the shawl, miss? Yes,' answered Jim. 'Ten pounds will buy that, an' leave a fair profit for my pal as owns it. Not a shilling more, miss—no—no. D'ye mind the first time as ever I see you? D'ye mind what I said then? There's one chap, miss, in this world, as belongs to you, body and soul. He's a poor chap, he is, and a rough chap, but he asks no better than to sarve of you, be the job what it may—ay, if he swings for it! Now it's out!'

Over her pale, haughty face swept a flash of mingled triumph, malice, and even amusement, while she listened to this desperate man's avowal of fidelity and belief. But she only vouchsafed him a cold, condescending smile, observing, as she selected a ten-pound note, 'Is there nothing I can do to mark my satisfaction and approval?'

He fidgeted, glanced at the note-case, and began packing up his goods.

'If *you're* pleased, miss, that's enough. But if so be as you *could* do without that there empty bit of silk, and spare it me for a keepsake—well—miss—I'd never part with it—no—not if the rope was rove, and the nightcap drawed over my blessed face!'

She put the empty note-case in his hand. 'You're a fool,' she said, ringing the bell for a servant to show him out; 'but you're a stanch one, and I wish there were more like you.'

'Blast me! I *am!*' he muttered, adding, as he turned into the wet street, and walked on through the rain like a man in a dream, 'if there was more such gals as you maybe there'd be more fools like me. It would be a rum world then, blessed if it wouldn't! And now it will be a whole week afore I shall see her again!'

Dorothea, clinging to the area-railings, even in the imminence of discovery had not the heart to leave them as he went out. Stupefied,

bewildered, benumbed, she could scarcely believe in the reality of the scene she had witnessed. She felt it explained much that had lately puzzled her exceedingly; but at present she was unequal to the task of arranging her ideas so as to understand the mystery that enveloped her.

Gradually the thunderstorm rolled away, the rain cleared off, the moon shone out, and Dorothea reached her squalid home, drenched, cold, weary, and sick at heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

‘WANTED—A LADY.’

We must go back a few days to watch with Dick Stanmore, through the sad, sorrowing hours that succeeded his stepmother's ball. I trust I have not so described this gentleman as to leave an impression that he was what young ladies call a romantic person. Romance, like port wine, after-dinner slumbers, flannel next the skin, and such self-indulgences, should be reserved as a luxury for after-life; under no circumstances must it be permitted to impair the efficiency of manhood in its prime. Dick Stanmore took his punishment with true British pluck and pertinacity. It was ‘a facer.’ As it could not possibly be returned, his instincts prompted him to ‘grin and bear it.’ He had sustained a severe fall. His first impulse was to get up again. None the less did nerves thrill, and brain spin, with the force and agony of the blow. Perhaps the very nature that most resists, suffers also the most severely from such shocks, as a granite wall cracks and splinters to the round shot, while an earth-work accepts that rushing missile with a stolid harmless thud.

Dick's composition was at least not earthy enough to let him go to bed after this recent downfall of his hopes. Restless, hurt, sorrowful, angry with himself, not *her*—for his nature could be gallantly loyal under defeat—sleep was as impossible as any other occupation requiring quietude and self-control. No. The only thing to be done

was to smoke, of course! and then to pack up everything he could lay hands on, without delay, so as to leave London that very morning, for any part of England, Europe, or the habitable world. All places would be alike to him now, only the farther from Belgrave Square the better. Therefore it was, perhaps, that after shamming to break-fast, and enduring considerable pain in a state of enforced inactivity while his servant completed their travelling arrangements, he drove through this very square, though it lay by no means in a direct line for the railway station to which he was bound. Those who believe in ghosts affirm that a disembodied spirit haunts the place it best loved on earth; and what are we but the ghosts of our former selves, when all that constituted the pith and colouring and vitality of our lives has passed away? Ah! Lady Macbeth's are not the only white hands from which that cruel stain can never be removed. There are soft eyes and sweet smiles and gentle whispers enough in the world guilty of moral manslaughter (I believe the culprits themselves call it ‘justifiable homicide’), not entirely divested of that malice prepense which constitutes the crime of murder! Happy the victims in whom life is not completely extinguished, who recover their feet, bind up their wounds, and undeterred by a ghastly experience, hazard in more encounters, a fresh assassination of the heart. Such fortitude would have afforded a remedy to Dick Stanmore. ‘Wanted—a lady!’ should have been the motto emblazoned on his banner if ever he turned back into the battle once more. Homœopathy, no doubt, is the treatment for a malady like that which prostrated this hapless sufferer,—homœopathy, at first distrusted, ridiculed, accepted only under protest, and in accordance with the force of circumstances, the exigencies of the position; gradually found to soothe, to revive, to ameliorate, till at last it effects a perfect and triumphant cure, nay even shows itself powerful enough to produce a second attack of the

same nature, fierce and virulent as the first. But, meanwhile, Dick Stanmore followed the ghost's example, and drove sadly through Belgrave Square, as he told himself, for the last—last time! Had he been an hour later, just one hour, he might have taken away with him a subject for considerable speculation, during his proposed travels

in search of distraction. This is what he would have seen.

A good-looking, bad-looking man, with dark eyes and hair, sweeping a crossing very inefficiently, while he watched the adjacent street with an air of eager anxiety, foreign to an occupation which indeed seems to demand unusual philosophy and composure of mind. Presently,



Maud Bruce, tripping daintily across the path he had swept clean, let herself into the square gardens, dropping her glove in the muddy street as she took a pass-key from her pocket. The crossing-sweeper pounced at it like a hawk, stuck his broom against a lamp-post, and hurried round to the other side of the square.

Here Maud appeared at the gate, while 'Gentleman Jim,' for it was none other, returned her glove without a word through the iron bars.

'I hardly expected you so soon,' said Miss Bruce. 'My letter could only have been posted at five this morning.'

'You might ha' made sure I'd come that instant, Miss,' answered Jim, his face brightening with excitement and delight. 'I knowed who 'twas from, well enough, though 'twas but a line as a man might say. I ain't had it an hour, an' here I am ready an' willin' for your job, be it what it may!'

'You're a bold fellow I know.'

said Maud, 'but it's a desperate undertaking. If you don't like it say so.'

Jim swore a horrible oath, and then drew his hand across his lips as though to wipe away its traces. 'Look'ee here, Miss,' he muttered, in a hoarse thick whisper. 'If you says to me, Jim, says you, go and rob that there church—see now, I'd have the wards of the big key, in wax, ah! this werry arternoon. If you says to me, says you, Jim, go and cut that there parson's throat, I've got a old knife in my pocket, as I wouldn't want to sharpen afore the job was done, and the parson, too, for good an' all!'

There was a peculiar grace in the setting on of Maud's head, especially in the firm lines of her mouth and chin. Though she looked even paler than usual, her rare beauty, always somewhat resolute and defiant in character, never showed to greater advantage than now.

'I won't speak of reward to you,' she said, very clearly and distinctly, 'though you shall name your own price and be paid at your own time. Listen—I have an enemy—a bitter enemy who threatened me—actually dared to threaten me last night—who would hesitate at nothing to do me an injury.'

'Blast him!' muttered Jim, ferociously. 'Leave 'un to me, Miss—leave 'un to me!'

She took no heed of his interruption. 'That enemy'—she continued—'must be got out of my way.'

The sweat stood on her listener's brow. 'I understand you, Miss,' he gasped in a broken voice. 'It shall be done.'

Over the face this ruffian thought too beautiful to be mortal, came a stern proud smile.

'I forbid that,' she replied. 'Forbid it distinctly, and I *will* be obeyed to the very letter. If you were to kill this man, I should be the first to hand you over to justice. Listen. He must be kept quiet and out of the way for something less than three weeks. After that, he can harm me no more,—I bear him no grudge, I wish him no evil—but he must be taken away this very

afternoon. Every hour might make it too late. Can you do this?'

Jim pondered. He was an experienced criminal. A man with certain qualities, which, in the honest paths of life, might have made him successful, even remarkable. In a few seconds he had run over his chances, his resources, his risk of detection, all the pros and cons of the undertaking. He looked cheerfully in her face.

'I can, Miss,' said he, confidently. 'I don't go for to say as it's a job to be done right off, like easy shavin' or taking a dozen of hiseters. But it's to be worked. I'll engage for that, and I'm the chap as can work it. You couldn't give me no longer than to-day, could ye now?'

'If it's not done at once, you must let it alone,' was the answer.

'Now that's business,' replied Jim, growing cooler and more self-possessed as he reviewed the difficulties of his enterprise. 'The party being in town, Miss, o'course. You may depend on my makin' of him safe before nine o'clock to-night. Shall I trouble you for the name and address, or will you give me a description in full; that will do as well?'

'You have seen him,' she observed, quietly. 'On this very spot, where I am standing now. I walked with him in these gardens the first morning you swept our crossing. A gentleman in a frock coat, with a bunch of flowers at his buttonhole. Do you remember?'

Did he remember? Why the man's figure, features, every detail of his dress, was photographed on Jim's heart.

'No need to tell me his name, Miss,' was the answer. 'I knows him as well as I knows these here old shoes o' mine. I've had my eye on him ever since. I can tell you when he goes out, when he comes in, where he takes his meals. I could lay my hand on him in any part of this here town at two hours' notice. Make yourself easy, Miss. Your job's as good as done, and some day you'll see me again, Miss, won't you? And—and you'll thank me kindly, perhaps, when

it's off your mind for good and all!

'You shall come and tell me the particulars,' answered Miss Bruce, with a gracious smile that seemed to flood him in sunshine, 'when the thing is finished. And now I ought to be at home again, but before I go, understand plainly, to-morrow will be too late!'

Jim was deep in thought. 'The bird might be shy, Miss,' said he, after a pause. 'Some on em's easy scared, an' this doesn't seem like a green one, not a bit of it. Supposin' as he *won't* be 'ticed, Miss. There's only one way, then!'

For a moment she felt a keen stab of compunction, but remembering the stake she ventured, nerved herself to resist the pang. This was no time for child's play, for a morbid sensitiveness, for weak indulgence of the feelings.

'Tell him you have a message from *me*, from Miss Bruce,' she replied, firmly. 'It will lead him anywhere.'

Jim looked as if he would rather set about the business in any other way; nevertheless, he was keenly alive to the efficiency of so tempting a bait, reflecting, at the same time, with a kind of awe on Mr. Ryfe's temerity in affronting such a character as this.

Another hurried sentence. A light in Jim's eyes, like that with which a dog receives directions from its master—a gesture such as dismisses the same dog imperiously to its kennel, and Miss Bruce walked quietly home to her music and her embroidery, while the crossing-sweeper, recovering his broom, hurried off in another direction to commence operations against the unsuspecting Tom Ryfe.

That gentleman's feelings, as he sat in his uncle's office the morning after Mrs. Stanmore's ball, were of no enviable nature. Malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness might indeed sufficiently describe the frame of mind in which he went about his daily business, unfortunately on the present occasion an affair of such mere routine as in no way to distract his attention from his sorrows and his wrongs.

'She has dared me,' thought he, poring over a deed he knew by heart, and of which his eye only took in the form and outward semblance—'challenged me to do my worst, and herself declared it is to be war to the knife. Oh! Maud, Maud,—how could you?—how could you? Was it not enough to have wound yourself round my heart—to have identified yourself with my hopes, my ambition, my manhood, my very existence, and then with one turn of your hand to have destroyed them, each and all, but you must add insult to injury—must scorn and trample on me as well? Some men may stand this sort of treatment—I won't. I *have* a pull over you. Ah! I'm not such a fool, after all, perhaps, as you thought! I have it, and hang me, but I'll make use of it! You have blasted my life, and thought it good fun, no doubt. I'll see if I can't give tit-for-tat, and spoil *your* little game, my haughty lady, with your white face and your cursed high-handed airs. Yet, how I loved them—how I loved them! Must I never see a woman again without that queenly beauty coming between me and my share of happiness? What right had you to destroy my whole future? And I would have been so different if you had cared for me. I might have made a better gentleman than any of them. As for that empty-headed cousin (to be sure you've thrown him over, too, and I hope he feels it to his marrow), and that swaggering lord, can they care for you like I did? Would they have worked as hard to please you, and sat up night after night, as I have done, poring over papers to see you righted?—and why am I to be sacrificed to such men as these? I won't be sacrificed! No—by Heavens! I've done my best for you hitherto, Miss Bruce, and you've dared me now to do my *worst*. I shall rather astonish you, I think, when you learn what that worst is. Curse you! I'll have no mercy. If I *am* to suffer, I'll take care not to suffer meekly and alone. It's *my* turn now, my lady, as, before twelve hours are out, you shall know to your cost.'

Mr. Ryfe, you see, was sadly wanting in that first element of chivalry which establishes the maxim that 'a woman can do no wrong.' This principle, when acted up to in its fullest sense, is convenient, no doubt, and beneficial to us all. It involves free trade on the broadest basis, sweeping away much of the selfishness and morbid sentimentality that constitute the superstition we call Love. *She* has a perfect right to change her mind—bless her! why shouldn't she? And so, no doubt, have *you*! Ring for fresh cards, cut again for partners, and so sit merrily down to another rubber. Thus, too, you will learn to play the game cautiously and with counters, saving both your temper and your gold. It may be you will miss the excitement of real gambling, finding the pastime so wearisome, that you are fain to leave off and go to bed. Whatever you do, retire with a good grace. It is but a choice of evils. Perhaps you had better be bored than miserable, and if less exciting, it is surely less painful to stifle listless yawns, than to crush down the cry of a wilful, wounded heart.

Mr. Ryfe, however, I consider perfectly inexcusable in the course he chose to adopt. Self-sacrifice is, of all others, the quality by which, in questions of feeling, the true gold is to be distinguished from the false. But Tom had no idea of such generous immolation—not he.

Hour after hour, poring over the deeds of which he never read a line, he raged and chafed and came to a determination at last.

He had thought of writing to Lord Bearwarden, in his own name, warning him, as a true friend, of the lady's antecedents who was about to become his lordship's bride, enclosing, at the same time, a copy of her promise to himself; for, with professional caution, he reflected that the original had better not pass out of his hands. Then, he argued, if his lordship could only see with his own eyes the treasured lines in her well-known handwriting, by which Miss Bruce had bound herself in all honour to the lawyer's clerk, that nobleman must readily, and of

necessity, hold himself absolved from any engagement he might have contracted with her, and perceive at once the folly and impropriety of making such a woman his wife. Yes—Lord Bearwarden should read the letter itself. He would obtain a personal interview that very evening, when the latter dressed for dinner. There would thus be no necessity for trusting the important document out of his own possession, while at the same time he could himself adopt a tone of candour and high feeling, calculated to make a strong impression on such a true gentleman as his friend.

He took Miss Bruce's promise from the safe in which he kept it locked up, and hid it carefully in his breast-pocket. Then, looking at his watch, and finding it was time to leave his office for the West-end, heaped his papers together, bundled them into the safe, and prepared to depart.

Walking moodily down stairs, he was waylaid by Dorothea, who, sluicing the steps with dirty water under pretence of cleaning them, thus held, as it were, the key of the position, and so had him at command. It surprised him not a little that she should desist from her occupation to request an interview.

'Can I speak to you for a moment, Mr. Thomas?' said she. 'It's private, and it's particular.'

The amount of pressure put on Dorothea ere she consented to the job now in hand it is not for me to estimate. Her Jim was a man of unscrupulous habits and desperate resources. It is probable that she had been subjected to the influences of affection, sentiment, and intimidation, perhaps even physical force. I cannot tell, my business is only with results.

There was no escaping, even had Mr. Ryfe been so inclined, for Dorothea's person, pail, and scrubbing-brushes defended the whole width of the staircase.

'It's strange, Mr. Thomas,' she continued, pushing the hair off her face. 'Lor! I was that frightened and that surprised, as you might have 'eard my 'eart beatin' like carpets. Who she may be, an' wot she

may be, I know no more than the dead. But her words was these—I'm tellin' you her werry words—If you can make sure of seeing Mr. Ryfe, says she, that's *you*, Mr. Thomas, any time afore to-night, says she, tell him, as I must have a word with him in private atween him and me this werry evening, or it would have been better for both of us, poor things, says she, if we'd 'a never been born!

Tom Ryfe stared.

'What do you mean?' he said. 'Am I to understand that the—*the* lady who spoke to you was desirous of an interview with me here in chambers, or where?'

'An' a born lady she is an' were!' answered Dorothea, incoherent, and therefore in the acute lawyer's opinion more likely to be telling the truth. 'A beautiful lady, too, tall, and pale, 'aughty and 'andsome—(Tom started)—dressed in 'alf-mourning, with a black-and-white parasol in her 'and. It's to see you priwate, Mr. Thomas, as she bade me to warn of you. To-night at height in the Birdcage Walk, without fail, says she, for it's life and death as is the matter, or marriage, says she, which is sometimes wuss nor both.'

Dorothea then removed herself, her pail, and her scrubbing-brushes to one side, as though inviting him to follow out his assignation without delay.

'I ask yer pardon,' said she, 'Mr. Thomas, if I done wrong. But the young lady she seemed so anxious and aggrawated-like. No offence, sir, I 'umbly 'ope, and she giv' me 'alf a sovereign.'

'And I'll give you another,' exclaimed Tom, placing a coin of that value in Dorothea's damp hot hand. 'The Birdcage Walk, at eight. And it's past six now. Thank you, Dorothea. I've no doubt it's all right. I'll start at once.'

Leaving Gray's Inn, the warm tears filled his eyes to think he had so misjudged her. Evidently she was in some difficulty, some complication; she had no opportunity of confiding to him, and hence her apparent heartlessness, the inconsistency of her conduct which he

had been unable to understand. Obviously she loved him still, and the conviction filled him with rapture, all the more thrilling and intense for his late misgivings.

He pulled her written promise from his pocket, and kissed it passionately, reading it over and over again in the fading light. A prayer rose from heart to lip for the woman he loved, while he looked up to the crimson glories of the western sky. Do such prayers fall back in the form of curses on the heads of those who betray, haunting them in their sorrows—at their need—worst of all in their supreme moments of happiness and joy? God forbid! Rather let us believe that, true to their heaven-born nature, they are blessings for those who give and those who receive.

Some two hours later, Tom Ryfe found himself pacing to and fro, under the trees in the Birdcage Walk, with a happier heart, though it beat so fast, than had been within his waistcoat for weeks.

It was getting very dark, and even beneath the gas-lamps it was difficult to distinguish the figure of man or woman, flitting through the deep shadows cast by trees still thick with their summer foliage. Tom, peering anxiously into the obscure, could make out nothing but a policeman, a foot-guardsman with a clothes-basket, and a drunken slattern carrying her baby upside-down.

He was growing anxious. Big Ben's booming tones had already warned him it was a quarter-past eight, when, suddenly, so close to him he could almost touch it, loomed the figure of a woman.

'Miss Bruce,' he exclaimed—'Maud—is it you?'

Turning his own body, so as to take advantage of a dim ray from the nearest gaslight, he was aware that the woman, shorter and stouter than Miss Bruce, had muffled herself in a cloak, and was closely veiled.

'You have a letter—a message,' he continued in a whisper. 'It's all right. I'm the party you expected to meet—here—at eight—under the trees.'

'And wot the — are you at

with my missus under the trees?' growled a brutal voice over his shoulder, while Tom felt he was helplessly pinioned by a pair of strong arms from behind, that crushed and bruised him like iron. Ere he could twist his hands free to show fight, which he meant to do pretty fiercely, he found himself baffled, blinded, suffocated, by a handkerchief thrust into his face, while a strong, pungent, yet not altogether unpleasant flavour of ether filled eyes, mouth, and nostrils, till it permeated to his very lungs. Then with every pulsation of the blood Big Ben seemed to be striking inside his brain, till something gave way with a great whizz! like the mainspring of a watch, and Tom Ryfe was perfectly quiet and comfortable henceforth.

Five minutes afterwards a belated bricklayer lounging home with his mate observed two persons, man and woman, supporting between them a limp, helpless figure, obviously incapable of sense or motion. Said the bricklayer, 'That's a stiff-un, Bill, to all appearance.'

'Stiff-un be d—d!' retorted Bill; 'he's only jolly drunk. I wish I was too!'

The bricklayer seemed a man of reflection; for half a mile or so he held his peace, then, with a backward nod of the head, to indicate his meaning, observed solemnly—

'I wouldn't take that chap's headache when he comes to, no, not to be as jolly drunk as he is this minnit—I wouldn't!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

'THE COMING QUEEN.'

'And whenever she comes she will find me
waiting
To do her homage—my queen—my queen!'

How many an aspiring heart has breathed the high, chivalrous sentiment, never before so touchingly expressed, as in the words of this beautiful song? How many a gallant, generous nature has desired with unspeakable longing to lay its wealth of loyalty and devotion at her feet who is to prove the coming queen of its affections, the lady of

its love? And for how many is the unwavering worship, the unflinching faith, the venture of wealth and honour, the risk of life and limb, right royally rewarded according to its merits and its claim?

I am not sure that implicit belief, unquestioning obedience, are the qualities most esteemed by those illustrious personages on whom they are lavished; and I think that the rebel who sends in his adhesion on his own terms is sometimes treated with more courtesy and consideration than the staunch vassal whose fidelity remains unaffected by coldness, ingratitude, or neglect.

Dick Stanmore, reading in the 'Morning Post' an eloquent account of Viscount Bearwarden's marriage to Miss Bruce, with the festivities consequent thereon, felt that he had sadly wasted his loyalty, if indeed this lady were the real sovereign to whom the homage of his heart was due. He began now to entertain certain misgivings on that score. What if he had over-estimated his own admiration and the force of her attractions? Perhaps his *real* queen had not come to him after all. It might be she was advancing even now in her maiden majesty, as yet unseen, but shedding before her a soft and mellow radiance, a tender quiver of light and warmth, like that which flushes the horizon at the break of a summer's day.

His dark hour had been cold and dismal enough. There is nothing to be ashamed of in the confession. Dick suffered severely, as every manly nature must suffer when deceived by a woman. He did not blame the woman—why should he? but he felt that a calamity had befallen him, the heaviest of his young experience, and he bore it as best he might.

'*Cœlum non animum*' is a very old proverb: his first impulse, no doubt, was to change the scene, and seek under other skies an altered frame of mind, in defiance of Horace and his worldly wisdom so rarely at fault. In these days a code of behaviour has been established by society to meet every eventuality of life. When your fortunes are impaired you winter at Rome; when

your liver is affected you travel in Germany; when your heart is broke you start at once for India. There is something unspeakably soothing, I imagine, in the swing of an elephant as he crashes through jungle, beating it out for tigers; something consolatory to wounded feelings in the grin of a heavy old tusker, lumbering along, half sulky, half defiant, winking a little blood-red eye at the pig-sticker, pushing his Arab to speed with a loose rein ere he delivers the meditated thrust that shall win first spear. Snipe, too, killed by the despairing lover while standing in a paddy-field up to his knees in water, with a tropical sun beating on his head, to be eaten afterwards in military society, not undiluted by pale ale and brandy-pawnee, afford a relief to the finer feelings of his nature as delightful as it is unaccountable; while those more adventurous spirits who, penetrating far into the mountainous regions of the north-west frontier, persecute the wild sheep or the eland, and even make acquaintance with the lordly ibex 'rocketing' down from crag to crag, breaking the force and impetus of his leap by alighting on horns and forehead, would seem to gain in their life of hardship and adventure an immunity from the 'common evil' which lasts them well into middle age.

Dick Stanmore's first impulse, therefore, was to secure a berth in the P. and O. steamer at once. Then he reflected that it would not be a bad plan to stop at Constantinople—one of the Egean islands, Messina—or, indeed, why go farther than Marseilles? If you come to that, Paris was the very place for a short visit. A man might spend a fortnight there pleasantly enough, even in the hot weather, and it would be a complete change; the eventual result of these deliberations being a resolve to go down and look after his landed property in the West of England. I believe that in this determination Mr. Stanmore showed more wisdom than his friends had hitherto given him credit for possessing. At his own place he had his own affairs to interest him, a good deal of business to attend to,

above all, constant opportunities of doing good. This it is, I fancy, which constitutes the real pith and enjoyment of a country gentleman's life—which imparts zest and flavour to the marking of trees, the setting of trimmers, the shooting of partridges, nay, even to the joyous excitement of fox-hunting itself.

This, too, is a wondrous salve for such wounds as those under which Dick Stanmore was now smarting. The very comparison of our own sorrows with those of others has a tendency to decrease their proportions and diminish their importance. How can I prate of my cut finger in presence of your broken leg? and how utterly ridiculous would have seemed Mr. Stanmore's sentimental sorrows to one of his own labourers keeping a wife and half-a-dozen children on eleven shillings a week?

In the whole moral physic-shop there is no anodyne like duty, sweetened with a little charity towards your neighbours. Amusement and dissipation simply aggravate the evil. Personal danger, while its excitement braces nerve and intellect for the time, is an overpowerful stimulant for the imagination, and leaves a reaction sadly softening to the heart. Successful ambition, gratified vanity, what are these with none to share the triumph? But put the sufferer through a steady course of daily duties, engrossing in their nature, stupefying in the monotony of their routine, and insensibly, while his attention is distracted from Self and selfish feelings, he gathers strength, day by day, till at last he is able to look his sorrow in the face, and fight it fairly, as he would any other honourable foe. The worst is over then, and victory a mere question of time.

So Dick Stanmore, setting to work with a will, found sleep and appetite and bodily strength come back rapidly enough. He had moments of pain, no doubt, particularly when he woke in the morning. Also at intervals during the day, when the breeze sighed through his woods, or the sweet-briar's fragrance stole on his senses more heavily than usual. Once, when a gipsy-girl blessed his handsome face, adding, in the fer-

vour of her gratitude, a thousand good wishes for 'the lass he loved, as must love him dear, sure-lie!'—but for very shame he could have cried like a child.

Such relapses, however, were of rarer occurrence every week. It was not long before he told himself that he had been through the worst of his ordeal, and could meet Lady Bearwarden now without looking like a fool. In this more rational frame of mind Mr. Stanmore arrived in London on business at that period of settled weather and comparative stagnation called by tradesmen the 'dead time of year,' and found his late-acquired philosophy put somewhat unexpectedly to the proof.

He was staring at a shop-window in Oxford Street, studying, indeed, the print of a patent mowing-machine, but thinking, I fear, more of past scenes in certain well-lit rooms, on slippery floors, than of the velvet lawns at home, when a barouche drew up to the kerb-stone with such trampling of hoofs, such pulling about of horses' mouths, such a jerk and vibration of the whole concern, as denoted a smart carriage with considerable pretension, a body-coachman of no ordinary calibre. Dick turned sharply round, and there, not five yards off, was the pale face, proud, dreamy, and beautiful as of old. Had she seen him? He hardly knew, for he was sick at heart, growing white to his very lips—he, a strong healthy man, with as much courage as his neighbours. Horribly ashamed of himself he felt. And well he might be! but with more wisdom than he had hitherto shown, he made a snatch at his hat, and took refuge in immediate retreat.

It was his only chance. How, indeed, could he have met her manfully and with dignity, while every nerve and fibre quivered at her presence? How endure the shame of betraying in his manner that he loved her very dearly still? It gave him, indeed, a sharp and cruel pang, to think that it had come to this—that the face he had so worshipped he must now fly from like a culprit—that for his own sake, in sheer self-defence, he must avoid her presence,

as if he had committed against her some deadly injury—against *her*, for whom, even now, he would willingly have laid down his life! Poor Dick! he little knew, but it was the last pang he was destined to feel from his untoward attachment, and it punished him far more severely than he deserved.

Blundering hastily up a by-street, he ran into the very arms of a gentleman who had turned aside to apply a latch-key at the door of a rambling, unfurnished-looking house, sadly in want of paint, white-wash, and general repair. The gentleman, with an exclamation of delight, put both hands on Mr. Stanmore's shoulders.

'This *is* a piece of luck!' exclaimed the latter. 'Why, it's "old Sir Simon the King!"'

His mind reverted insensibly to the pleasant Oxford days, and he used a nickname universally bestowed on his friend by the men of his college.

'And what can *you* be doing here at this time of year?' asked Simon. 'In the first place, how came you to be in London? In the second, how did you ever get so far along Oxford Street? In the third, being here, won't you come up to the painting-room? I'll show you my sketches; I'll give you some 'baccy—I haven't forgot Ifley Lock and your vile habit of stopping to drink. I can even supply you with beer! We'll have a smoke, and a talk over old times.'

'Willingly,' answered Dick, declining the beer, however, on the plea that such potations only went well with boating or cricket, and followed the painter upstairs into an exceedingly uncomfortable room, of which the principal object of furniture seemed to be an easel, bearing a sketch, apparently to be transferred hereafter into some unfinished picture.

Dick was in no frame of mind to converse upon his own affairs; accepting the proffered cigar, and taking the only seat in the place, he preferred listening to his friend, who got to work at once, and talked disjointedly while he painted.

'I can't complain,' said Simon, in

answer to the other's questions concerning his prosperity and success. 'I was always a plodding sort of fellow, as you remember. Not a genius—I don't *think* I've the divine gift. Sometimes I hope it may come. I've worked hard, I grant you—very hard, but I've had extraordinary luck—marvellous! What do you think of that imp's tail?—Isn't it a trifle too long?'

'I'm no judge of imps,' answered Dick. 'He's horribly ugly. Go on about yourself.'

'Well, as I was saying,' continued Simon, foreshortening his imp the while, 'my luck has been wonderful. It all began with *you*. If you hadn't gone fishing there, I should never have seen Norway. If I hadn't seen it I couldn't have painted it.'

'I'm not sure that follows,' interrupted Dick.

'Well, I *shouldn't* have painted it, then,' resumed the artist. 'And the credit I got for those Norway sketches was perfectly absurd. I see their faults now. They're cold and crude, and one or two are quite contrary to the first principles of art. I should like to paint them all over again. But still, if I hadn't been to Norway, I shouldn't be here now.'

'No more should I,' observed Dick, puffing out a volume of smoke. 'I should have been "marry-ed to a merm-y-ed" by this time, if you had shown a proper devotion to your art, and the customary indifference to your friend.'

'Oh! that was nothing,' said the painter, blushing. 'Any other fellow could have pulled you out just as well. I say, Stanmore, how jolly it was over there! Those were happy days. And yet I don't wish to have them back again—do you?'

Dick sighed and held his peace. For him it seemed that the light heart and joyous carelessness of that bright youthful time was gone, never to come again.

'I have learned so much since then,' continued Simon, putting a little grey into his imp's muzzle, 'and unlearned so much, too, which is better still. Mannerism, Stanmore,—mannerism is the great

enemy of art. Now I'll explain what I mean in two words. In the first place, you observe the light from that chink streaming down on my imp's back—well, in the picture, you know—'

'Where *is* the picture?' exclaimed Dick, whose cigar was finished, and who had no scruples in thus unceremoniously interrupting a professional lecture which previous experience told him might be wearisome. 'Let's see it! Let's see *all* the pictures. Illustration's better than argument, and I can't understand anything unless it's set before me in bright colours, under my very nose.'

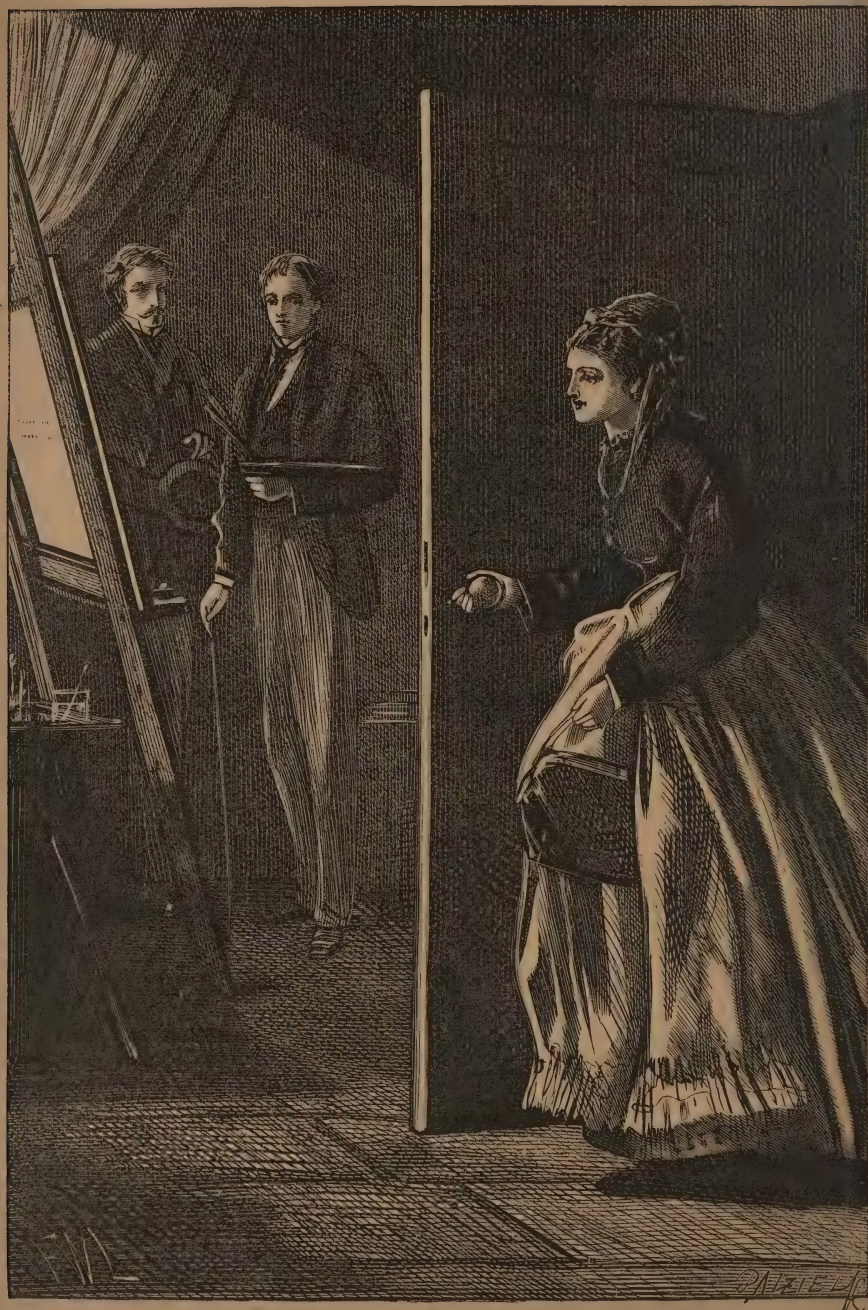
Good-natured Simon desisted from his occupation at once, and began lifting picture after picture, as they stood in layers against the wall, to place them in a favourable light for the inspection of his friend. Many and discursive were his criticisms on these, the progressive results of eye, and hand, and brain, improving every day. Here the drawing was faulty, there the tints were coarse. This betrayed mannerism, that lacked power, and in a very ambitious landscape enriched with wood, water, and mountain, a patchy sky spoiled the effect of the whole.

Nevertheless it seemed that he was himself not entirely dissatisfied with his work, and whenever his friend ventured on the diffident criticism of an amateur, Simon demonstrated at great length that each fault, as he pointed it out, was in truth a singular merit and beauty in the picture.

Presently, with a face of increased importance, he moved a large oblong canvas from its hiding-place, to prop it artistically at such an angle as showed the lights and shades of its finished portion to the best advantage. Then he fell back a couple of paces, contemplating it in silence with his head on one side, and so waited for his friend's opinion.

But Dick was mute. Something in this picture woke up the pain of a recent wound festering in his heart, and yet through all the smart and tingling came a strange sensation of relief, like that with which a styptic salves a sore.

'What do you think of it?' asked



Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

THE COMING QUEEN.

'A gown rustled. A light step was heard—'

[See 'M. or N.'

the artist. 'I want your candid opinion, Stanmore—impartial—unprejudiced—I tell you. I hope great things from it. I believe it far and away the best I've painted yet. Look into the work. Oh! it will stand inspection. You might examine it with a microscope. Then, the conception, eh? And the drawing's not amiss. A little more this way. You catch the outline of his eyebrow, with the turn of the Rhymer's head.'

'Hang the Rhymer's head!' replied Dick, 'I don't care about it. I won't look at it. I *can't* look at it, man, with such a woman as *that* in the picture. Old boy! you've won immortality at last!'

But Simon's face fell. 'That's a great fault,' he answered, gravely. 'The details, though kept down as accessories to the whole, should yet be worked out so carefully as to possess individual merit of their own. I see though. I see how to remedy the defect you have suggested. I can easily bring him out by darkening the shadows of the background. Then, this fairy at his elbow is paltry, and too near him besides. I shall paint her out altogether. She takes the eye off my principal figures, and breaks that grand line of light pouring in from the morning sky. Don't you think so?'

But Dick gave no answer. With feverish thirst and longing, he was drinking in the beauty of the Fairy Queen. And had not Simon Perkins been the dullest of observers and the least conceited of painters, he must have felt intensely flattered by the effect of his work.

'So you like her,' said he, after a pause, during which, in truth, he had been considering whether he should not paint out the intrusive fairy that very afternoon.

'Like her!' replied the other. 'It's the image of the most beautiful face I ever saw in my life. Only it's softer—and even more beautiful. I'll tell you what, old fellow, put a price on that picture, and I'll have it, cost what it may! Only you must give me a little time,' added Dick, somewhat ruefully, reflecting that he had spent a good deal of

money lately, and rent-day was still a long way off.

Simon smiled. 'I wonder what you'd think of the original,' said he. 'The model who sits to me for my Fairy Queen? I can tell you that face on the canvas is no more to be compared to hers than I am to Velasquez. And yet—Velasquez must have been a beginner once.'

'I don't believe there's such a woman—two such women in London,' replied his friend, correcting himself. 'I can hardly imagine such eyes, such an expression. It's what the fellows who write poetry call "the beauty of a dream," and I'll never say poetry is nonsense again. No, that's neither more nor less than an imaginary angel, Simon. Simply—an impossible duck!'

'Would you like to see her?' asked the painter, laughing. 'She'll be here in five minutes. I do believe that's her step on the stairs now.'

A strange, wild hope, thrilled through Dick Stanmore's heart. Could it be possible that Lady Bearwarden had employed his friend to paint her likeness in this fancy picture, perhaps under a feigned name, and was she coming to take her sitting now?

All his stoicism, all his philosophy vanished on the instant. He would remain where he was though he should die for it. Oh! to see her—to be in the same room with her—to look in her eyes, and hear her voice once more!

A gown rustled. A light step was heard—the door opened, and a sweet laughing voice rung out its greeting to the painter, from the threshold.

'So late, Simon! Shameful, isn't it? But I've got all they wanted. Such bargains! I suppose nobody ever did so much shopping in so short a —'

She caught sight of Dick—stopped—blushed—and made a very fascinating little curtsy as they were formally introduced, but next time she spoke, the merriment had gone out of her voice. It had become more staid, more formal, and its

deeper, fuller tones, reminded him painfully of Maud.

Yes. Had he not known Lady Bearwarden so well, he thought it would have been quite possible for him to have mistaken this beautiful young lady for that faithless peeress. The likeness was extraordinary! ridiculous! Not that he felt the least inclined to laugh—the features were absolutely the same, and a certain backward gesture of the head, a certain trick of the mouth and chin were identical with the manner of Lady Bearwarden, in those merry days that seemed so long 'ago now, when she had been Maud Bruce. Only Miss Algernon's face had a softness, a kindly trustful expression, he never remembered on the other; and her large pleading eyes seemed as if they could neither kindle with anger nor harden to freezing glances of scorn.

As for the Fairy Queen, he looked from the picture to its original, and felt constrained to admit that, wondrously beautiful as he had thought

its likeness on canvas, the face before him was infinitely superior to the painter's fairest and most cherished work.

Dick went away of course almost immediately, though sorely against his will. Contrary to her wont, Miss Algernon, who was rather a mimic, and full of fun, neither imitated the gestures nor ridiculed the bearing of this chance visitor. 'She had not observed him much,' she said, when taxed by Simon with this unusual forbearance. This was false. But 'she might know him again, perhaps, if they met.' This, I imagine, was true!

And Dick, wending his way back to his hotel, buried in thought, passed, without recognizing it, the spot where he met Lady Bearwarden one short hour ago. He was pondering, no doubt, on the face he had just seen—on its truth, its purity, its fresh innocent mirth, its dazzling beauty, more perhaps than on its extraordinary likeness to hers who had brought him the one great misfortune of his life.



THE TRADE IN LOCKS.

THERE are 'locks and locks'—to adopt the favourite formula of the day—and it is not of the patents of Chubb, Bramah, or Hobbs, or of tumbler, safety, detector, or other mechanical fastenings, that we are about to speak. It is of the 'hyacinthine locks' alluded to by Milton, and more especially of those borrowed tresses which women now-a-days covet to that degree as to make one think that, like Samson, all their power lay in their hair.

Does any one believe that all that has been written by moralists and censors and medical men to boot, during the past two or three years, against the practice of wearing false hair—that all the horrible stories which have been told about chignons being made of hair cut from corpses—or the terrible revelations which have been made respecting 'gregarines' and other parasites, or even the recent threat of the Bishop of New Jersey not to lay his episcopal hands on the heads of young ladies who present themselves before him to be confirmed in borrowed tresses—has caused one false chignon, repentir, cachefolie, *tête-et-point*, or Alexandria curl the less to be worn? The trade in hair is: as flourishing as ever, and the choicer samples still command exceptional prices. One of the largest Paris dealers still finds customers for his *blonde ardent* chignon at 1,500 francs, although silk counterfeits are common enough in all the *passementerie* shops for as little as ninety centimes.

Every one knows by this time that the bulk of the false natural hair worn in the British Isles is imported from France, for with us the very poorest never sell their hair, excepting the canny Scots, who supply the Paris market with the best red and flaxen hair. France, by this time, must send us about 60,000*l.* annually, still what is this among the five million women given to plaiting and tireing their hair—positively less than threepence per head—a mere bagatelle for such astounding results. It is Brittany

that sends the largest supplies of human hair to the Paris market. 'Since the Roman conquest,' writes Chateaubriand, 'the Gallic women have always sold their blond locks to deck brows less adorned. My Breton compatriots still resign themselves to be clipped on certain fair days, when they exchange the natural covering of their heads for an India handkerchief.'

Happening to alight on the above passage in a volume of Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*, which I found lying about the hotel at Combourg, where I chanced to be on the eve of the 4th of September last—the day of the famous fair called the Angevine, held, as Chateaubriand tells us, in 'the meadow of the lake,' though the road to Rennes now separates lake and meadow—I strolled in the direction of the château, of which and of the gloomy life of its inmates Chateaubriand has left us such a vivid description, to see the preparations for the morrow's fête. In the meadow referred to, and along the high road adjoining, I came upon a sort of camp. Carts and waggons half unloaded, horses tethered to stakes fixed in the ground, canvas tents and little booths in course of erection; with hammers constantly rapping, children gamboling and squalling, and caldrons, suspended over crackling wood fires, steaming and smoking. Among the objects that were being unpacked and piled up pell-mell on all sides were an abundance of common household utensils, knives, pottery, wooden shoes, felt hats, drapery goods, printed cottons, religious trinkets, and cheap jewellery, but I looked in vain for the foulards and the corahs for which the Breton girls bartered alike their fair and raven locks with equal readiness.

Next day I visited the fair when the crowd was at its height, and explored all the stalls in the meadow and by the roadside in vain search after those shearers of young girls' tresses, respecting whom I felt some curiosity since reading the foregoing

passage in Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*. Arrived at the outskirts of the fair, at the wings of the spectacle in fact, I noticed under a wide-spreading walnut-tree, and partially hidden behind a large crockery stall, as though the spot had been selected as affording a certain degree of privacy, a hooded cart half filled with packages, its shafts resting on the ground, and a lean horse, fastened to one of the spokes of the wheel, grazing beside it. The owner, a little square-built muscular man, about forty years of age, seemingly half peasant, half horse-dealer, was sitting on one of the shafts close to a parcel of printed cotton goods. One detected something of the rogue in the twinkle of his insolent-looking eye as, unfastening a small packet, he brought forth one by one half-a-dozen showy-looking handkerchiefs, and expatiated on the particular beauties of each as he produced it to an old peasant woman, who held a barefooted young girl of twelve by the hand, whose 'catiole' had been removed, the better to display the profusion of beautiful black hair which fell in cascades to her waist. As I approached the group I noticed that the man suddenly became silent, but I heard the woman say—

'One handkerchief is not enough for such a quantity of hair.' The girl seemed to have no voice in the matter, so she contented herself with regarding with covetous eyes the brilliant treasures displayed before her.

'My good soul,' replied the dealer, in a coaxing tone, 'I really can't give more or I should lose by it, for I have already got more black hair than I want. It is only light hair that fetches any price now-a-days; still, as I promised you a handkerchief you shall have one. I'll not cry off the bargain. You know where to find me when you have made up your mind.'

The old woman made no reply, but proceeded to assist the child to do up her hair, rolling it chignon fashion inside her loose 'catiole.' The pair then walked away, but returned a moment afterwards to accept the dealer's terms, who,

without more ado, set to work. Seated upon a three-legged stool, he gripped as it were his victim, her hair all hanging down, between his knees. In his hand was a pair of large open shears, which he pressed close to the girl's head. 'Monsieur,' cried she, 'you are hurting me, pray don't cut it all off; leave me one lock to fasten my comb to.'

The dealer, however, was deaf to this sort of entreaty, and with a few snips of his large scissors cropped the child's head almost close. He then rolled up the bunches of hair, and after securing them with a knot put them into a bag, while the girl, raising her hands to her head, felt instinctively for one moment for her missing tresses, then hastened to conceal with her catiole the ravages the dealer's shears had made. This done, the old woman selected the gaudiest of the half-dozen handkerchiefs and hurried off her granddaughter into the crowd.

Certain French writers of romance pretend that, in the majority of instances, the young girls of Brittany and Auvergne who sell their hair, only do so under pressure of some dire distress. Nothing is further from the truth. In Brittany, selling the hair, is, as Chateaubriand tells us, as old as the Roman invasion of Gaul, and the custom may now be said to run in the blood. The style of coiffure common there certainly conceals the absence of the customary tresses, but even if it did not, no one would think any the worse of the poor shorn lamb. At Mont-lucon, again, girls who are betrothed sell their hair with the consent of their future spouses, to provide themselves with the wedding trousseau. And even well-to-do farmers' wives, in a spirit of prudence, will at times part with their hair for a serviceable dress. Breton hair being so highly prized for its fineness, it is not on fête days alone that dealers display their tempting wares and drive hard bargains with the hesitating fair. All the year round, pedlars, with packs of showy cotton prints on their backs, tramp from village to

village, trying to tempt the hundreds of girls they meet on the highway, tending pigs and cows, to part with their flaxen or raven locks for glossy-looking red and yellow cotton handkerchiefs worth about a franc each. In the towns, it is the hairdressers who insinuate to all the young girls that they give as much as twenty francs a pound for long back hair—this is the market price throughout the north of Brittany; but as female labour is better paid in these parts, commanding about a franc a-day without board, they do only a moderate amount of business, and this chiefly with girls who have to lose their hair for sanitary reasons, and when they are forced to sacrifice it, think they may as well get from ten to fifteen francs for it from the hairdresser. The average value of a head of hair *sur pied*, that is to say, not as it stands, but rather as it grows, is ten francs. The finest crop, reaching far below the waist, hardly ever weighs a pound, or commands the coveted golden napoléon. Years ago, before the era of railways, the hair merchant used to barter, not merely handkerchiefs, but caps, ribbons, little shawls, scarfs, and plated earrings for a head of hair, but now-a-days, when hair is more in demand, and young girls or their guardians have come to know more of its value, he must be prepared to pay money in the towns if he hopes to reap a handsome crop.

In Auvergne, which is quite out of the ordinary tourist's line of route, and is—as a couple of maiden ladies, whom we met last year travelling in search of the economical, in preference to the picturesque, confidentially assured us—the only part of France not overrun by English, and, consequently, the only part where living is really cheap—in Auvergne the itinerant dealer in human hair does business in a perfectly public fashion. He makes a point of arriving in the village on market day or during the annual fête, and might be easily mistaken for the travelling dentist or quack doctor who extracts teeth or extols the healing quality of his drugs to the gaping peasants assembled in

the market-place. At Ambert, St. Anthème, Arlant, Olliargues, and Riom, their cabriolets and booths, surmounted by little tricolor flags, are huddled together in the midst of the egg and butter stalls; and grouped around them will be peasant girls with baskets of fruit and vegetables, accompanied by their parents or their husbands, and all ready to sacrifice their locks to the highest bidder. At Issingaux, on market days, the sight is exceedingly picturesque. The hair-merchant takes his stand on a low platform or wine cask turned on end in front of a booth formed of canvas, and a few planks, and with his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, invites the women, in a loud voice, to step up and show their hair. Around him are a crowd of men and women in sabots from the surrounding country, come to sell either a cow, a pig, or a couple of fowls, the women dressed in a short serge petticoat and cotton apron, with a cap or a coloured handkerchief bound round their head in winter, and in summer wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat; the men in short apple-green cloth jackets and large felt hats, similar to those worn by the privileged porters at the Paris markets.

One by one the girls will mount platform or wine cask, and throwing aside their caps, will loosen their tresses and

‘Shower their rippling ringlets to the knee.’

The hair-dealer makes a rigid examination, followed by an offer, and as soon as a bargain is struck, the girl steps inside the booth, and in five minutes the dealer's assistant will have cropped her close, when off she will run amidst the laughter and jeers of the crowd, which, however, does not prevent the remainder of the girls in the village from following her example.

It sometimes happens, however, that the young men of the place, who look upon the hair merchant with no kindly eye, will commence assailing him before he has succeeded in packing up his traps and decamping. He then has to trust to his horse to carry him

beyond the reach of the enraged swains. Mud, stones, rotten eggs, and every kind of filth at hand fall in showers upon the hood of his shabby cabriolet; but being tolerably accustomed to this sort of thing, he takes care to be provided with an excellent horse, which soon places him beyond the reach of the mob, and next day he will sustain the principal part in much the same scene in some adjoining village.

In Normandy most of the girls have their hair cut very short with the exception of the chignon, over which they coquettishly arrange their high caps, which, like the Brittany coiffure, so completely covers the head that they appear to have lost or rather sold nothing at all.

When the hair-merchant has finished his *tournée* in the provinces he takes his merchandise to Paris or some other large town, where he sells it, at prices varying from twenty to a hundred francs the pound; to dealers who after preparing it, make it up into chignons, curls, bandeaux, nattes, &c. On visiting one of the largest of these establishments, we found the four walls of the sale-room lined round with shelves, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, on which were piled up chignons upon chignons of all qualities and all shades of colour, from raven black to the most delicate blond, done up in packets of six, the smallest number sold by the house, which does no retail trade. Half a dozen assistants were executing orders which customers gave in person, or which had been received that morning by post from the travellers of the firm. In an adjoining warehouse the raw material was lying in heaps upon the floor beside scores of young women, who were sorting and weighing out the chignons of the future, allowing so many grammes for one sort and so many for another. The place, in fact, was redolent of hair. There was hair in all the drawers, hair in cardboard boxes, hair hanging from the ceiling and clinging to the walls, hair upon the counters, upon the chairs, and in the very inkstand; there was even hair in the air itself, moving

about as it were in clouds, which when you agitated them disagreeably caressed you.

Most of the hair, we learned, reaches the establishment in bulk, in large sacks, each holding about a couple of hundred-weight. It is first of all subjected to a thorough washing in boiling water to remove all the grease and other impurities, after which it is placed in a bath of potash and then thoroughly dried. The various tresses are now sorted roughly according to their length and shade, then what is called in technical language the *evenage* takes place. This consists in separating the principal locks of the same tress that do not resemble each other closely in shade. Then comes the *recarrage*, or equalising of the upper ends of each tress, after which a second and more careful sorting ensues, and the hair is arranged in bundles, weighing from ten to twelve pounds each, to undergo a new series of operations.

First of all the hair is taken in small handfuls by the workmen, who powder it thoroughly with flour; it then receives a vigorous combing upon iron carders, after which a second carder comes to the assistance of the first, and holds the hair tightly while it is pulled out in lengths, of which the longest are separated first. The final operation to which it is subjected is styled the *delentage*, and consists simply in again combing it upon carders of extreme fineness. False tresses are now formed by mixing together, in certain proportions, hair of the same tint and slightly varying in length. To arrange a grand chignon the hair-worker will at times employ the spoils derived from the heads of no less than thirty women.

Our hair-dealer was careful to assure us that all the stories told about hair cut from dead bodies being worked up into chignons, &c., were devoid of truth. 'Hair thus obtained,' he said, 'is too brittle to be curled or twisted into proper form; and as for "*grégarines*," these may exist,' he observed, 'in Russian chignons made from hair procured from the dirty Mordwine and Bur-lake peasant women, but I never

heard a duly-authenticated instance of their being detected in French chignons. Not a lock of Russian hair comes to France except on Muscovite heads. We get, by way of Marseilles, a large quantity of hair from Italy, chiefly from Sicily, Naples, and the Papal States—you remember about the young Roman girl who sold her hair to buy the pope a Zouave—and a moderate quantity from Austria, Bohemia, Belgium, and Spain, across the frontiers, but our principal supplies are home ones, and chiefly come from Brittany, Auvergné, Artois, and Normandy, and in a less degree from Languedoc, Limousin, Poitou, and Bourbonnais. We count the Breton hair the most valuable of all by reason of its extreme fineness, and from its having been covered up in the large caps the peasants wear during its most active period of growth, from its never having been previously curled, but simply rolled up in bands, and finally because it has rarely even been combed! Auvergnat hair our merchant pronounced to be too coarse to use alone, though it worked up very well mixed with other kinds. Spanish hair, good enough in itself, was too decidedly black, too sombre, to suit ordinary complexions; it was therefore requisite to mix this also, to soften it, in fact, with hair of a more delicate shade; the same with the tow-like tint of the Flemish hair, which had to be made more sunny-looking by the addition of German hair of a richer blond. Neapolitan hair, we were informed, was but little esteemed in the trade, a circumstance at which we were surprised, as the hair of the Caprian peasant women, which is dark, lustrous, long, and massively rippled, is among the finest in the world. The particular German hair from which the chignons of the tender shade termed angel's blond are made, commands, it seems, the highest price of all.

The long hair pulled out of ladies' heads by the comb, and which in Paris is thrown every morning on the rubbish-heaps of the city, is carefully picked up again by the chiffonniers and sold by them for

making what is called *têtes-et-pointes*, that is, the cheap curl or tuft of hair, the roots of the individual hairs composing which are not all at one end. Nothing in the way of hair would appear to be wasted; that of a bad shade of colour is dyed, generally black, and even the clippings, which the hairdressers can turn to no other account, are sold by them to be manufactured into perukes and chignons for the more expensive class of wax dolls.

One has spoken of chignons at 1500 francs, but this is of course a purely exceptional price, arising first of all from the peculiar colour of the hair, namely, a bright gold shade; secondly, from its great length—nearly three and a half feet—and thirdly, from its bulk and its extreme fineness, to combine all which necessitates a single chignon being carefully selected from an immense stock of hair, several hundred weight, in fact.

When this golden-tinted hair was the rage in Paris, and women, in despair of otherwise acquiring it, powdered their heads with gold, a hairdresser of the Rue Vivienne exhibited in his window a chignon formed entirely of the finest gold thread, and the price of which was 1000 francs; but whether he ever manufactured more than this sample aureate chignon, or persuaded a single fair one to parade these veritable golden locks, we are unable to say. At the present time about 250 francs appears to be the average Paris price for a superior chignon of an ordinary tint, and from twelve to seventy francs for the commoner article.

We all know that the wearing of false hair by beauties in their prime dates back anterior to the Christian era, and that Ovid speaks of the German slaves' hair with which the Roman women sought to enhance their charms, going publicly to make their purchases at the shops of the Gallic hair-merchants situate near the Temple of the Muses, and under the peristyle of the Temple of Hercules. The chignon, however, has only been known under its present name since about the time when 'coiffeurs' themselves first came

into vogue in the middle of the eighteenth century. Up till that period there had been only barbers and perruquiers, the former of whom shaved and bled their customers, while the latter merely cut hair and manufactured wigs, so that ladies were obliged to have their hair dressed by their *femmes de chambre*. Gradually the race of coiffeurs arose to perform this intricate operation, and as a matter of course trenchanted on the privileges of the perruquiers, for they cut hair as well as dressed it. Ere long a storm of discontent ensued, and an action that kept all Paris in a ferment for months was brought by the perruquiers against the coiffeurs, who had at this time increased to 1200 in number, for illegally infringing on their rights. The coiffeurs pleaded in their defence that the dressing of ladies' hair was 'a liberal art,' and therefore foreign to the profession of perruquier. 'We have,' said they, with ludicrous consequentiality, 'to embellish nature and correct its deficiencies. It is our task to reconcile the colour of the hair with the tint of the complexion, so as to enhance the beauty of the latter; to grasp with taste the variegated shades of the tresses, and so dispose the shadows as to give more spirit to the countenance, heightening the tone of the skin by the auburn tint of the locks, or subduing its too lovely splendour by the neutral shade which we communicate to the tresses.' Thanks to the influence exercised by the fair sex the coiffeurs gained the day, and, elated with their victory, proceeded to form a corporation, baptising themselves 'Académiciens de la Coiffure et de

la Mode,' at which piece of presumption the French Academy itself took umbrage, and Paris was amused by a new trial. This time the coiffeurs were beaten, whereupon they modestly styled themselves 'professors,' a designation they were permitted to retain, as the professors of the French colleges, less susceptible than the Academicians, entered no protest against their usurping this title.

Now-a-days hairdressers style themselves indiscriminately professors and artists, and have their occasional public exhibitions like other artists, with this difference, however, that they invite the public not only to admire the result of their labours, but to witness them produce their masterpieces. In Paris these exhibitions take place regularly at the Salle Molière, and imitations of them have more than once been given at the Hanover Square Rooms. A most ravishing picture is presented at the moment when the artist—his hand generally trembling with emotion at the outset of the operation—undoes the band that confines the hair of the lady who submits her tresses to his manipulative skill. A blond, auburn, brown, or jet-black avalanche suddenly descends, enveloping the rounded shoulders of the fair one like a rich silken mantle. Gradually, beneath the dexterous fingers of the artist, all these recalcitrant tresses are gathered up and grouped with consummate skill according to some particular type of coiffure, such as the Classic, the Louis Quatorze, the Pompadour, the Watteau, the Premier Pas, the Caprice, the Hiron-delle, or the Empire.

H. V.



THE COST, JOYS, AND WOES OF SMOKING.

DON'T be frightened, courteous reader, with the well-worn words at starting. 'Blessed be the man who invented sleep!' exclaims Sancho; 'but still more blessed the inventor of smoking, which enables us to sleep with our eyes open.' Such is the averment of one who styles himself a veteran smoker. But what philosopher can sleep over the astounding fact that the smoking of the British community costs, according to the last financial statement, for taxation alone, the prodigious yearly sum of six millions five hundred and forty-two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, nine shillings, and elevenpence! That was the exact sum from 1867 to 1868. In the previous financial year it was 6,455,011*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.*; thus showing an increase of 87,239*l.* 0*s.* 1*d.* Taking the population of Great Britain in the middle of last year, as stated by the Registrar-General, as 30,369,845, and knowing that the excise duty is at least four times as much as the trade value of the article, it seems that the cost of smoking and snuffing in Great Britain is about 5*s.* 4*d.* per head of the population—men, women, and children—per annum; that is to say, considerably more than one pound of tobacco allotted to each man, woman, and child of the population. To 'realize,' as the Americans say, the significance of this prodigious expenditure, we may state that it would supply an income of 600*l.* per annum to 13,629 families; an income of 300*l.* per annum to 27,358; an income of 100*l.* per annum to 81,774; and an income of 50*l.* per annum to 163,548 families—the probable cost of tobacco, as sold to the public, being about 8,177,812*l.*

Impressive as must be this great resultant of our smoking propensity, it becomes still greater when we include in the item the necessary concomitants. First, there is the cost of pipes. Thousands of pipe-makers throughout the kingdom flourish in the smoke of to-

bacco. It is impossible to give any precise value to this item of smoking expenditure; but the income of pipe-makers cannot be less than 50*l.* per annum, and it may be much more. The cost of the ordinary clay pipe stands mostly to the account of the publican; and in the numerous suburbs of the metropolis, and in country places, the publicans give away from eighty to one hundred gross of pipes per annum, at the probable value of at least 10*l.*; but then comes the great item of 'fancy pipes,' as sold by the tobaccoists. The meerschaum (and its imitations) holds the first rank in the smoker's expenditure; and the prices vary from a few shillings to many pounds. Briar-root, or other wooden pipes, although less expensive in the original cost, still swell the item by their little durability and want of care in their preservation. The habitual smoker must have his tobacco-pouch. With regard to this item some idea may be formed of the number of smokers in England from the fact that the patentee of the original india-rubber tobacco-pouch amassed a fortune and retired in the course of some ten or twelve years.

So far we have been considering the cost of smoking to the mass of the community—those who may be said to smoke as workers; but there is a large class besides, of whom we occasionally read in the papers, who may be said to cultivate smoking as a fine art, or the speciality of a fine gentleman—young men who pay twenty-five guineas for a cigar-case, and who would be ashamed to puff a cigar for which they had paid 'or been credited for' less than one shilling. It is obvious that these items must swell the annual cost of smoking by many thousands of pounds sterling. But the make-up of a smoker is incomplete without the means of getting a light *ad libitum*; and the great variety of fusees supplies the desideratum. The annual cost of this item, like that of pipes, it is impos-

sible to come at; but, obviously, it cannot be inconsiderable, although made up of small outlays; indeed, perhaps the smallness of outlay, in most cases, should induce a suspicion that a great deal more is expended than we imagine; and this remark applies to the cost of spills or pipe-lights, spittoons, and cigar-holders—the latter having been invented, we suppose, for the purpose of economizing the weed, as it enables the smoker to secure complete combustion, or a holocaust—losing, however, the pleasure of savouring the precious morsel; indeed, smoking a cigar through a tube may be compared to kissing your sweetheart through a respirator. Thus, then, the real annual cost of smoking must greatly exceed even the large sum above stated; indeed, we fear that it cannot be set down at less than ten millions sterling per annum.

However, we will confine the inquiry to the positive sum of 8,177,812*l.*, giving 5*s.* 4*d.* per head of the entire population per annum. Now, the smokers of the United Kingdom are obviously in the minority of the population; so that here must be an enormous individual consumption of tobacco in some shape or other to account for this vast expenditure. It would be a valuable fact to ascertain the number of smokers and snuff-takers in the United Kingdom, with a view to the discovery of the physiological consequences of the practice; and this item might be usefully required in the next census of the population. But inquiries which we have made from tobacco-nists satisfy us that the largely preponderating consumers of tobacco, by smoking, snuffing, and chewing, are the working classes. Among these twelve to fourteen ounces of tobacco a week is an average consumption; that is to say, at a cost of not less than three shillings a week, or, roundly, say 8*l.* per annum. It is easy to see from this figure how the hundreds and thousands of our tobacco expenditure mount up and make up the vast sum before us. At this rate a dozen of them would spend

on tobacco about 100*l.* per annum; and one hundred and twenty will waste in tobacco smoke 1000*l.* a year. Among our tradesmen the figure diminishes, and perhaps it may be set down at about four ounces of tobacco smoked per week, which, estimated at the same lowest cost, will be 2*l.* 12*s.* per annum. Many of this class smoke much more, and even indulge in the more expensive luxury of cigars; so that, all the opportunities considered, it seems probable that this class of smokers, although fewer in numbers, may, after all, vie with the former in the consumption of tobacco. That the productive, labouring, or working classes are the chief supporters of the revenue from tobacco is evident from the fact that, in the last fiscal year—a time of pressure and privation on the working classes—the duty on tobacco has fallen off by 41,000*l.*! This we believe to have been the first instance proving a decline in the consumption of tobacco ‘from time immemorial.’ If the personal expenditure of the higher classes be not absolutely so great as that of the lowest, it must still be considered that in their entertainments a supply of tobacco or cigars is generally deemed essential; and therefore the annual cost of smoking may be to them even greater than that of the lowest. There is, doubtless, much in all this to make us thoughtful with regard to our own country; but it appears that the account of tobacco smoking is much greater in other countries. In Hamburg, it is said that 40,000 cigars are smoked daily in a population whose *adult* males scarcely amount to 45,000 individuals—a fact which seems incredible. In France it is about 18½ oz. per head, three-eighths of this quantity being used in the form of snuff. France originated snuff-taking, and England followed her example; but the practice has vastly diminished in this country of late years, and seems to be entirely on the decline.

In Denmark the consumption of tobacco is not less than 70 oz., or 4½ lbs. per head of the population; and in Belgium it averages 73½ oz., or 4½ lbs. per head. In some of the

North American States the proportion greatly exceeds these quantities, whilst among Eastern nations it is believed to be still greater. The average consumption of tobacco by the whole human race of 1000 millions is, at the present time, at least 70 oz., or 4 lbs. 6 oz. a head—the total quantity consumed being at least two millions of tons, or 4,480 millions of pounds.

One incontestable fact is, that the consumption of tobacco keeps pace with the growth of populations all the world over; and there is reason to believe that the above-stated consumption is rather less than the actual quantity.

In the presence of this modern consumption of tobacco it may be curious to call to mind that in former times it seems to have been proportionately much greater. Thirty years after its introduction into England—that is, during the reign of King James I.—the practice of smoking was more general than at the present day, although far more costly: for the king states that ‘some of the gentry bestowed three and some four hundred pounds a year upon that precious stinke’—representing a much greater value of the present money; and he lays particular stress upon the interesting fact that ‘the mistress could not in a more mannerly kind entertain her lover than by giving him, out of her fair hand, a pipe of tobacco.’

According to Aubrey, the pipe was handed from man to man round the table, and tobacco was actually sold for its ‘weight in silver.’ ‘I have heard,’ says he, ‘some of our old yeoman neighbours say that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham they culled their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco.’

Some of our mechanics in England literally smoke all day. Not long ago one of them, whose habit was to have a pipe in his mouth all day long, whether filled or not, was found dead in his bed with his pipe in his mouth—the coroner’s inquest finding him ‘dead by apoplexy, caused by smoking.’ Many of the same class chew tobacco as well as

smoke it, and at the same time; and we are assured by tobaccoists that among their customers are boys of all ages down to ten, who not only smoke, but actually chew tobacco, ravenously stuffing a quid into their mouths, as stated to us, before leaving the shop. Many a working man will tell you that he would rather go without his dinner than his pipe; and this is so far the explanation of the mystery, leading us to the next inquiry—concerning the joys of smoking.

Decidedly the introduction of tobacco is a strange fact in the history of civilized man. While civilization advances so slowly, a fetid herb conquered the world in less than two centuries. This rapid and continuous extension is the downright fact which proves that tobacco appeals to the very depths of human nature.

Can it really be said that tobacco only satisfies a fashion, a caprice, an inveterate habit, whilst it is a substance which the workman, the poorest of the land, will get at the cost of real privations, with the pence which they gain by the sweat of their brow? In spite of so many medical observations to the contrary, do these facts justify us in believing with the eminent German physician Knapp, that tobacco ‘exerts a useful influence on the human body and its functions?’

Be that as it may, there is no denying that tobacco responds to that imperious craving after sensation with which man is tormented. The savage of America, in his semi-starvation and wretchedness; the soldier in the bivouac, ill-fed perhaps, anxious and weary; the sailor on the deep, in the dull monotony of toil and peril; the effeminate inhabitants of tropical regions, who dread to think under the whelming weight of their burning climate; the idler of our towns; the Turk, enervated by the premature exercise of the reproductive function, and sunk in the double inertia of fatalism and despotism, all make use of tobacco as our dandies use the ball-room and the theatres, as the poet sips coffee (or gin), as the *savant* gives lectures, all resolves itself into

that grand engine of animality—sensation. Amongst smokers some relish the immediate impression, and enjoy it instinctively like the very air they breathe. Others meditate their sensations. They find in them a source of contentment which lifts them up to the hope or the remembrance of bliss. The periodic action of embracing the cigar with their lips, and expiring its vapour in puffs, rocks their minds to rest. Such being the case, it may be contended that tobacco rises to the rank of a moral modifier, and that thus it must be appreciated—no longer in accordance with its mere chemical constituents, however injurious, or the principles of physiology, demonstrating its adverse physical action—but in the light of moral reactions, which play so important a part in the human hygiene. Wretches who have not eaten bread for a long time beg alms to buy tobacco. A sailor, deprived of his plug for three days, puts into his mouth a ball of tarred oakum, and thanks, with tears in his eyes, the kind surgeon who shares with him a bit of his tobacco. If tobacco has its drawbacks, it has, therefore, its sweets also. To many a man it is the remedy of that disease of civilization which we call *ennui*. Even the very illusions and erroneous ideas that men entertain concerning tobacco deserve to be respected by the physician. One man attributes to tobacco the facility of his intellectual labour; another cannot digest his food without smoking. All this may provoke a smile, but we must remember that the craving for tobacco is positively the last appetite which leaves those who are in a state of disease, and who have been accustomed to tobacco under one form or another; and that the renewal of this appetite is a favourable prognostic of recovery, as acknowledged and attested by observant physicians, and as every smoker knows by his own experience. To all this, in favour of the practice of smoking, we might add largely quotations from medical men, poets, philosophers, and occasional writers; for the praises of this ‘precious stinke,’ as King James called it in

his ‘Counterblast,’ would fill a stout volume; but still it is a question whether the evil of smoking, in all its bearings, be not far greater than the special good it may have subserved in certain cases. In other words, do not the woes of tobacco-smoking exceed its joys?

At its introduction tobacco was vaunted as a universal remedy for all diseases; soon, however, it was denounced as the cause of almost all the ills that flesh is heir to; and both on the best medical authority of the day. As time wore on the practice of smoking increased with the increase of population, and from time to time the medical profession directed public attention to the growing evil, as they represented it, and not without substantial argument. The last great controversy on smoking occurred in the year 1857, filling the pages of the ‘Lancet’ week after week with learned dissertations, capable, it might be thought, to settle the question for ever against the practice, but with no apparent result. The increase of the duty on tobacco, proving its increased consumption progressively, since 1856 amounts to 1,471,862*l*. There exists also an anti-tobacco society, doing its best to abolish the practice both by writing and the eloquent lectures of its director, offering premiums for the best treatise on the consequence of smoking, but all, apparently, to no effect. There seems no probability that this great aid to the national revenue will ever be diminished, excepting under the sheer inability of obtaining the luxury, as during the last year of commercial crisis. Certainly this would be much more consolatory, in the financial point of view, if there were no well-founded misgivings as to the effect of smoking on the health of the community.

The primary objection to smoking, as early announced, is that ‘it deprives the stomach of its salivary juice, most essential for digestion: thus smokers must drink a great deal to supply its place, and consequently tobacco in camps compensates for the scanty rations of the wretched soldiers.’ It might be inferred from this that ‘he who smokes

dines, and therefore a supply of tobacco to the troops might be confidently recommended to all governments, especially when their armies are not in the enemy's territory. A beautiful Parisian lady, apparently with this object, sent thousands of cigars to the French army during the siege of Sebastopol. Doubtless the reader will smile at this important financial and commissariat discovery, but we can assure him that it is really 'no joke.' The suggestion is positively supported by one of the most distinguished chemical philosophers of the present day, the celebrated Liebig. It would seem, according to this opinion, that tobacco, when smoked, subserves in the human system a function similar to that of salt in preserving meat from decay, or rather like any other 'smoking' by which hams and bacon are rendered safe from putrefaction. Liebig positively says that tobacco prevents the waste of the 'tissues' or the flesh, and so a smoker can do more work with less waste, and consequently less requirement of food, than those who do not avail themselves of this admirable substitute for endless mastication, digestion, and *in-digestion*, all which we must go through to keep body and soul together, adding immensely to the toils of poor humanity. Liebig instances the fact that the smoking North American Indian can go several days without food; and it is on record that shipwrecked sailors on their forlorn raft have outlived their horrors for a week, chewing tobacco. Modern Yankees also go two or three days without eating, when 'hard up,' or 'clean broke,' as they call this dilemma, 'chewing' tobacco all the while. Doubtless these facts will be consolatory and encouraging to the advocates of tobacco, but they merely prove the adaptation of the human body to bear the privation of food with the aid of some factitious excitement; and we may remark that starvation has been borne for long periods of time without the aid of tobacco in any shape. Besides, the principle involved is unsound in physiology. If the formation of healthy blood be an absolute necessity for health

and vigour, it is evident that this can only be supplied by wholesome food in sufficient quantity, and therefore it is a delusion to believe that the use of tobacco can enable us to dispense with food without detriment to health. Moreover, the very specific action of smoking thus claimed in the above argument seems actually to uphold the opinion that it causes heart disease of a most formidable nature. In the last Report of the Army Medical Department, we read that the surgeon of the 18th Hussars, in India, attributes the large number of cases of heart disease in the various corps to 'the inordinate use of tobacco amongst the men, who appear to be regularly saturated with nicotine.' This is a dismal judgment against smoking; but we submit that 'saturated with nicotine' is too strong a phrase, and unscientific.

The deadly energy of nicotine is scarcely inferior to that of strychnine, and surely no medical man will talk of people being saturated with strychnine and yet alive! However, there is the fact; and there can be no doubt that smoking is indulged in to an enormous extent in India by our troops and other countrymen, owing to the cheapness of tobacco in that country.

If saturation with nicotine be improbable, it seems possible that the tissues of chewers of tobacco may become saturated with the juice of the weed. Some years ago a British ship was wrecked on the coast of an island in the Pacific, and when the coast was subsequently visited by another vessel the captain was informed by a native that all the crew excepting one was eaten; and on being asked why the one was excepted, he exclaimed—'Him taste too much of bakkee.' Whilst this fact may prove the effect of chewing tobacco on the system, it may be consolatory to know that it will prevent the body of a Christian from being interred in the unhallowed stomach of a cannibal. Since the last onslaught against tobacco smoking in England, in 1857, the subject has been at rest, with the exception of the comparatively obscure efforts of the Anti-tobacco

Society, before alluded to; but within the last year or two it has seriously occupied the attention of French physicians, the results being published by Dr. Jolly, one of the members of the Academy of Medicine, before which the facts were detailed.* It appears that diseases of the nervous centres have increased at a frightful rate among the French; that insanity, general and progressive paralysis, softening of the brain and spinal marrow, cancerous diseases of the lips and the tongue, appear to have increased hand-in-hand with the revenues derived from the tax on tobacco; in addition to these terrible announcements, it is even inferred that the decrease of the French population, among its other causes, is due to the increased consumption of tobacco by the population. We may observe, *en passant*, that precisely the same accusations were brought against tobacco by the earliest writers on the subject, some two hundred years ago. However, the investigations of modern times are more precise and comprehensive than those put forth in the old books on our shelves, and considering the authority with which the statements are made, we are bound to accept them at least as warnings from those who profess to be the sufferers from their consequences. According to the statistics of Dr. Rubio, the number of lunatics is much greater in northern countries, where the consumption of spirituous liquors and the use of tobacco are much greater than in southern countries, where the people are very sober, and small smokers; and M. Moreau says that not a single case of general paralysis is seen in Asia Minor, where there is no abuse of alcoholic liquors, and where they smoke a kind of tobacco which is almost free from nicotine, or the peculiar poison in tobacco. On the other hand insanity is frightfully increasing in Europe, just in proportion to the increase in the use of tobacco, as is stated.

To explain these facts, with respect to France we are told that the

* As reported in the 'Année Scientifique for 1866.'

revenues on tobacco from 1830 to 1862 rose from 1,250,000*l.* to 8,333,333*l.* With this increase in the consumption of tobacco in France there appears to have been an augmentation in the number of lunatics from 8000 to 44,000, or rather 60,000, if we take into account other lunatics besides those in the public asylums. Other diseases of the nervous system are referred to the same cause, which raise the sum total to 100,000 persons who in France alone suffer from the poisonous effects of tobacco.

Dr. Jolly states that he visited all the asylums, and consulted the case-books of private practice, in order to throw more light on this important subject; and he concludes that among the men it is muscular or narcotic paralysis which predominates and makes the excess of the normal number of lunatics, whereas the other forms of madness disclose but slight variations in their number; and among the antecedents of the cases, he always found that they could be traced to tobacco. It is positively stated that general paralysis preferentially attacks persons who smoke tobacco more or less saturated with nicotine. Soldiers, and sailors especially, who smoke more than others of the population, figure foremost in the number of paralytic lunatics. Of course the French freely indulge in their favourite absinthe and cognac, and other spirituous liquors; but Dr. Jolly, without denying the influence of these liquors, believes he has demonstrated that excessive smoking must be considered the chief cause of the general paralysis of the insane; for he found paralytic madmen who had been water-drinkers, but immoderate smokers; and among the very numerous cases of paralysis coming under his notice, Dr. Maillot states that there were many patients who were remarkable for their sobriety as to the use of spirituous liquors, but immoderate smokers of the pipe or cigar. Lastly, in those parts of France where enormous quantities of brandy are consumed, but where there is very little smoking, general paralysis is almost unknown.

Nothing can be more deliberate than the document resulting from this French investigation on the influence of tobacco on the community; and having read every treatise on the subject, from the earliest printed, the writer of this article is compelled to admit that it is the most conclusive, both as to facts and reasonings, of any yet put forth against the weed! Finally, there is a kind of blindness, which, although occurring in non-smokers, is specially ascribed to the practice of smoking, through one of its consequences—namely, the impairment of nutrition, inducing a state of debility. It is for the last reason that smoking is strictly forbidden to those who are under training for boat-racing or the ‘ring.’

Unlike the opponents of tobacco in this country, and indeed of all times, Dr. Jolly seems anxious to commiserate this propensity of our nature, and suggests that we should endeavour to avoid the strong tobaccos of commerce, and adopt those of Turkey, Greece, Arabia, and Havannah. Merciful man, indeed! This reminds us of Lord Lytton’s advice, in the mouth of one of the speakers in his novels, that poor men, in order to escape gout, should drink champagne instead of ale.

Dr. Jolly, apparently still convinced of the impossibility of extinguishing the practice of smoking, further suggests that we should get the nicotine extracted from our tobacco! Plausible idea doubtless! How is this to be effected without adding to its cost, and no doubt altering its flavour and savour altogether? No; we believe that the smoker will always say, as other infatuated mortals to their mistress—

‘I know not, I ask not, if guilt is in that heart;
I but know that I love whatever thou art.’

There can be no doubt that in this, as in all other cases, the poison clings too closely to the ‘sweet’ to admit of a separation.

Another eminent French physician has recently investigated the effects of smoking on the young, having observed it in a great many subjects varying in age from twelve

to seventeen or eighteen; and he invariably discovered in such smokers a most serious alteration in the qualities of the blood, giving rise to specific diseases. It is indeed to the young that the evil of smoking is most likely to be disastrous. Whatever benefit may be derived from smoking in maturity and old age, it is obvious that the young cannot need the factitious aid of a narcotic. Parents should look to this, and prevent the most deplorable physical and moral consequences of the habit in their children. Many a youth may date the ruin of his health and character from the first whiff of tobacco which, by dint of nauseous practice, he was at length able to smoke, in the foolish imitation of manhood. That smoking must impair the digestion and derange the nervous system of the young, seems certain, and that it may lead to drunkenness or excess in drink is more than probable from the thirst which it necessarily occasions.

Such, then, is the present attestation to the woes of smoking; and it is doubtless sufficient to induce every smoker to ‘consider his ways.’ But if the argument induces our population to give up smoking, what will be the consequence to our revenue? Think of the fact, that it would be the abstraction of more than six millions and a half sterling, hitherto annually increasing, from the grand sum that makes up our national income. The revenue from tobacco is one of the largest, if not the largest of the items, as we have shown.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer—the entire working of the machinery of government in this great country—the existence and efficiency of our army and fleet—largely depend upon the financial results of the consumption of tobacco by our truly patriotic smokers. Put a stop to smoking, and then the Chancellor of the Exchequer must ‘go to pot’—if he knows where that is—to ‘bring grist to his mill.’ The smokers of England are the greatest supporters of constitutional government, paying literally seventy-five per cent. taxation on the commodity

they consume—far more than any other taxpayers—and should, therefore, be entitled to the franchise, contributing their six millions and a half at least to the working of our social and political machine; the smokers of France do the same, contributing some nine millions and a half; and all the peoples of the

world, where a tax is levied on tobacco, do the same more or less. Now, to call upon them to give up smoking—which unquestionably they ought to do for the sake of their health and well-being—would be to require the greatest national sacrifice ever recorded in history. That is the problem before us.

WHICH IS THE FAIREST?

WHICH is the fairest? Each fragrant exotic
Critical beauty minutely surveys,
Harmony sweet, combination erotic,
Loveliness floral and feminine grace!
Perfumes conflicting the summer air laden,
Revels the breeze in the odorous largesse,
From blossom of flowret, from *mouchoir* of maiden,
Lavished by nature or bought from Piesse!

Which is the fairest? Their tints here are blending,
The pale of the lily the blush of the rose!
Each the full charm of their witchery lending,—
Maiden that bends o'er flower as it blows!
Which is the fairest? The beauties are legion,
Lavishly gracing the garden's parterre;
Ask as you enter this fairy-land region
Which is the fairest where all are most fair?

Choice most embarrassing! hard the selection
Which of all flowers to rightly rank queen.
And these fair critics, have they for inspection
Only come—not that themselves may be seen?
Which is the fairest? Comparison odious!
Beauty is multiform, choice there is none;
Better to bracket, in concord melodious,
All than too rashly the palm give to *one*.

Which is the fairest? Bewitching the rapture,
Hid in those eyes that are violet in hue!
Jeunesse dorée have a heed, for the capture
Is easy a glance will accomplish with you!
Hazel, or black, or blue as the ocean,
Brightly profound as Democritus' well!
Changeful they are with each changing emotion,
Whose are the fairest? who rightly shall tell?

Which is the fairest? decision perplexing,
Faces, like flowers, have of beauty their kind.
Which is the fairest? what need to be vexing
With any such query the sensitive mind?
Which is the fairest? An answer, ah, listen!
Floats on the wings of the conscious air,
'Myriad stars in the firmament glisten;
None can be *fairest* where all are most fair!

T. H. S. E.



Drawn by Horace Stanton.]

WHICH IS THE FAIREST

[See the Verses.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

PROVINCIAL SOCIETY.

IT is generally said that the railways have brought all England together, and made all our great towns mere suburbs of London. This may be true; but still, in some provinces, provincialism is picturesque and predominant as ever. In those districts which are remote from the great lines of rail, and left behind in the quickened pace of our day, there are still country places to be found with Squires of the Allworthy or Western type, and where we may be closely reminded of the days of the Stuarts. It ought, indeed, to be noted that provincialism is, in fact, a characteristic and a department of the human mind; and if the phrenologists should map out the brain again, they ought to assign a special bump to the discoverable order of provincialism. It is curious how the idea of a metropolis is too vast an idea to be grasped by multitudes of metropolitans, who sigh for the narrower limits of provincialism. Hence London is broken up into provinces, and the man of parochial mind does not so much consider himself a Londoner as an Islingtonian, or Westbournian; and the W. C. district is altogether a different province to the district N. W. Provincialism is as much a definite emotion as patriotism itself. The man of limited mind, who yet finds that his home and business are not sufficiently large for him, and knows, at the same time, that metropolitan and imperial interests are too large for his mental scope, can very well repose on provincialism as on a satisfying mean.

But though a genuine provincialism may exist in London, for its true, undiluted form we must go to the provinces. Sometimes, indeed, it is excessively hard, or even impossible, to get it there. Frequently the country-house reproduces the town-house with the

utmost exactitude. There are the same servants and liveries, the same horses and carriages, the same breakfasts and dinners, and the same visitors, though fewer of them, as in town during the season. Improvise a pavement and insert some lamp-posts; dress up some fellows as policemen, and drive a Hansom up and down before the dining-room windows, and we are once more back again in town. For ourselves, we do not profess to be Arcadian, and we are not dissatisfied; but still there is not here the provincialism which we seek. But come down into the country some clear three hundred miles, among families of moderate estate and full expenditure, in districts where there are no railways, or where branch lines have only been established very recently; where the minor county families, albeit they make an occasional trip to town or to the Continent, still subsist in, and mainly exist for their part of the country,—and you get a very genuine kind of provincial life. You may then realize the intense earnestness which it concentrates on matters which, to the unassisted human mind, would appear trivial and petty in the extreme; the rivalries and feuds, the meannesses and the amenities of country life, and the picturesque bits of interest which it possesses for the observer; the long drive of twenty miles through indictable roads to the county ball or some solemn dinner-party; the first meet of the hounds, the first otter-hunt or salmon fishing, the wedding or the funeral, and the local gossip on current scandal and flirtation, the change of servants in families, the prices of poultry and butter, the tales how the village grocer has turned Dissenter to spite the parson, and how the parson always keeps beneath the pulpit-cushion a ser-

mon which he is prepared to launch, whenever he may have the chance, against a reprobate squire.

It has always been noted that in courts of justice you obtain some of the most vivid glimpses of local manners. I have noted several amusing instances in a remote country district with which I used to cultivate an acquaintance. It frequently happens that judge, legal gentlemen, plaintiffs and defendants, are all on some terms of intimacy, and permit themselves a familiarity and license of language which would indeed astonish more regular courts. For instance, I have known of a magistrate who, being annoyed at the tone of a defending lawyer with whom he was on terms of chronic animosity, interrupted the legal proceedings by brandishing his stick and threatening to crack the learned gentleman's skull. One or two instances I refrain from quoting, but the following must be told. On a far-away county-court circuit a learned gentleman used to preside who was more noted for his goodness of heart and head than for an extensive technical acquaintance with the law. His justice was irrefragable, but his law was of the shakiest description. There was a clever young solicitor who used to plead before him; but Lawyer Jack, though a favourite with juries and much in legal request, was possessed by a fatal fondness for spirituous liquors. One day a rather important case was called on, in which Lawyer Jack had to appear. But, alas! he had made a beef-steak breakfast, washed down by ale, with his client, and had made a point of honour of liquoring up with all the witnesses. When Jack began his speech it became painfully evident that he was hardly in a condition to do full justice to his case or his client. The kindhearted judge, seeing how matters lay, adjourned the court for a quarter of an hour. Obviously the lawyer ought to have spent the time in holding his head under a pump, and have told a waiter to keep on uncorking soda-water until further notice. Injudiciously, however, he

went to the bar of the adjacent 'public,' and manufactured a mighty tumbler hot and strong. On resuming his speech, he smiled very inanely, and made a variety of very foolish observations. The judge then told him to sit down. 'Does your honour mean to say,' asked Lawyer Jack, with an expression of virtuous indignation, 'that I'm intoxicated?' 'I mean to say,' mildly returned the judge, 'that, looking to all the circumstances of the case, and speaking to the best of my judgment, I hardly believe that you are in a fit condition to be permitted to address the court.' For a moment the lawyer maintained an attitude and look of wounded feeling and drunken wisdom. He then said calmly, 'I really believe that, for this once, your Honour is correct in an opinion.'

An extremely thoughtful and well-written essay was published last year on 'Country Towns,* the author of which strongly advocated that mitigated form of provincialism. There was an excellent saying by an excellent man: 'When I am in the country I believe in God, and when I am in London I believe in the devil.' This essayist endorses Mr. John Stuart Mill's complaint that society is crushing out individuality. He thinks—which we altogether doubt—that residence in a country-town would obviate this. He says, acutely enough, that though people in London do not gossip like people in a small town, yet a London *set* gossip just as much as a country *set*. It might be added that in either one might so live as to defy gossip. He says that in the country we might have a simple natural life, and tells a town story: 'I know a man, suddenly raised by successful speculation above the life of an operative, who took a house and furnished a splendid drawing-room, which his wife used to exhibit to his friends, and then return with them to sit in a little parlour down-stairs.' We

* 'Country Towns, and the Place they fill in Modern Civilization.' Bell and Daldy.

believe this anecdote might be capped again and again in country towns, and the standard objection to perpetual provincialism is untouched—of its dreariness and stagnation.

Another instance may be taken as illustrating the narrowness and limitation of small provincial towns. Every market of metropolitan talent is regularly fed by provincial feeders. The vast majority of the men who, so to speak, come up to the surface of London life and achieve some kind of distinction, are men who have been drawn from the provinces by the irresistible London magnet. Such men achieve a distinction in London which it would be impossible for them to attain in their own provincial town. The local artist or the local poet are men who are misunderstood and derided. If by any chance the town should earnestly believe in its poet or its artist, that poet or artist is infallibly a humbug. The born genius is scouted by his townsmen.

When all the world has recognized that genius, the native will continue blind and deaf to it, or perhaps affirm that it is altogether founded upon misapprehension and mistake. A prophet is without honour among his own kindred and in his own country. The prophet will therefore do wisely if he ignores his town, which will most certainly ignore him, and appeal to a larger audience and to wider sympathies. It hardly appears to us that our towns have progressed in this respect, or done anything towards wiping away this reproach. Lichfield is a provincial town which, in its literary aspect, is very favourably known to us during a portion of the last century. There appear to have been persons in Lichfield who were capable of recognizing the nascent genius of Garrick and the ponderous sense and erudition of Johnson. Kindly gentry in the cathedral close asked the young fellows to dinner, and did what they could to promote their views in life. We suspect that anything of this sort is now extremely rare. Still, those whose lot is cast in a provincial

town may find many very excellent arguments to prove that their lot is the very best in the world; and, if they have the true *savoir vivre*, they may really make it so. Theoretically we admit the charms of provincialism, but practically we would desire to combine some slight modification. Let a man have the run of London in the season, the run of the seaside in summer and autumn, the run of the Continent when he wants a change, and for the rest of the fleeting year provincialism becomes a very endurable and praiseworthy institution.

THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

That voluminous literature that belongs to Abyssinian subjects has, we hope, received its culmination in the two volumes which Mr. Hormuzd Rassam has published, thinking it right that he, too, should have his say on a subject in which he was so greatly concerned. The volumes have caused some of the critics to study Mr. Rassam as a psychological subject, and to question, from internal evidence, whether he was the best sort of man to make the majesty of Britain intelligible to the barbaric mind. He has something more to say on the subject of Theodore's present of cows to Lord Napier: the Abyssinian cow threatens to be as renowned a beast as the Trojan horse. Also we are glad to hear that Mr. Rassam received a solatium of five thousand pounds for the hard lines he had undergone, and Dr. Blanc and Lieutenant Prideaux two thousand each. The last gentleman, on whom the honours of martyrdom were so nearly forced, will have peculiar reason to congratulate himself. When the war commenced, we were all gleaning stray facts discoverable about Abyssinia, but now there has been such a blaze of information about it, that an additional work becomes as burdensome as that additional penny in the income tax.

A great deal of deserved attention has justly been drawn to Mr. Wallace's new work on the Malay Archi-

pelago.* It is in every respect one of the most genuine and thorough works of travel we have ever perused. Mr. Wallace returned home six years ago, but he has had many thousand specimens to examine and classify, and in these days of rapid writing it is gratifying to know that for so many years a work has been simmering in an author's mind. Travels, in these days, must be sensational, and Mr. Wallace's sensations are the Orang-Utan and the Bird of Paradise, which appear in every variety of artistic illustration. The work has many elements of popularity, but Mr. Wallace's enthusiastic devotion to his favourite science, entomology, and the positive results at which he has arrived, will be peculiarly interesting to the esoteric circle of scientific readers. That devotion is indeed great. He dilates with joy over a superb 'bug,' and has given us a close description of his sensations of intense excitement when he discovered the *Croesus* butterfly. 'On taking it out of my net and opening the glorious wings, my heart began to beat violently, the blood rushed to my head, and I have felt much more like fainting than I have done when in apprehension of immediate death. I had a headache the rest of the day, so great was the excitement produced by what will appear to most people a very inadequate cause.' Those who love ferns—and in these days who does not love them?—will read with envy and delight of fern-trees that raise their fronds thirty feet in the air. Mr. Wallace gives a very pleasing picture of many of the tribes, though a picture the reverse of pleasing is to be given of many other tribes, and thinks that some energetic missionaries might do much good, but then they must not be trading missionaries but men of a genuine stamp, like the Jesuit missionaries of Singapore. Mr. Wallace does not positively state what, nevertheless, his words imply, that accredited missionaries from Eng-

land are also traders. Mr. Wallace's great object was Natural History, but his remarks on the ethnology and physical geography of a remote region so rarely visited by travellers are exceedingly valuable. The archipelago, as a whole, is comparable with any division of the globe—it is, indeed, a broken-up and dismembered continent, and it has islands larger than France or the Austrian empire. There are many interesting evidences to prove that the great islands of Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, at a recent geological epoch formed part of the Asian continent, and the other islands form a distant division approximating to Australia and New Guinea. Mr. Wallace divides the inhabitants into Malay or yellow, and Papuan or black; but we are somewhat surprised at his identifying the Papuans with the Polynesians, as the prevalent ethnological opinion identifies them with the Malaysians. He has a striking description of the wonders of a coral sea; but he maintains that the animals and plants of the tropics are not more brilliantly coloured than those of the temperate regions. He draws a contrast between savages and civilized beings which is by no means flattering to civilized beings. We think that Mr. Wallace shows to least advantage when he deserts his proper path as a scientific observer. During his residence in the archipelago, Mr. Wallace independently worked out that idea of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, which is known almost exclusively as Darwinism.

The Earl of Carnarvon is so justly celebrated in society and in politics, that any publication of his, however slight, is sure to excite a large measure of personal interest. He has edited the diary of his late father—a nobleman as distinguished for his accomplishments as for his retiring disposition—in a most complete and meritorious manner, most ingeniously dovetailing his own observations on his father's narrative. As a picture of the land at the epoch of the Liberation, the diary is faithful and picturesque, and the

* 'The Malay Archipelago; the Land of the Orang-Utan and the Bird of Paradise,' etc. By Alfred Russell Wallace. Macmillan.

Earl of Carnarvon's own statesman-like remarks on the present state of Greece have a real political importance. The community of Greek merchants in London, possess a high degree of social repute and commercial prosperity, but when they come to apply their abilities to the politics of their own country, the uniform result is failure and scandal. We trust that Lord Carnarvon will redeem the literary promise of this useful and pleasant little book by some work of independent authorship. He has a hereditary reputation to vindicate, besides his own collegiate, parliamentary, and social fame. The days of Philhellenism are over; and it is perhaps very doubtful whether the modern Greeks are, in any real sense, the descendants of the ancient Greeks; but at any rate the same scenery is theirs, and they are zealously trying to revert to the old language, and to keep in mind the historic traditions. In spite of the misbehaviour of the youngest, and spoilt, member of European families, those who take an interest in ancient Greece will feel an interest also for modern Greece. An article in the current 'Quarterly'—the author of which is *not* Stanley and Diabolos—'Mr. Tozer's Researches in the Highland of Turkey,' is coupled with Lord Carnarvon's publication, and the reviewer praises Mr. Tozer's volumes as having 'the thorough taste of that rare quality, a genuine traveller:' a hint for collectors of books of travel.

It can hardly, however, be questioned that in any classification of travellers, very few would have a higher place than Bayard Taylor. He, indeed, refutes a saying that has been ill-naturedly imputed to Humboldt respecting him—'He has travelled more and seen less than any man living'—by the simple remark, that he has a letter of Humboldt to himself which would silence such an invention; but at the same time he ingenuously admits that he has seen more than he has been able to digest, and means to lay aside the mantle of the traveller and apply himself to culture. He says that the mind flags under a constant

receptivity, and must have time to assimilate and arrange its stores. Mr. Taylor is a most wonderful traveller; he has penetrated to the Arctic Zone, and Central Africa, has ransacked Europe, and is largely acquainted with India, Japan, and China. Although he speaks so modestly and unaffectedly of himself, he is, in truth, a charming writer of travels, thoughtful and observant, and possessed of a grace and force peculiarly his own. His present work on the 'Byeways of Europe'* will only cost his readers one regret, which will be found in its announcement that this is to be his last book of travels. He here brings before us his reminiscences of districts which, as a matter of fact, are not at all difficult of investigation to ordinary travellers but which ordinary travellers generally neglect on account of more frequented and fashionable localities. Thus he penetrated to Andorra, the little republic in the Pyrenees, with which the public is much less acquainted than with San Marino. He wished to visit Caprera, but Garibaldi, with a capriciousness which seems to belong to his character, refused to honour the strong letters of introduction with which he was furnished. He took a cruise on the largest European inland water, Lake Ladoga, so rarely visited, although it is easily accessible from St. Petersburg. So, too, few of the many persons who sail Lake Constance, or reach St. Gall, penetrate to the Little Land of Appenzell. Yet this isolated mountain republic, islanded in the territory of St. Gall, presents many points of interest, and struck the first blow for Swiss liberty. With a natural affinity, Mr. Taylor seeks out the simplest and most primitive forms of democracy. We think that he exaggerates—we are sure unconsciously—the unfrequentedness of the Balearic Islands. We have friends who go out there for the winter; and a few years ago there was a regular colony of English on one of the islands, owing to the construction of a railway. Again,

* 'Byeways of Europe.' By Bayard Taylor. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

not many of the tourists who visit Moscow so time and adapt their visits as to take the railway to Nijni-Novgorod, and become acquainted with that great fair, which there, by a thousand links, mingles Europe and Asia. Here he took some of the famous caravan tea—and only the best and costliest is brought overland—but he thought he had had better in New York. He noticed that some persons took about thirty-three teas in the course of the railway journey. ‘Winter-life in St. Petersburg’ hardly comes within the title and scope of his work, but we should indeed be sorry to lose these vivid descriptions of court life in Russia. It is a pleasant change to turn from Mr. Taylor’s northern to his southern experiences, and we hardly know which we like best. He is a true cosmopolitan, and has infinite powers of adaptation. ‘When, at breakfast, red mullet came upon the table, and oranges fresh from the tree, I straightway took off my northern nature as a garment, folded it, and packed it neatly away in my knapsack, and took out in its stead the light, beribboned, and bespangled southern nature, which I had not worn for some eight or nine years. It was like a dressing-gown after a dress-coat, and I went about with a delightfully free play of the mental and moral joints.’ Mr. Bayard Taylor is rather a disillusionating writer. He describes a beautiful girl with her indolent happiness, her fine, regular, almost Roman profile, her dark masses of hair, her graceful attitude, her impressible eyes, ‘a phantom of delight but for the ungrateful fact that she inveterately scratched herself whenever and wherever a flea happened to bite.’ Mr. Taylor is the most remarkable traveller of the day, Lady Franklin perhaps excepted.

Several biographical works of importance have appeared, or are promised, or are threatened. We confess that we are disappointed with Mr. Black’s translation of the ‘Life of Leopold the First,’ so far as it has appeared. King Leopold, we observe, was fond of repeating a sensible saying of Lord Palmerston’s—that, to be in perfect health, a man

ought to be in the open air for four hours a day, and he appears to have acted on the conviction. Sir James Clark was a fashionable physician, with more solid merits than generally belong to his class; he did very much, also, towards the construction of a science of climatology. His life of such a broad-minded reformer in the treatment of lunacy as Dr. Conolly will be read with much interest, especially in scientific circles. Mr. Forster’s ‘Life of Walter Savage Landor’ is so important that we must seek to return to it separately.

But the critics are all just now sharpening their wits and their pens on Mr. Lecky’s new work; and people who pride themselves on intellectual conversation have certainly derived from it both a stimulus and a subject. Mr. Lecky’s first work—on an Irish subject—attracted no attention, but his ‘History of Rationalism,’ published a few years since, was a great success, and after Mr. Gladstone had quoted it, was regarded as almost classical. We may observe, by the way, that Mr. Trench’s ‘Realities of Irish Life’ has several times received the meed of parliamentary praise and quotation: a work not of much substance, but valuable for its vivid and trustworthy narratives. Mr. Lecky’s new work on the History of Morals* will, we think, be hardly so successful as its predecessor, although it is equally original in its design and brilliant in its execution. There is a voluminous literature of ethics, which has been chiefly occupied by the discussion of the conflicting theories of the two great schools of opinion on this subject. But we are not acquainted with any formal work that has examined the subject historically and tested the theory by facts of progressive history. This is what Mr. Lecky has tried to do, and he deserves infinite credit for the force and boldness of his attempt. Mr. Lecky shows the more courage, as he is opposing what is certainly the predominant school of thought on this subject at the present moment.

* ‘History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne.’ By W. E. H. Lecky, M.A. Longmans.

The Utilitarian school, which the youthful Macaulay thought he had laughed away by those early Essays in the 'Edinburgh,' which he was ashamed to reprint, is now expounded by Mr. Bain and by Mr. John Stuart Mill; it possessed the adhesion of that powerful authority, the late Mr. Austin, and it is easy to see that it commands the influential suffrage of Mr. Grote.

The Intuitional school—those that affirm that Conscience is an original faculty of the soul, and not merely opinion formed by experience—has no such names to oppose to these. Professor Maurice's recent volume of Cambridge lectures on the 'Conscience,' pleasant, amiable, and readable, was eminently unscientific and unsatisfactory. We are afraid that Mr. Lecky's philosophical opinions will hardly command much respect. We are sorry for this, as it is our own side of the controversy; but the argument is not one to be settled by the authority of names, and we patiently wait till the pendulum of opinion revolves to the other side, and better champions come to the front. We hardly thank Mr. Lecky for his advocacy; and when he brands his opponents as holding a doctrine profoundly immoral, we object to his calling hard names, and to philosophy getting into a passion. The Utilitarian, or the Beneficial school, as they would prefer to be called, do not so much oppose Mr. Lecky's reasonings, as they say that he misrepresents them, and misunderstands them, and is simply ignorant of the nature of the real question involved in the controversy. We may observe, that when the 'Fortnightly Review' finds fault with Mr. Lecky's logic, and the 'Saturday Review' complains of his religion, it would appear, on the first blush of things, that Mr. Lecky's logic and religion are in a bad way; only we recollect the homely adage that tells us—let us not blink the unsavoury proverb—that the pot often calls the kettle black. There is no doubt, however, but Mr. Lecky is not so much a philosopher as an historian—which is a very different thing; and also not so much an historian as a rhetorician—which is also another very different thing.

Mr. Lecky is a complete master of the eloquence of detail; that is to say, he marshals interesting facts in a graphic style and with most ingenious dovetailing, so that he conducts an argument almost entirely by means of illustrations. It must also be said that he is no less voluminous in his facts than fertile in his generalizations. At the same time, one occasionally suspects that Mr. Lecky is striking out a theory as a peg to hang his learning on. His reading is both extensive and deep, but it runs in particular channels. We fully accept his Latin and his French, but we don't believe in his Greek, and we detect no evidence of German. And when Mr. Lecky is presenting us with a vast body of facts, under an avowed philosophical bias, it is impossible to help reflecting that these facts might be assigned a very different interpretation by those who hold very different opinions.

But working between the dates of Augustus and Charlemagne it is manifest that the subject of morals is as inextricably involved as the subject of religion. Mr. Lecky does much justice—and also much injustice—to Christianity as a system of morality. Mr. Lecky possesses what he considers a philosophic neutrality on the subject of the supernatural claims of Christianity. But he should consider whether such a neutrality is possible for him—whether such a position is not really a hostile position. He might also consider whether, if the facts of Christianity are to be discarded as lying legends, there is indeed any *débris* of morality left worth discussing. It is not here, however, that we can venture either on the philosophical argument or the religious argument. All the secular journals are pointing out, more or less, the injustice, the confusion of thought, the real or affected ignorance of large domains of inquiry which characterise the chief part of his work. But we suspect that Mr. Lecky's advocacy on one side of the question or the other is not of special importance. The thin and rhetorical nature of his work will probably debar it from any perma-

nent place among the productions of real thinkers. The soil is carefully cultivated, but then the soil is thin. No amount of literary manure will make up for this essential defect. There is one more remark which we must make. Mr. Lecky devotes his concluding chapter to the subject to which Juvenal devoted his Sixth Satire. He is, no doubt, as honest and independent as Juvenal; only weak people might bethink themselves of expurgation. Had the chapter stood alone we should have accepted it as an unavoidable necessity of the subject. But to say the truth, Mr. Lecky's language on the relation between the sexes throughout his volumes is, pretty uniformly, unpleasing. It may be a philosophy for philosophers, but, to use a well-worn phrase, it is by no means a work for family reading.

EAST END EMIGRATION.

Now that the spring season is fairly once more upon us, that the woods are free and the waters unbound, that the sphere of out-door energies and activity is indefinitely enlarged, the sons of manual toil open a fresh campaign in the battle of life. The thought of emigration becomes familiar to many minds, and the facts of emigration are reproduced upon a large scale. Many are leaving the soil where they have found the bread taken out of their mouths. A short time ago the British and Colonial Emigration Fund made a considerable grant to Woolwich, and a still larger one to Portsmouth, to enable the men thrown out of work to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by Government to go out to Canada in the transports *Crocodile* and *Serapis*. The same society lately sent out their second batch to Queensland, and have sent out two hundred persons to Canada. They now pause in their operations, for their funds are exhausted, and they must wait till they get more money. We confess that it is not without some feelings of sadness, uncertainty, and regret, that we watch the varying phenomena of the modern exodus.

It is sad to be obliged to confess that England is unable to supply the daily work that shall in return supply daily bread to her anxious and industrious children. It is sad that in a country poorly supplied numerically with men in comparison with the other great European states, we should have to part with so much nerve and sinew, so much courage and endurance. The system of giving assisted passages to men who are prepared to defray a large portion of their own expenses must have a real tendency to deprive the country of those who by prudence and foresight have proved their capacity of becoming good citizens at home. Still there is no resisting the iron logic of facts; and if men are obliged by necessity to emigrate, or if they choose to emigrate, we must make it our care that they should do so in the best way and under the most favourable conditions. Emigration is a great natural law; but then it is true of all natural laws that nearly everything depends upon the mode of their application to our necessities.

To the particular society we have named, the British and Colonial Emigration Fund, we entertain a very kindly feeling. We are assured of the rectitude of their intentions and the excellence of their arrangements. They have done much good. They have largely promoted the emigration of the pauper, and we should be sorry if they more exclusively directed their energies towards emigration among the industrial class. They have insisted that wives and families should, so far as possible, accompany the breadwinner, checking that exclusive emigration of young men that have so drained some districts of the country. They have also been noted for one feature which we could wish they would bring more and more into prominence instead of withdrawing it into the shade—that is, their extension of that limited but most useful form of emigration which consists in sending poor families from parts of the country where work is wanting to other parts where work is plentiful. It has often happened that in different

districts of our island labourers have been waiting for work and work has been waiting for labourers. Men have been almost starving for want of employment at Poplar who possibly might find plenty of it at Newcastle or Glasgow. There may be a plethora of work at one place and an utter deficiency of it in another. There is often a kind of tidal action, a sort of flux and reflux, in matters of business and employment. To this home-emigration, if we may use such an antithetic term, we especially wish well. A full accurate knowledge and careful manipulation of the labour market might save many an emigrant that now tears asunder, with deep wounds, most strong and tender ties. Much might be done in this way towards equably distributing the supply and demand of labour throughout the country. At least let us not send away our men till we are quite sure that we are not able to keep them. It is a pity that there should be families who cross the Atlantic and the Pacific, when all that is necessary for their subsistence is that they should cross the Humber or the Tweed.

Still, in the case of multitudes of men, it is good for themselves and good for the community at large that they should emigrate. Emigration is the true answer to the hard philosophy of Malthus and the atrocious suggestions of Mr. John Stuart Mill. The Divine law that tells men to increase and multiply also tells them to replenish the earth and subdue it. In spite of the philosophers we shall not think that the injunction is a mistake until the conditions are satisfied and proved to be insufficient. If we cannot keep our poor let them emigrate to that which, in a sense, is still British soil. Our children have not altogether left us who still retain English laws, language, loyalty, and religion. The enormous territories and scanty populations of Australia, Canada, and New Zealand still invite and would receive more than we can send or could spare. It seems likely, owing to the enormous fiscal burdens of America, that the general tide of emigration may rather set in the direction of British colonies than

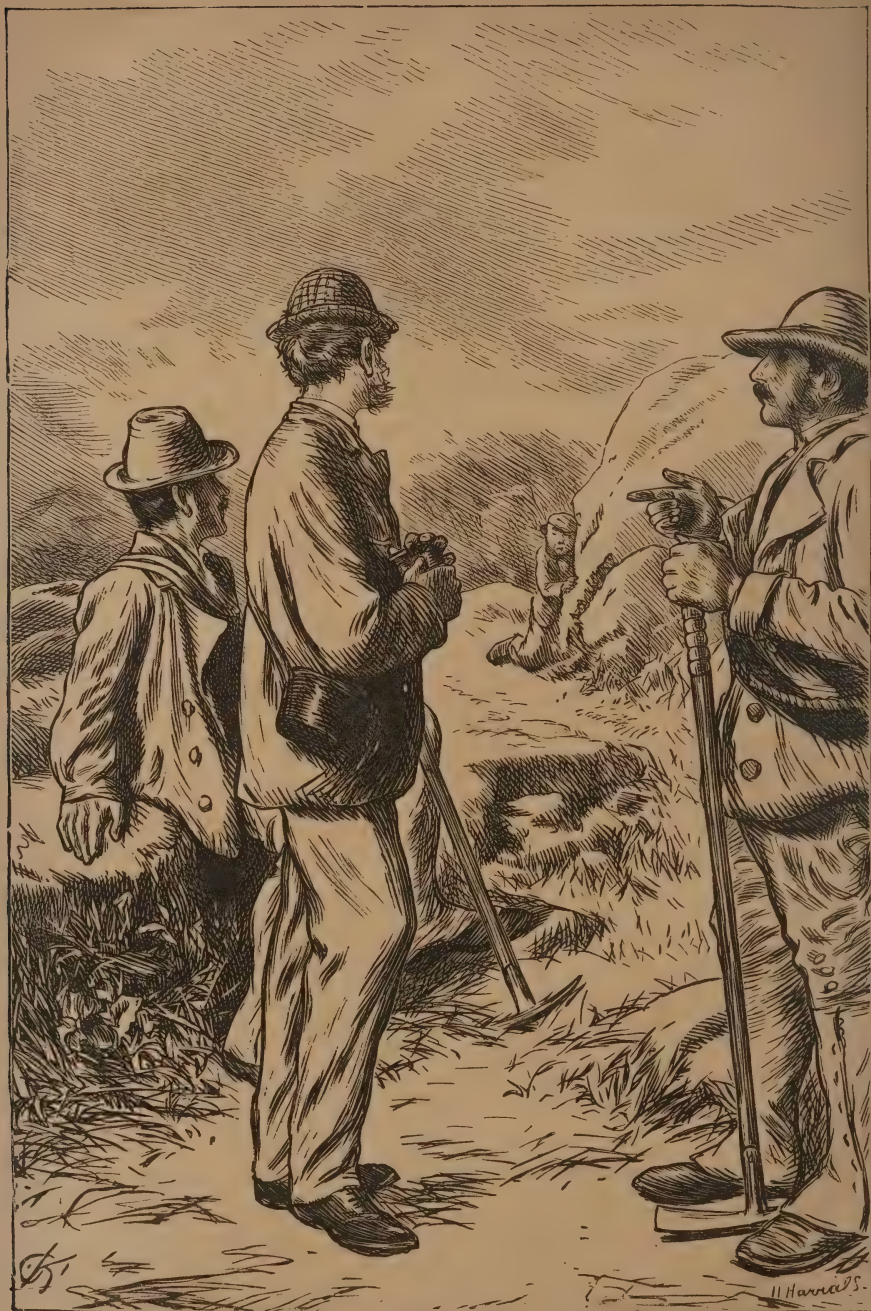
of the boundless Western prairies. All African travellers concur in speaking of boundless possibilities in store when the African interior, with its temperate climate and immense fertility, is fairly opened up to us. The national good is vast, but the moral good is vaster still. The rough salutary change of emigration frequently evokes capacities and energies that might otherwise have lain for ever dormant. The men, wavering on the borders of our criminal class, having the plain alternative of working or starving, will clearly elect to work. The pauper, whether he has become such through improvidence or by the sheer stress of adversity, will regain self-respect and the enjoyment of solid comforts. The artisan, whose industry and self-denial would only suffice to make slight savings, which illness or scarcity of work would soon dissipate, may rest beneath his freehold roof and plough his own heritable fields. A broad view of imperial interests will show us the necessity of recruiting and strengthening our colonies. No political separation that may be looming in the future can ever abolish the most precious and permanent uses of our empire.

We have therefore no horror of emigration; but we, at the same time, earnestly desire that it should be accompanied with all necessary safeguards and limitations. Too often, historically speaking, emigration has been the result of some sudden blind unreasoning impulse, weakening to the parent state and fraught with disaster to the emigrants themselves. Let us be first thoroughly assured that there is no place in the old country for those who would not willingly leave her, and only fly to exile to avoid starvation. A free circulation in the labour market, and the giving of prompt effectual assistance in the transfer of families to distant home-spheres of labour, might obviate any danger of draining our resources in men, the most solid material of any country. Let emigration be directed, as much as possible, into those channels which flow into our own colonies. Let there be a constant

series of improvement in the details of the passage of emigrants and in the help and welcome which they receive on the further shore. There have been stories of shame and scandal in these particulars which, we are glad to know, are giving way to cheering and encouraging accounts. We trust the state will do its part, and we are sure that the church will

always retain its place in the van of our colonial progress. We wish all good cheer to those who have just embarked, or are on the eve of their departure, believing that they and those who may come after them will by strange streams and beneath strange stars build up an imitative England and renew the best life of our nation.





Drawn by Charles Keene]

THE THREE NAMES.

[See the Story.

LONDON SOCIETY.

The Holiday Number FOR 1869.

THE THREE NAMES.

A Tale of a Holiday.



(See p. 6.)

FOR more than four years the three names painted on the doorway of No. 9 Old Inn remained unaltered. The house itself was the smallest in the Inn. All the other houses contained six sets of chambers; No. 9—cramped up in a corner—had only three sets. They were each occupied by a single

tenant, and their names, as painted on the doorway, were, 'Mr. Bolt, 2nd floor;' 'Mr. Hay, 1st floor;' 'Mr. Frith, ground-floor.'

I was Mr. Hay, of the 1st floor. Mr. Bolt of the 2nd floor and I were not on speaking terms. We had frequently met on the stairs and in the passage under our common roof.

I knew him very well by sight. He was a tall, thin man, some years younger than I, pleasant-looking, notwithstanding a broken nose and huge red whiskers. He had a noisy, blundering way of moving about; always rushed up the stairs three at a time, kicking and banging his great boots against the woodwork. 'That's Bolt!' I used to say, as his footsteps came tumbling up to my floor, and then 'went tumbling up to his own. I don't know whether he broke his nose over those stairs before I went to No. 9, but I always expected that he would break it again whenever I heard him return home.

Now, Mr. Frith of the ground-floor was different in every way. I knew him equally well by sight; but he and I, likewise, were not on speaking terms. He was short and inclined to be stout. He never seemed in a hurry. He never made a noise, except on his piano, and even the tone of that was soft and subdued like himself.

So we three—the noisy gentleman on the 2nd floor, the musical gentleman on the ground-floor, and myself—I don't know what the other two called me, probably the gentleman with the dog—lived for four years in the same house and yet were strangers to one another. It seemed part of one's daily life constantly to see Mr. Frith, or to hear Mr. Bolt come tumbling up the stairs; part of one's daily care to prevent becoming acquainted with either; part of the pleasure of one's vacation to get away from them, as it was to get away from the bundles of law papers and clients' letters.

So last autumn, when I went to Switzerland, I endured the sea-passage; bore patiently the sleepless night journeys by rail, and the hot morning drive by diligence, cheered by the thought that I was adding mile after mile to the distance between me and Old Inn and everything connected with it. And all for what? For the very first person I meet at Chamouni to be Mr. Frith in tweeds, instead of Mr. Frith in broadcloth. He was standing just inside the *salle-à-manger*, looking for a seat at the long table, at

which the diners were already assembled.

As I enter he turns round, and we look at one another defiantly, with a sort of 'Well! I have as much right here as you,' and then face to the right and left respectively. He goes down one half of the table, and I go up the other, hoping to put the whole length of it between us. There is no vacant seat on that side, so I walk round the end to the other side, and, to my disgust, see that he has done the same. We face each other again, are obliged by necessity to converge towards the same point, and finally seat ourselves near the centre of the table, with only a little Frenchman between us.

The first two courses we eat in silence, either staring at our plates or at the wall before us. Pending the third course the Frenchman turns to Mr. Frith, but that gentleman, not wishing to look my way, tries hard to escape the proffered conversation. The Frenchman, however, who speaks English very well, has no intention of being shaken off, and common courtesy forces Mr. Frith to answer.

'Do you come from London?' again begins the little tormentor, as soon as the dessert commences.

'Yes.'

'Ah! It is a fine city that London. I know it well. From what part of London do you come?'

'Old Inn.'

'Indeed! Do you know a Mr. Smith at Old Inn?'

'No.'

'No! At what number in Old Inn do you live?'

'Nine.'

'Nine!' echoes the little gentleman; 'and Mr. Smith lives at number ten and you do not know him.'

'No.'

Not over pleased, the Frenchman turns to me, and Mr. Frith, very much pleased, turns away from us both.

'And are you from London too?' he begins, as though I had taken a part in the previous conversation.

Mr. Frith's back being towards us, I don't mind answering the little fellow, seeing that he doesn't

care whether I come from London or Timbuctoo, but that it is simply impossible for him to eat his dinner in silence. So I say, 'Yes, I come from London. All Englishmen seem to live in London, don't they?'

'Oh! but it is such a large city. From what part of London do you come?'

'Old Inn.'

'Again Old Inn,' he says, with a smile. 'Perhaps you know Mr. Smith at number ten?'

'I only know him by sight,' I answer; and then, for the fun of increasing the little gentleman's astonishment, I add, 'I live at number nine.'

The words are hardly spoken when the Frenchman, with true politeness, pushes back his chair. 'Then you and this gentleman,' touching Mr. Frith's arm, 'are travelling together, and I have separated you and prevented your talking. I am so sorry. Will you take my seat and be next your friend?'

He is just rising for us to exchange chairs, when I put my hand upon his shoulder and whisper, 'Thank you. I thank you. No. I do not know that gentleman.'

The little fellow nods as if he understood, and then says, also speaking in a whisper: 'You have quarrelled then? I beg your pardon if I have been disagreeable to you.'

'Oh! not at all. We have never spoken to each other.'

'What!' he cries, forgetting now to speak in an undertone; 'you two live in the same house and you do not know one another! Ah, well!' putting a hand on our arms and smiling at both of us, 'you will know one another now and be great friends for the future.'

There is no help for it. 'I shall have great pleasure,' says Mr. Frith, with a freezing bow. And I bow likewise and in a like manner, but say nothing.

Then follows a pause, during which the diners begin to leave the table; so we three rise and stand by our chairs, still with the Frenchman in the middle.

'Come!' he says, presently, and suddenly laughing; 'you two have

been making fun of me. Is it not so? You are friends travelling together.'

Mr. Frith immediately denies this statement, and, having done so, walks away to a window, which looks out upon Mont Blanc. After what has passed, I feel that the one who first leaves the room will be obliged to make some remark, or do some little act of courtesy to the other; and to avoid the burden of doing this being thrown upon me, I go into the recess of the window next Mr. Frith's, and likewise stare at Mont Blanc. The Frenchman wishes us both good-evening, and takes himself off.

The next minute I hear his voice again. He and somebody else have come into collision in the passage, whereupon follows a mutual asking of pardons, and he enters the room again. His companion is hidden by the screen near the door, but I hear the little fellow say, still speaking in English—

'Ah, Monsieur! you are just too late. The diligence from Genève was behind time, I suppose? You have ordered dinner, of course? Yes. Come and look at Mont Blanc. The moonlight is on it.'

From my window I hear their footsteps approaching me—the tripping, light step of the one, and the heavy, slouching tread of the other. As I listen to the latter a cold chill comes over me. We distinguish footsteps after a time as we learn to know voices. I have a strong misgiving that I know that tread, but I listen in suspense without looking round.

'Yes, it is very grand,' says a voice at my elbow, referring to Mont Blanc, which towers before us clear and distinct in the bright moonlight.

Oh, that voice! It realizes my worst fears. How often had I heard it calling from the second floor at No. 9, Old Inn. I feel disposed to rush out of the room, but remembering Mr. Frith at the next window, wait to see what comes of Mr. Bolt's arrival.

'Very grand,' he continues. 'We don't have sights like that in London. Do you know London?'

'Gently, gently, Mr. Bolt! for your own sake,' I murmur. 'If you could only know the trap you are falling into.'

'Oh, yes! I know London,' replies the Frenchman, promptly. 'What part of London do you come from?'

'Old Inn.'

'Old Inn!' echoes the other, in a tone of surprise. 'Do you know Mr. Smith at number ten?'

'N—o. That is to say, I know the name. He lives next door to me.'

'You live, then, at No. —?'

'Number nine,' plumps out Mr. Bolt.

'Then you expect to meet a friend here,' says the Frenchman, looking for Mr. Frith, seeing that Mr. Bolt does not seem to recognize my back.

'No, I don't expect to meet a friend.'

'Then you will meet one: you will meet two. Look, here is one. And you were close to him, and yet you did not know him.'

As I turn round in obedience to the Frenchman's pull Mr. Bolt does know me, but not as a friend, for he looks as if he would like to punch my head for being there.

'No; I haven't the pleasure of knowing this gentleman,' he says, putting on a sickly smile.

'What!' cries the other. 'Ah! Then that is the friend you will meet,' pointing to Mr. Frith, who at that moment unwittingly comes out of the recess of his window.

'No. I haven't the pleasure of knowing him either.'

For a minute the Frenchman does not seem to understand. 'But you all live in the same house,' he then says slowly.

'Oh, yes,' replies Mr. Bolt, who begins to see the fun, and seems rather to enjoy it. 'All lived there, I believe, for more than four years.'

'And you are all strangers?'

'Perfect strangers,' again replies Mr. Bolt.

'Well, I should not have thought it possible, even in England,' says the little fellow so seriously that we all smile. He looks first at one and then at another and finally

rushes off to tell his friends of the three curiosities that he has discovered.

Our smiles vanish with his presence, and the moment he is gone our black looks return. Mr. Bolt goes off to the third window; Mr. Frith returns to his recess; I remain in mine; so we all stand and stare at Mont Blanc.

'Very fine,' says Mr. Frith, being obliged to pass me in leaving the room, and feeling that he ought to say something.

'Very fine,' I answer; and so exits the "ground-floor."

'Looks very beautiful in the moonlight,' I suggest to Mr. Bolt, as I follow Mr. Frith's example.

'Very beautiful,' he answers, but does not leave his window as long as I remain in the room, though his dinner is on the table and the garçon waiting to remove the cover. Then I go, and, after that, we meet no more that night.

The next morning I am not as careful of my landlord's feelings, perhaps, as I might be. I hardly proffer an excuse for leaving, but leave I do, and take up my quarters in another hotel. That settled, I go to the Post-office, thence to the Bureau des Guides, and on my way thither, after a good deal of considering this and looking at that, decide upon the excursion for that day. I choose the one to 'Le Jardin,' arguing that it was too far for Mr. Frith, and that Mr. Bolt, who evidently had not visited Chamouni before, was not likely to do that excursion on his first day. Pretty confident, therefore, that I should not be troubled with either of them, I hire a guide and start at once to make up for lost time.

'Pity I didn't start an hour ago.'

'Why?' I say to Pierre—Pierre being my guide—as we go up the zigzags of the Montanvert.

'Because Jacques went with another English gentleman, and it would have been company for us,' answers Pierre.

I express myself quite satisfied with the companionship I have, and Pierre, of course, swears that he was thinking of me only and not of himself. When we reach the

glacier we see the gentleman of whom he spoke, but he is too far ahead for me to distinguish him. Feeling sure, however, that he is neither Mr. Frith nor Mr. Bolt, I don't bother my head about him. As we go along Pierre tells me a long story about some of his comrades. He speaks villainous *patois*, and has a confused way of telling his story; and so, though I do my best to be enlightened, I am never certain whether I am supposed to be Jean or Alphonse; in fact, I can't make out whether Jean and Alphonse are two distinct men, or the two names of the same man. Jean falls down a crevasse; I understand that; but then it is Alphonse who is afterwards pulled up, so I get hopelessly muddled again. And, moreover, I can't sufficiently realize that I am either of them, for, as we near 'Le Jardin,' my own legs keep cruelly reminding me that I am Alfred Hay and nobody else; and I find myself panting in a way that either Jean or Alphonse would be ashamed of doing.

'Ah, voilà Jacques!' exclaims Pierre, as we step on to the grass at our journey's end, pointing to his comrade, who rises from the side of the stream over which he was stooping. I look round for the Englishman, but he is not visible. Jacques, when he comes to us, points to a great boulder of rock behind which he says the other is lying, rather knocked up by the walk. And there, sure enough, I see part of a pair of legs so protruding beyond the boulder as to indicate that their owner is on the broad of his back. While I am looking at them they begin to move with a wriggling sort of motion, and, the next minute, Mr. Frith's face appears, cautiously peeping beyond the rock. Completely taken by surprise, and not having time to turn away, I stare vacantly at the sky over his head; but I see, nevertheless, his face disappear again very quickly and his legs wriggle nearly out of sight.

'Hang him!' only I say something stronger; and he, doubtless, from behind his boulder, returns the compliment. 'What on earth

made him come up here?' I mutter, feeling a strong temptation to send a big stone by my side at his boots. They prevent me admiring the view; they prevent me enjoying my luncheon; they make me wish that he and they were at the bottom of the deepest crevasse in Switzerland. And, worse still, when Jacques, coming to my side, expresses his pleasure at seeing me, because I can help 'Monsieur là' back to Chamouni. 'Not I. I'll see "Monsieur là" frozen to death before I will help him.' And to avoid being called upon to assist him in any way, I tell Pierre that I am in a hurry to get back, and hint that we had better start at once. To this he answers, 'Here are two others coming.' It has nothing to do with my getting back, but, nevertheless, I ask where the others are.

'There!' And both he and Jacques point out the direction. I can't see the new comers at first, and, when I do, I lose them again immediately afterwards. They are much nearer the next time they appear: near enough for me to discern that one of them is tall and thin, and, though he is walking quickly, has an awkward, clumsy step. That is quite enough. I am certain who he is; but after finding Mr. Frith at 'Le Jardin,' I am not surprised. I take it quite philosophically at first. Then I try to look at our all meeting again in its ludicrous light, but here I miserably fail and get angry. I lean back in disgust and pull my hat over my face; and the rest of my grumbling is confined to the lining.

In due course of time Mr. Bolt reaches 'Le Jardin.' The guide, after handing him the havresac and receiving back his portion of the luncheon, joins the other two. Mr. Bolt scrutinises my corpus; again fails to recognise me, but suspects me to be English, so he keeps his distance. Peeping under my hat, I see Pierre and Jacques presently compare watches and then rise. The latter, however, moves away alone and goes to the boulder. At his first words the odious boots disappear entirely, but he begins to re-

monstrate; shows his watch; points to the sun; and after a little while bends forward to help Mr. Frith to rise. That gentleman then emerges from behind his friendly rock, shaking his legs and settling his coat, and, without looking my way, tries to bustle off as if he didn't know I was there. Not so Jacques. He speaks to Pierre, who comes to my side, and Jacques lingers, seeing that I do not rise. Meanwhile Mr. Frith, by his crablike movement, nearly tumbles over Mr. Bolt, without seeing him. 'Halloa,' cries the latter, 'you here!' Whereupon Mr. Frith turns round and stares, with open eyes and mouth, seeing Mr. Bolt when he expected to see me.

'I had not an idea you were here,' he says, emphasizing the 'you,' and so criminating himself. 'Fine scene, isn't it?' He then makes a second attempt to be off, but Jacques still lingers.

Pierre all this time has been nudging me in the side, and now, shaking me gently, says, quite loudly, that the other gentleman is going. Being unable to feign sleep any longer under such treatment, I remove my hat and sit up, and see that Mr. Bolt is looking at me. 'By Jove! Number nine in force,' laughs that gentleman, pointing at me and then at Mr. Frith, who thereupon pretends to see me for the first time.

'Mr. Hay, too,' he says, in feigned surprise. 'Dear me, have you been here long?'—asking this in the most innocent tone.

'Why, nearly an hour,' I answer, as if it was the strangest thing in the world that we should have been so near one another for so long and not have found it out.

The next minute we are all standing together, no one knowing how to get away first or how to stop behind. But Pierre puts an end to any manœuvring by saying that if we wish to get to Chamouni in time for the table d'hôte we must start at once. We can't say that we don't wish to be there in time for the table d'hôte, so we look helplessly at one another as the three guides start off together; and then we three follow, also together, but in silence.

Mr. Bolt is the first to speak. 'It seems,' he says, 'that we are not to be separated.' Well! fate is fate; and as we have, likewise, a walk of about five hours before us, it is nonsense to be snappish and surly. There isn't much conversation at first, just a remark about the scenery or a word about climbing, but it creeps on little by little. We begin to talk more freely and to say what we think. We avoid speaking about Number nine or anything connected with it, for some time, till Mr. Bolt asks me why I didn't bring my dog. He claims an acquaintance with it, that I was not aware of; and that makes me think better of him directly. We pass 'Les Egralets,' but not without Mr. Bolt nearly killing himself, and get well upon the glacier. The crevasses are nothing, and we walk abreast. I begin to think, as we go along, that Mr. Frith is not a bad fellow, and that there is a good deal of fun, after all, in Mr. Bolt. I find their conversation more pleasant than the guide's, with his interminable story about Jean and Alphonse. We actually get to laugh about the little Frenchman and about our all meeting, and, somehow, speak about the latter as if it were a fortunate occurrence. I begin to wish that I hadn't changed my hotel, and, while I am thinking about it, Mr. Frith asks if I didn't think the — very full last night.

'Yes; and too much dress. One doesn't care for that sort of thing here, you know.'

'No, you don't. In fact, I changed this morning to the —,' naming one equally good, but quieter, and more frequented by regular pedestrians.

'You went there! As Mr. Bolt says, "we are not to be separated." I changed there this morning too.'

'Simply because the other was too crowded?' he says, with a smile.

'That's the only reason why you left it, I suppose?' I answer.

Then we both laugh, but promise, nevertheless, to look out for one another at the table d'hôte.

'And I shall be left alone with the Frenchman,' says Mr. Bolt, with mock seriousness.

'No; come and dine with us,' replies Mr. Frith.

'And bring the Frenchman,' I add. 'Then we can have a rubber afterwards. He will be sure to play.'

When the time for the rubber comes, we find that he does play, and a first-rate hand into the bargain. Before he leaves us he makes a little speech. We are in a room by ourselves, so he stands up and drinks our healths, and then says that it is the happiest day in his life, for he has made us friends for ever.

We cannot persuade him to join

us on our next day's excursion, for which the three of us start together instead of meeting half-way. That excursion is followed by another and that by another, and so on, for a fortnight, till we reach Aosta and are there forced to part.

Since then we have all met again at No. 9. But the three names are no longer the same on the doorway. Mr. Frith's alone remains. Mr. Bolt and I, however, often go there; and it was only the other night that we were making arrangements for starting on our next trip together.

A. V. H.

OUR TABLE D'HÔTE AT TROUBOULOGNEDIEPPEVILLE.

BY SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.

I NEED scarcely tell my travelled readers that Trouboulognedieppeville is a favourite bathing-place on the French coast; so I mention the fact for the benefit of my untravelled readers, who might miss the town on the map. If Trouboulognedieppeville (like the Vicar of Wakefield, on a celebrated occasion, I love to give the whole name) were in England I should have nothing, probably, to say about our table d'hôte, for tables d'hôte do not flourish in this country. There are such things, to be sure, and they used to be popular in times when they were called Ordinaries, and people frequented them for society. But such times have passed away with the Merry Monarch and the melancholy monarchs who followed him. Now-a-days tables d'hôtes are mere places where people can 'get their dinners' with a maximum of convenience and a minimum of cost. 'Men of wit and pleasure about town' will have nothing to do with them; ladies of any kind do not incline to them; and the only travellers who take kindly to them are commercial travellers, who are a class apart, and will have nothing to do with the public.

The table d'hôte, as I have said, does not flourish in England; yet that at Trouboulognedieppeville, which does flourish, is peopled—like numbers of others on the Continent,

which flourish also—principally by English. It is curious that our countrymen, and countrywomen too, should accommodate themselves to an institution in one country which they shrink from in another. The fact is, you must take English people abroad in order to make them feel at home. You must remove them from their business, their neighbours, their friends, and their surroundings in general, if you wish to make them easy in their ways, tolerant of strangers, and anything, in short, like citizens of the world. Though it cannot be denied that there are many of our countrymen who carry the Britisher about with them in too unmitigated a form, it is equally true that they are in a minority, and that the greater number of travelling English, Irish, and Scotch, as the case may be, accommodate themselves wonderfully to foreign ways, and err rather on that side than on the other.

Both classes, you may be sure, are represented at our table d'hôte. But before telling you what our table d'hôte is like, let me say a word about the hotel of which it is the pride and ornament, the grace and flower—in the eyes, at least, of the proprietor, his wife, his family, his waiters, his chambermaids, his porters, his boots, and, I dare say, of his cook, only I cannot speak for certain of that gentleman, as I have

never seen him, nor seen anybody who has seen him, and suspect that the perpetual state of excitement in which he lives, owing to the responsibility devolving upon him of preventing a couple of hundred people at a time from perishing of starvation prevents him from having an opinion upon that or any other subject.

A couple of hundred people, I said. Yes, there are as many in the height of the season, and the prospectuses suspended in the bedrooms inform us that the establishment can accommodate more; but the elasticity of its resources of course depends upon how many the proprietor considers may sleep in a bed in case of necessity. It is indeed a large hotel, like a little town. Originally designed, I believe, for a single frontage, it has grown into a quadrangle, with a courtyard in the centre, and a *porte cochere* in front and rear. It has six, seven, or eight floors. I speak at hazard, for I never counted them, but have a general impression of an indefinite number of stairs. Mounting them must, I fancy, be something like going up the Monument on Fish Street Hill; and I know that the sensation upon arriving at the top floor conveys an impression similar to that created by ascending a considerable instalment of the stairs leading to the top of the Kootub at Delhi, of which I am in a position to give more accurate information than I can pretend to concerning its Lilliputian brother in London. The rooms on the several stages are of different degrees of beauty and ugliness, convenience and inconvenience; and as a general rule, you may calculate that the farther you go the worse you will fare. Happy are they who can make up their minds—and their money—to take a suite with salon and all complete, for assuredly shall they be classed among the aristocracy of the place. And, say what you will, it is pleasant to be among the aristocracy somewhere, if only in London lodgings, where the first floor paradoxically looks down upon the second, or even to be the head of a mouse abroad instead of the

tail of a lion at home. I am certain that the suavity of the landlord, the smiles of the landlady, the fawning of the waiters, the blandishments of the chambermaids, and the abject indefatigability of the boots, have a moral effect upon a man's nature impossible of attainment in the comparatively despised position of a person who aspires to no more accommodation than he wants, and pays for nothing more than he need consume.

The majority of the locataires, you may be sure, are of the less fortunate class. They have no private accommodation beyond their bedrooms, and when disinclined to seclude themselves in those apartments, usually make themselves as much at home as they can out of doors. For the *salle à manger* is devoted to meals, and there is nothing like a coffee-room in the general sense of the term. Upon inquiry for such a place you will usually be told that there is a salon, especially intended for ladies, but that it is not just at that moment in order for the reception of society. The fact is that the salon is only an intermittent institution of the establishment. When a room on the ground-floor happens to be vacant for a short time it is employed for this purpose; and for a week together, it may be, the visitors recreate in all the civilized associations afforded by an apartment of decidedly gorgeous pretensions in the way of paper-hangings, upholstery, and mirrors, with the additional amenity of a pianoforte, to soothe the savage breast or to irritate it as the case may be. But on entering it one morning you find the pianoforte flown, and a bed alighted in its place, and a scandalized lady or an indignant gentleman—or a pleasing combination of the two—to whom you have to explain your intrusion as you best may. Upon inquiry at the bureau it is explained in the most natural manner, that the scandalised lady or the indignant gentleman, or the pleasing combination of the two, engaged the quarters exactly six months ago, and sent a telegram on the previous day to say that

they were coming to take possession. There is another salon on the other side of the court-yard, which you are assured is a 'grandiose' apartment, and completely at the disposal of *tout le monde*. Having to provide shelter for some ladies who have doubts about the weather, and are not prepared to spend the day entirely out of doors, you make a voyage of discovery for the accommodation in question, and you sooner or later light upon it. The apartment is not quite so 'grandiose' as has been alleged; but this is not the immediate objection which presents itself. The room is already occupied by nine gentlemen all engaged in smoking with an activity which suggests a wager with desperate odds involved, and the immediate necessity of mastering the London papers of yesterday. The ladies are naturally embarrassed, and the nine gentlemen jointly and severally apologise. The fact is, that they were a little earlier than the ladies in their application at the bureau, and were informed that the place was the smoking-room. An appeal to authority on either side does no good. Authority shakes its head, and makes an explanation in which nothing is explained, or suggests that the court-yard is a capital place to smoke in, apart from the general proposition that in such *beau temps* as the present (there are black clouds ominously accumulating and every prospect of a gale of wind) the pier will be found pleasanter than any part of the hotel could possibly be. The explanation and the advice are given with so much respect and consideration for the applicants, that there is no resource but to accept the one and follow the other, and take your chance of consequences. The result of a little experience is to find your best plan to be the adoption of any vacant room you can find, and to make yourself at home therein, asking no questions. Interference with independence of the kind is indeed seldom known, and the direction is never more satisfied than when their guests do precisely as they please. As regards the private

rooms, the same principle, too, is observed by all people who know the house. Thus, if you are not contented with your bedchamber, you may remind the direction how, for a long time, it had promised to supply you with a better on a particular day, when a 'grandiose' apartment ('grandiose' is a favourite word with the hostess) would be vacant—all looking-glass and gilding, and with a balcony (the French love a balcony) giving on to the sea. The lady, whom you soon find out to be the head and front of the direction, shakes her head, and once more comes the explanation in which nothing is explained. Of course, of course, you are told, with a flow of French animation, profuse pity for your condition, and high encomiums upon your powers of patience; all in good time; she had quite forgotten that the grandiose apartment was engaged nine months ago by a gentleman who telegraphed only yesterday to say that he was coming. It is a pity, a pity (with a shake of the head expressive of intense mortification) — what is to be done? Ah, she has an idea! And taking you confidentially by the arm, madame proceeds to impart it. She has actually another room, more grandiose than the other, and the gentleman will positively go to-morrow. It shall be yours. If you do not know the house you are contented, and look upon the touching tribute of a bouquet of flowers which you find in your room soon after, as an indication that you are a particular favourite with madame, and that her constant care is to increase your store of comfort. But if you *do* know the house you will know that the direction is peculiarly impressionable to new comers, and can refuse them nothing they ask for, and is so sternly impartial that it treats everybody alike by turns—showing, however, just a little preference for people who come on a sudden and may go on a sudden to those who have plighted themselves for a certain period—except, indeed, when the rush of the season is over, and chance visitors are comparatively scarce, when the more per-

manent tenants are lords of the hotel and are treated like so many ministering angels. When once aware of these facts you refrain from troubling the direction on the subject, but take the law into your hands. That is to say, you watch the opportunity of a desirable room or rooms becoming vacant, and move your baggage therein without ceremony—a slight *douceur* to your chambermaid being quite sufficient to secure her co-operation in the arrangement—and once installed it is very improbable that you will be disturbed. Some hardened *habitués* go so far as to look into all the empty rooms on their own floor, and make a selection of any articles of furniture they may fancy, adopting them in addition to or substitution for their own; the result of this eclectic process being that they get grandiose quarters without being under an obligation to anybody. The melancholy condition of the refuse rooms may be imagined. But the upper floors are almost above the law, owing to their distance from the central authority. Few waiters or chambermaids penetrate to those remote regions, and there is some difficulty in summoning them when wanted. There are bells, but few of them will ring, and when you apply to have them put in order you meet with plenty of sympathy, and surprise that they should have got into such a condition—and here the matter usually ends. The favourite resource is to knock at some room where the bell is known to be practicable, and ask the resident's permission to make use of it. When it is answered, the waiter is sent to the room where he is wanted, so that all goes pleasantly for people who do not chafe at a little delay. In one respect the place has an advantage over hotels which are frequented more exclusively by the French. You can get a bath in your room in the morning by dint of a little agitation, and even water is not scarce. The bath is likely to be frail as to its metal and show symptoms of collapsing, or curling at the edges, or tearing down the sides, but it answers the purpose, and I have never known

any serious accident attendant upon its use.

So much for the accommodation above stairs, which, it will be seen, has some strikingly original features, and supplies that kind of pleasant excitement which I can fancy must belong to a residential picnic. It has evidently charms for many who have once experienced it; for people go back to the place, season after season, with remarkable constancy, and doubtless find its peculiarities are a relief from the monotony of seaside life. The entertainment below next claims our attention.

For this, unless you are lord of a suite of rooms, you must go to the table d'hôte; and even if you have private resources you will probably elect for publicity in preference. So you may guess that the table is a large one. It consists of two tables, in fact, not placed side by side but end to end, and occupying a series of rooms that have all been thrown into one, extending to such a length that as you enter by the door at one extremity the people at the other look like portraits of themselves—or portraits of anybody else for that matter—taken in miniature, and the top of the upper table is almost lost in remote perspective.

And what a gorgeous scene it is! What rich colours are on the walls and the ceiling! How grand are the looking-glasses and the gilding! And how festive the appearance of the table with its white drapery and splendid array of plate! It is true that on a closer survey you find, to a certain degree, the same kind of disillusionment that attends too near a view of a fairy scene on the stage, or of a lady who is one of those forms of life and light that look extremely well by night. If distance lends enchantment to the view the loan is punctually paid back upon nearer approach. The walls and ceiling are gorgeous still, but a little grimy besides; the mirrors reflect, but in a more shadowy way than you had supposed; and the decorations of the table are somewhat suggestive of theatrical properties. There are glittering stands of flowers, but the flowers are not always real; there are equally

glittering covers placed at intervals from one end of the tables to the other; but if you happen to lift one of these you will find beneath it—'a blank, my lord,' like the life of the sad lady who 'never told her love.' These mysterious institutions of the table, indeed, give you the idea that they are placed there for some prestidigitateur to conjure with—to hide the gold watch which will turn up eventually inside an orange, while he proceeds with another trick. But what matters it? They make the table look cheerful, and are of just as much use on that ground as some of the people who sit round the board, who have a shining appearance, like the covers, but prove to have equally 'nothing in them' when you turn them up in conversation.

I said *some* of the people who sit round the board. You must not suppose that the 'dummies' represent them by any means. You have no idea of what clever and distinguished people assist at our table d'hôte. Madame the hostess—to whose 'winning ways' in the way of warding off a complaint I have already alluded—will tell you in confidence that she never 'receives' anybody at her hotel but people of rank or position; that she has always kept her house select, and means to keep it so still. So you need not, she insists, mind speaking to anybody you meet there. Black sheep may have been known in her flock, but they have been very few and far between, and have been painted so white that they would have passed equally in any other society. Besides, *her* black sheep have been at least black sheep of the best families; and she will add that you, a man of the world, will appreciate her when she says that cracked porcelain is at any rate better than broken delf; and she will further add that she knows hotels in the place where broken delf—but here you stop her for fear of scandal. That all the locataires are people of rank and position may fairly be questioned, considering that the touter whom she entrusts with that important mission brings everybody he can get hold of from

on board the boats, and ruthlessly seizes besides the arrivals at the railway station. And I have known people arrive at many places by boat and by railway whose characters would not bear the strictest investigation. But never mind—how is it that one is always making that philosophical reflection in France? The people here have quite rank enough, and position enough, and respectability enough, and manners enough, for all practical purposes, and the black sheep referred to by madame have certainly had no place in my experience.

There is seldom a very large party at breakfast, at one time at any rate, for people breakfast when they please, and please to breakfast at any time between eight and twelve. As the majority of the guests are English, there is particular attention paid to the tea, which is as good as you would get it at most hotels at home; and as the direction is French, you are sure to get very fair coffee. Wine is seldom taken at this time except by the French, and the solid part of the meal is also British in character. As a general rule it is excellent of its kind; but, like anything else supplied at an hotel, it cannot, of course, escape calumny. The best testimony in its favour is the fact that it is very extensively eaten, notwithstanding the powerful invective and wild humour with which it is assailed. For lunch there are only a few scattered candidates, as the locataires are generally out riding, or driving, or walking, or sailing, or bathing, or playing at billiards or croquet, or doing nothing with equal enthusiasm. It is at dinner that we make our great muster, for dinner is the event of the day. Then it is that the two hundred guests—(I have never been able to count so many, but will adhere to the traditional number)—rush like a torrent down upon the plain, prepared to sweep all before them. As will happen in an assembly composed of even a hundred people, they exhibit great differences as to size and colour, and even greater variety of nose and whisker, than that for which the bar of

England, as Mr. Dickens tells us, is so justly celebrated. Some wear evening dress, but these are usually going somewhere afterwards, and nearly all adorn themselves a little more than in the morning. The ladies are apt to be resplendent, especially those who have been long enough in the place to make themselves at home and not mind who stares at them; and as ladies are happily in a majority over men at the table, the appearance of the party, as you may suppose, is greatly in its favour.

The style of dress adopted by the ladies is, as I have hinted, a frequent indication of their standing at the table. New arrivals, who have not travelled much abroad, are timid in their make-up as in their manners. Here are three, for instance, who march in just as we are sitting down to dinner on a certain evening, which will serve as well as any other to give an idea of our society. They are evidently a mother and two daughters, and look very much what they prove to be—a family whose head is ‘something in the City.’ Mr. Mincing is not able as yet to join them on their travels, and during his absence they are under the firm impression that the entire continent of Europe is determined, if possible, to take advantage of their undefended condition, and to meet the slightest levity on their part more than half way. So in order to be prepared for the worst, mamma has mounted a bonnet—a serious article of attire, with a crown and a couple of strings—and mesdemoiselles have brought their hats, which are of the modest mushroom shape, in their hands, and all three ladies have on their shawls or mantles, so that with the addition of a courier-bag borne by the elder, they are ready for flight at a moment's notice. They speak to nobody except to one another, and then in scarcely more than a whisper, except when mamma makes an improving remark in deprecation of continental ways, which being intended to establish a sense of her own superiority, is of course expressed with a view to being generally heard.

It is amusing to see with what contempt the old arrivals—if they will allow me to call them so—look down upon the new. Even though the latter were experienced travellers the feeling would be to some extent the same. You may notice it any day or any journey. With what pity, for instance, the passengers who have started homewards from Calcutta regard those who join them at Madras or other intermediate points! And I really believe that the occupants of a carriage on the Metropolitan Railway proceeding from Paddington to the City look upon themselves as enjoying some vague advantage over the people who join them at the Portland Road. But when travellers have made themselves particularly at home at a foreign hotel, and find additions to the party making themselves particularly abroad, there is of course another element at work. Look at the two Misses Furbelow, for instance. They sail into the room, not by any means as if they were going to buy the entire neighbourhood—that is a very vulgar interpretation of an important manner—but as if the entire neighbourhood had belonged to them for many generations, and that no trace of a previous owner had any existence. They are dressed in as ornamental a manner as would suffice for any festivity short of a ball. They have rings on their fingers and they would certainly have bells on their other extremities if such things were ‘worn.’ They are generally bejewelled and beribboned, and you may be sure they are not beshawled. Bonnets or hats—trifles as such things are in these days—are of course out of the question. Their chignons are of fabulous size, and the rest of their hair is made to stand out in the most wonderful waves of which a coiffure is capable. They are arrayed, in fact, with an express view to be stared at as much as possible, and are as perfectly at their ease as they would be in their own dining-room. They have a mother—just now indisposed in her own apartment—but that lady never interferes with her daughters’ innocent enjoyments, and likes them

to be admired, the more as she herself is far from abnegating claims to similar honour. But the girls have no need to be taken care of—they can so evidently take care of themselves. They know their places, of course, and sail into them with graceful suavity, exchanging salutations with their acquaintances at the table in a summary style, indicative both of habit and self-possession. You may be sure that they are highly amused at the Mincings and their 'horribly insular' ways, and smile with scorn at their shrinking timidity. Yet it is a fact that, only three weeks ago, when they arrived at Trouboulognedieppeville, fresh from school, and on their first tour out of England, they were as much like the Mincings as any persons could be—making allowance for natural differences. For they knew nothing of society, having lived very quietly in the country while their father, Colonel Furbelow, was on service in India, and their sojourn here is their first appearance in what they consider the great world. They talk French, almost as often as English, to one another, and, equally unnecessarily, to the waiters. This they never ventured at first, though they knew the language as well as they do now. The change is sudden but not unfrequent among our compatriots abroad. Look at the Mincings. They scarcely dare ask for a fork in French. It is as likely as not that they know the language as well as the Furbelows, and will be just as free with it in a short time. It is as likely as not, too, that they will be just as charmingly easy in their manners as those young ladies, display their prettiest toilettes, and make the most of their personal charms in every way. I can fancy the contemptuous pity with which they will look upon new comers who appear at dinner with bonnets and mantles, not to say courier bags, and keep their society manners packed up with their society clothes.

The Furbelows and the Mincings—between whom there seems at present so wide a gulf—will probably become intimate friends. And this reminds me of what mistakes you may make by judging people by ap-

pearances in public places. 'Things are not what they seem,' says the poet, and persons certainly are not. A little aversion may or may not be a good beginning to love, but I have frequently found it a capital introduction to friendship; and at our table d'hôte the pleasantest additions to our 'set' have made in the first instance a disagreeable impression. 'Who can that fellow be?' says one. 'Some cad,' charitably suggests another. 'I heard he was in the Foreign Office,' volunteers a third. 'Impossible,' dictates a fourth. 'May be in the War Office'—looking at him critically—but if he is any office of the kind, I should say that the Inland Revenue is the most likely.' The man perhaps turns out to be of social rank beyond qualification, and one of the pleasantest persons you have met during the Long Vacation.

Where the other sex is concerned the case is still more difficult. Some small women dress so well, some great women dress so badly; some women who are not expected to have the manners of society have them; other women who *are* expected to have the manners of society have them not; some women who are wonderfully respectable *will* look as if they were precisely the reverse; and other women who are dreadfully disreputable conduct themselves so well that they make a general impression in their favour. You may soon detect men—as a rule—when they are not what they seem; but women sometimes defy the keenest critic in such matters. The keenest critic, I should have said, belonging to the other sex. A few ladies let loose upon a doubtful person of *their own* sex, in a well-lighted room and with nothing to interrupt them, will turn her, socially, inside out in about three-quarters of an hour. With nothing more to guide you than the ordinary intercourse of the table you may make the most absurd mistakes. I have known a London lady of the strictest disrespectability pass for the wife of a dean—when the dean was not on the spot of course—and the irreproachable wife of an ex-under-secretary of state 'talked

about 'as a pet of the ballet, with a character rather lighter than her heels.

Of course if ladies *will* stay at hotels by themselves there *will* be misapprehension; and the widows at Trouboulognedieppeville are an especial source of mystification. There are three or four at our table d'hôte. They are all very agreeable in appearance, manner, dress, and deportment generally. But people don't quite know what to make of them. Some speak to them and some do not. For my part I never saw any harm in them. They are generally widows of officers in the army—or said to be such—living upon pensions. It is rather hard to blame them for being widows, for it is not their fault if they are not wives. Indeed the acquisition of husbands is supposed to be their sole object in travelling. But the difficulty in their case is that their pensions stop whenever they marry again; and when their admirers find out this fact the admiration usually cools. We live in a mean and mercenary world, that is quite clear. The most interesting of our present widows is one who has just been jilted by a monster in military form—a colonel, who expects soon to be a major-general, and is in all respects a very eligible *parti*. There is no secret about the affair, for the forsaken one has told every lady, who will listen to her, all the romantic incidents, and has even confided her grief to some sympathetic souls among the men. In her practical moods she meditates an action, and indeed she consulted a fellow-traveller, whom she found to be a lawyer, on the subject. In her romantic moods—which are far more frequent—she is said to write poetry. Her general deportment indicates a tender melancholy. She is usually called among the scoffers Ariadne at Naxos, Mariana in the Moated Grange, Calypso lamenting the departure of Ulysses, Cœnone protesting against her abandonment by Paris, and other abusive epithets.

The course of true love, however, sometimes runs smooth at our table d'hôte. This last season an interesting couple who had sat near

to one another for some ten days, but otherwise were not supposed to have any concerns in common, went off on a sudden and got married. On the other hand, there are dozens of cases, in which everything is supposed to be arranged, that come to nothing. Here, as elsewhere, a young lady who is too eager has no chance, especially if she is too ardently backed up by her mother. She gets talked about and flirted with, and eventually finds the place dull, and another place preferable for the rest of the season. There are various degrees of decline in the matrimonial market, but I have usually found that when men begin to give a girl nicknames it is quite time for her to go—as far as her chances of success are concerned.

At our table d'hôte we have a few silent people, who are greatly in the way. Silent people in public places I have frequently found very treacherous. They listen to a great deal of idle chatter, in which various persons are referred to, and all of a sudden they let the chatters know that they are intimately acquainted with all the persons in question, and know all about the circumstances discussed, which the chatters in nine cases out of ten do not. Men of this class are very apt to be near relatives of any person, public or private, who is made the subject of conversation. There are some ladies, too, who enjoy a similar gift. Only the other day somebody was attacking a popular female novelist and telling preposterous stories about her private affairs. A stranger at the table, of the same sex as the subject of remark, was observed to look rather uncomfortable than otherwise, and before dinner was quite over she rose and left the room. On inquiry being made concerning her, it was found that she was the lady herself! At a public table it is not safe to abuse anybody without giving notice beforehand, and asking if there are any relatives or friends of the person present. If an answer be given in the negative you can proceed at your leisure to the work of demolition.

A great many people here, like a

great many people everywhere, have no particular characteristics, and are quite uninteresting; which is a fortunate fact, for otherwise I should have more than enough to do in noticing them. Some of those who create most conversation in their immediate neighbourhood are of a class known by the delicate designation of 'grass widows'—that is to say, persons apart from their husbands, who are usually military men, or officials of some kind, serving abroad. They have a confidence derived from a combination of conditions. They are not mere girls from whom some little reticence is expected; they are not widows wanting another husband, and whose motives may be misconstrued; they are not wives whose husbands have any power to keep them in control. They are thoroughly independent, in fact, and may say and do what they please. So they assume a great deal of influence among all in their neighbourhood, and as a general rule, the importance of their respective husbands' positions loses nothing from their representations. Here is a lively little lady, for instance, who from the way she talks, you would think commanded her spouse's regiment—which I dare say she does when she happens to be at its head-quarters. There are some colonels' wives with a modest sense of their own official position, who will talk of 'my husband's regiment'; there are others, a little more military, who will say '*our* regiment'; but Mrs. Musters speaks boldly of '*my* regiment'—and her regiment she evidently considers it to be. Once I heard her refer to '*my* adjutant,' but some impertinent subalterns at the table bantered her so much about this that she dropped the style for several days afterwards, and betrayed as near an approach to discomfiture as was possible in so professional a lady. In her audacious moments—which extended over a considerable period of time, by the way—she made herself out a very important person indeed, and gave wonderful accounts of how she had had her way when 'on service,' in defiance of such

people as Brigadier-Generals and Generals of Division, who actually attempted to command her husband; and once, she declares, she got the best of a controversy with the Horse Guards itself. She is a charming person, but I would rather not be her husband if I had a choice in the matter.

A little girl is one of the lights of our table. She may have seen some eleven summers, possibly twelve; but she has arrived at thorough maturity in her own estimation, and disports herself accordingly. She has no idea of falling in love as yet, and treats men, while giving them all favourable consideration, with a certain cold air of dignity. Her strong point is her dinner, with regard to which she evinces a critical faculty to which her mild parents do not pretend. I was greatly amused the other day at seeing her placed beside an elderly gentleman of the old school, who made a feeble attempt to patronize her by telling her what she ought and what she ought not to take, of the dishes that were handed round. She made him hide his diminished head at a very early period. He thought to have gained an advantage over her when the sweets came, and playfully recommended several things to her attention. But she coldly remarked, 'I never take sweets,' after which he said no more, but retired into private life. He was fairly finished up a few minutes afterwards when, upon her father sending her some champagne, the little lady declared that she 'never took champagne so late in the dinner—it should have been ordered before.'

But the little world of our table includes endless varieties. Rank we have, if not much fashion; for the hotel is rather economical than otherwise, and rank when it comes, comes for reasons of its own, by which fashion is not so much influenced. That dark little man whom you may see near the bottom of the table is a lord; and that light large man a few seats off is a lord's brother. The pleasant-looking man with the straw-coloured whiskers, not far off,

is a lord's son. The clerical-looking person who talks so much about the military service, to which he has once belonged,—how are we to judge by appearances?—is a highly-respectable baronet. The lady of rather advanced years in the ingenuous flaxen wig, and the suspicion of rouge upon her cheeks, is a certain Lady Sophia somebody, who has not too much money, but plays at whist remarkably well. She has lived everywhere upon the Continent in her time, and shows no disposition to return home—which indeed is the case with one or two of the representatives of rank at the table. There are some mysterious people too, of whom nobody knows anything at all, and who have not, in popular estimation, the benefit of the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* theory. Most of these are English, but there are a few French, and among the latter nation are also some very pleasant acquisitions to the society; young men for the most part, who frequent English circles with a vague notion of English girls—with fabulous fortunes—in the capacity of wives.

The dinner to which the little lady just alluded to pays so much attention deserves mention as one of the peculiarities of the hotel. It is a very long dinner, made up of an immense number of courses, but open to the objection that the cook never distinguishes himself in any particular course, but preserves a dead level of mediocrity throughout. His different dishes have no individuality, and bear too near a relation to one another in the matter of sauce. However, people who are not too particular find themselves satisfied, and take kindly to the arrangements, except now and then, when they complain to the landlady. Complaints upon this score are received like complaints upon any other score, as you may suppose. Madame evinces the utmost surprise, and is highly scandalized at the conduct of the cook. But she has a great deal to bear—so she will tell the luckless complainant—and her private life has not been one of unmixed happiness. Shaking her head, which is covered with long

flaxen curls, she will add that she married, not for love, but for respect, and unfortunately she does not always get the respect she sought; for her husband—who is still a *beau garçon*, as you may see—is, like a great many Frenchmen, a little wild and careless of his wife. And Monsieur, as we all know, is much more occupied with billiards and flirtations out of doors, to which his wife vaguely alludes, than with the business of the hotel. After this, what can be done but to make the best of the dinners, which, to do them justice, improve immensely after the great rush of the season is over. It is rather melancholy, by the way, to see the diminished and diminishing number of guests at the table from day to day, and the increased and increasing number of empty seats—looking at the latter of which upon one occasion, a gentleman, who turned out to be a theatrical manager, observed that it was almost time to issue orders. It is at this period that the guests who still linger are treated with distinguished attention, and induced by blandishments, which take the natural form of bouquets and bottles of champagne, to prolong their stay. As the holiday-people depart in earnest the table contracts, until at last the regular diners are limited to a dozen or twenty, travellers passing through being of course expected at all times of the year. The regular people are principally those occupying private suites of rooms, and who intend to winter at the place. (I have never, by the way, heard of people springing, or summering, or autumnning anywhere, but wintering is a generally-accepted term.) The winterers, for the most part, represent a large class of our compatriots, who have the greatest respect for their native land, but in the bestowal of their attentions draw the line at living in it. They have no ignoble motives of a pecuniary kind for staying away; there is no need at least to suppose anything of the kind. They are usually, indeed, sufficiently opulent persons, who live abroad because they are able to live where they please. They have stayed in most parts of the Continent, and are

giving Trouboulognedieppeville its turn. They go about, whole families together, in this manner, and like the kind of life far beyond any settlement that they have ever tried to make. A youthful lady of the class, who had certainly seen sixty summers, and seemed to have ignored the winters altogether, told me that she had passed forty years in travelling about, and had fixed the period of her return home, with her husband, at the indefinite epoch known as 'one of these days.' A man, with his wife and mother-in-law, confessed to twenty years of a similar state of existence, and the whole party declared that they never felt more settled than when they were moving about. There are

• motives as well as inclinations sometimes concerned in the matter, and the original inducement has very frequently been that money will go further abroad than at home, and that keeping up a 'position' in England is a costly business. But habit has a great deal to do with such arrangements, and the longer people stay abroad the more averse they become to the responsibility of 'setting up' at home. So it is that so many of our countrymen live and die in foreign hotels. Living, by the way, is not nearly so expensive as dying in these places. Foreign landlords consider a death as injurious to the custom of the house, and exact large compensation from the family of their deceased guests.

HOW FRANK MARTYN ENJOYED A HOLIDAY AND WON A WIFE.

I.

'ANY letters?' asked Frank Martyn, of the porter, as he passed by the little glass case, which that functionary occupied, into the morning room of his club, the Pandemonium.

'Nothing, sir, by this post,' was the reply, the emphasis laid on the ante-penultimate word of which seemed as if it was intended to mollify the effects of any disappointment, which Mr. Martyn had sustained, by the implication that there probably would be some in the course of the next.

It was, perhaps, more from mere mechanical habit than in consequence of any very vivid expectation, that Frank Martyn had made the above trivial inquiry of the janitor of the Pandemonium. The period for the receipt of a certain epistle, in a handwriting well known to him, as, when displayed on the right-hand corner of sundry pieces of green oblong paper, possessed of a talismanic power of opening the coffers of Coutts's, had, he was at last mournfully convinced, gone by. And as Frank Martyn strolled up to the deserted bay window, he felt dis-

posed to do anything rather than invoke blessing on his own head, his uncle's, or on that of any created being. There was no doubt about it. He had played his cards with egregious folly, and had made a mistake which had lost him the game straight away. The trampled worm will turn at last. The bucket, as the Arabian proverb has it, empties itself in the end; and Frank's uncle, Sir Henry Martyn, was not, after all, more than a human being, that his patience should endure for ever. And it must be confessed that the nephew had tried with very considerable severity the patience of the relative. Sir Henry had borne much and forgiven much; and Frank, who now reviled himself for a fool with sufficient vigour, would have exhausted angelic powers of endurance. 'It was all that infernal business,' reasoned Mr. Martyn with himself, 'about Cockamaroo. Had that old idiot, Bumbledore, held his tongue on the matter of my share in the horse' (Mr. Bumbledore was Sir Henry's steward)—'matters might have been pulled through.

But the necessity of the thousand and the horrors of the revelation coming together were too much for the old boy.' And as Frank recapitulated to himself the heads of the fiasco, his feelings were quite as bitter as his language.

To cut a long story short, it was pretty much what Frank Martyn represented it to be. Sir Henry, who had liked his nephew from a child, made no secret of adopting him as his heir; his title was not in his power to bequeath, for it was only that of a knight of India. But the line had to be drawn somewhere, and when, two months since, Sir Henry not only received a most pressing letter from his nephew, requesting him to send him a thousand pounds, 'to save,' as he put it, 'his honour,' but happened to hear of the way in which the young man had been mixed up with the turf as proprietor, or part proprietor, of race-horses, he sent, indeed, the sum required, but sent it through his solicitors, Messrs. Smirke and Fry, whom he also commissioned, at the same time, to inform Mr. Martyn that henceforth Sir Henry declined to have any direct transactions with his nephew; that he should continue to allow him two hundred a-year, instead of the seven hundred which he had hitherto annually received; but that as regards any expectancy in the future, it would be well for Mr. Martyn to abandon all hopes in that direction. Frank knew that his uncle was a man of his word, and though he received the announcement with the best grace he could, it administered to him the most serious 'facer' that had ever fallen to his lot. The truth of the matter was that the old Indian civilian had an ineradicable detestation and horror of horse-racing and all its accessories. Frank's extravagance had elicited from him many a threat beforehand; but it is probable, even now, that the threat would not have been carried into execution were it not for the unlucky circumstance of Frank's connection with Cockamaroo having reached the old gentleman's ears. Frank had written a letter in terms of measured penitence to Sir Henry,

but no reply had been vouchsafed; and now too long a time had elapsed to allow him to hope that any would be sent. That evening he had asked the question, which commenced this narrative, as he had asked it every day for the last six weeks without a result. By way of practical reply, plenty of envelopes ominously blue, with the address superadded thereon in MS. of significant regularity, had been handed to him, but, beyond these, nothing. All that then remained for Frank to do was to accept the situation, or, in other words, to grin and look pleasant.

The Pandemonium in the middle of August was really, it seemed to Frank, a place worthy of its name. Not a creature worth seeing, not a man worth speaking to. A somewhat fast London club at this period of the year approximates perhaps more closely to the abomination of desolation than any other institution on the face of the earth. If it is your evil destiny to be there, you flit noiselessly about the premises like a guilty creature. You may meet a stray servant or two, and perhaps one or two standing dishes in the way of bores; but, beyond this, you come across no vestiges of human animation. As for your set, they are scattered to the four winds of heaven. Melville, Crichton, and a few others, are renting a shooting-box on the Carpathians; Brown and Jones are dodging round the indented coast-line of Norway in Smith's yacht; and you yourself by right ought to be *en route* to Algiers, or perhaps at this precise moment levelling your rifle at an antelope from behind a rock in the Pyrenees. This last happened to have been Frank Martyn's destined mission, knocked, however, completely on the head by, as he somewhat grandiosely put it, the avuncular collapse. With a shrewd presentiment that he was going to be attacked by a fit of the horrors, Mr. Martyn walked into the smoking-room of the Pandemonium. As every one knows, that apartment is of its kind the most commodious in London. The view from its window is unique, commanding, as it does, the sweep both of Pall Mall

and St. James's Street. So Frank lit his cigar, pushed his chair to the casement, and, as he termed it, proceeded to resolve himself into a committee of ways and means.

A voice of cheery surprise interrupted his reverie. He looked round, it was 'Cocky' Netherton—though why or where he gained his sobriquet no one exactly knew.

'Halloa, Frank! why what on earth are you doing here? As for me there's some excuse. I am going to exchange into the 73rd, and came up to give them a look in at the Horse Guards.'

'I wish my business was anything like as good,' was Mr. Martyn's rejoinder. 'I have half a mind to enlist in the Austrian service at once.'

Now Cocky Netherton, in the language of his friends, was 'a very good cocky indeed'—a capital fellow, with heart enough to make an eligible confidant, and brains enough to supply a seasonable hint. In a word, he was just the sort of man that Frank Martyn would have wished to meet at this juncture. Under the circumstances, the programme was simple enough. It was now half-past six; in an hour's time the pair would dine, 'and,' added Frank, 'I mean dinner to-day. I'm deuced low, and we will have the best they can give us. I suppose a fellow need never quite starve as long as the clubs are open and stamped paper is procurable.'

Even in its present state of desolation they contrived to serve a very decent dinner at the Pandemonium. The two friends were just hesitating between a second bottle of Chamberlain or Lafitte, when a note was put into Mr. Martyn's hand. It was from his solicitors, had reference to some financial matters which they were endeavouring to arrange for him, and ran as follows:—

'DEAR SIR,—We regret to inform you that we are unable to come to any satisfactory arrangement with Messrs. Moss and Mopez. They insist on pressing for immediate payment of their claim. It appears that they have been informed of the unfortunate misunderstanding which

has arisen' between Sir Henry Martyn and yourself.

'Your obedient servants,
'SLOWCOACH AND DULLMAN.

'Pleasant, very!' was Mr. Martyn's comment, and he threw the letter to his friend; 'the intelligence is positively refreshing to a man who hasn't got twenty pounds in the world.' 'Moss and Mopez's claim' was a matter, by the way, of some two hundred.

'Depend on it that the old gentleman will come round and take a more liberal view of matters,' by way of consolation remarked his friend. 'If I were you, Frank, I should quietly slope out of town. You don't look the thing, by any means. Change would do you good, and you would feel much more up to meet any exigencies that might arise. I was pretty much in the same hole myself this time last year, and I went down for a fortnight's fishing into Loamshire, found a charming little spot—Longmere, I think they call it—absolutely inaccessible to our friend Abednego, and disturbed by no tourists, so that you need not be afraid of your tailor stealthily watching you while you land a two pounder, and straightway telegraphing your address to the whole hungry pack of your creditors.'

As it happened, the notion took Frank. He was fond of fishing, and he was determined not to stand upon the order of going but go at once. Consulting 'Bradshaw,' he found that a night train would place him at the market-town of Longmere early on the following morning. The arrangements suited admirably. To pack up, to start, with the studied omission of an address left behind, were actions speedily achieved. Cocky Netherton drove down to Paddington with his friend.

'Good-bye, old fellow,' were his parting words; 'I'll lay a hundred, when next we meet, you have pulled round this little difficulty.'

II.

What a change from London! The glorious blue sky unflecked by a cloud of smoke, the magnificent

landscape, the perfumed hedgerows, the purple heather, the musically rippling tide of the sinuous trout-stream. Frank Martyn was blessed or cursed with a nature which had a marvellous facility of dismissing at will all unpleasant thoughts. So long as he had a sufficiency of comfort and enjoyment for the present, he was troubled with no pangs of anxiety as regards the future. He found himself established now in deliciously snug quarters, and he asked no more. When he awoke in the morning, with the rays of the sun gleaming in through the white damask curtains that fringed his window, and smelt the exquisite odours of the woodbine that trailed round the casement, in perfect health, he was without the least tinge of that ignoble melancholy which arises from pecuniary embarrassment. Moss and Mopez might threaten. What cared he? Cosily ensconced in his snug retreat, the Willoughby Arms, he could bid defiance to the united acumen of Bream's Buildings and Cursitor Street. Only let the weather be moderately fine, and he felt that he could afford a practical refutation of the shallow Horatian maxim—'*Nihil est ex omni parte beatum.*'

The fishing in the Barle was excellent, and mine host of the Willoughby Arms was a kind of piscatorial Nestor. Sauntering idly along the banks of this lovely river, rod in hand, and pipe in mouth, speculating on the probable panic which his departure might have caused the tribe of Moss and Mopez, *et hoc genus omne*, Frank Martyn's attention was arrested by a trout of, so far as he could judge, extraordinary size rising in a portion of the stream just above where he was standing, and which, according to the notice boards erected, was 'strictly private and preserved.' The temptation was too great for Frank. He determined at all hazards to try once or twice to see whether the fish could not be induced to swallow an artificial as well as a natural fly, and accordingly climbed over the interposing barrier of rails. Gently casting, just where he had seen the trout jump a

minute ago, some two or three times, Frank had not long to wait before his efforts were rewarded; and after a little judicious play he had the satisfaction of seeing the victim of his ambition lying panting before him on the grass.

'I must inform you, sir, that you are trespassing on what is strictly private property, and further demand on what pretence you have ventured to disregard yonder notice?'

Frank Martyn, who was kneeling on the turf, in the act of examining his fly, when he looked up at the speaker of these words, saw before him a tall gentleman, somewhat more than middle-aged, of military and rather severe appearance. Now, the hero of this episode was pre-eminently rapid in conception and in execution. Here he believed he recognised an opening which, so far from proving detrimental to him, might be distinctly advantageous, if only he brought on it the necessary qualities of readiness, courtesy, and tact.

'I exceedingly regret the circumstance, sir,' replied Frank, 'but I am a complete stranger here, and in my eagerness after sport I suffered myself to wander across the boundary, without making myself master of the contents of the notice board. I trust, therefore, that you will pardon my negligence, and allow me to send you this exceedingly fine trout, which, though it is my capture, is your property.'

The manner of the imperious stranger thawed at once. It was not of the slightest consequence. The fact was, he was obliged to be strict, as the trespassers on this portion of the stream were so numerous. For the rest, he begged Mr.—the gentleman—not to trouble himself about the occurrence, and he should be glad to afford any opportunity to such an expert angler—if, sir,' added the speaker, 'you will previously intimate your wishes to Colonel Holmly, at Holmly House, yonder'—and Colonel Holmly pointed to an exceedingly imposing mansion, situated a mile off on a rising ground, and surrounded with trees.

Frank bowed, and at the same time took the opportunity of presenting his card—'Mr. Frank Martyn, Pandemonium Club'—and saying, as he pointed to the fish, 'The embodiment, sir, of my trespass, to the full weight of six pounds!'

Colonel Holmly read the superscription on the card.

'Can it be that I have the pleasure of addressing the nephew of my old friend Sir Henry Martyn, whom I have so often heard him mention?'

'None other, in truth,' rejoined Frank, supplementing the reply with a *sotto voce* remark to himself, 'What a pity, as I was coming down here, that I didn't previously ask my revered and affectionate relative for a letter of introduction!'

'Then, Mr. Martyn, I assure you I regard your trespass as providential. You will, I hope, walk home with me, and allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Holmly, who knows you already well by name.'

Frank Martyn felt a sudden inspiration which told him that his star was once again in the ascendant. To Holmly House he went, was duly presented to its mistress and to Miss Holmly, as well as to the visitors who were inmates of the mansion. Before luncheon was over, he had established a decided and universal reputation or popularity—had got into the good graces of the Colonel, as 'a young man of intelligence, sir, and sound information,' by criticising the latest proposals of Government for the establishment of a reserve force: had won the warm regards of Mrs. Holmly, an Anglo-Indian fine lady—the connotation of which phrase is sufficiently definite to preclude the necessity of further description—by retailing, with a considerable amount of local colour, not to say personal exaggeration, the latest gossip of the drawing-room, and the freshest scandals of high life: and had inspired Miss Holmly with a dangerous sentiment of curiosity and surprise, by the raciness of his repartee and the piquancy of his epigram.

'So Mr. Martyn was staying at the Willoughby Arms? Well, that

was, so far as it went, fortunate; for the groom was driving there that afternoon, and he would bring round Mr. Martyn's portmanteau with him. Of course it was quite out of the question that he should remain there longer.'

Both Colonel and Mrs. Holmly impressed upon him the absolute necessity of at once establishing himself in Holmly House. They were so delighted to see Sir Henry's nephew—they had known the uncle more than a quarter of a century since in Bengal—that they could not think of losing him immediately.

III.

In a very short space of time Frank Martyn found himself completely domesticated at Holmly House; and his quarters were as pleasant as they could well be. His whole time was a tranquil round of continuous enjoyment. He was generally popular, and with Miss Holmly he soon began to think he was even more than popular. It is unnecessary here to enter into a minute inventory of this young lady's personal attractions. It is sufficient to say, that she was a Loamshire belle, and that, in a county famed for the beauty of its young ladies, is fairly unqualified praise. As luck would have it, Frank was thrown a good deal into the society of Colonel Holmly's daughter. He was fond of sketching: so was Miss Holmly. Archery was a common attraction to them both, and the same might be said of sundry afternoon canterers through the delicious Loamshire lanes. The result of all this was much what might have been expected—and an undeniably good understanding soon grew to be established between these young people.

Nor did this understanding receive other than favourable observation on the part of Mrs. and Colonel Holmly.

'Martyn must have amassed a largish fortune by this time,' remarked the Colonel, the very first night after Mr. Frank Martyn was stationed at Holmly. 'That young fellow ought to think himself devilish

lucky in having been adopted by him.'

'Did you notice, Colonel,' interrupted Mrs. Holmly, without making any definite reply to this comment, 'that Mr. Martyn seemed to be much struck with Maude to-night?'

The Colonel, who was in his dressing-room at the time this conversation took place, simply pulled off a boot, and remarked, 'that young Martyn was a likely fellow enough, and, in his opinion, a precious deal better than young Ponder, the banker's son.'

Meanwhile the subject of these criticisms was engaged in smoking a very excellent cheroot, which the Colonel had given him, into the cool night-air out of his dressing-room window, and congratulating himself cordially on the turn which events had taken.

'Frank, my boy,' ran his soliloquy, 'you need not despair even yet. The luck has taken a different turn. Rouse yourself, and you may do something. Here you are snugly quartered in the house of an opulent colonel, with only one child, a charming daughter, his heiress. You have made an impression on her already. And you may be as well in love with her as any one else.'

Now the gentleman mentioned as Mr. Ponder, the banker's son, by no means approved of the appearance of our friend Frank upon the field. Before his arrival he had managed to establish and preserve a considerable monopoly of prestige at Holmly House—not, indeed, that he had ever done much to make himself much beloved there, but simply as being one of the few available young men in the distance. He was rather a *gauche* specimen of humanity, this Mr. Henry Ponder; very conceited, not very successful in field sports, and not very much of a social acquisition in-doors. Mrs. Ponder, however, had much influence in the county, was the mistress of a hospitable house, and was mainly instrumental in establishing a kind of intimacy between her son, in whom she was wrapped up, and the Holmly House *coterie*. It happened that soon after Mr. Martyn's first arrival at Holmly, a ball was given

to celebrate Miss Holmly's twenty-first birthday, at which everybody in the neighbourhood who was anybody was present, Mrs. Ponder and her son, of course, amongst the number. Mr. Frank Martyn had managed to secure beforehand the promise of at least three dances from Miss Holmly, and when, soon after her entrance into the ball-room, Mr. Ponder—who was a somewhat late arrival—went up to her to endeavour to inscribe his name upon her card, he discovered, somewhat to his mortification, that there was only one vacancy—a quadrille. Her hand for this he solicited, and gained, but in this case the promise was not everything. As the fates would have it, just as the particular quadrille came on, Mr. Ponder—rushing up to claim Miss Holmly's hand—so far allowed his eagerness to outstrip his discretion, as, in addressing her, seriously to tear her very elaborate ball-room skirt. Frank Martyn was standing close by: he saw the look which came over Maude Holmly's face, and knowing, from a certain confidence which that young lady had reposed in him, that the son of the London banker was anything but a favourite with her, while Frank himself cordially reciprocated that young man's antipathy, he calmly walked up, and said, with imperturbable audacity—

'My dance, I think, Miss Holmly?' That Miss Holmly was at all justified in sanctioning this statement is not for a moment to be said. However, she bowed to Mr. Martyn, took his arm, and Mr. Ponder was left to gnash his teeth in impotent fury. 'But I'll be even with you yet,' said that gentleman, casting a look after Mr. Martyn, which boded anything but good for his prospects, should the opportunity of harming them ever be afforded him. A few days after this, young Mr. Ponder was called to the metropolis on some business connected with the family bank, in which he was a species of limited partner.

Meanwhile Frank Martyn grew daily in favour at Holmly House. The Colonel already treated him as a son. Mrs. Holmly smiled on him

more and more, invited him to talk on the subject of his uncle and his uncle's wealth—themes with reference to which Mr. Frank usually preserved a silence that had more than once elicited from Colonel Holmly the remark: 'One thing I specially like about that young fellow is that with all his prospects, his money, and the rest of it, you never hear him say a word of snobbish braggadocio.'

Mrs. Holmly unreservedly confided in her husband's view, and only occasionally hinted that it might be well to take some notice of the intimacy that was daily being cemented between her daughter and Frank.

'Well,' said the Colonel, 'I don't deny that I shall be unfeignedly pleased if anything should come of it; but I will hurry on nothing.'

So the matter dropped. Things went on as they were; and as time passed by Frank Martyn enjoyed his holiday more and more. If it was possible to be in clover he felt convinced that that possibility had been realized by him. A perfectly-ordered country house, in which he was a welcome and uncontrolled guest, pleasant society, absolute freedom from duns, perfect liberty to do as and what he chose, and the heart of a very charming girl, also an heiress, almost as good as secured to himself—these were ingredients in the cup of a penniless scapegrace's long vacation, bliss, which ought assuredly, as to him they did, to constitute absolute perfection.

Mrs. Holmly had a call to make on Mrs. Ponder, and Ponder Park was distant about twelve miles from Holmly.

'So glad to see you, dear Mrs. Holmly,' was Mrs. Ponder's greeting. 'And Mr. Martyn,' continued this amiable lady in the course of conversation, 'is still with you. He *must* make himself very agreeable.'

'We like him very much, indeed,' replied Mrs. Holmly.

'Ah!' said Mrs. Ponder, 'but do you not think it is just a little—'

Mrs. Holmly looked surprised. 'A little what, Mrs. Ponder?'

'Well you, of course, know best; but I was going to say with the—'

ahem—character that Mr. Martyn bears, and his position and prospects, do you not think—'

'I do not understand,' was the answer somewhat coldly delivered. 'Mr. Martyn's family and antecedents are intimately known to us. As for his position and prospects he is, as you know, Sir Henry Martyn, the wealthy nabob's heir.'

Mrs. Ponder gave a little laugh of astonishment.

'My dear Mrs. Holmly! Let me undeceive you. As you know, Harry has only just returned from London. When there he met a Mr. Lawrence, an intimate friend of Sir Henry Martyn's—he had dined with him the day before—and Sir Henry had told him that, in consequence of Mr. Frank Martyn's disreputable proceedings on the turf and prodigal extravagance—perfectly prodigal, I assure you—he had entirely struck him out of his will, and had disinherited him in favour of his sister's eldest son, Herbert Macklin. This is true and as Harry heard it.'

At this intelligence Mrs. Holmly could almost have fainted. But with genuine feminine tact she determined to disguise the true state of affairs from Mrs. Ponder. She was sorry to hear that of Mr. Martyn; but beyond regret it could make no difference. As for anything between him and Maude that was quite a mistake. Still Mrs. Ponder was shrewd enough in her generation, and saw that her news, circumstantially confirmed a little afterwards by the detailed account which Mr. Harry Ponder gave, had struck the point intended.

A very heavy thunderstorm delayed Mrs. Holmly's homeward drive. When she returned it was nearly eleven at night. The Colonel was dozing in his study. Miss Holmly was in the drawing-room, and Mr. Frank Martyn had retired to his room to write letters.

'Mamma,' was Maude's exclamation on seeing her mother, 'I wish to tell you everything. Frank—'

'Maude, we will talk over all this to-morrow. I want first to see your father.'

The colloquy which took place that night between Colonel and Mrs.

Holmly was very different from that held on the first evening of Mr. Frank Martyn's arrival.

'Infernal impudence!' said the Colonel; 'I call it downright swindling,' was the phrase in which he tersely commented on his wife's story.

'Yes,' was the answer given him by Mrs. Holmly; 'and whose fault is it? who brought young Martyn here first?'

'Perhaps so,' retaliated the Colonel, 'but when he was here who pressed him to stay? How did it happen that he and Maude were thrown so much together?'

Oddly enough, this was a challenge which Mrs. Holmly did not vouchsafe to answer.

IV.

Special providences are to Christianity precisely what the *Deus ex machinâ* was to the pagan Greek drama. Frank Martyn believed in both, and he had good cause to do so.

Colonel Holmly usually had his letters brought up to him with his ante-prandial cup of coffee.

'Good God!' was his exclamation on the morning after the event just recorded, 'here is a letter from Sir Henry Martyn himself.'

It was brief and simple. Sir Henry was at the present time twelve miles from Holmly, and if his old friend would take him, he would be with him that same day.

'By all means let him come,' replied Mrs. Holmly; 'I can conceive of no better punishment for the nephew than that he should be exposed before and by his uncle for what I can but consider his absolutely dishonourable behaviour to us. And,' she continued, 'I think it might be as well not to mention the fact of our expecting him to Mr. Martyn.'

When this latter-mentioned gentleman came down to breakfast, he could not but be struck by the singularly chilly welcome which awaited him. His joke fell flat. Colonel Holmly was intent upon his newspaper, and Mrs. Holmly had a bad headache. As for Maude

she signalled to him across the table the approach of a thunderstorm. After the meal was concluded the party separated and saw nothing more of each other till lunch. Maude was alone in the room when Frank entered, and she just had time to say to him—

'Your uncle, Sir Henry Martyn, is expected here at five to-day. We are in terrible disgrace both of us,' when Colonel and Mrs. Holmly entered.

Mr. Frank Martyn's mind, as we have already stated, was pre-eminently fertile in expedients. He had no sooner received this information than he decided at once what to do. The letter which he had been engaged in writing the previous night was to his uncle. He had been on the point of sending it. As it was he would see that it was placed in Sir Henry's hands as soon after his arrival at Holmly as possible. 'Five minutes' start,' thought Frank, 'and the game is mine yet.' Frank Martyn was right: the game was his.

Sir Henry Martyn duly made his appearance at the specified hour at Holmly. Immediately that he was shown to his room, he had his nephew's letter in his hand. It was written with great care and feeling. Frank had won the affection of a charming girl, but he should not feel justified in prosecuting his suit unless his relations with his uncle were different from what unfortunately they now were. And then the old story of abject penitence was told again. Sir Henry had read it before in the letter a reply to which Frank had so anxiously awaited; but the uncle was on the Continent at the time it reached his house. Since then he had addressed an answer not of an unsatisfactory description to his nephew at the club, which Frank, of course, had not received. Perhaps it was fortunate that he had not; for if he had he would never have found his way to Holmly.

For what remains it is sufficient to say this: in the interview which occurred immediately Sir Henry told Colonel Holmly that if Frank would give him some sure pledge of

amendment he had no notion of displacing him by his cousin; that he knew Frank to be a good fellow at heart, and that he considered this pledge was given by his offer to Miss Holmly; finally, that he was heartily glad to hear of the whole thing.

At this juncture Mr. Frank Martyn was called in.

'Frank,' said Sir Henry, 'I don't think Holmly will deny you his

daughter now. Only understand this—no more play at the Pandemonium, and no more shares in any of your Cockamaroos.'

The next day Frank returned to London with his uncle, to make certain matrimonial arrangements, and he did so with the happy consciousness that as he had enjoyed a pleasant holiday, so, too, he had won a charming wife.

THE LAND OF JET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'YACHTING ROUND THE WEST OF ENGLAND.'

'WHITBY! Whitby, sir?'
'Decidedly,' I exclaimed, reviving. 'Open the door.'

We had been locked up in that dark place of punishment quite long enough. It is astonishing how far one may travel in a railway-carriage without passing anything worth waking up for, and how fatiguing the posture of sitting becomes when you have maintained it for upwards of six hours. It was a luxury to be again stationary, and the railway functionaries had so considerably arranged matters that an interval of half an hour elapsed between our arrival and our setting out for the West Cliff. We expected to have been overtaken by the shades of evening, but it was early summer, and the daylight was prolonged to an extent which delighted our southern senses.

The following morning, as we had no curtains to our windows, and the sun was intensely bright, I became restless in bed, and rising sooner than usual found little Bobby quite ready to take a walk before breakfast. The fashionable world on the cliff was not stirring, and even very few work-a-day people were visible, except here and there an early housemaid polishing a window or shaking a dusty mat out of the hall door. The sea, however, was as wakeful, as fresh and blue, as ever, and we determined upon turning our steps in the direction of the pier, by which some dusky sails were already gliding into port. We soon found ourselves in a more

active part of the town, among sailors to whom night had been a busy day, and who seemed more blithe and vigorous than those who had just risen from unbroken sleep in feather beds. They had been 'herringing,' and we found that one boat had brought in a 'last,' consisting of the inconceivable quantity of ten thousand fish, so liberally counted that an additional twenty was thrown into every hundred. We could see the silvery 'take' glittering in the wells of the boat, and the work of piling them and carrying them up in baskets was no light undertaking. Meanwhile we fell into conversation with an old seaman standing by, whom the gales of the sea and the frosts of time seemed to have made only more genial and sociable. He had been a fisherman all his life, but had never been to any foreign port; indeed the greater part of his experience was confined to the immediate neighbourhood. There was good sport, he told us, to be had in the river, and as he had a boat, he should be happy to take us out that evening to try our luck. Nothing could be more in accordance with our holiday humour, and we arranged to meet him at four o'clock.

Punctual at the indicated buoy we there found the fisherman's boat waiting. It was a broad old tub, and not perhaps over-clean, but a good mopping much improved its appearance, and left it in a very bright and wet condition. But change is change, even if it be to a

wet seat, and the heat of the sun above counterbalanced the cold of the plank below. The old man of the sea soon produced two oars, the blades of which were their narrowest parts, and fixing them respectively on an iron pin, began to row us up the river as well as his clumsy appliances would allow him. In a short time we reached a large post standing upright in the water, round which he threw a chain, and told us that we were in a good place for commencing operations. He produced three rods and lines, and had brought a herring for bait, for which he had paid three-halfpence; 'but,' said the good old man, 'I do not think about expense when I can make my friends happy.'

We sat some time dipping our lines up and down in the water, and endeavouring to talk of indifferent subjects. 'I feel something,' at length exclaimed Bobby; and as he drew up the tugging became more violent, and something white was seen glancing through the water.

'It looks like a whiting,' I observed.

'Naye, naye,' replied the old fisherman, 'it'll be a billet, and if I mistake not I'll have another,' he added, throwing a fine fish into the boat; 'they're better than any whiting.' I again let down a bait, and had not finished admiring our late acquisitions when I became conscious that a very determined attempt was being made to carry my line away wholesale. On hauling in I found a large eel on my hook, and landed him successfully in the boat.

'Take care of your tackle,' said the fisherman: 'there he goes; that's the worst of eels. There's the sailor's knot and the lover's knot, but the eels have a knot of their own more difficult to undo than either of 'em. Cut him across the head—well, perhaps you'd better let him be, and I'll fettle you up some new gear. Got something there yet, sir?' he added, turning to Bobby.

'Well, I do feel something heavy,' was the reply.

'Let me have it. Yes, you've got some St. Helenas,' he continued, as

he drew up the line (there were three crabs about two or three inches long upon it). 'We calls them St. Helena soldiers here: they're no good for eating, but make excellent bait.'

It was astonishing how constantly the old fisherman hauled up successfully. Bobby and myself had only moderate sport, and some boats near us could catch nothing at all; but before we returned we had filled a large basket with billets, flounders, and eels, not to speak of 'St. Helenas,' which were so numerous that we threw many overboard. Whittings are in some seasons very numerous outside the pier. A fisherman told me that you could sometimes feel the line going down amongst them, and that he had known them caught by a hook without bait. Sprats, at times, come inside the harbour, so that they can be dipped up in baskets, and mackerel pursue them in shoals into the same dangerous vicinity.

A watering place would be incomplete without a stock of ornaments to gratify the generous emotions of excursionists. In general we find the shop windows decked with rosy shells, grotesque petrifications, or specimens of malachite and lapis lazuli, 'all found in the immediate neighbourhood.' Articles of unknown age and value can thus be purchased at sixpence each, and we can testify our affection for absent friends by a present at once scientific and economical. In Whitby, however, these dépôts wear a less gay and even somewhat funereal aspect, but are furnished with articles of a more sterling character. The mineral wealth of the neighbourhood has driven foreign competition from the field. Jet is the dark treasure sought and supplied. Here are bracelets of jet, brooches of jet, and Italian cameos and crystal ammonites set in the same rare substance. The only place in which it is found in England is within nine miles north and south of Whitby; and although it exists in Italy and Germany, it is not so abundant in those countries, nor embedded, as it is said, in alum shale.

Although most of us are familiar

with jet, or at least with its imitations, the exact nature and origin of it still remain unknown. It is generally supposed to have been wood, has been classed with fossil wood, and certainly its outer surface bears longitudinal marks similar to the grain of trees. In confirmation of this view I was informed by one of the workers that the remains of serpulæ are occasionally found upon it. Nevertheless its structure is not strictly ligneous, and Mr. Simpson, the curator of the Whitby Museum, observed that vegetable matter is not an essential part of it, for that the bones and scales of fish have sometimes been converted into jet. He considers it to be formed of a certain kind of bitumen or petroleum, which impregnates the lias rock containing it, and is a liquid frequently found in the chambers of ammonites and belemnites. There are, no doubt, good grounds for such a conclusion, and it may be added that it burns as brightly as gas, with a greenish-white flame, and leaves but a small amount of ashes, while the ligneous grain observable may be owing to the bitumen having taken the place and form of some vegetable matter. Mr. D——, a dealer in jet, suggested to me, in allusion to the dimensions in which it is found, that it might have been formed by the bodies of some of the large saurians or other fossil animals found in these cliffs, observing, we could scarcely suppose a tree to have been ninety feet long, three feet wide, and nowhere more than two inches thick. He had sometimes himself seen it in a liquid state. Jet is always found in very thin, narrow 'seams,' a piece three feet long, and three inches thick throughout, would be a fine specimen. Such an one was purchased by Mr. Tite with a view of presenting it to the British Museum. A distinct kind of stones are found at either extremity of a large seam, and are termed respectively, from their characteristics, 'doggers' and 'maiden paps.' The work of obtaining jet from the rock is very laborious and indifferently remunerative. It sells retail in the rough at from two to eight shillings a

pound, according to size and quality: it is at the same time very light, a piece eighteen inches long, two broad, and a quarter of an inch thick, only weighing eight ounces.

That this beautiful substance was prized in very ancient times may be concluded from its name being derived from a Greek word (whence also *agate*), and primarily from the river Gages, in Lycia, where it was said to have been first discovered. Pliny mentions it as a valuable medicine, and adds that the fumes of it will keep away serpents. He also alludes to a superstition in axinomaney, that if jet be placed on a red-hot hatchet, it will not ignite if the person thus trying his fortune is to have his wishes gratified. Few of us would be willing to submit our destinies to such an unpromising test. Jet ornaments are of very early date. I was shown one, resembling a bugle, about an inch in length, which had been picked up in an old British barrow; and Charlton mentions that a heart-shaped earring was found in one of the 'houses' in contact with the jawbone of a skeleton. The manufacture was carried on until the time of Elizabeth, when it seems to have suddenly ceased, and not to have been revived until 1800, when John Carter and Robert Jefferson, a painter, made beads and crosses with files and knives. A stranger passing through Whitby suggested that the substance would admit of turning, and the result fully justified his anticipations. There are now a thousand men employed in the town in turning and carving ornaments, and some of them evince a considerable amount of taste and skill. Some patterns are not suitable for jet, and the effect of highly-elaborated works is, in proportion to the price, inferior to that of Italian cameos.

Whitby is said by some to have derived its name from a rock, which stands before it, ever white with foaming surf; but others attribute it to the town having been remarkable for bright stone buildings at a time when the material generally in use was wood. This peculiarity may be accounted for by the num-

ber of religious houses, amounting, we are told, to forty, which once clustered around the East Cliff. Whitby was a site of ancient sanctity, and it owed its origin to the magnificent abbey, which even in its decay seems to form the centre of the place. Oswy, king of Northumbria, when about to encounter the formidable Penda, made a vow that if successful he would devote his daughter as a holy virgin to the Lord. After his victory he accordingly committed his daughter to the care of Hilda, abbess of Hereuteu, now Hartlepool. Hilda was herself of royal Northumbrian blood, and had first adopted the religious habit on the banks of the Wear. She finally removed to 'Streoneshalh,' the present Whitby, on account, no doubt, of the deep solitude of the place, which was shut in on one side by wild, uninhabited moors, and on the other by the stormy expanse of the North Sea.

The desire for monastic seclusion in early times naturally suggested the selection of a retired locality, which would be safe alike from the allurements of luxury and the dangers of predatory incursions. Perhaps a charitable motive also exercised an influence. Bede translates Steoneshalh, *Sinus fari*, bay of the lighthouse. And although it is improbable that any such buildings existed in Britain in Roman times, may not this convent have exhibited a light for mariners like similar establishments in later centuries?

We climbed many successive days up the steep on which the ancient abbey stands, as the contemplation of dog-tooth moulding of opened lily-work and clustered pillar would have rewarded less active pilgrims. How perfect are those wheel and lancet windows, how solid that masonry, the ruins of which are strewn around us like fragments of rock! Bloom on red pellitory and yellow wall-flower, and adorn the monument of bygone ages! Here where the green turf now swells into long ridges was the celebrated synod held which decided the rival claims of the British and Roman churches, and which Oswy terminated by observing that he would not contradict such an in-

fluent 'doorkeeper' as St. Peter. But no remnants of the early wooden edifice remain.

There is a remarkable man in Whitby, one of those who are occasionally found among all classes, and who devote themselves to study and scientific research. Our friend is not a mere theorist but a tailor, a jet-merchant, and a shipowner. His house in Baxter Gate is a miniature museum, and he has possessed considerable advantages in the prosecution of his search, as he is known to all the farmers in the neighbourhood, who, when anything remarkable is found, invariably send it to him for his inspection and opinion. In this manner he has obtained a great variety of British celts, flint knives, and sling stones, interesting from their undoubted antiquity, but not so valuable as those found in Brittany and formed of Eastern agates. Some of his specimens he had found himself and knew to be genuine; concerning others he had reliable information. His very large and perfect celt, and sun-dried urn containing human bones, were discovered near Robin Hood Bay. Of arrow-heads he had a numerous collection, and he considered that the Romans did not advance as far as the coast in this part of the country, for that barbed arrows, which were introduced by them, are not found within seven miles of the sea. But he chiefly prides himself on a relic now in the Whitby Museum, which he picked up near the old abbey. It is a comb, and at first he thought little of it, but fortunately sent it to an antiquary at Leeds, who deciphered on it a *Runic* inscription, 'May the All Ruler be favourable to thee and to thy kin!' The material of which it is formed is bone, and several of the teeth in it are perfect.

Mr. D — has devoted not only a large portion of his time, but a considerable portion of his income, to the prosecution of these researches. He has not only worked up and ransacked nearly all the fields and barrows in the neighbourhood, with such success that his wife lately threw out a whole basketful of

stones he had accumulated, but he has purchased, at considerable sums, several local collections. Such zeal in the cause could not fail to become gradually noised abroad, and it was not long before some began to think it would be a pity to let his enthusiasm cool for want of encouragement. One man especially—one of the shrewd, shaggy inhabitants of Agarlythe,* who are said to be descended from some crews of the Spanish Armada wrecked here—took his case into serious consideration. This individual was known generally as Flint Jack, from the stone knives he sold to visitors; but finding, at length, genuine specimens falling short, he applied himself to the manufacture of imitations with an amount of skill and industry worthy of a better cause. These he now passed to the farmers about the neighbourhood, and the antiquary was constantly being offered some new and beautiful curiosity at a price which he considered far below its value. His collection rapidly increased in this manner, until, in the course of one of his rambles among the picturesque and infirm houses of Agarlythe, he fell into conversation with an old dame, who told him there was a man, whom he recognized from her description to be Flint Jack, making something like a ‘sugar-loaf’ in the house next to her. Our friend the antiquary, who was not so simple as some of his worthy brethren, immediately began to suspect some imposition, nor did he feel greater faith in human honesty when, two days afterwards, the lapidary presented himself with something carefully covered up under his arm.

‘Well, Jack,’ said Mr. D——, in his usual frank manner. ‘Glad to see you. What have you there? Found something valuable?’

‘Yes, sir, I have, indeed,’ replied Jack, importantly. ‘It’s a mill-stone. I had the good luck to find it accidentally on the moor.’ And so

* The oldest and most unsavoury part of Whitby, where the houses are in many places falling from the rock, and the inhabitants may be seen emerging from windows instead of doors.

saying, he uncovered the treasure, which he had well begrimed with earth and moss.

‘How much do you ask for it?’ demanded the antiquary, maintaining his gravity most successfully.

‘Well, sir, it’s a very ancient relic. You know those mills are said to have belonged to the Romans; but I, for my part, think they were used by the Ancient Britons. You see it’s a very perfect specimen.’

‘I do not consider it perfect,’ observed the man of science, ‘because it wants the lower stone. You couldn’t grind corn with only one stone, could you? Do you think there would be any chance of your finding the other?’

‘What would it be like, sir?’

He described it.

‘Yes, sir, I think I did see such a stone as you mention lying near this one.’

Next week he returned with the mill completed, and duly covered with earth and moss. Mr. D——, on his producing it, immediately began to scrape off some of the coating.

‘Oh! you musn’t do that sir!’ cried out the impostor; ‘you’ll destroy them. You make them look as though they were only just made.’

‘Which they have been,’ was the reply. ‘You must go somewhere else in future with your antiquities.’

* * * *

‘I have bought such a splendid Roman mill,’ said a brother antiquary to Mr. D—— on their next meeting. ‘It is one of the most perfect specimens I have ever seen.’

‘Who did you obtain it from?’ inquired the more astute collector.

‘Why, from B——, “Flint Jack,” who has found so many curiosities.’

* * * *

But Mr. D—— himself was not always proof against deception. A short time afterwards he purchased what seemed to him to be a very fine hammer-head—an instrument used anciently, like that of Thor, not to strike the heads of nails, but of men. He paid a full price for the relic, and on making inquiries afterwards, traced it up to the very same Flint Jack, who, on being

taxed with it, confessed the imposture. There are also manufacturers of spurious antiquities at Scarborough, and some of their works of art have found their way into the local museum.

One of the pleasantest walks about Whitby is to Saltwick Bay. We crossed the bridge, and again ascended the endless flights of stairs; but instead of yielding to the temptations of the Abbey, proceeded along the sea by the edge of the cliff. Here we observed many ridges and depressions in the turf, of a remarkably artificial character, and surmised that they marked the sites of former buildings, perhaps conventual, or of British, Roman, or Danish camps. In one place are signs of a quarry, whence, it is said, stone was hewn for the Abbey. After a walk of a mile over the breezy down, we came to a remarkable opening in the cliff, so large that I was much surprised to hear that it had been formed by successive generations of alum-workers. Next to this lay another chasm, Saltwick Bay, which might have been a study either for the artist or geologist. The dust of calcined shale, which had been washed up by the sea along the crescent strand, imparted to it a rosy tint; the cliffs towered above in alternate strata of red, blue, and brown, while on either extremity the bay was terminated by a black jet rock, standing insulated in the sea. Landward a green slope led down to the floor of this amphitheatre, and was rich with a wild luxuriance of flowery willow-herb and hemp agrimony. Here the successive strata can be clearly marked—the sandstone, the upper ironstone, the blue clay, the lower ironstone, the alum-shale, and finally the jet rock.

In our way home we called at Mr. Marshall's to inspect the plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus which were found in this neighbourhood. They were respectively sixteen and twenty-six feet long; the one exceeding in length of tail, the other in that of neck. The former specimen is in beautiful preservation, and worthy of a place in the British Museum. It might, I understand,

be purchased for 200*l*. Mr. Marshall has a fine collection of fossils, principally found in the jet rock. Ammonites are especially plentiful, whence the legend mentioned by Scott, in which, I am told, good Roman Catholics still believe,

‘How a thousand snakes each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda prayed.’

We made several excursions in the neighbourhood of Whitby. That to Robin Hood's Bay scarcely repaid us, although the deep ravine, with its rushing torrent and overhanging houses, was remarkable and picturesque. In the north we were more successful, and proceeded along a road made by Maharajah Duleep Singh, before whose sojourn in this locality there was no suitable access to Sandsend. Strange that Englishmen should be taught progress by an Oriental! We alighted at the village to inspect the alum works, alum shale being abundant in the neighbouring cliffs. The first object which met our gaze on entering the establishment was a large mound of Epsom salts, the sight of which caused Bobby to turn visibly pale. They were not, however, ready for use, but contained a certain portion of sulphate of iron. Epsom salts contain water, sulphuric acid, and magnesia, and can be obtained from the alum shale and even from sea water. The processes necessary for the formation of alum are numerous; but it may be sufficient here to state that the rock is first burnt, then mixed with water, and finally the liquor is left to stand for crystallization. It is purified with glue, some animal matter being necessary for the purpose. The crystals formed by the alum in the casks are very beautiful, resembling trees, pinnacles, &c. It is largely used for dyeing cotton, glazing paper, and tanning. Alum works were introduced into England about the end of the sixteenth century, by Sir Thomas Chaloner. In his travels he visited the Pope's works at Rome, and having found that alum might be obtained on his own property at Guisborough, engaged three of his Holiness's workmen to superintend his operations. These men had to be conveyed from

Italy in casks, to escape detection; and the Pope cursed them by bell, book, and candle, but the works were, nevertheless, remarkably successful.

Leaving Sandsend, we passed on to Runswick Bay, a fine expanse of water, bounded by lofty cliffs. Its coasts were formerly more bold than at present, for some large rocks have by degrees been entirely cut away by jet seekers. Alum workers also have assisted in destroying the grand harmony of nature; but their operations are at present suspended, the ground over their principal excavation having fallen in and buried a large number of the workmen's cottages. The village of Runswick is curiously built up the side of a cliff, the passage from one house to another being up a flight of stairs, or along a paved street, not above a yard wide. The inhabitants plant small gardens, or 'garths,' on the lower slopes, but say that the shore is constantly 'creeping,' and that many buildings have fallen, and that places once cultivated have merged into sea-sand.

Our last expedition was to the celebrated Beggars' Bridge. Turning inland from Whitby, we crossed an open moor, and passed through a wild panorama of far-sloping hills, mapped out into symmetrical pastures and cornfields. As we drove along, the grouse and black-faced sheep, the sole inhabitants of this dreary domain, started before us from the purple heather. Further on, the road wound between banks azure with harebells, or golden with ragwort, till we reached Egton, a straggling village, with roofs alternately of tile and thatch, the latter, in many cases, ingeniously fortified with superannuated harrows and five-barred gates. Strange to say, it was once a market-town. Now we creep at a foot's pace down a break-neck hill, with 'shoe' on wheel, and every precaution, and find ourselves at Egton Bridge, where the country becomes wooded, and the hills picturesquely grouped. We are to halt at the Horseshoe Inn, a few yards further on, as there our carriage is to wait, and from thence, after duly partaking of tea and turf

cakes, we are to wind our way to Arncliffe's woods, to enjoy their summer beauties. Our good landlady is licensed to sell not only tea, but beer, spirits, and tobacco, so here is a wide choice; but we prefer the more sober beverage, and call anxiously for the turf cakes. 'Will we have these delicacies hot or cold? They generally like 'em hot and buttered.' That settles the question, and a goodly pile of hot and buttered soon make their appearance, laughing behind a pot of stinging souchong and a jug of unquestionable cream. The cakes seemed to me to be mere pieces of dough, sprinkled with currants, and baked; but the decision was given against me by acclamation, and it was agreed that their being cooked among turf ashes changed both their flavour and properties. I must add, however, in justice to myself, that Bobby, who appreciated them most, and managed my portion as well as his own, suffered severely from his imprudence, after his return home.

How lovely was the scenery of those hills and dales, as we passed beneath the overarching foliage of oak, and beech, and sycamore! The old grey rocks were here piled in Cyclopean strata, there rose in lofty perpendicular walls, and the roots of the gnarled trees grappled into their dark fissures, struggling with them for life and support. Below, nearer to us, among a forest of fern plumes, lay many a fallen boulder, swathed with velvet moss. Here let us sit beneath the scarlet clusters of this mountain-ash, and wonder at the silence of the scene, broken only by the rushing Esk, as it forces its way along the rock-strewn gorge below.

Further on we come to the Beggars' Bridge, bearing the date 1615, and said to have been built by a lover more prudent and patient than Leander, as a means of access to the lady of his heart. Its narrowness and romantic situation may account for this strange legend. Climbing a steep acclivity on the other side, we reached the high road, and there, according to arrangement, found our carriage waiting to convey us back to Whitby. A. G. L'E.

LADY NELLY THE FLIRT.

'HALLO, Dawson!'

'Ah, Lynwood! How are you, old fellow?'

'Tol-lol—that is to say, as well as can be expected considering the weather. Beastly hot, ain't it?'

'Awful!' was the sympathizing response of Kenelm Dawson, as he withdrew further under the grateful shade of the Oxford and Cambridge Club-house.

'Looking seedy and down in the mouth, old man. What's wrong?' asked the Honourable Tom Lynwood, noting a certain dejected appearance about his friend.

'Nothing.'

'Been in town long? Haven't seen you about.'

'No—only just come up.'

'And where are you off to now?' continued Lynwood.

'Nowhere. Don't know—I mean, I don't care.'

'Well, come along with me, then,' and the Honourable Tom linked his arm in Dawson's and strolled away with him westwards.

'Howling swells'—to use the vulgar slang of the day—were the two young men who had just encountered after a tolerably long separation, during the existence of which neither had particularly mourned at the absence of the other, though, now they had met, both were perfectly willing to resume the intimate terms on which they had formerly stood. Kenelm Dawson was a dark, energetic-looking man. Middle-sized, compact, well built, and doing infinite credit to the artists who were entrusted with the decoration of his outward man, he was just the sort of young fellow to take the eye of women, while his mental capabilities and finished manner secured the first advantage gained by his personal appearance. He had very handsome and decided features, sparkling black eyes, splendid teeth—concealed, except when he smiled, by a well-trimmed moustache—the rest of the face clean-shaven, and the whole surmounted by a head of hair that was the pride and glory of the gentle-

man who was honoured with the welcome task of keeping it in order. And Kenelm Dawson was accomplished too—had an eye for form and colour—was a tolerable painter, but a first-rate hand at catching a likeness, with a considerable taste for caricature—which latter quality he kept within very strict bounds, and so hindered it from becoming offensive. Then he was gifted with a knack of picking up languages, and had indeed in more than half a dozen trips to Paris, Biarritz, Naples, Hombourg, and such-like haunts of iniquity, acted with great renown as interpreter for his more insular friend Tom Lynwood. But his grand point was his music: an accurate ear—a skilled touch on the piano, delicate and soft and lingering, as the falling of a snow-flake on a crocus; or clear, sharp, and metallic, like the crack of a rifle, as occasion might demand—a delicious tenor voice, trained and cultivated with great care—and that wonderful talent of 'expression,' which has been not inaptly described as the power of 'singing the soul out of an angel.' Kenelm Dawson had five hundred a year, with a couple of thousand pounds' worth of debts, no profession, was sound and free from vice, had an excellent digestion, and was in all respects an eligible *parti* for a lady with lots of money, some little brains, and a mind a trifle above butterfly bonnets and the correct method of trailing a long skirt in a ball-room without having it torn out of the gathers.

The Honourable Tom Lynwood was of a very different stamp. A fine 'plan and elevation' of a man, as you looked at him from behind, but with a soft, meaningless face, on a front view, that took away all dignity from the *tout ensemble* of his appearance; in fact, he was what women call, with a sneer, a 'pretty man.' A soft, delicate skin, tinted with a complexion that the votaries of Madame Rachel might envy—features regular as those of a two-guinea doll—blue eyes of a weak



Drawn by Charles Keene]

LADY NELLY THE FLIRT.

[See the Story.

and irresolute character—a long silky blonde moustache—golden whiskers falling away in points towards the backs of his shoulders—and small pink coral ears, apparently more for ornament than use. He was rather destitute of brains was the Honourable Tom Lynwood; and, indeed, to do him justice, was quite conscious of his defect in this regard, and would not hesitate, in his more confidential moments, to express to you his regret at not being ‘a dashed clever fellow, like Dawson there.’ To be sure he was well off for this world’s gear, having many more thousands than Dawson had hundreds, and endeavoured, with praiseworthy effort, and the aid of all the minor vices, to rid himself of this burden of gold and get through his yearly income in a satisfactory manner. He was favourably noted in the stud-books of many Belgravian mothers as a promising colt, but there was a certain timidity—not to say skittishness—about this young prancer that had hitherto made him shy wildly at the bit and bridle matrimonial, and, to continue the language of the stable, he had never yet been backed.

‘Can’t make out what the deuce *is* the matter with you, Dawson,’ remarked Tom Lynwood, as they lounged into the Falernian Club; ‘you are as dull—as dull as if you had been in town all the season—since February, egad.’

‘There is nothing the matter with me,’ answered Kenelm Dawson rather testily—he hated being bored about his personal manner—‘nothing whatever; only I have been travelling about the country hunting some one up, and am tired and disgusted.’

‘Have a sherry and seltzer? Nothing sets a fellow up like that if one is hipped.’

‘Oh, anything to please you,’ said Dawson, dropping wearily into a soft-cushioned lounging-chair.

‘Ah, I see what it is,’ said Lynwood, thoughtfully picking his teeth; ‘you have been dodging after some girl—it bores one awfully, that sort of thing. Why,

even I—though you would hardly believe it—have been rather in that way myself of late.’ And the huge creature actually blushed, as is the habit of your young Englishman when making a confession of such weak-mindedness to his most intimate friend.

‘What—spoons?’ asked Dawson, vastly amused at the idea of Lynwood’s being in love.

‘Regular spoons this time. ‘Jove, I didn’t think I was quite such a fool,’ answered Lynwood, trying hard to laugh off his discomposure.

‘A fellow never knows what a fool he can be until he tries,’ sentimentously remarked Dawson, as he refreshed himself with the amber fluid a thoughtful waiter had supplied.

‘Oh, there is nothing stupid in my case—a devilish handsome girl, and all that sort of thing—a clever one, too—deuced accomplished—sings, and all the rest of it. And, ‘pon my soul, I think she suits me down to the ground.’ Lynwood spoke as rapidly as his constitutional laziness would allow in hopes of making himself appear comfortable and familiar with his subject.

‘Tin?’

‘Not a rap, I believe. But that doesn’t matter much in my case. Uncommon good family, though.’

‘Have you proposed?’ asked Dawson, emitting the smoke of his cigar in delicate spiral wreaths from his nostrils.

‘No. Confound it—there is a dragon of an aunt in the way. Old lady evidently trying to hook me for her own daughter—that game won’t pay, though.’

‘What’s the girl’s name?’

‘Milroy—Bella Milroy—deuced nice little thing too, but—’

‘Are they in town?’ interrupted Dawson, beginning to feel interested as he saw the usually listless Lynwood so eager about the affair.

‘No—down at Cowes. I picked up with them at the end of April, when I brought out the yacht.’

‘Hum! And when did you leave your lady-love?’

‘Lady-love be hanged! Don’t, Dawson Confound it! a man does

not like chaff about this sort of thing.'

'I didn't wish her to be hanged, my hot-blooded youth. But when *did* you leave her?'

'A couple of days ago.'

'This is the middle of June. May—thirty-one days—and ten makes forty-one—and five—forty-six. Forty-six days' spooning. You must be tolerably gone, Master Tom?'

The Honourable Tom Lynwood looked as bashful as a maiden of 'sweet seventeen' used to do before the precocity of a fast generation made a woman *passé* at two-and-twenty.

'Well, why don't you go down to your yacht again, and finish the matter off-hand?' continued Dawson.

'Why, to tell you the truth, I came up to—for—in fact—— By Jove! what a fool I am! Why, you are the very fellow.' And Lynwood slapped his hand on his knee, and looked his friend straight in the face.

'If you will speak a little coherently, perhaps I may understand you. What *do* you mean?'

'Why, don't you see? I ran up to look for a decent sort of chap to spend a few weeks or so with me in the yacht, and then, you know, he could—he might—perhaps you'd take——'

'Take the other girl off your hands! What an old schemer you are, Tom!' and Dawson went off in a fit of laughter. Tom Lynwood laughed too, but in a short, uneasy way, and took advantage of the first pause to continue:

'But I say, Dawson, old man, you may as well; it will do you a lot of good, as you are seedy; a snug cabin to yourself; my cook on board is first chop; we have a splendid tap of wines; and, by Jove, the—the other girl is a stunner if you feel inclined to flirt a bit.'

'Gad, I think I'll go. Town is beastly full, and I don't feel inclined to go out much. I might do worse.'

'Of course you might,' answered Lynwood, in high delight at his almost unexpected success; 'it will

be awfully jolly, and we shall have no end of fun. Let us be off by this evening's mail.'

'Not a bit of it—to-morrow, or perhaps next day. I have a lot of things to do. But mind, Tom, no humbug. I'm not going to get myself mixed up with some poor girl, just to please you,' added Dawson, who had no mean appreciation of his own talents as a lady-killer.

'Oh, of course not; only a little harmless flirting. Well, to-morrow, then?'

'To-morrow, or next day. Now I must be off to Kensington to see my old governor. Ta, ta.' And Kenelm Dawson strutted up St. James's Street as though half London belonged to him.

'When shall you have finished those tiresome letters, Aunt Clare?' asked Lady Nelly Chatterton, looking up impatiently from a novel she was pretending to read.

'Not for some time, dear; why?' said Mrs. Milroy, ceasing, at the interruption, to write.

'Because it is time for us to go and bathe, is it not, Bella?' she asked of her demure cousin, who sat by the open window, looking out on the Parade, and the crowd of yachts swinging to their anchors in Cowes Roads.

'Yes. We ought to go soon, or we shall have to wait an age for a machine,' answered Bella Milroy, putting down the glasses through which she had been examining the gay scene.

'Well, Nelly, perhaps for this once you had better go without me. Take Larkin with you, and don't stay too long in the water; it hardens the complexion so.'

'Oh, thank you, Aunt Clare,' and pretty Lady Nelly bounced up from her chair like a child released from school. 'We shall be as good as gold. Come along, Bella, we'll have such a jolly swim.'

'Nelly!' remonstrated Mrs. Milroy, in a reproachful tone.

'Well, Aunt Clare, what have I done now?'

'Jolly! Is that a word for a young lady to use?'

'Well! I won't say it again, Aunt

Clare; there,' and she kissed Mrs. Milroy in token of repentance, put her arm round her cousin's waist, and half-dragged, half-danced her out of the pleasant drawing-room.

Lady Nelly was a flirt. So her female friends said, when they felt more than usually angered at her success amongst men, and so she confessed herself when taxed with the heinous crime, laughingly (she was always laughing) declaring that nature had made her one, and therefore she could not help it. But her flirting was of a tolerably harmless character, inasmuch as it arose from high spirits, an aptitude for being pleased and for pleasing, and was not a coldblooded system of hunting down men with a view of turning them to profit as possible husbands, or of decorating her belt with the scalps of many victims, from wanton vanity. So the pleasant sin sat on her lightly and gracefully, and but doubled its own effect from its evident want of method and scheme. Besides, Lady Nelly had a secret in her heart of hearts, a secret that she breathed to no one, but that gave her an instinctive power of warning men off the premises when they sought a too close intimacy. Her cousin, Bella, could never make her out, and that sly little damsel—with her delicate, dark features, and large, soft, long-lashed, black eyes—frequently wondered to herself why Nelly would never allow any of the very good offers, which she might have had if she chose, to be made. Not that Bella Milroy ever felt the pangs of love herself, or understood the nature of the tender passion in any one degree, but she had very wide-awake ideas as regarded marriage, and was by no means a girl to let any chance of that consummation slip through her fingers for want of a little judicious encouragement. Miss Milroy was like the famous J. B. in 'Dombey and Son,' 'Sly, sir, devilish sly!' and was just such a girl as might be safely backed to make a capital match, and turn out a respectable and respected wife.

An hour and three quarters occupied in the pleasures (unknown to the coarse mind of man) of un-

dressing and dressing—five minutes shivering on the steps of the bathing-box, trembling, and uttering small feminine shrieks of feigned timidity—ten minutes splashing and laughing and rolling in the dancing blue waves—made up the two hours allotted to the bath; and the two girls came tripping down the rickety plank that led to the shore, and made their way, by the path that leads under the club-house, towards the Parade, where Mrs. Milroy had her apartments. Of course their back-hair was down (in this false age of chignons and pearl-powder every girl possessed of natural tresses, and a tolerable complexion, eagerly snatches at any lawful opportunity of displaying the reality of her charms) and floated wildly in the fresh breeze, as they walked briskly along.

'Goodness, Bella! look there,' Lady Nelly said, with a sudden start, as they rounded the club, and caught sight of the saluting guns at the landing-place.

'Look where? what is the matter, you silly thing?'

'Sitting on the cannons—isn't it Mr.—Mr.—'

'Mr. Lynwood. Of course it is. He was here this morning. I saw him on board his yacht from the window just before we left home.' And Miss Milroy took a thirsty look at her cousin's face. She did not half like Lady Nelly's evident emotion at seeing the Honourable Mr. Lynwood.

'You saw him this morning? Why did you not tell us?'

'If I had known you were so concerned about him, Nelly, I would.'

'I am not at all "concerned about him," as you call it,' was the indignant retort. 'Do let us go back, Bella, dear?' she added with a slight blush of confusion. But it was too late, for just at that moment the Honourable Tom happened to yawn violently. In the exertion his boating hat fell off, and turning round to pick it up, he observed the two girls.

'Hallo! I say, Dawson, here they come, by Jove. Let us go and meet them.'

'Oh, bother, better finish our weeds. We can call in the afternoon.' Dawson disgusted his friend by his apathy; in fact, he did not even turn his head to view the beauties, but remained sprawling over a gun.

'Nonsense! Come along,' Lynwood threw his cigar hissing into the sea, and half pulled his friend round.

'Lord bless me! why it is——' uttered Dawson, in a tone of intense surprise.

'Do you know her? Where did you meet?' interrupted Lynwood, jealously.

'Let me see; where *was* it? Bangor?'

'Bangor, yes. That's where old mother Milroy usually hangs out. Throw that beastly cigar away, and be civil,' and the two went up to meet the girls. There was a deep blush on Lady Nelly's fair cheek, and a bright sparkle in her blue eyes as she met the gentlemen, and gave Lynwood her hand.

Dawson took off his hat and divided a bow between the two ladies.

'I think I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Milroy and Lady Nelly Chatterton before,' he said to the former, with a glance at the latter. Miss Milroy bowed and smiled graciously. She remembered the face, but could not quite call to mind where she had met Mr.——.

'Mr. Dawson, Bella,' said Lady Nelly, supplying the name, 'at a pic-nic to Lewarch Castle, don't you remember?'

Mr. Dawson expressed his gratitude for Lady Nelly's recollection of him, and then proceeded to recall the circumstances to Bella Milroy's mind. The pic-nic was about three years ago, a very large one, he said; one of those monstrous affairs where half the people don't know the other half, and all are broken up into *cliques* and parties of their own. Yes, and he had had the pleasure of dancing with Miss Milroy one dance. He did not forget it.

Miss Milroy began to think she did remember him now; but it must have been a 'slow' dance. She never forgot any one she

waltzed with; she supposed he must have waltzed with her cousin, from the fact of Lady Nelly remembering him at once? Yes, he had done so—twice, he believed; but did girls always remember the men they waltzed with? Miss Milroy thought so; she did, *always*. Then Kenelm Dawson began to inquire into the waltzing capabilities of Cowes, and hoped there would be some balls. He had imagined it would be awfully slow, and only Tom Lynwood had regularly bullied him in to it (the fib didn't choke him!), he should never have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Milroy here.

'But what brought you down?' he continued, as they walked along after Lady Nelly and Lynwood. 'I thought Mrs. Milroy lived at Bangor?'

'So we do. Indeed, it was more for my cousin's sake than anything else we came here.'

'But why for Lady Nelly's sake? Her family are not residents at Bangor, are they?'

'No; poor old Lord De Proser is such a dreadful invalid that he has to live altogether at Cheltenham. But Nelly was consigned to us for the summer, and I suppose mamma thought Bangor would be dull for her. In fact, Mr. Dawson, I don't exactly know *why* we came, but I am very glad we did.'

'Fond of yachting, Miss Milroy?'

'Oh! I adore it of all things,' answered the enthusiastic young deceiver. She was, in fact, a very indifferent sailor, and usually prudently retired below on the slightest provocation from wind or wave.

'Then I hope we shall have the pleasure of many a cruise together in the "*Lalage*." I am regularly entered as one of her crew, you know.'

'How charming!' gushed Miss Milroy. She was wondering what on earth this man was, and if he had an income corresponding to his appearance and connection with the Honourable Mr. Lynwood. The latter gentleman was making, he flattered himself, great running with charming Lady Nelly; and indeed, to judge from the scraps of conversation and laughter that were borne back on the inspiring breeze, the

two were thoroughly well pleased with one another. Tom Lynwood thought he had never before known her so pleasant or looking so pretty. She laughed silvery laughs of ringing fun (displaying snowy treasures of teeth) as she caught up his far from novel remarks and turned them into sources of merriment. She flushed with eagerness as she looked back over her shoulder and declared she was so glad dear Bella seemed to enjoy Mr.—Mr. Dashwood—was that his name? Oh, no, Dawson—she forgot for the moment—Mr. Dawson's company. She tripped along with the light, dancing step of an opera fairy, and declared with a roguish glance of the blue eyes, when they arrived opposite their house, that it was too soon to go into lunch yet, and that Aunt Milroy would not have finished her letters. She praised the beautiful 'Lalage' as the swan-like yacht gracefully rose and fell, and seemed to courtesy to the bright waves that sought to disturb her at her moorings. And when they came to the very end of the Parade and had to turn, Lady Nelly swept round like a teetotum, so that her flowing brown locks formed a halo round her face, and their rich auburn tint flashed in Tom Lynwood's eyes as they floated between the sun and him. Altogether he never spent such a delightful half-hour in his life, and was in a perfect thrill of happiness by the time Bella Milroy found it necessary to declare the time for luncheon had arrived.

'I am afraid almost to ask you in, Mr. Lynwood,' she said; 'I don't know whether we have anything to offer you.'

'Except bread-and-butter and jam,' put in Lady Nelly; 'you can eat bread and jam, Mr. Lynwood?'

'Haw, yes; sure I can. Anything would be delightful in—with—'

'Go on, Mr. Lynwood.' Lady Nelly laughed a little maliciously; but Mr. Lynwood blushed and was silent as he contemplated the failure of his compliment.

'We shall be delighted to take our chance, Miss Milroy, if you meant to include me.'

'Oh, of course, Mr. Dawson.'

And the whole party went upstairs.

Mrs. Milroy received the gentlemen very graciously, and, while the girls were upstairs arranging their hair, managed with well-bred ease to find out all necessary particulars regarding Kenelm Dawson's family and so forth. Tom Lynwood lounged on a chair by one of the open windows, musing on the beauties of Lady Nelly's person and mind—which latter seemed the more wonderful as he could not understand them—but yet unable to prevent his vagrant eyes from following every pretty face, or natty figure, that passed on the Parade below.

With the usual art of a fond mamma, Mrs. Milroy managed to place her daughter beside Tom Lynwood at lunch, leaving Lady Nelly to the care of Kenelm Dawson. The bread-and-butter and jam that had been threatened turned out to be an elegant though light lunch, and under its influence the whole party got on in first-rate style. Bella Milroy came out very strong—unusually strong for her—even succeeding after a while in partially consoling for a time her large neighbour for his affliction in being on the opposite side of the table to Lady Nelly. She flattered and pleased him by talking about and praising the beautiful 'Lalage,' declaring her great desire for a constant succession of cruises in that wondrous craft. She even delicately congratulated him on his success with her cousin, but in such a graceful and half-concealed way that he experienced the pleasure without knowing the cause. Kenelm Dawson and Lady Nelly were in high spirits. They seemed to grow intimate all at once, and to know many mutual acquaintances whose appearances and characters they pulled to pieces with great energy and amusement. If Lady Nelly was charming on the Parade with Tom Lynwood, she was twice as charming in the parlour with Dawson, while he was beyond doubt greatly pleased with her brilliant style, her frank, almost childish, fund of merriment, and her sparkling high spirits. Bella Milroy put this down as the result of the

waltzing reminiscences of Lewarch Castle; but Tom Lynwood, with a dreary foreboding of evil, almost cursed himself towards the close of the repast with his folly in introducing such a 'dashed clever fellow' to the society of his mistress.

With the eagle eye of a general sweeping the field of battle, Mrs. Milroy saw that it would not do to allow Lynwood to fall into a state of despair all at once, lest perchance he should take himself off in disgust from Cowes; so she cleverly sounded bugles of retreat and let the men understand that it was time to make their bow.

'Dash it all, Dawson! I did not ask you to come down for that,' remonstrated Lynwood, as the two gained the deck of the 'Lalage.' (From Mrs. Milroy's house to the landing-slip was only a few yards, and Tom had had to bottle up his wrath while being rowed to the yacht.)

'For what?' Dawson's face could be perfectly expressionless when its master chose.

'For what? For humbugging about Lady Nelly the way you were all lunch-time!' Dawson opened his eyes wide.

'My dear fellow, did you not tell me I was to flirt with her so that you might spoon with Bella Milroy?'

'Bella Milroy be hanged! I never mentioned her name.'

'I'll swear you did, at the Falerian that day. You said she was a "devilish handsome girl," "deuced nice little thing." Why, you never mentioned Lady Nelly at all, and I had no idea who the "other girl" was.'

'Of course I meant Lady Nelly; any one but a muff would have known that.'

'Thank you for nothing. However, there is no harm done, only pray be more explicit next time. Let us slip our moorings and run down to Ryde and see what's going on there.'

A month had glided by, and the honourable Tom Lynwood found himself in a most unhappy frame of mind. He was as much in love with Lady Nelly as he could be

with any one, but the whole affair seemed beset with difficulties. Kennelm Dawson had found out that the merry little lady had been already bartered away by her fond parents to a rickety marquis, at present trying to regain his shattered health at the German baths, and that Mrs. Milroy had been a party to the bargain. When Lynwood heard this he was half-frantic with rage, and howled and stamped about the deck of the 'Lalage' until his skipper and crew had almost just foundations for their supposition that their master was either drunk or mad.

'But what shall I do, Dawson? What can I do to save her from such an infamous marriage?'

'Don't know, I'm sure; better go away, I should say.'

'Go to the —; why should I go away? I'm sure she would sooner have me than that knock-kneed little *roué*.'

Dawson suggested that he should propose if he thought so, but he greatly feared that Mrs. Milroy would spirit Lady Nelly home to her parents if she heard of it. Indeed, that lady would have gone home long ago—she was beginning to smell a rat—had not Lynwood, by Dawson's advice, paid considerable attention to Miss Bella so as to induce her mother to hope that he had serious thoughts of proposing to that young lady. Bella had accepted Tom's awkward and constrained attentions *con amore*, and, indeed, had so agreeably reciprocated them, that the worthy gentleman would certainly have fallen head over heels in love with her were it not for the first passion that engrossed his heart. What made it worse for poor Lynwood was, that in all this trouble and turmoil of mind he was going through, Lady Nelly—though joining in all the picnics and yachting excursions with great glee—never seemed in the least put out, or to understand that he was suffering, but on the contrary, was as merry as a bird, and fluttered and chirruped about with unflagging spirits. Bella Milroy, the sly and the demure, watched all, noted all, bided the event with

a praiseworthy patience that did her infinite credit, and accepted the attentions freely lavished on her by both gentlemen with calmness and grand equanimity of soul.

At last, Tom Lynwood could stand the suspense no longer; he was getting pale and thin under the unwonted mental excitement, and resolved to bring matters to a crisis. A pic-nic had been arranged across the water to the New Forest, and at that, Tom made up his mind, he would meet his fate. The girls dressed alike in the most *recherché* of yachting costumes. Bella looked pretty and *piquante*, but Lady Nelly was divine. Her dress was intensely nautical, and none but an unusually good-looking girl could wear it with effect. A blue-striped shirt with large rolling collar and black silk necktie in a sailor's knot. A blue cloth jacket with gilt naval buttons; a close-fitting short skirt of blue serge trimmed with white cord; and canvas *bottines* of the neatest possible make. A broad leather belt and gold clasp confined the waist, and in it was stuck a man-o'-war's-man's knife of the regulation pattern, slung round the fair neck by a plaited cord lanyard, such as the blue-jackets always wear. A saucy little glazed hat was perched daintily on the auburn-tinted locks, and completed the fascinating costume.

Tom Lynwood could hardly contain himself during the passage across the Solent, the more especially as he was on 'duty' with Bella Milroy, and was obliged to allow Dawson the pleasure of Lady Nelly's intimate companionship during the whole voyage. At last the 'Lalage' completed her voyage. Her anchor was let go, and the party got into the boat to seek out a pleasant forest nook for the picnic.

Dawson had agreed to mislead Mrs. Milroy and Bella—the latter was perfectly well aware of what was going on—and Tom Lynwood easily found an opportunity of saying with much blundering, stammering, and blushing, the oft-rehearsed speech declaring his love.

'Marry you, Mr. Lynwood?' Lady Nelly actually had the cruelty

to burst out laughing in his face. 'Why, I thought you knew I was engaged?'

The Honourable Thomas Lynwood was fairly nonplussed. He could have understood anything but this. He had expected blushes, confusion, perhaps indignation and passion-tears. Fellows had told him one of these latter was the usual temper in which ladies received such declarations; but to be laughed at! he had never heard of such a thing. But Lady Nelly was too kindhearted (?) to torture him by her fun, so she told him; and presently became grave, and said he must be aware that her friends had made other arrangements for her.

'But, Lady Nelly, you—you don't care for the other man, do you?'

She could hardly help laughing again, but she controlled herself, hung down her head, and commenced plucking at the tassel of her parasol as she told him, in delicate language, that she did not care for either of them. Honest Tom Lynwood thought he saw signs of relenting, and urged her with the hackneyed plea that she might in time come to love him. Then she said gravely and earnestly she was quite sure she never could, and warned him not to deceive himself. But he urged her more and more, until at last—rather to his astonishment—she consented to marry him provided it could be done secretly. In a rapture he tried to kiss her; but this she positively would not allow, and insisted on joining her aunt. And so ended the strange courtship.

'I congratulate you, my dear fellow; you are deuced lucky, and ought to be the happiest man in England,' said Dawson that night, as they sat on the deck of the 'Lalage,' in the calm starlight, and watched the twinkling lamps in the houses of Cowes. 'Deuced queer girl, though, to take it the way she did; and 'pon my honour I don't see why it should be secret.'

'Her family would kick up the devil and all of a shindy if they had to throw little FitzAlban over, while now, if they know nothing of it, he cannot blame the old people.'

So the two went into a committee of ways and means, and it was settled that the banns might be put up. Lady Nelly would not consent to be married except in this old-fashioned style—at Southampton, and no one be a bit the wiser. Lynwood could do the necessary residence without exciting suspicion, by taking the 'Lalage' over on pretence of having her copper cleaned; and, finally, Dawson thought that Bella Milroy might be safely taken into confidence on the matter.

'But why? why, Dawson? she is safe to tell her mother, and then there will be the deuce to pay and no pitch hot.'

'Not she; I don't mind telling you, Tom, that she and I understand one another. I'll make it all safe; don't be afraid.'

And after a refreshing brandy and soda, the two went below to their berths.

A lovely August morning, and the bright blue waters of the Solent glittering again as they foamed and danced and broke into tiny wavelets under the influence of a brisk breeze that came up sharp and fresh from the Needles. The 'Lalage' lay at her moorings opposite the Royal Squadron Clubhouse. She had come over the night previous from Southampton, bearing three notes from her owner, who had stayed behind. One was for Mrs. Milroy, requesting her to make use of the yacht whenever she pleased, under the care of his friend, Mr. Dawson, and stating that the writer was unfortunately detained in Southampton by urgent business for a day or two. One was for Dawson, himself, who was staying at the Gloucester Hotel on the Parade, and contained the third, which was of course for the bride elect—Lady Nelly—and was to be delivered as soon as possible. Dawson's ran as follows:—

'MY DEAR KENELM,—Be sure you are in time to-morrow. The girls can easily send a line by a waterman, that will keep the old woman quiet—"out for a walk, and tempted by the fine day to go with Mr. Dawson for a cruise"—any-

thing of that sort will do. If the wind fails or goes wrong, come by steamer. I have the parsons and all that ready this side. Now, mind, don't make a bungle of it. After the job, Nelly and I can start per train for Devonshire. Don't you think it would be as well if you and Miss Milroy were to get spliced at the same time? There will be deuce's own row when Mrs. M. hears of it, and Cowes will be too hot for you. They tell me you could get turned off by special license—only a guinea, and I don't mind standing it for all your kindness—or by the registrar, which costs a shilling. Whatever you do, don't muddle things.

'Yours sincerely,

'T. LYNWOOD.

*'To Kenelm Dawson, Esq.,
Gloucester Hotel.'*

'Are you not well, Bella, dear?' asked Mrs. Milroy that morning, as she noticed her daughter's pale face at the breakfast-table. (Lady Nelly was flushed.)

'I have a headache, mamma; I didn't sleep well.'

'You should keep quiet to-day, dear, and not go out.'

Lady Nelly looked dismayed for a moment, and her colour went; but she found fresh courage, and said, 'Oh, Aunt Clare! I am sure the very best thing for her would be a good brisk walk after breakfast.'

'Yes, mamma; Nelly and I will go for a stroll. The fresh air will do me good.'

'Well, dear, be careful; I can't go with you, I have some accounts to do.'

A great load was taken off the minds of both girls at this declaration, and soon afterwards they went up to get ready for their walk.

Kenelm Dawson was waiting for them impatiently. He led them round the front of the club and placed them in the 'Lalage's' boat. Soon they reached the yacht, got hurriedly on deck, and went below for fear Mrs. Milroy should be looking through her glasses from the window and see them.

'Slip the moorings and stand over towards Southampton, Withers,' said Dawson to the skipper.

'Ay, ay, sir!' and the 'Lalage' had soon spread her snow-white wings, and was careering along as she lay over to the fresh sou'-west-erly breeze.

About noon Mrs. Milroy began to get a little anxious about the girls, and sent Larkin, the maid, to look along the Prince's Green and bring them home. In about an hour the maid returned; she had not seen them. Then Mrs. Milroy sent over to the Gloucester to know if Mr. Dawson was in his rooms. No; he had left immediately after breakfast, and the head waiter rather thought he had gone out yachting with some ladies. Foolish girls! said Mrs. Milroy, no doubt he had persuaded them to go with him. However, it could not be helped now, and she would read them a good lecture on their return. So the worthy lady sat down to her lunch at half-past two—the usual hour—and consoled herself afterwards, as was her habit, with a pious book and a doze. She woke up with a start, as a thundering knock came at the door. Lynwood ran up stairs, his eyes flaming with excitement, and his whole air disordered.

'Where—where is Lady Nelly, Mrs. Milroy?'

'Nelly—Bella—why they went out after breakfast, and I have not seen them since.' She was frightened by his wild manner.

'With whom?'

'By themselves. But, for God's sake, Mr. Lynwood, what has happened?' and the poor worldly woman began to sob from terror.

'I know no more than the dead. I expected them with Dawson at Southampton by ten or eleven.'

'Dawson—you expected them? What does it all mean?'

Another knock at the door; but this time timid and feeble. The mother and Lynwood rushed down stairs. They met Bella entering, pale as death, and tottering as though she would fall.

'Bella, my darling, darling girl! what has happened?'

But Bella, when she saw Lynwood's convulsed face, staggered and dropped in her mother's arms in a faint. They dragged her into

the parlour, and set to work reviving her. After a long while she came to, but a good hour had elapsed before she was sufficiently recovered to tell a coherent tale. In fact she was unwilling to tell it, as it was one that had, in part, to be composed as she went along. Her story, brought out in gaps and piecemeal, and driving Lynwood nearly crazy by the delays in its utterance, was to this effect. Mr. Dawson had persuaded them—she did not think Nelly was so deceitful—to go with him for a cruise. They had started, going towards Southampton. When half-way across, the yacht had been put about, and they bore up for Ryde. Nelly had changed her manner altogether, and behaved very strangely with Mr. Dawson. At Ryde Pier they agreed to land and have lunch at an hotel, after amusing themselves on the pier. To her astonishment, a carriage and four was waiting at the end of the pier—they said they were going to get married (a great groan from Lynwood interrupted her). They asked her to go with them. She refused. They drove off up the town, and she came back by the next boat. And at this stage—to avoid possible unpleasantness—Miss Bella resolved to, and did, go off in a second faint.

The fierceness of Tom Lynwood's rage may not be described in words. He nearly choked with his passion. He stamped up and down the parlour, heedless of Mrs. Milroy's wailings over her poor Bella's state. (The sly puss was only malingering this time, but dread of Lynwood's questioning her too closely prevented her recovery.) Tom forgot himself entirely, and commenced to curse and swear at the vile duplicity of Dawson, Lady Nelly, and all; and finally, driven nearly crazy by some crumbs of consolation that Mrs. Milroy offered him, in the intervals of her attendance on her daughter, to the effect that it might all be for the best, and that he was well rid of such an atrociously deceitful minx, he banged violently out of the house; and Bella Milroy instantly recovered.

He heard a steamboat whistling as he gained the Parade; mechani-

cally looked at his watch; found it was past four; and dimly remembered that the Southampton boat started about then. He jumped into a waterman's punt; caught the steamer as she emerged from the river, and reached the mainland in due course. In a sort of walking-dream, he packed up his things, paid his hotel bill, left a note for his skipper, ordering him to have the yacht dismantled, and took the evening mail for town. The next night he found himself in Paris, wandering about like an uneasy spirit, seeking rest and finding none.

In about a month's time he found he had almost recovered from the shock of his disappointment, and was able with tolerable composure to open a letter from Kenelm Dawson, that had been forwarded from his London address. It ran as follows:

'DEAR OLD TOM,

'Pray forgive us—Nelly and myself—for any pain we may have caused you. It was cruel, perhaps, *but we could not help it*. We had been in love with one another for a long time—ever since the picnic at Lewarch Castle, which you may have heard us speak of. With my small means, of course her family would never consent to our marriage; and I was only tolerated about the Cheltenham house until some wealthier man came to the front. The Marquis of FitzAlban did so, and I received my *congé*. I hung about the premises still, until old Lord De Proser—may his gout never be less!—couldn't stand it any longer, and secretly despatched Nelly off to Bangor. Mrs. Milroy was asked to take her away somewhere for the summer to destroy the trail, but was not told anything of me, for fear of her gossiping tongue. Fancy the astonishment

and delight of Nelly and myself, when, through your unintentionally kind offices, we were brought together at Cowes. Now, old boy, I'll ask you, would you not have done what I did under the circumstances? I am sure you would; and am equally sure you will forgive us when you come to look the matter coolly in the face. Our banns were put up at Northwood, two miles and a half from Cowes, and the parish church, where we were well aware none of the fashionable people ever went, at the same time yours were at Southampton, and so we were safe. We drove over there from Ryde; got spliced, doubled back to Ryde, and thence to Devonshire, where we well knew you would *not* go after your disappointment. We calculated on persuading Bella Milroy to accompany us to Northwood, but she would not. A private soldier from Parkhurst, who was passing at the time, consented to give Nelly away in consideration of a pint of beer, and his comrade acted as my "best man." So all was according to regulation. Now don't be in the blues, old man, about this little disappointment; there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it—and Bella Milroy is a charming girl.

'Yours, ever sincerely,

'KENELM DAWSON.

'Honourable Tom Lynwood.'

Tom Lynwood did not know that Miss Milroy had been acquainted with the secret of Dawson and Lady Nelly from a very early date after the first meeting at Cowes, until he had been married some little time, when Bella graciously informed her delighted husband that she had all along marked him down for herself, and took what she considered the best means to secure her prey.

J. L.



A ROMANCE OF THE RAILWAY.

OPINIONS considerably varied respecting Mr. Blogue, or the Old Bloke, as he was more familiarly termed in the social circle. Blogue's admirers maintained that he was a 'Thinker,' and a philosopher, and a man of recondite and curious research. Blogue had a large telescope ostentatiously displayed at one of his front windows, and it is also undeniable that he used to attend the annual meetings of the British Association, on which fact especially he founded an inordinate amount of conceit and presumption for the rest of the year. He once read a paper before them on the nasal peculiarities of the Man in the Moon, or something like it, I believe, for I am happy to say that I don't know much about bosh of that sort. Also Blogue was very great in a morning walk, or at a small evening party, and if he took up a stone, or examined a flower, or noticed a star, he immediately confused people's minds with long words and surrounded himself with a *nimbus* of false glory. When you entered the room which the Old Bloke pretentiously called a study—it ought much more properly to be called a smoking-room—you saw bits of papers stuck above the mantelpiece announcing the meetings of different learned societies. He had quite an accumulation of letters of the alphabet after his name, which were utterly meaningless to any sane mind. Still there were very many persons, and sensible people too, who considered that Blogue was little better than an artful scoundrel. As I know Blogue very well, and may venture to speak with the pure candour of friendship, I will admit freely that I strongly lean to the artful scoundrel theory.

It so happens that I have a season ticket between London and Seacombe. I am supposed to reside at Seacombe, and to come up to town daily for my business; but as the journey to Seacombe is rather a long journey, as a matter of fact I reside quite as much in the metropolis as at the seaside. Blogue does not reside

at Seacombe, neither did he possess a season ticket thither; but for all that he is perpetually coming up to Seacombe on some frivolous and hypocritical pretence. But Blogue can never make the railway journey to Seacombe without committing some ridiculous blunder. Blogue's friends say that he is a genius, and speak of his absence of mind; but absence of mind is only an ingenious excuse for some form of swindling or other. I know as a matter of fact that at Smith's book-stall—I should not like the matter to be mentioned, but it has come under my own observation—Blogue once absconded down the platform with a 'Times' unpaid for, which, I think, points to his being a scoundrel. And when he patted Smith's boy on the head and gave him a shilling, and said he would forget to take the change, this is merely hush-money, which proves that he is not only a scoundrel, but an artful scoundrel. The misadventures which Blogue commences on the platform accompany him through his journey. I have not the slightest objection, personally, to Blogue getting into as many rows as he pleases. I frankly admit that my *animus* towards Blogue, as the lawyers call it, is by no means of a most friendly description. I am rather pleased than otherwise that Blogue should get into scrapes, and, so far as I am concerned, he may stop in them as long as he likes; but the annoying thing, the damaging and irritating thing, the intensely unfair and ungentlemanly thing, is that when Blogue gets into a scrape he always insists that I shall help him out of it.

I impale Blogue upon the horns of a dilemma. A man who is a practically scientific man cannot commit practical blunders in daily life. If he claims to be such and still commits them he is an imbecile. If he is really such, and yet deliberately commits them, why he must be a scoundrel. Some time ago, when I was going down one day to Seacombe, I reconnoitred the car-

riages carefully before taking my seat. It is all very well for your inexperienced traveller to make a rush at the first carriage when he sees a dozen open. For my own part, I was never so late that I could not walk leisurely down the platform, and, as the Old Bloke would say, 'take an observation.' And let me tell you that when you come to spend a considerable part of this mortal existence in railway carriages, it becomes a very serious consideration whether you sit opposite to pretty and pleasant faces on the converse side. Now I had noticed in a first-class carriage a very pretty and pleasant face, and I had mentally determined that it should be my *vis-à-vis* down to Seacombe. I had hardly seated myself comfortably, and the train was just going to start, when Blogue walked into the carriage, or, more properly, tumbled into it all fours, after the manner of a polar bear. Blogue asserted that his object was to ask me about some news that had come by telegram from India, sent by some astronomers about an eclipse of the sun. He said the telegram was not clear, and he thought I understood something about telegrams, which I don't. That is Blogue's assertion, however, which you may take at its value, whatever that value may be. I can very soon assign a proper value to this sort of pretences. Will anything ever convince me that Blogue hadn't seen that pretty girl's face, and obtruded himself where he obviously wasn't wanted? When I remonstrated with Blogue he denied it of course, and said he was shortsighted, feebly pointing to his spectacles. I didn't examine the spectacles, but I am strongly of the opinion that they are plain ordinary glass. But I again impale Blogue on the horns of a dilemma. I may not be a man of science, but I am a logician, as is every man of sense. Either those spectacles must be of plain ordinary glass or they must be real spectacles. In the first case he would see as well as other men; in the second case he would see better than other men. And when he began to talk about that telegram,

how the fellow did rattle on. He talked of red flames in the sun, and fiery mountains of gas there seventy miles high, and bits of the sun as large as the earth tumbling into each other's places every five minutes, and substances the same and substances not the same in the stars and in the earth. How that fellow's tongue did rattle on, monopolising the conversation in a most ungentlemanly way. And when I tried to give a more enlivening turn to the conversation by talking about the pantomimes, the lady actually asked him what a spectroscope was like.

When we had got into Seacombe a man came round to collect the tickets. Blogue, artful scoundrel, gave up his with a most unfaltering manner. Presently the ticket-collector says—

'One of you three parties have been travelling in a first-class carriage with only a second-class ticket.'

'I don't think it's me,' said Blogue.

'It's not me,' said the young lady, showing her return ticket.

'It's not me,' said I, showing my season ticket.

I promise you the Old Bloke was looking jolly uncomfortable.

'It's just like one of my stupid ways, ticket-collector,' said he.

'Just so, sir,' said the ticket-collector, 'but I must trouble you for two and ninepence, the difference.'

'Oh dear! oh dear!' said the Old Bloke, feeling in his pockets in the most imbecile way, 'I haven't got any silver about me.'

'Perhaps you had better step into the office and speak to the police inspector. I dare say he would let you leave your watch.'

'It's all right,' said Blogue. 'Let me refer you to my friend Mr. Robinson—Mr. Robinson of the Square and of the Stock Exchange—everybody knows him.'

I was strongly tempted, just as a lark, to say that I only had a distant knowledge of him as a member of the swell mob, but he looked so piteous that I couldn't do it, and I said I would make it right.

'I'm very much afraid, Robinson, says the Bloke, 'that I must trouble you to lend me two and ninepence,

or change me a fifty-pound note.' The sight of the fifty-pound note quite galvanised the ticket-collector.

Just then a porter came up, grinning. 'That there gent,' he says, 'often gets out of a third-class carriage with a first-class ticket in his pocket.'

What did the Old Bloke do when he got out of the carriage but change his 'fifty' and buy a first-class season ticket. 'I can't make a mistake then,' he says, 'and the Company's so precious hard up, that it is quite a charity to 'em to do it.'

It is this sort of thing which gives Bogue's scoundrelism its peculiarly artful character.

I met that girl several times going down to Seacombe, and I wondered very much who she could be. I set a fellow on to make some inquiries, and with all his precious talk about the spectroscope, Bogue wouldn't have the sense to think of that. She was a Miss Williams, I found; that she had a very free and independent way of her own in travelling down to Seacombe, but she had also a free and independent fortune of her own, which perhaps accounted for it. There was a relation of hers that was ill at Seacombe that she went down to see.

Old Bloke went down to Seacombe about this time a good deal. I took no notice of it at the time, for I naturally thought that having bought a season ticket he rode on the line out of aggravation, wishing to get the worth of his money out of the Company; but I think I see deeper now into his artful scoundrelism. It is my belief that, while I was busy on 'Change, the fellow used to lounge about the railway station and travel by any train by which she was travelling.

One day I caught him at this little game. I got into the carriage where Miss Williams was, and there was another lady there, starch and savage-like, I assure you.

'You are not afraid to travel by yourself,' I ventured to observe to Miss Williams.

The savage-looking woman produced a loaded pistol. 'I always take care to be able to protect my-

self from insult,' she said, and returned the pistol into her pocket.

The lady's keen instinct had evidently detected the awful scoundrelism of Bogue's character.

But wasn't I frightened just by the pistol! At the very next station I got out and went into another carriage. I thought Miss Williams would have got out as well, but she sat still and Bogue sat by her.

I hoped to hear afterwards that the savage girl had assassinated Bogue, or given him in charge of the police, or that her pistol had gone off with an explosion that at least had smashed his sham spectacles; but all I heard afterwards was that Miss Williams was greatly indebted to him for his courage in staying to protect her from a possible lunatic.

If Bogue thought his railway troubles were to end by taking that season ticket, he was a very sanguine individual. His troubles were not to end, and—what is much more to the purpose—neither were mine.

About four o'clock in the morning I was knocked up by a policeman (bribed) to come to the station-house, and bail the Old Bloke out.

The facts of the case were these:—Bogue of course gave a plausible colouring to them. Bogue says that, as a rule, the tickets were given up before you came to the platform, and that after they were collected the train moved on the remaining short distance to its destination. On this night, however, the tickets were not collected till the train was actually by the platform. Bogue showed his ticket, and then quietly settled himself until the train should move on to the platform. What added to Bogue's mistaken impression was that his carriage being the last carriage, he allowed abundant time for collecting the rest of the tickets, and also being in the gloom strengthened his impression that the terminus was not reached. It happened that night that the porter had searched every carriage except the last carriage, which was out of cover and in the rain.

This is mainly Bogue's 'state-

ment.' Those who don't know Blogue may believe it if they like. The policeman told me that Blogue was in custody for burglariously breaking out of the Company's premises, and also was under the suspicion of having committed a felony in stealing some of the fittings of a first-class carriage.

I do not, on the whole, feel inclined to think that Blogue had deliberately secreted himself under the seat of a first-class carriage with the intention of committing a felony; but poor human nature, we know, is weak, and he may have guiltily yielded to any sudden impulse or strong temptation to do the thing that isn't right. I am afraid that the officer enveloped his conduct in the darkest suspicions that can never be satisfactorily cleared up.

I found Blogue at the station-house, strongly asseverating his very doubtful innocence. According to his statement, he had sat quietly in the carriage, waiting till all the tickets should be collected and the train drawn up to the platform. Blogue had dined in London, and philosophers can make as heavy a dinner as ordinary men, and gradually he fell into a gentle doze, dreaming, I suppose, that he had got out of the carriage, taken a cab, and gone home to bed. The carriages of the train, a short time after their arrival, had been shunted off the line and taken under a shed covering. Still the unconscious Blogue snored on. He awoke about three o'clock in the morning, feeling slightly chilly, unable to draw the blankets around him as usual, and missing his wonted liberty of action for his arms and legs. Gradually a sense of his situation dawned upon him. His first inane act was to put his head out of window, and shout to know what station it was. There was no one who answered, and Blogue then struck a fusee, and burnt up a 'Bradshaw,' in order to shed some light on the obscure and complicated situation in which he found himself. On the whole it seems to have been a mercy that Blogue did not set himself and the station on fire. Blogue said that—as is pretty uniformly the case with

Mr. Gladstone—three courses of action distinctly presented themselves to him. The first of them was to shout 'Thieves!' and 'Murder!' at the top of his voice; the second was to turn round and go to sleep again till he was called; the third was to quickly make his way from where he was to his lodgings. On the whole Blogue decided that this last step was the one which he should do best to adopt.

On the whole, however, Blogue discovered that this last was much more easily resolved on than accomplished. When he got out of the carriage he found that he had to thread his way amid a wilderness of other carriages. Then Blogue had to make the discovery that a railway station is, after all, not a public thoroughfare, but is ordinarily enclosed by high and strong walls. Blogue manfully climbed the wall, with a good deal of agility; but as soon as he had made his head visible above the level, he was seized by the calves of his legs by a night watchman, and manfully pulled down. Blogue's only resource was to proffer his season ticket, which the watchman refused to look at, or even to believe in. He sounded a whistle, and a policeman coming up, he handed him over to the secular arm. Then, with the utmost impudence, he gave me as a referee and guarantee of his respectability, and insisted that I should be knocked up in the middle of the night, and come down to the police-station to effect his deliverance from the strong grasp of the law.

My own opinion, on the *prima facie* evidence, very strongly was that Blogue ought to receive a week's incarceration before we entered more minutely into the merits of the case. I affectionately inquired whether his hair had been cropped, and whether he had received his first turn at the treadmill. He had produced his card and that scoundrelly season ticket, and I was only called upon to give evidence as to his identity. This I did without much hesitation, and I also generously urged upon the inspector, that in the absence of more definite evidence of a felony,

it was hardly likely that a magistrate would convict him. The inspector mercifully took this lenient view, and Blogue was accordingly discharged with a suitable caution and monition not to do it again. I had expected that Blogue would have become the subject of conversation throughout the kingdom, and have been an object of universal ridicule; but the morning papers—probably because it had been omitted to knock up the reporters—did not notice these remarkable circumstances.

But I have now got to relate the final and crowning act of Blogue's scoundrelism.

I have already mentioned that I had ascertained, not without trouble and expense, that the name of this young lady, who at this date was so often visiting Seacombe, was Miss Williams. I had also instructed a confidential agent to go to Doctors' Commons, and peruse the will of her father, from which I had ascertained that she possessed an exceedingly comfortable independency. Since that time I had bent all my energies towards obtaining an introduction to her. I was a bachelor, of matured years, with a handsomely-furnished house of my own, that only waited for the appearance of its mistress. I had fondly hoped that, under the circumstances, this interesting appearance would shortly be put in. I had always heard that a solvent bachelor would not have long to wait; but I cannot say that my own experience is very confirmatory of this statement. With an immense deal of difficulty and pains I had managed to obtain a formal introduction to Miss Williams. I am afraid even now to think upon the subserviency, and flattery, and expense through which I had to go in order to achieve this necessary point; but I was at last introduced—a fact which I kept profoundly dark from Blogue—and I was not only introduced, but I was to meet her at a luncheon party at Mrs. Wilmering's, in Regency Square.

It was a very good lunch, muscatel grapes, plovers' eggs, and

Moselle, when I declare to you that all my appetite was taken away, and you might have knocked me off my chair with a feather, when a servant announced Mr. Blogue, and the spectacled visage of Blogue shone upon us.

I noticed that there was a little awkwardness for a moment; but Mrs. Wilmering was very graceful and hospitable, and Blogue seized a vacant chair by the side of Miss Williams, and cracked plovers' eggs, and partook of Moselle with the utmost amount of dignity consistent with a keen appetite.

Blogue rattled away in his usual impudent style, and was soon up among the heavenly bodies, and told all sorts of stories about the excursions made by the British Association, and the beast, as usual, monopolized the conversation, and did not allow me to say a word for myself.

But I think I nearly fainted away when I heard Mrs. Wilmering say to him after lunch—

'I am sure, sir, we are very happy to see you here, and are much obliged to you for your excellent company; but I really don't know your name, or what may have procured me the honour of this visit.'

The look of petrification which Blogue put on indicated the most extraordinary command of the facial muscles—

'The note of invitation, madam,' returned Blogue, 'which I received from a friend of my brother (who is in Australia), asking me to lunch, Mrs. Wilmering.'

Here Blogue handed over a small scented note. I immediately seized the note, and examined it. Old as my acquaintance with Blogue was—and we had been schoolfellows—I was prepared to denounce him on the spot as a forger.

It was from Mrs. Wilmerding, 53, Regent Street, instead of Mrs. Wilmering, 53, Regency Square.

'You see, madam,' said Blogue, 'the handwriting, since I know it is not yours, I may venture to call very bad. I thought it was Regent Street; but as there was the Seacombe postmark, I read it as Regency Square.'

'They must have posted it at Seacombe,' said Mrs. Wilmering. 'I am sorry that your friends in town should be disappointed; but I confess I am very glad of the mischance that has helped my little party so much.'

'But, madam,' said Bogue, 'let me be introduced in due form. I see I have an old friend here, Mr. Robinson, a neighbour of yours, who will be delighted to do the honours. Robinson, my dear old friend, introduce a humble F.R.S. And introduce me to this young lady, too,' added the brute, turning towards Miss Williams, 'as I see you possess the pleasure, which I have long desired, of being personally acquainted with her.'

I could desire to choke Bogue, but I only felt choked myself—with varying emotions.

Didn't the Old Bloke travel up and down the line after that, so long as Miss Williams used to visit her relations—while I was in the City.

At last I got a letter from him to say that his little romance was to terminate by his marrying Miss Williams, and that he had some thoughts of celebrating his honeymoon by going out to the Himalayas to observe an eclipse of the sun.

He may, possibly, be a man of science, but I leave it to the candid reader whether he is not also an artful scoundrel?

CLAUDE ARTHUR.

INFRINGING THE BYE-LAWS.

A Railway Misadventure.

MY first vacation at Cambridge—a short one—was just commencing. The last of my companions had set off for the railway station, on the top of one of the many heavily-laden omnibuses which, fringed with hat-boxes, swayed from side to side beneath the seemingly unlimited weight of 'men' and luggage. As soon as they were gone an overpowering feeling of dulness came over me. The usual bustle and excitement of university life had suddenly ceased; and as I returned to my rooms, and passed through the grim old college-gate, I felt like one friendless and forsaken.

For some time I sat brooding over the fire, with my chin upon my hands and my feet upon the hobs of my grate, till the entrance of the 'gyp' who waited on me interrupted my meditations,—'Oh, sir, a-hem! Beg pardon, sir,' he began, 'you were not at hall to-day, sir, and the Dean sent word to ask whether you would be going down, sir; you must call on him before chapel about it, sir.'

In obedience to the message, I tapped at the Dean's door at the time appointed, and having received permission to enter, found that he

entertained the greatest possible objection to my remaining in residence. He was bent, it seemed to me, on clearing out all the undergraduates, so as to release himself from the duty of keeping his watchful eye upon their doings. In vain, for a long while, did I plead that, living in the north of Scotland, it was a great hardship to compel me to return home for only a few weeks. He was hard to convince, and though I had never incurred his displeasure, he affected to believe that my unwillingness to 'go down' must proceed from the basest of motives. Whether he thought I had my eye on the college plate, or what, I could not tell. At last he yielded an ungracious permission—subject to the following conditions, that I obtained the recommendation of my college tutor, and did not miss a chapel, nor a hall, the whole time, and further that I should act as lesson reader. 'For,' he added, 'you must not expect to spend a vacation in sloth and idleness, sir, and the college will require the utmost regularity on your part.' To all this I made no objection; to be sentenced to eat my dinner regularly every day without fail, and to officiate as reader, were

no punishments to me; and the thought of quitting my monastic cell did not occur to me till I received a letter in the evening. It came from a college friend who had a few days before gone down to London (every place is 'down' from 'the university'). His style of writing was not elegant, and somewhat laconic; it ran thus:—'Dear Ken—Coach 2 valuable pups? If so, 10 min. interview with me at Melford Station to-morrow morning. Yours, Dil.'

This was unexpected and certainly perplexing. On referring to my Bradshaw, I found that Melford was a roadside station, at which few trains stopped, and if I was to meet Dil. (or rather Dillingworth) there in the morning, I must leave by the half-past eight omnibus. Now, morning chapel would be at that very time; it was at seven during term. Should I apply for 'an exeat?' No; my college tutor was ill; and the Dean not to be faced again that day, so I resolved to risk it; my quarter's supply of cash being at a very low ebb, Dill's bait was tempting; and I saw that I could be back in time for hall by the train which left Melford-road at two o'clock.

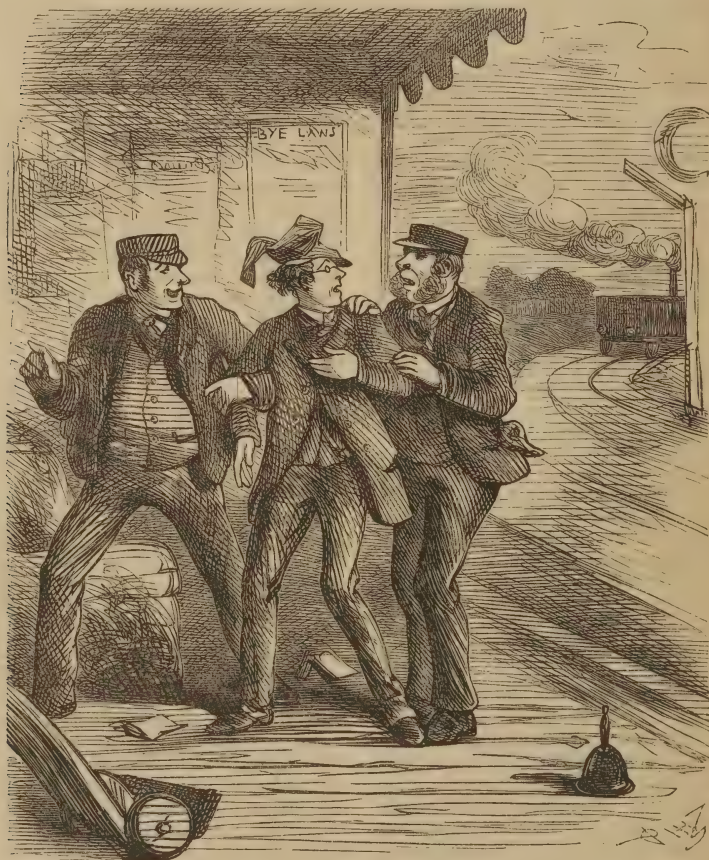
Next morning the stall below the Dean's was untenanted, and he who should have been its occupant, Kenneth Duff, was on his way to Melford. Stepping out at this latter place, Dill was found waiting my arrival. He told me that a neighbouring nobleman required a tutor for his boys for three or four weeks: Dill happening to be there on a visit of a few days, had recommended me. Melford Hall, he said, was only two miles off, and he would take me there if I wished. We went. Everything proved satisfactory, and then, as I was anxious to return by the two o'clock train, Dill and I, after an early luncheon, set out together for the station, declining the offer of a carriage that we might enjoy the longer chat. After having proceeded leisurely for rather more than a mile, my friend wished me good-bye, and returned towards Melford. Looking at my watch I found it wanted but ten minutes to two. So, quickening my steps, I trudged on

briskly. A turn in the road brought the station in sight, and, looking in the direction from which the train, now due, might be expected, I saw a distant patch of white smoke or steam. Hastening forward, I strode up the stairs, two at a time, that led to the station, and beheld the train gliding in towards the opposite side. Jumping down upon the line, I was about to cross when a voice warned me not to pass before the engine, accordingly going round the back of the train, I mounted the other platform, and, placing my hand on a carriage-door, was about to open it, the train by this time moving very slowly. 'Wait, sir!' cried a porter; 'don't you see the train is in motion?' I drew back, and the carriages passed on, and on; then it appeared as if the speed was increasing, instead of slackening; so, fearing that I should be left behind, I caught at the door-handle nearest to me; it was that of the last carriage. I was now at the end of the platform and the train was off! Acting more by impulse than by anything else, I jumped down beside the last carriage, and held on, trying to climb up and open the door; this, owing to the narrowness of the step, I was unable to accomplish. The speed was rapidly becoming greater, and the engine was giving steady pulls onward which were distinctly perceptible. Looking forward I saw a pile of rails in my way; giving a leap while they were yet at some distance, I was carried over them safely. Then I observed that the train was rushing in by a wall; so quitting my hold of the step, and running hard all the time, I succeeded in clutching the end buffer ere it passed me. Grasping it with both hands, I was now pulled along at the back of the train. The expression 'running' would not convey any idea of the exercise I had to undergo. Stride, stride, stride, stride, stride, my steps became 6, 8, 10 feet leaps in a few moments, and I felt my legs fail me as my feet came violently in contact with the ground every time. I feared to let go, but could not keep up at such a pace; so clinging for just a moment longer, I swung my-

self beneath the buffer, and then let go. I was rolled over and over like a ball.

Shouts of disapproval had all the while been in my ears, but now I felt half stunned. Scrambling to my feet as soon as possible, I commenced to run, and instantly fell over a sleeper. Upon this I per-

ceived that I had been following in the direction the train had gone, instead of seeking the station, but my brain was all in confusion. The hue and cry, however, becoming louder, recalled me to some sense of my position. Three or four railway men by this time had come up, and one of them collared me roughly.



'Come back, you sir,' said the man, 'no running away; you've just been and made a haccident of yourself as near as ever you could: won't *he* give it you?' With this I was hustled back to the station and confronted with the angry station-master, pen and paper in hand. 'What's your name this moment, sir?' demanded he in a pompous but preemptory

voice. 'Why do you ask?' I inquired. 'Why? because, sir, you have infringed the company's bye-laws; I have a summons all ready to issue against you, and you are to be punished for your wilful and malicious attempt to—to—,' and before I could possibly reply to this vague charge, he despatched three of my captors to the gates to prevent my

egress, till I should comply with all his demands. After a dialogue in which we mutually expressed indignation, each being 'astonished' at the other's conduct, we came to terms. He entered my name in the draft of a summons, and granted me my liberty, while I threatened that if he moved the company against me, I would bring an action for damages for loss of time, &c. &c., through his fault in not stopping the train for me. So we parted.

The Dean and my four o'clock hall now recurred to my thoughts; it was long past two, and on anxiously making inquiries I learnt that no train would be available before six.

As I passed out at the gate for a stroll, one of the men, seeing impatience written in my face, said in an undertone, 'If you don't mind infringing the bye-laws a bit more, try a luggage.' 'What's that you say?' I eagerly inquired. 'I ain't said nothing,' he rejoined, and walked away.

'Try a luggage!' I repeated to myself; 'Try a luggage!' and then his meaning flashed across my mind, and I resolved not to wander too far from the station. In about half an hour I observed that a luggage train had just come in: it was drawn up upon a siding; the man in charge was greasing the wheels of one of the vans, the station master had entered his office—I would try the luggage!

Crossing over to the man I said, 'Can I go with you?' He turned round, stared, said nothing, and then resumed his work. On my repeating the question, he uttered a decided no! He was evidently in a surly mood; so I left him, resolving to act for myself. Passing along the row of laden trucks, I reached the last van. This was half roofed over. While I was inspecting it a shriek from the engine told that it was starting. Without losing a moment I clambered up, and swinging myself in by a hand-rail, proceeded to explore the interior. The hinder portion of the van was not covered, but the front part was, and it was also closed up—all, except a doorway, by which it was entered from

the open part. Taking refuge in this somewhat close cabin, I found it rather dark at first, but on a long broad seat opposite the door lay a heap of coats, and a sort of horse-cloth, which I concluded belonged to my surly friend. Reclining upon these I awaited his arrival, for the train was rolling rapidly along, the engine puffing merrily; and now I began to congratulate myself on having left Melford in time after all.

On the whole, my new quarters were tolerably comfortable; they were snug and warm; while the wind outside was bitterly cold. My eyes becoming accustomed to the dimness of the place, several things which had not at first been visible began to attract my observation. A couple of jars and a black bottle stood in one corner; on the floor near them a railway-lamp, several oil-cans, and a small red flag; above them, on a shelf, three greasy-looking books in parchment covers, a small stone ink-bottle, some quill pens, a short clay pipe, and a tobacco-box. An unpleasant odour of oil and stale smoke and (as I could not help fancying) of spirit pervaded the place. These, with the exception of the latter, I should have expected to meet with. What was in the corner by the door it was not easy to determine. Once it seemed as if something moved. After some minutes had elapsed I leant forward to solve the mystery and caught hold of what appeared to be the folds of an overcoat. As I did so there was a little scream, and it was evident that I had discovered some one in hiding. Before my surprise had abated a scrambling overhead and a heavy thump upon the floor of the van outside the door announced that the surly man had arrived. In he came, just as we two concealed ones had come to this juncture. 'Hallo!' he shouted, 'what's this? Why, who the——' but before he could get any further, a little girl of about seven or eight years of age ran to him from the dark corner and held him by his coat. Looking at me angrily he asked, 'What do you want here? My name is Jabez Bull

—what's yours? 'Jabe' wants to know what you are here for.'

From his aspect and manner I now saw that, though anything but incapable, he had been imbibing freely, and was bent on mischief. Thinking that conciliation would be the best course for me to adopt, I answered him civilly; told him that I was his passenger, and willing to pay my fare; assured him that he should not be incommoded by me, and we would sit down together and be friendly. 'Will we?' he replied. 'Oh! indeed; passenger! Jabez's passenger, are you? Fare! Is that all?' 'Yes,' said I; 'what more do you require?' 'More? You are a director, I expect; a rascally intruding spy, come to see what's going on—come to turn out this child from my van! But no—it shan't be done. If I'm infringing the bye-laws, so are you; and you may as well break your own neck as give me the trouble of doing it. Over with you!' He pointed with mock majestic air to the side of the van. 'That's the way,' he said; 'take it!'

The train was now going very fast down a slight incline, and there was no one within call. Pretending, therefore, not to observe what he had just said, I took out my purse with the view of diverting his attention. 'Look here,' said I. 'What is the fare for riding in this comfortable van of yours? Shall I give you five sh—' With one stroke of his hand he had dashed my purse and all it contained far away across the line, and stamping upon the floor of the van he brandished his fists in my face and shouted, 'Fifty pounds! fifty pounds! or over you go like a cinder!'

The little girl now clung to him and, screaming with terror, begged him to be quiet; but he thrust her from him with a back stroke of his arm and sprang upon me: seizing me with his right hand by the side of the neck, with his left he thrust me back against the woodwork. He was a stalwart fellow and I was but slight. He had full advantage over me, and this he knew. I thought that I should be suffocated; my

temples throbbed; and I felt my face getting redder every moment. Neither of us spoke for a few seconds. I scanned anxiously every part of the van within sight, to see if there were any means of escape, but saw none, and unless he would let me go so that I might jump or clamber out, there was no getting clear of him. With a wrench he threw me from him to the opposite side of the van. I looked over, thinking to leap, but saw the danger. Availing myself of the moment to draw breath, I leant over the side and then shouted with all my might to the engine-driver. That he could not hear me was evident, for the train was tearing along against a strong head wind, and all sound of my voice was blown far to the rear. But where was the little girl? She had disappeared—had she fallen over during our struggle? No further time was given me for escape or inquiry. With a bound my antagonist was at me again; there was just time for me to turn round and face him. We closed, and then I found he was endeavouring to lift me over the edge! Vainly I tried to beat him off, and though he aimed a blow at me now and then, he was too near and not sober enough to strike with effect. His object was to throw me over; my only chance therefore consisted in holding on so as to prevent this, or else, if possible, to get a clear fall and take the chance of it. He kept pressing me over backwards with all his force, and it was impossible for me to free myself from his grasp. At last he succeeded in lifting me over, but as he did so I managed to reach down over his back, where I took a firm hold of the lower part of his jacket, and turning it up over him pinioned his arms somewhat, and brought his head down upon me, as if in a bag. Having by this partly disabled him and established a good holdfast for both my hands, I hoped that his weight would sustain me, and that we should be able to continue thus, holding by each other till rescued at the first stopping place. My fear was, as I hung over the side, that some object in passing might crush or strike me

off: yet I held on. My prisoner soon became restive; every moment I thought would be my last; the cold wind benumbed my fingers, my only support; one of my legs was jammed under him against the edge of the van, and this kept me head down and prevented my getting free. Every moment my position became more and more precarious; if my hands slipped I must be killed, and I felt I could not last thus much longer. At this very instant I perceived that the little girl had climbed to the top of the next truck and had managed to attract the attention of the stoker, who came to our assistance from the other end of the train. He was now sliding down towards us over the tarpaulin that covered the contents of the adjoining wagon. 'We are saved!' I cried; but before he could reach us, my comrade, overbalanced, came headlong over the side upon me, I still clinging to him, and we were dashed against the side of the metals, then down an embankment to a considerable depth, and all was darkness.

* * * * *

After many days, when I had regained consciousness and was pronounced out of danger, it was told me that my right arm and shoulder

were badly broken, and that it would be very long before I could recover; and when I asked for Jabez, my antagonist, I saw by their faces that he was dead! Yes, he had fallen on his head and been killed instantly. Jabez's little girl was now quite an orphan, for she had lost her mother some time before. She dearly loved her erring father, and, contrary to the rules of the company, he allowed her to accompany him in his van, making her hide herself when the train stopped, for fear she should be discovered. But besides his innocent little companion, the unfortunate man carried with him something very different, even that which at times deprived him of his reasoning faculties. My inopportune visit to him, coupled with this, brought about the catastrophe I have described. He never spoke after being picked up. His little maid was disconsolate, and how could I comfort her?

My pupils, and four o'clock hall and other duties, and the probable remonstrance of the Dean, troubled me little then. Weeks and months passed away. My day's journey had wrought sorrow and death, and the grief connected with it haunts me still.

W. I.



A PIC-NIC IN INDIA.

WHAT thoughts does that little word pic-nic suggest; what recollections and associations of shady drives through lanes overhung with blushing roses, sweet-scented honeysuckle, and pale-stemmed jessamine; of old grey ruins now crumbling to dust, the clustering ivy clinging to the walls, as if envious of their former magnificence and striving to conceal by its luxuriance their decay! The stately avenue which once perhaps echoed to the clang of some proud baron with his retainers returning from the tournament or a distant foray, or to the light footstep of 'the daughter of the house,' as she hurried to the well-known trysting-place to meet her lover, but now overgrown with weeds and strewn with fallen leaves, whose melancholy rustling seems to plead in mournful tones that their repose should not be disturbed, and yet inviting the thoughtful and the lover to wander in its solitude; the flashing waterfall with its ceaseless music; the gurgling stream fringed with flowering shrubs which stoop to kiss the ripples as they pass; the silent river placidly gliding through the pleasant meadows; the green, velvety sward beneath the lordly trees, where the merry meal and jocund cup was served, and where many a fairy form flitted gracefully through the never-tiring dance,—what scenes does it not recall of merry-ringing laughter, bright eyes, the lively jest, the lonely walk shared with some fair girl, the sequestered spot, and it may be the interchange of feelings and words which decide the happiness or misery of a life; the homeward drive with its delightful confusion and mishaps; the setting sun gilding the lovely scene with gorgeous colours, painting, as it were, in never-fading colours on the memory the happy hours spent that day. Such are the recollections which crowd on the mind of scenes passed in dear Old England before gold-disturbing dreams, the restlessness of ambition, a wandering spirit, or the call of

duty brought us to the shores of India.

Lithe, graceful forms and gorgeous sunsets delight us here, but a highly-elastic imagination alone can supply the rest. Still English ideas, longings, and wishes to indulge in the same amusements as at home possess us, and every station has its traditional pic-nic rendezvous; it may be a banian-tree covering with its downward-growing branches space sufficient for a small colony to settle under; a sacred tomb or shrine with its priests, whose religion appears to consist in begging in loathsome dirt and semi-nudity; it may be a tank teeming with fish so tame that they feed from the hand; it may be a rock-hewn temple, with its exquisite carving, evincing labour and perseverance which only fanaticism could sustain; it may be a clump of trees by a river side; or even, in the absence of all these, a traveller's bungalow, a resting-house erected at moderate stages for the convenience of travellers. One fine, clear, cold morning (very cold to the man whose skin has been baked for years beneath a tropical sun) in the month of January—for it is only in the winter months that pic-nics can be indulged in—an unusual stir might be observed in the usually quiet station. Carts drawn by bullocks and attended by swarthy servants, numerous coolies swathed round their heads with rolls of cloth—for natives are most sensitive of cold about the ears—and carrying chairs, tables, hampers, cooking-utensils, &c., had been seen leaving the cantonment on the previous evening, giving undeniable evidence to the initiated that a pic-nic was to be held on the morrow. And now a number of vehicles of the most primitive construction are seen standing at the doors of the different bungalows, the roads, or rather the tracks which in India bear the name of roads, being impassable for light carriages. And some light, showy Arab horses are being held by

sleepy grooms, a few, as seen by the side-saddles, belonging to fair owners, who prefer the excitement of a gallop to the jolting of a vehicle.

At last we are off; the station is behind, with its long rows of white lines, unrelieved by trees, looking as if it had dropped from the clouds on the sandy plain, and before us a desert, through which a monotonous track runs over sand baked to hardness by the fierce rays of the sun, the whole country sparsely grown over with low shrubs, from which the call of the partridge is occasionally heard. On through a dreary waste unbroken by anything for miles except some low, arid-looking hills which bound the vision on one hand. On through dry water-courses or nullahs, the passing over which frequently brings the vehicles to grief; on through deep ruts caused by former rains, through deep sand, over hard rock, through low, prickly bushes where the track is scarcely discernible till we reach the foot of some low hills, which appear to be the limit to the journey; on through a narrow aperture between the hills like a natural gateway, but not seen till at its entrance, in which are seen some pools of water and a small trickling stream, changing as with a fairy's wand the whole character of the scene. Here springs up the greenest of grass, more green from its contrast with the sombre, sunburnt colour of all around. Bushes covered with small red buds, resembling innumerable small pieces of coral on green stems, waving palms, which seem like tall giants keeping sentry over an enchanted spot. On the rising ground were more trees, and a low-roofed, red-tiled bungalow just peeping from the midst proclaim the pic-nic spot.

Great is the excitement, dismounting ladies, handing them out of their vehicles, and arranging their crumpled dresses. As they arrive each recounts the dangers each passed by flood and field, and eagerly inquires for the absent. At last all are arrived, and after a refreshing cup of tea or coffee, or a still more stimulating 'peg,' we start off to explore the spot, the servants in the meantime making preparations for

a sumptuous meal, which is in reality the great event of the day. The spot selected for our pic-nic on this occasion is a low, marshy-looking pond surrounded by the never-ending palm-tree, intersected with mounds of earth. On one side a small temple, half-hidden with foliage and surrounded by a wall, altogether a most dreary and uninteresting-looking spot as one can imagine. But what is that? and that? exclaims a new-comer, pointing to some apparently large logs of timber riven at one end, and showing the whiteness of the wood within. They are crocodiles. As we approach nearer numbers are seen basking in the sun with outspread jaws and perfectly motionless. The water is disturbed in its muddy channels by the exertions of the unwieldy brutes as they strive to gain the bank. Numbers are seen varying from six to ten feet in length, all lying listlessly about, perfectly devoid of fear, and staring in the most unconscious manner at the visitors. A number of ragged urchins volunteer their services as guides, and conduct us to a small watercourse leading from the temple in which is the sacred spring which feeds the tank. In this trench lies the patriarch of the colony, report making him over one hundred and fifty years old, and originally brought from the Nile. His appearance might justify a belief in any age, his rusty-brown skin knotted and gnarled not unlike the bark of the palm-tree which over-shadows him; his small, lustreless eye staring apparently on vacancy, his whole body perfectly motionless and still except when some sceptic as to his being a living creature produces, by a poke with a stick, an ungainly motion like the wallowing of an over-fed pig. Off start some of the party to some hot springs a short distance away: the locality is easily discoverable by a crowd of beggars and miserable wretches suffering from various diseases bathing, in the hope of being miraculously healed. A low, bubbling spring of water in a muddy ditch is all to be seen, but on touching the water it is found to be nearly boiling, so hot that eggs can be boiled in it in five

minutes. Back we go to witness the grand scene, 'feeding the animals,' after which we return to indulge in the event of the day.

A goat or two is procured, slaughtered, and cut up in pieces. The skins are thrown on the ground by the man who officiates as master of the ceremonies. The thud caused by the skins falling on the ground, together with a peculiar call, produces a most extraordinary effect. Instantly as by magic the whole tank seems alive and lashed into foam by numbers of huge brutes (said to be three hundred), all striving to get first to the call. Joint by joint is thrown to them and eagerly torn, the bones snapping like carrots in their gigantic jaws, which clash with a peculiarly horrid sound. As each brute seizes a piece he hurries off in his lumbering, unwieldy way over the others, perfectly regardless of the manner in which he knocks them over till he reaches the water and enjoys his capture alone. At last comes the last course of the feast. The skin is thrown in the midst of them. It is in vain to attempt to describe the savage ferocity, the unwieldy attempts to secure it, the struggle to tear it to pieces, the snapping and clashing of their immense jaws, the tugging and hauling of those lucky enough to have seized some, and the waddling back to their haunts when all has disappeared, leaving an impression on the mind not easily to be effaced. Live goats are occasionally thrown in by visitors, who conceive the scene to be intensified

by the fright of the goat and his vain struggles for life. Others amuse themselves by throwing bottles of soda water, lighted fireworks, and other explosive substances into their open jaws, all of which they appear to treat with the utmost indifference. We contented ourselves with observing their natural habits and motions. Then for the great event of the day, feeding ourselves.

On our return to the bungalow we find a table literally shaking and groaning under the weight of the substantial fare. Soon our jaws are as busy as the crocodiles' were, and few words were wasted. By degrees our tongues are loosened; the novelty of the scene, the invigorating iced champagne, the absence of that restraint which characterises a formal party is thrown aside, and that general conviviality and abandonment to the pleasure of the passing hour which form the chief charm and delight of a pic-nic ensues, and all goes merry as a marriage bell. Tables are cleared away by humble attendants, and the rest of the day is spent in the entrancing waltz, the fascinating polka, the giddy galop, and stately quadrille, till the lengthening shadows warn us that we have a long distance to return. All the hardships of the journey are forgotten in the pleasure we have experienced, and each returns to his respective duty happy in the thought that he has spent a pleasant day in a far-distant land which served at least to remind him in many instances of that dear country his native home.

WANDERER.





Drawn by J. Mahoney.]

HOLIDAY HEARTS.

[See the Verses.

HOLIDAY HEARTS.

HOLIDAY hearts! 'tis weather for wooing;
 And holiday time is the best to woo;
 At throb of throistle, and cuckoo's cooing,
 The heart of men, and and of maiden too,
 Should leap at the thought that winter's over,
 And shout when the dreariest day departs;
 For summer is sweet to the love and lover,
 And breathes her song into holiday hearts!

Holiday hearts! the wanderer wishes
 To woo the girl he could love so well:
 She's all to him—over the plates and dishes,
 At table d'hôte in the Grand Hotel;
 But all too soon the romance is over,
 He is Italy bound, and his dear departs
 By night-express with her maid to Dover:
 Ah! sad break-up for the holiday hearts!

Holiday hearts! the cricketer's crazy,
 His team arrives at the town Torquay,
 But the Captain shouts that his 'leg' is lazy,
 It is not the sun, and is not the sea;
 'Tis somebody else, as the eve discloses
 Before the time for the team to start,
 For there is the cricketer under the roses,
 And making a match with a holiday heart!

Holiday hearts! the garden's pleasant,
 When all the toil of pleasuring's done;
 There's nothing so sad as the moonlight present,
 And nothing so sweet in the world as one
 Who over the lawn comes sweeping surely
 With dancing weary and heat oppress'd?
 Or is it with downcast eyes, demurely,
 To say the riddle of love-time's guess'd?

Holiday hearts on Alpine passes,
 And holiday hearts on the cockney Rhine,
 And ever so many in flow'ring grasses,
 Which round the Devonshire lanes entwine.
 Holiday hearts! to Scarborough scramble,
 And many are dreaming on Windermere,
 But double as many in Jersey ramble,
 And more than all are on Margate pier.

Holiday hearts! through June and after,
 Throughout the honey of hot July,
 There's nothing for you but your loves and laughter,
 Till latest leaves in the autumn die.
 The summer is long and will not be over
 Till all is yours, which you all love best;
 So away to the scent of sea and clover,
 Oh! all I wish is a moment's rest!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

LONDON SOCIETY AT A 'GERMAN BATH.'

'WHERE is bliss, and which the way?' Well! bliss is at Homburg, and the way is either by Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence, and then across the Rhine to Frankfort; or by the great Luxembourg Railway to Trêves, and by the banks of the Moselle till you get to Bingerbrück, and so to Mayence and on; as may be easily seen by those excellent and instructive papers provided by the English railway companies who offer tourists tickets in the convenient form of small books, with as full a choice of places to stop at as the slowest traveller could under any possibility desire.

After considerable observation, much conversation, and no little experience as to the position of the English mind in respect of Homburg, I have come to the conclusion that the only fixed idea regarding this paradise of delights is, that it is 'a German bath,' and 'a gambling place.' Now, going to 'a German bath' is one of those wild expressions which we hear very often, and which, by constant repetition, obtain at last a meaning very much more distinct than the mere words have any power to convey; and, in that vague language, so well understood by the multitude, Homburg is 'a German bath;' but I intend to inundate your mind, my friendly reader, with such a flow of information that you shall immediately determine to visit Homburg at some holiday season—not, I hope, too far off—whether you bathe and drink of the waters or not.

When this writer was first at Frankfort, about twenty-three years ago, where was Homburg? What a question to ask of a place known to the Romans! But the present, existing Homburg can scarcely be said to have existed then; it was, in the race of popularity among German baths, nowhere.

There was a spring, the Elizabethen Brunnen, and out of this natural spring people thought to get rich by extracting salt. Not till the year 1834 was the drinking

of this spring carried out under medical advice. Before that, however, from 1811, people had drunk it, as an experiment on their own responsibility, and with such success as to raise in the minds of the people some hopes of making Homburg into 'a German bath.' The bathing process was the first that was ventured on; and the first known cure dates from 1743. There were more springs in very early times, as early as 817; this is known by a manuscript still existing, which speaks of the salt springs; but they are supposed to be buried.

It sounds oddly, but, as late as the Thirty Years' War, some of these burings are supposed to have occurred. The Thirty Years' War desolated this country, and living antiquarians even suggest that certain mounds of earth, which have of late years been levelled, might have marked the places of the buried springs: their exact positions are, however, lost now, and the new wells supply people with all that they want.

Of the six wells now in use, the Elizabethen Brunnen is a natural spring; the Kaiserbrunnen is on the place of an old well, but was got at by boring in 1841; the Ludwigsbrunnen is on the site of an original spring discovered in 1809, from the centre of which, in 1845, the boring was made which produced the present spring, called after the Landgrave Lewis: these three springs are those connected with old wells, the Elizabethen Brunnen being the natural spring; the other three have been formed by boring: the present Soolsprudel was bored for in 1854; the Stahlbrunnen was found in 1841, and the Luisenbrunnen in 1856. The artesian boring is the process used. All these wells lie in some flat land at the lower part of the town. The whole of the land is laid out in gardens, and beautified with trees in a way that, for richness, charm of design, and prodigality of beauty, quite defies description. The size is so vast that

you may wander for days without appearing to get to an end of the wealth of flowers and the glories of the shrubs and trees; and in the midst of the last unusually hot summer, there was no appearance anywhere of fading freshness; no burnt-up grass, no withering leaves. If this were the result of art, it would be a wonder and a triumph; but the only human efforts that are visible are those of spreading sand on the thickly-sanded walks. Certainly they are not always mowing the turf, as they are in England. The grass is longer than English eyes would endure to see, but the green is perfect, the edges are well kept, and the miles of walk are guiltless of a weed. The avenues of poplar, planted in double rows, are stately things, with something of solemnity upon them of an evening, when the light no longer glitters up their green towering heights; and up and down, and in and out, from spring to spring, between the morning hours of seven and eight, walk all the world who have come to Homburg, and a beautiful world it is; a world to see, and to live in, at least for a time, for such a world exists nowhere else.

Of this world, as it exists in this busiest hour of the day, the most remarkable thing is its manners. It is composed chiefly of Germans, French, and English; the Germans being greatly the largest part, and the French numbering next to them; there are also Russians, Poles, and Americans, in great beauty and gloriously attired.

But this great variety, and moving concourse of people, walking from one well to another, drinking at the Elizabeth spring, sitting on garden seats, leading their children up and down, and being played to all the while by one of the finest bands imaginable, are quiet, with a tranquillity so remarkable that it strikes the new observer at once. It is not silence, for they come in parties, and there is plenty of talking; it is not dulness, for the whole scene is the very sweetness of enjoyment; but it is harmony. What it is I cannot exactly describe; why it is I can only guess; but it is one of

the most striking features of Homburg, and as such has to be declared.

The great poplars, the huge evergreens, the thickets of shrubs, plane trees, Spanish chestnuts, and the rich foliage, and fruit-laden boughs of the magnificent walnut-trees; the catalpas in full flower, with their peculiar green leaves; the tulip-trees, glittering in pale beauty by the side of the grey-foliaged willows—these, and a hundred others, making groves and avenues, and separating one large grass plateau from another, all adorned with flower-beds laid out in masses of single colours, and having here and there a fountain feathering into the air, or plashing over great reflecting balls in which the landscape flickers—all these things make a world in which roughness of any kind cannot live.

People worn out with London hard work come to this gentle life, and drink the iron waters, which have sodas, and lime, and magnesia, silex, and carbonic acid gas among their constituents, and they get well—no wonder! There is rest and strength to be had at Homburg. In that world that circulates about the health-giving springs every morning, in the sweet early air which is not cold—no, nor hot either—but of a temperature that my experience of other places tells me belongs specially to Homburg, there is peace; first of all it may look odd and incomprehensible—even for a moment grotesque—to see the world at its cure; but all that sort of feeling dies away in the sense of exquisite civilization that pervades the whole with most unobtrusive pleasantness.

There are rules, and certain obediences are exacted, but it is all for the good of the governed; and there is nothing to pay. The scene is cheerful, and there is a certain sort of ease and welcome about it which is extremely agreeable. There is life without bustle; a concourse of people, but no crowding; a bright mixture of youth with age, and a variety of dress which is gay and animating.

An individual in a grey uniform walks about with perfect quietness,

unoppressed by the smallest air of being on duty, but he has a short sword at his belt on the left side, and for a time one wonders why. At last, however, a gentle recognition of this personage by a touch of the hat, returned with courtesy by one who looked in no way injured, but who suggested something by a slight wave of the hand, was followed by the individual in grey sauntering up to a gentleman taking his ease with a pipe in his mouth. A touch of the cap, and respectful words—the smoker touches *his* cap, and the pipe disappears with a bow. There is no word of wonder, nor blame; no resistance, nor the shadow of incivility. On every side there has been the most civilized gentleness of conduct and manner, but the law that smoking is not to be there indulged in has been enforced and obeyed. And this in Germany!

One feels that to wander all day in these gardens, where the black-birds morning and evening tell you, loud and long, that they have it all their own way, would not be too much. But we must only stay here long enough to tell how the waters are taken. You take your number of glasses, as prescribed by your physician, at the spring, down to which you go by sloping pathways—for the enclosure in which the water rises is below the surrounding ground; and you walk about, or rest on garden seats for twenty minutes between each glass. The number of glasses prescribed will probably be three; and the first, perhaps, will have to be drunk mixed with whey; in which case you will, for this, have to go into a long building which is, in fact, the orangery, but the orange-trees are all put outside during the summer, and the tables where the warm goats'-milk whey is mixed with the water occupies a place near the entrance; for this you pay a small sum, less than an English halfpenny. The second glass you will get for yourself, going down one of the sloping paths to the wide walk which goes round the railing enclosing the boarded sunk floor, where fine young women dip up

the water from the spring, which comes through a circular opening to the surface of the floor. The railing is furnished with a broad-grooved ledge, so you can leave your glass standing on it when you go, and it can be put there for your convenience when refilled. There is a tank of water for rinsing out the glasses. Five at a time are taken on the fingers, and all rinsed together by dipping the whole hand into the water; and then they are all filled at once by dipping them again into the bubbling spring. It is a skilful process, cleverly and quickly done, and there are too many people to serve at the Elizabeth spring to think of cleansing and filling each glass separately. As soon as you appear at the railing, a young woman from below hands you up a glass of sparkling water: when first you drink it the taste is so like ink, the wonder is that it is not black; but after the experience of a few mornings the disagreeableness seems to pass away, the palate ceases to recognize it, and the draught is rather pleasant than otherwise. Then you walk about, or rest on a bench. If you take a seat on the walk above the well that looks over and across the spring to the poplar avenue leading to the Kaiserbrunnen, you will see 'London (and all other) society,' there assembled, at its perfection. The band from the pavilion begins to play, and immediately, stimulated by the encouraging sound, the people move more freely; there is a perceptible increase of circulation, some keeping time as they walk, saying evidently pleasant things to their companions, and the young ones flinging themselves occasionally into a few dancing steps, and then returning with all the grace of childhood to the less exhausting pace of the promenade.

The union which undoubtedly, though mysteriously, exists between mirth and music, though it be mirth of the least amusing, and music of the most exhilarating kind, is fully proved at the Elizabeth spring. The band plays through the hour, from seven to eight, when the water is drunk, and then departs; the larger

instruments being carried off in a covered hand-carriage on wheels, provided for the purpose.

For English people this delightful Homburg has an interest of its own. A short time ago our own Princess Alice was here with Prince Louis of Hesse, and received as one to whom it would, at a future time, become a possession. Her great-aunt, the Landgravine Elizabeth, wife of Frederick VI., and Princess Royal of England, had left the impress of her taste on the castle and in its grounds.

The castle stands at the top of the town, and commands the grand views of the plain and the range of the Taunus Mountains; and there our popular Princess, with her husband, was entertained. But, three years ago, the Prussian war changed all this; Homburg became a part of Prussia; and this shuffle in the cards which play the game of life gave the interests of the one sister into the hands of the other. There was a well-fought battle not far from Frankfort, of which we all know the result; and men who had fought on the side of Hesse found themselves, in a fortnight's time, in garrison at Cologne as officers in the Prussian army, to be allowed to leave when the war was over with the usual pay. But, easily as it all seemed done, Homburg suffered nevertheless. There was a library of great extent and value at the castle, and collections of extraordinary interest. The order was to remove the choicest of these things to Berlin. Of course, at such a moment, when no one dared to interfere, and no really competent persons were employed to arrange and select, the most disastrous consequences were certain to follow. Manuscripts were cast out and burnt, books of great local interest destroyed, and others, of which the value was probably not known, were thrown away to perish. Some of these, injured as they had become, were secured in the scramble, and remain in private hands. The statement made in guide-books of the precious library of rare volumes to be seen at the Landgrave's castle is a matter of history now.

In the museum was an interesting collection of the Roman remains found in the great Roman camp about four of our miles from Homburg, called Saalburg. Some of these Roman remains are built into the castle. On a staircase a stone was built into the wall, which was found in 1723, on which was a much-worn inscription. Antiquarians have puzzled over it, and the date A.D. 213 has been given to it. The White Tower in the castle is said to stand on Roman foundations, and to be built of Roman materials for a considerable portion of its height. In fact, Saalburg has been treated as a quarry, lovingly worked for the honour and glory of Hesse Homburg, and specimens of the great variety of things found there have been collected by successive Landgraves. Of these things there were metal tools and weapons, ornaments, and a quantity of coins. There were also vast numbers of articles of pottery found, among them the 'lacrymatories,' which are so strangely interesting—to catch tears—whose tears? and why?

Saalburg contains within its quadrangle from seven to eight English miles. It has been dug out from time to time. There are the remains of brick-floored dwellings, with the hot-air pipes for heating the rooms and the baths. There was a Roman town, or settlement, adjoining the camp. The places for burials are on each side of the road, and close by is the *bustum*, or place where the bodies were first burned. Many of the burial-places have been laid open, and of one, which was found in 1720, and of which written accounts were treasured in the castle, this is related: it was a sandstone coffin. '*Hic jacet Drusus,*' and the letters '*H. S. T.*' were upon it, and some carving, representing a battle-axe, a hand, and a cinerarium. With the urn which this sandstone coffin contained there was a lamp, the fire of which was still burning when the coffin was opened, but then went out. This extraordinary relic was built into the wall of the castle.

The subject of the inexhaustible fire forms a literature in itself. A

learned and erudite man, Fr. Kercher, the Jesuit, has written upon it. It seems difficult, if not impossible, to refuse the evidence of facts. A knowledge so wonderful and so completely lost may well excite the interest of all intelligent readers; and that in the time of our great-grandfathers such a lamp was found in a tomb at Saalburg, is a thing not to be omitted when writing of Homburg in these antiquarian days.

But in the castle were things of very different interest, which yet equally belong to our subject—the pleasant things which tell of the love the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III., had for the country she had left. Those who followed her had the good taste to leave her rooms as she made them, decorated with the work of her own hands.

It is well known in England how accomplished the Princesses were in all ladies' handiwork; how they painted, embroidered, did worsted-work, and cut paper—which last is an art it would be very wise to revive, if it does not require more skill, patience, taste, and genius than could be generally found in these more active days. It may, however, be observed, *en passant*, that the transparencies in white porcelain, which we see as candle-shades, are only imitations of one branch of the cut-paper art which was practised in the days of the Landgravine Elizabeth.

She left the prints of her royal relatives on the walls, and her mother's gifts of exquisite china on her shelves. She laid out her English gardens. Plants, however, grew here which she could never have seen in her native country under the same circumstances; and the gardening at the castle, where vines and all manner of fruit trees flourished, and the beautiful pomegranate gave forth its double flowers abundantly out of doors, could not have been conducted under much difficulty. She built a cottage, too, and had a pond with a little island in it, and a temple, and a willow-tree—every English visitor knows the kind of thing quite well; it exists still in great places in our

own country. In such a way grand people played at being rural, and found, no doubt, a real, and, we may be sure, a very wholesome pleasure in it. At Homburg all this is now in that sort of ruin that it is scarcely more than a suggestion of what the past once was. My readers will, however, see that the English have long had their associations with Homburg, before it grew to what it now is.

By an arrangement between Prussia and Darmstadt, all personal property was removed by the Grand Duke. We can no longer admire the chairs worked by the Princess, nor the tablecloth embroidered by old Queen Charlotte.

Homburg has extended itself down the hill, from the castle on the height, backed by the magnificent range of the Taunus, to the meadows and valley where the springs rise, and the gardens are spread about, bounded by wooded hills of beautiful form, and here and there dotted with buildings, which give a sense of luxurious enjoyment to the sweetest combination that nature and art ever made.

The increase of Homburg dates steadily from 1834, when the first list of visitors was published. There were, in that year, one hundred and fifty-five foreigners in the town; now twelve thousand added on to that number would be below the truth.

The principal street, the Luisenstrasse, is almost composed of hotels and lodging-houses. The same may be said of smaller side-streets, and of the Ferdinandstrasse, and the houses in the Promenade. The story of this quick prosperity is this:—

In 1841 two Frenchmen, called Blanc, got a lease of the ground on which are the gardens which have been so much praised, and other ground between the Promenade and the Luisenstrasse, which they laid out in exquisite terraces of flowers and shrubs, and where they built the existing Kurhaus, 'the gambling place.'

Its magnificence admits of no question. The liberality of all the arrangements is munificent. Balls, concerts, reading-rooms, all are free,

and yet under certain restrictions. But if you are respectably placed, and described to the police, you are sure to receive your printed card of invitation with your name written in by the secretary.

The announcement will be made to you of the

'GRAND BAL

AU

KURSAAL DE HOMBURG,

à 8 heures du Soir.

'Carte personnelle pour Mr. et Mrs. Johnson.'

(Supposing that to be our names for the present; and then this instruction will follow):—

'Les Dames seront en robe de bal ou de soie, en chapeau de luxe ou en cheveux; à la danse, le chapeau est interdit.

'Les Messieurs ne sont admis qu'en habit, en pantalon noir, blanc ou couleur tendre unie.

'L'ADMINISTRATION.'

So now, Mesdames and Messieurs who are planning a visit to Homburg, pack up the needful finery. The rules are wise rules, and they will have to be obeyed; and, whether you like it or not, the Brothers Blanc have made Homburg. The gaming is from eleven in the morning till eleven at night.

The skies of Homburg look an immeasurable number of miles above our heads; the verdure is indescribable; the range of the Taunus entrancing to gaze upon, as its sides look bronzed with green and gold and shades away as soft as velvets in the setting sun; the health-giving waters of the Elizabeth spring flow, and have flowed, unceasingly; but the Kurhaus has made Homburg, as surely as those greatly-speculating gentlemen have made the gardens, planted the thickets of shrubs, ordered Nature to wait upon Art, and brought everything into the service of us, the visitors. We may shun rouge et noir, and turn our backs on roulette, but not to acknowledge the general debt to those who, by lavish expenditure, and with blameless taste, have made this spot of earth so charming, would be base ingrati-

tude. There may be people so virtuous as to forego their 'Times,' and even refuse to read 'London Society,' if it can only be got in the reading-room of the Kurhaus; but still they need not hide the fact of all these pleasure-grounds, fountains, magnificent bands, and unpaid attendants being the gifts of the Messieurs Blanc. Of course it has answered to them to do it; and when, once more, we contemplate the wonders achieved and sustained, we feel that there can be no argument greater against gambling than the amount of luxuries we receive unpaid for as its consequence. But people are beginning to ask what is to become of Homburg when the thirty years' lease is expired. It was said that the lease had been extended, but it is now said that the event of the Prussian war changed this and that the original term is to be kept; but, really, nobody knows.

In a short time, however, the Homburg of this season may cease to be. This little record of Homburg has a chance of becoming actually curious. The plain and valley of gardens round the six springs may return to their original thickets unless their present state is kept up with money raised by a tax on the town. This, when many of the houses are so new as to be only just furnished—probably not all paid for—and lodging by no means cheap, and living decidedly dear, is an idea too painful to dwell upon. If it were not for the clearest of atmospheres, the sweetest of sunshine, and the invigorating effects of the Elizabeth spring, one could be melancholy for a moment about Homburg even on this summer's day.

However, in the meantime the Homburg children are educated by the state; that is, education is compulsory. Every child is fined for non-attendance, except in cases of sickness; and for its teaching there must be paid one florin a year—a florin is one shilling and eightpence. At the infant-school every child is taught, and given its dinner, and less than twopence a week is demanded for the whole. All this and many other charities go on in-

dependently of the gambling; and while the lavish bounties continue, which, joined to the atmosphere and the springs, make Homburg the queen of 'German baths,' people may enjoy them as easily as a drive through the poplar avenue which leads from the castle even to the foot of the Taunus, or a walk to Oberursel.

The outline of this fine church, and the up-standing spire, invite attention from all points. It stands curiously on a height of its own, in the midst of a little town with an interesting history. The place belonged to the arch-diocese of Mayence, and some of the earliest experiments of printing were conducted in it—that prodigious invention, spoken of with awe, practised in secret, having so great an effect on the people in whose day it burst upon the earth as to be called *divine*. I look out upon Oberursel, and think of the pleasure-giving development of the marvellous art in the modern magazine; and so getting back to 'London Society' in its proper place, take my leave of Homburg with admiration and thanks. But with lingering last words, I say to my readers, Speak German. English and French are spoken here with the kindest courage; *par example*, by advertisement you are told—

'Because I am parting soon, I sell most pretty draps for Ladies of Paris mode for the most cheap price. The magazine is in —.'

This is quite intelligible, but what you want is to *talk*—to ask questions and understand the answers. As a matter of convenience German is almost a necessity. In your lodgings—and lodgings in Homburg are very good—if your landlord speaks French or English, you are well off; but you cannot be always referring to him, and if you send your requests to him in writing, it by no means follows that, because he can speak he can read. He probably cannot, unless he has lived in England.

You must recollect that the German character is different from ours. He does not even use our Roman letters in his books, and our writing is unintelligible. The only way to be thoroughly at your ease in Central Germany is to speak the language of the country. Read Goethe or any one else as much as you please, but cultivate to perfection the power by which you take your railway ticket, order your dinner, declare your wishes to the chambermaid, and gain local information.

Among the constant visitors to Homburg is the 'English Herzog,' as the popular Duke of Cambridge is called, with the nod and the smile that speak of knowledge and approval. The acquaintance between the people and the Duke dates from an early period in the life of his Royal Highness. When his grandfather's third daughter, Princess Elizabeth, married the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, her eldest sister, the Princess Royal—Charlotte Augusta—was married to the hereditary Prince of Württemberg: he was made King of Württemberg January 1, 1806. His widow was so beloved as to be always called 'the good Queen Dowager.'

Another Landgrave—the Landgrave of Hesse—was a cousin of these English princesses, for his mother had been another Princess Royal of England, the daughter of George II. The Duchess of Cambridge is the daughter of this Landgrave of Hesse; and at her father's house, Rupenheim, near Frankfurt, built by her mother in the style of an English country mansion, her children used to be in their infancy. The father of the Duchess of Cambridge was called 'the handsome Prince of Hesse;' he retained his beauty of person and grace of manner through life. It can scarcely be improper to say that these agreeable possessions have remained with his descendants.





THE SEVEN OF HEARTS.

[See the Sketch.]

THE SEVEN OF HEARTS.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

NOT merely by that confounded 'thinning at the top' of which the gentleman who has charge of my hair is always telling me—and which, by-the-way, is quite sufficiently self-evident without his objectionable remarks—not merely by the presence of numerous unmistakably white hairs in my beard—not merely by the gradual dying out of all desire for long walks or anything like racing-pace in a four-oar, and by the absolute impossibility of doing anything more than a couple of sharp valseing spurts round a large room, do I know that I am becoming a foggy! The old brass-bound family Bible which the dear old mother keeps by her with such care records that I was born in the year 1831. I am not old-looking for my years: there are hundreds of men ten years my senior frisking away in London ball-rooms, and passing for sufficiently *jeunes gens*. Yet do I know that I am accepted as a foggy. Why do I know it? Because I find men and women making me the recipient of their love-confidences, and they would not do that, my friend, unless they thought that I was completely out of the ring. Would they? Not a bit of it! Would Charley Eversfield detail to me his plans for the capture of Miss Horniman, the Chinese merchant's millionaire heiress, if he thought I was going in to oppose him, knowing as he does, and honestly confesses, that I have fifty times his brains and *savoir faire*? Not he! Would Laura Denne tell me how much she cared for the Captain, and implore my good offices towards getting them a *solitude à deux*, at that last pleasant pic-nic, if she did not think that

'The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
The ripest lips that ever were kissed'

might 'turn away and never be missed,' so far as I, a foggy, was concerned? Not she! I am a foggy! Q.E.D.

Not such a bad position, after all, if you can but make up your mind to it. On the stage, the 'old man,'

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especially if he is pleasant and docile and a little comic, has a far better character part than the *premier amoureux*, who can only sigh and look handsome! We cannot do the latter, *nous autres*, and there is no necessity for our doing the former. There is plenty of fun and amusement and delight in life, when the first tearing, wearing stage of it is over. Only let us make up our minds to enjoy it. Let each say to himself, when he sees the doom of foggydom overtaking him, 'Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito!' Don't think of giving in, save in a proper and decorous manner. Don't any longer pretend to be sixteen. Don't buckle in your natural and by no means undignified rotundity with straps and girths. Don't throw away five shillings on a bottle of Professor Poluphloisboio's Melanigeron Tincture, with the hope of restoring the white hairs in your brown beard to their original colour. Don't wear a too much cut-away coat, and don't think every woman is in love with you. N.B. At the same time do not imagine that that 'sweet game of lips' is at end for you for ever. Most sensible women, and a great many pretty ones, agree with Madame Brack, the mother of Lord Colchicum's friend, Mdle. Coralie, in liking *les hommes faits*, and in despising boys; indeed, I could name—but that is confidential! The tilting-ground was all very well in its way, but just now the cushioned gallery suits us better. From it we can look on at our ease, and if eyes do not bend upon us, in admiration of our valour, or hands tremble as they crown our feats of championship, at all events we cause no mirth by our ugly falls, and have not to endure that terrible sense of failure which rankles in the breast and keeps one aloof from one's ordinary haunts long after the misfortune has been entirely forgotten.

No, and again no! Foggydom is by no means a state of life to be despised. Had I not slipped into it, I should—what's the time, a

quarter to twelve?—at this time be standing, probably, on a staircase in some Belgravian or Tyburnian mansion, with my feet aching in tight boots, and several stalwart persons' elbows in my sides, instead of being, as I am, stretched out, velvet-jacketed and slipper-footed, on my comfortable sofa, with my pipe between my lips, my claret at my elbow, and my eyes resting on, what is to me the favourite ornament of my walls, a large dark-blue velvet frame, containing coloured photographs of seven of the prettiest and the most interesting—ay, and the purest women in the world, my 'Seven of Hearts.'

Come out of the mists now enfold-ing you—mists of distance and mists of time; come and sit down by me in spirit, as erst you would in the flesh, and tell me of your troubles, and ask for advice and assistance, and prattle away in those voices, now pleading, now indignant, now doubtful, now decided, which made the sweetest music that ever rung through these sombre old chambers! Gazing at yon pictured effigies there, seen in the soft ray of the lamplight, I mind me of each of your little histories, wavelets in the great stream of Time, vignettes in the great social gallery, scrap contributions to the great Book of Life, which receives its pictures upon millions of illustrations, and has one sad refrain running through them all, however widely they may differ in detail. Come, first, Florence Netherby, whose earnest face stands at the top of the frame! What does my lingering glance at that earnest face recall to me? Brighton—Brighton in the old days, before 'Eight hours at the seaside' had been invented, and when the 'Age,' last of the grand old four-horse coaches that left the White Horse Cellar in the morning and pulled up, all smoking and dust-covered, in Castle Square, yet lingered on the road! There was a railway then, it is true, but people were not so hurried in those days, and 'First turn-out!' shouted in the inn-yards of Croydon and Reigate, and Horsham and Crawley, yet produced the spanking tits and yellow-jacketed post-boys;

old Captain Eld yet did duty as Master of the Ceremonies, old Dr. Lawrence yet rolled about in his yellow chariot, and Harriet Mellon, erst stage-player, afterwards banker's wife, and then Duchess of St. Albans, yet walked on the Steyne, then the fashionable promenade, surrounded by her pug-dogs. Lady Florence Netherby was then one of our Brighton belles, one of the youngest, it is true, for she could have been scarcely eighteen, but by far the prettiest. Shall I ever forget the morning when Brighton woke to the fact that two persons who had been amongst its gayest and its most highly esteemed, item, Lady Florence Netherby, item, Captain Fulke Featherstone of the 140th Queen's Chestnuts, quartered in the fishing-village, were no longer to be numbered amongst its population, but had eloped together, per post-chaise, and were understood to be on the high-road for Gretna Green? The Right Honourable the Earl of Claverhouse, Lady Florence's papa, was seized with a fit of the gout, the Right Honourable the Countess was seized with one of her chronic attacks of the temper; there was no telegraph in those days, but people were started in pursuit, vengeance was vowed, the Horse Guards was appealed to, the press rang with the scandal. To what end? Lady Florence Featherstone and the Captain returned quietly enough when the knot was tied. Lord Claverhouse fumed, Lady Claverhouse sulked: the young people should be 'cut,'—should be left to starve,—should be made an example of! And they were—for full three months! I don't think they were very unhappy; the Captain got leave, and they took a pretty cottage at Cookham, and Lady Florence's girl friends and young matron friends came down to see them, and the Captain's brother-officers dropped over from Windsor; and as to starving,—well, one Mr. Skindle, of Maidenhead, undertook to attend to their commissariat and to supply them from his hostelry, the Orkney Arms; and when my lord and my lady relented, and came down—intending to make a great effect by a

pardon-scene on an affecting scale—they found Florence and Fulke in a punt, she eating ices and he playing the cornet, and the ‘Come to my arms, my daughter!’ was scarcely as effective as had been intended. It is difficult to show emotion or to receive a parental forgiveness with one’s mouth full of vanilla-ice and a tea-spoon in one’s hand. What John Keats calls ‘the baa-ing vanities’ of life have had but little attraction for Florence Featherstone since then. Fulke sold out and took to farming; his people were wealthy and helped him in the purchase of an estate, and he and his wife reside there surrounded by their family, he a model father and husband, she—

‘The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.’

Just beneath her, on the left hand, is the portrait of Naomi Lindo. When you see old Lindo seated at the top of his hospitable table in his fine house in Tavistock Square, clad in sables, just relieved by his broad gold watch-chain, his fine Jewish profile—of the fine old Hebrew type, than which there is nothing grander, and which is utterly unlike the caricatures of the comic artists—set off by his long silvery beard; and as you mark a certain air of ‘grand seigneur’ about him, you would not think that years ago, before fortune smiled upon him, he kept the ‘Net of Lemons,’ down Whitechapel way, and would have thanked you politely as he took your twopence for your glass of ale. Fact, though, all the same. And Naomi served in the bar, too, though only for a very little while. Her father found her a better occupation than that. Naomi had one of the loveliest voices ever heard, a rich full contralto; she had a wonderful ear for music, and went warbling about the house like a little bird. Mrs. Lindo had herself been a professional singer in a very humble way in her youth, and she at once recognised the girl’s genius, and called her husband’s attention to it. All Jews are born musicians, and old Lindo listened and was convinced. Naomi, to her great delight, was taken out of the

bar, and was entered as a pupil at the Academy of Music. It was in the great dull old house in Tenterden Street, where her talent and her industry soon made her a general favourite both with professors and her fellow-pupils, that she first met Adagio Jupp, who was one of the lions of the Academy, and from whence great lions were expected. Jupp’s touch on the piano was pronounced to be as crisp as Thalberg’s, and old Flock, the professor, who had seen the lad’s compositions in MS., declared they were wonderful. Jupp fell in love with Naomi, and Naomi fell in love with him. And Naomi took him to see her parents, and old Lindo brewed a bowl of punch, which Adagio liked immensely, and took so much of, that he had to be in bed for two days afterwards, being unused to the imbibition of spirituous compounds. Lindo, *père et mère*, approved highly of Adagio, and encouraged him in his attentions, fully believing that one day his musical talent would gain for him a good position. Jupp left the Academy, and soon got into a very fair swing of teaching, so promising that he had talked to Naomi, and was about to talk to her father, about naming the day, when Hermann Wolff, the Frankfort banker, died, and left all his fortune to his second cousin, Mark Lindo, the only one of his family who had never toadied him or tried to borrow money of him. That fortune nearly turned the brain of its recipient. No more ‘Net of Lemons’ now; no more pulls at the handles of beer-engines, or turning off ‘fours’ or ‘sixes’ of ‘brown’ or ‘pale;’ no more trade: Tavistock Square, carriages and horses, footmen and coachmen, diamond rings on their fingers and clothes of silken sheen! Cut—dead-cut with Manasseh the fruiterer in Bevis Marks, and Solomon the clothier in Duke’s Place—would not mind knowing Rothschild, Montefiore, and people of that kind, if they liked, but no other Jews for old Lindo—of Tavistock Square. No more Academy of Music for Naomi, either, if she pleased; might have as many masters as she liked, but no more no-

tion of professional singing for old Lindo's daughter. Send for Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, Brinley Richards, and some of those people. What was that she said—send for Adagio Jupp? Oh dear no! there must be an end to that sort of thing, now, please. Very well in those days that have passed—but a music-master is not the right style of son-in-law for old Lindo, of Tavistock Square! How Naomipined and withered, and fell ill, and was like to die; how old Lindo was obdurate, and hardhearted, and purse-proud, and hateful; how at length he relented, would take too long to tell. Suffice it to say that I was the means of bringing him round, by getting him a card for Lady Trumpington's private operetta performance, where he and his wife found themselves among the 'nobs,' as they called them, and found Adagio Jupp treated as an intimate companion, respected for his talent and esteemed for himself by people of rank and influence. That settled the question. Peace was restored; Adagio was received in Tavistock Square; Naomi's health returned, and they are to be married next Tuesday. And as a reward for my bringing about the reconciliation, Naomi gave me the photograph now before me.

The residents at Nos. 2 and 4, Verulam Villas, Wimbledon, who are perfectly conversant with the features of Mrs. Tom Harvey, their neighbour at No. 3, would never recognize that portrait opposite Naomi as hers; but it is, and at the time it was taken was wonderfully like her. Mrs. Tom Harvey, handsome, prosperous, in the bloom of her young matronhood, looks about the last woman in the world to have had a history; but she had one, and here it is.

When I first met Edith Austin, she was the daughter of the landlady of some pretty lodgings I had one autumn at Dover. The lodgings were nice, and the old lady was nice, and the daughter was nicer than all. A classical beauty, Edith, with regular features, and a shapely neck, and masses of crisp fair hair. When I went to Dover the follow-

ing year, I found the house in other hands; the old lady was dead, and Edith married to a Captain Harvey, who had been in garrison there; but my informant added he did not think that they 'got on' very well together, 'the Capt being neither more nor less than a loose fish, and a one-er for cards and all kinds of bettin'.' Then I went away, and forgot all about Edith Austin, until one day, calling on my friend Scumble, R.A., and finding him in his studio, painting 'from a moddle,' as his servant explained to me, at his great picture, 'Iphigenia,' I was bade to come in, the great painter taking me by the hand and saying, as he waved his brush towards a young lady at the other end of the room, 'Miss Brooks is too good a sitter to be disturbed by your chatter!' I looked towards Miss Brooks, and recognized Edith Austin. Of course I did not say a word to Scumble, who is the veriest little sieve in London; and of course I waited near Scumble's house until Edith came out; then I joined her, and she told me her story. The 'one-er at cards' had found several other 'one-ers' at cards better than himself, who had won all his money, and one night he departed for Australia, leaving a note with a five-pound note in it for his wife, and a few lines to say he would write when he had anything pleasant to say. When the five-pound note was spent, Edith would have starved, but she remembered that Tom Sparks, an artist who had once occupied their Dover rooms, had admired her features and asked her to sit to him. By the aid of an old Academy catalogue Edith found Tom's address, called upon him, and told him how she was situated. Tom, best fellow in the world, advised her to start as a model, promising her that she should not only make sufficient for her existence, but should be thoroughly respected. And his promise had been fulfilled; she had a large and well-paying *clientèle*, amongst whom her services were always in requisition, and who always treated her with politeness and respect. Two years after that Tom Harvey came home to Eng-

land a reformed man. He had tried sheep-farming, but had failed; horse-breeding, but had failed; and finally had entered the mounted police, in which force he was serving when he heard from his brokers of his uncle's death and his inheritance of four hundred a year. If I had more space I would tell you how he found out his wife by recognizing her portrait as Rosalind, in Bulfum's great Shakesperian picture; but it will be enough to say that he did find her out, and they are living very happily together, he having put some of his money into a City house, where he is regularly engaged, and where he gets for it a capital interest. Coddle, the fashionable artist who married Lord Tincturum's daughter, and who is always getting his name and his wife's into the Morning Post, has painted a fine portrait of Mrs. Tom Harvey (but I prefer the photo. as Iphigenia, which Scumble gave me in memory of the old days).

Yes, darling! to you belongs of right the centre position in the frame, for you alone of all your sisterhood had any real influence on my heart. *Le bien d'autrui* was theirs; but you concerned me, and me alone! Ah, pretty darling! when I look at that picture of you kissing your sparrow—Lesbia, we used to call you, out of sparrow-association,—I see myself a youth in the fashion of 1847, with tightly-strapped trousers, and stiffened stock, and pointed stand-up collars, and dawning whiskers and blushing cheeks! And I see you, so slim and slight, with tapering waist and tiny foot, and low, soft voice! Oh, the bygone times! Yesterday as I was dining with Jeffs, my lawyer, at Putney, and watching his eldest boy swarming up an elm-tree after a nest, I heard a thick fat voice behind me say, 'Take care, Billy! you'll break your neck; I know you will!' And lo! the voice was the voice of one who was Letty Hammond, and who is Mrs. Jeffs, a stout, unwieldy woman, with eight children, several of whom are 'grown up.' I prefer her in the photograph.

On Letty's right, and immediately under Naomi Linda, is Ruth Phip-

pard. 'As governess, a young lady, aged 20, competent to instruct in English, French, German, and the rudiments of Latin.'—That is Ruth Phippard. When I held an appointment under Government, as I then delighted to call it—when, in other words, I was a clerk in the Tintax Office—Charley Phippard, although my official senior by ten years, was my chum. A man's man, Charley, without any domestic associations whatever, full of animal spirits, thoroughly knowing in town life, kindly, cheerful, and purse-free—none of us knew that Charley had ever been married, much less that he was a widower, and had an only daughter, until one day, when he had a fit of something that was unpleasantly like apoplexy, and a messenger was despatched to Navarino Terrace, Brompton—where, according to the official 'Address Book,' he was supposed to reside—to prepare his landlady for his advent, and the cab which contained him—a very feeble 'him,' comatose, and flaccid, and insensible—was met at the door by a very charming girl, his daughter Ruth. Charley Phippard took a long time to get better; it is not imagined that he will ever again enjoy his pristine health; but he cannot be in better medical hands than those now employed about him. The medical officer of the Tintax Office—a charming person, but desirous of cultivating the greater lights of his profession—called in Sir Halford Liston to look at Charley; and Sir Halford Liston—a widower of forty, very presentable, even to young lady eyes, rich and clever—called in himself every day afterwards. They—or, the people who talk—say that Ruth Phippard is going to give up governessing, and to become the second Lady Liston. And—with Montaigne—I reply, *Que scats-je?*

Last of the middle line—just under Letty Hammond—is Jenny Pounce—I beg her pardon, Miss Clare Pontifex, of the T. R. Hatton Garden. When I lived in Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, John Pounce was the gate-porter; John Pounce, jun., used to clean my boots; and Jane Pounce, aged twelve, used to

curtsey for halfpence, to be expended in hardbake, and help her mother the laundress. In the lapse of time I confess I had forgotten the Pounces. I have left Raymond Buildings for the last ten years. When, six months ago, I undertook to write the theatrical notices for my friend Flote, the editor of the 'Palladium,' then absent on his holiday, amongst other places to which the miseries of the undertaking consigned me, was the Hatton Garden theatre, where I witnessed the reproduction of a very old novel as the original dramatic effervescence of Mr. O'Hone, the celebrated playwright. The piece was dreadful; but the heroine was good, and I singled out Miss Pontifex for approval in the columns of the 'Palla-

dium.' Two days afterwards—how the deuce do they find out who writes the notices?—I received a letter of thanks, enclosing this photograph with the dishevelled hair, with a flourishing signature—'Clara Pontifex;' but the note was signed 'Jenny Pounce,' and then I recognized my young friend of the old days!

And she in the right-hand corner, with the calm eyes and the sweet face, and the quiet air! Has she a history? No! I think not! She is a clergyman's daughter, and is about to be a scribe's wife! Gentle reader! give her—and me—your best and kindest wishes; for in a week's time she is to put an end to my foggydom, and to become the helpmate of the subscriber.

Q.

IN EPPING FOREST.

IT is not often, probably, that many of my readers find themselves at the classic station of Shore-ditch, at least with the intention of going down a few miles into the country. They may have gone to Cambridge or to Cromer, but in fashionable views of relaxation people do not often take count of the vicinity of Epping Forest. And if you go out on the line, and alight at some neighbouring station, you will find a comparative scarcity of those trim villas which are so abundant in the western suburbs. But there are good old-fashioned houses appertaining to substantial City families, and old ancestral seats with wide lawns, and thickly shaded with magnificent timber—I have seen no better cedars than those in these parts—and the country though flat is healthy, and the atmosphere, though you might carelessly fancy it to be the special domain of east winds, is pure and clear. Especially this district has some of the most genuine remains of our ancient forests, and Epping Forest is perhaps the best specimen that is left in the immediate neighbourhood of London. That evil process of disafforesting is fast sweeping away

our picturesque woods all over the country; but I trust that some reliquary gems, like Epping, may still be preserved to the nation. It is one link which enables us to realize the time when all the north of London was shrouded with forest, from which issued the rapid streams which careered down our present civic hills to the ample bosom of the then silver Thames.

Have you ever noticed in the early summer morning sundry pleasure vans proceeding eastward, or witnessed them returning in the late twilight, startling the London streets with hearty cheering? Most probably these pleasure vans have been out for a day's excursion in Epping Forest. If you sometimes pause to look at closely-printed bills in small tradesmen's shops, you will see the announcement that various members of a trade intend to take a day's holiday in the country. A list of shops is printed where tickets are to be procured, at the low cost of a shilling or two. Sometimes a prosperous firm, with a praiseworthy generosity which is not at all uncommon, will give all their *employés* a treat in Epping Forest. And I am quite sure that this is a wise ex-

penditure on their part. For weeks after weeks their people will work all the fresher and more zealously, and moreover they will draw closer those ties of amity and goodwill which are as necessary in business as in any other department of life. They or their masters provide these enormous vans, each containing some twenty or thirty people with heaped-up baskets and huge earthen pitchers full of beer; and on a fine summer day you will find the forest literally strewn with the *débris* of feasts.

In these humble entertainments eating and drinking of course perform a considerable part of the business of pleasure; but perhaps something not very different would be said of the grander people who go to Richmond and Greenwich. After the desire of eating and drinking is taken away, the amusements of the day may be summed up in the single word *osculation*. Anything more unlimited and barefaced than the kissing which goes on in these proletarian circles cannot be imagined. They have a considerable variety of games, and they all involve a forfeit, and the forfeit is invariably a kiss. The true delicate-minded lasses among them—and there must be many such—must be rather disgusted with this state of society. And so, when they can, without breaking up their party, they wander away in couples to the most sequestered glades of the forest, and beyond its limits they come on country villages of the truest rural type, with some large green in the centre, and hard by is an immense pond, and close at hand the rustic alehouse, looking positively inviting; and in front is a mighty tree with seats and tables placed around it, where rustic villagers and chance strangers may rest and be thankful in the long summer evenings. I have never ventured to intrude on any large civic party, but I have met scattered members of such excursions in the forest or in the outlying villages, principally of the courting kind, and if they draw near to the bench where I, emulous of the cheap, honest pleasures of the poor man, am reposing

after a listless wandering, I generally find that if I volunteer any trivial remark, it is as a rule thankfully received. In a certain condition of life, lovers seem to resemble the misanthrope who considered that conversation was the bane of society. I think they like to squeeze each other's hands and look into each other's eyes, but they have often only the scantiest notions how to maintain a rational conversation. Sometimes it is very different both in the *ouvrière* and *boutiquière* class. You there see, at times, some girl who, in her kindling eye, graceful movements, and deep liquid voice, only needs to be clothed in silks and satins to be present at the Queen's Drawing Room or at a palatial banquet. And now and then, even in these unromantic days, such a metamorphosis has happened, as many of my readers are probably aware. And with young men in the forest I have sometimes had long earnest conversation. One has been an extreme politician, with passionate party predilections; another has been an enthusiast in religion, and has read some deep theological works; another is full of practical designs, and anxiously gleaned all I can tell him about emigration, while the pretty, demure maiden by his side is drinking in every word earnestly, and is thinking how they two will soon be founding a home of their own by some Canadian forest or amid the boundless Australasian pastures. In talking with such men on some intellectual subject I generally find that they are completely dominated by some half idea. They have met with some statement or some reasoning in their reading, which has completely captivated their imagination, and they try to bring all the world into relationship with these conceptions, instead of bringing them to the test by each extension of knowledge and experience. It is, in fact, a lower class of mind gradually improving itself into a higher class. But the life of the affections is very intense, and how often love quickens intelligence! And there is often some pleasant grace by which solidier knowledge enters some day. Such

a one has a strange passion for birds and flowers, and in his dim gropings he will soon attain to systematized knowledge. And the maiden has a heaven-given voice, which, with scientific culture, might achieve anything, and she will carol out some new song or opera air, sending her voice clear and glad some through the merry air, not dismayed, should she be conscious of her good gift, though some outside stragglers should draw near to listen or should even indicate applause. Presently, with an air of proud happiness, she draws her arm within her lover's, and with a look of trust and peace she turns aside towards the forest—quite an idyllic picture, inspiring Eden thoughts. And very late, if you are still in the forest, you may see the quick team drawn out for the ponderous waggon, and the 'empties' being packed in, you see faces sated with enjoyment, and perhaps the pretty face in particular which you have seen all the more at leisure, may colour up and give you a glance of recognition and farewell.

Exchanging a few words with one of the drivers of such vans, one day, I found him in a high state of dudgeon with the proprietor of the vehicle. He told me his master had called him 'the lower orders,' and he wasn't going to stay and be called 'the lower orders' by any man. With some difficulty I pacified him, and showed that, rightly considered, the word was no term of dereliction or contempt. I told him that the foundation of an edifice might be called the lower orders, and that, properly speaking, the lower orders might be called the foundation of our social edifice. He had saved money, had this driver, and yet, curiously enough, he had never so much as heard of the system of life-assurance, whereby he could secure an object which he had very much at heart. One day I encountered a party of gipsies. I give you my word of honour that the gipsies were altogether a different class of people to those described in George Eliot's 'Spanish Gypsy.' Yet their *al fresco* life was very pleasant and appropriate enough to

the season and to the spot. One of the gipsies told me my fortune. She did not examine the palms of my hands, which I understood would be *de rigueur* in fortune-telling, but rummaged a pack of very dirty cards, out of which she elicited the future of my fortunes. She announced that I was to marry a Mary Ann Wilson. I believe there are a considerable amount of Mary Ann Wilsons in the world, but they form a portion of the human race from whom I have ever since invariably held aloof. This is not verified, nor is likely to be; but she mentioned circumstances and uttered predictions, various of which have come true to a greater extent than can easily be accounted for by any theory of fortuitous coincidences. I merely mention the fact, which is odd, without giving any explanation, for I have no explanation to give. I was talking to a friend, a country gentleman, about our modern Seythians who go about in their nomad carts. He had heavy grievances to allege against them. He did not mind their taking possession of any waste roadside turf, and they might glean as abundantly as they chose, and he would not greatly resent the theft of some forage for their horses. But the vagabonds did not possess the most rudimentary notions of a moral sense. They would turn out all the cattle into deep rich grass, where not only much would be eaten, but much more would be trampled down and wasted, not to mention that the henroost would suffer, and some lambs of the flock be taken away, until he was ready to hunt them down with a *posse comitatus*.

Here I had a long talk with an itinerant showman. He did me the honour of introducing me to his giant. The giant was not proud, but very open to the offer of a pot of beer. In the seclusion of the forest the noble animal was allowed, so to speak, to be put out to grass, without fear that he would make giantdom cheap and common. The showman told me, with infinite enjoyment, how he had caught his giant. He was taking a walk in the country, as might you yourself, sir, and on a fine day in the early

summer, as might be this, and all of a sudden he come upon this here young man, as was working in the fields. He was greatly struck with his extraordinary height (it was seven feet odd) and his excellent adaptability for entering on a public career. The showman entered into a discourse with this son of the soil, who, being even then of a thirsty mind, asked him for a mug of porter. 'If you'll come with me, my fine fellow,' said the showman, 'you shall have beer, brandy, champagne,—anything you choose to ask for.' Though I do not say that the showman literally carried out this spiritous offer, he must have fed his giant most liberally, for the fellow was expanding in latitude as much as in longitude, and in a slack season must eat his head off. The poor beast was becoming as mere an animal as a dray-horse. Once I fell in with some of the most imposing shows we have, several huge caravans containing a number of wild animals, a kind of strolling company that requires a large expenditure and a considerable amount of capital. There were growlings and roarings as if they sniffed the country air, and for want of better quarters would be content to roam Epping Forest. I thought, with a little trepidation, of the thinness of the barrier that separated me from a royal Bengal tiger, of man-eating tastes. I had a long talk with one of the head keepers, a fine manly fellow, in velveteen, a costume

which they much affect. I told him of a favourite exploit of my youth, when, seeing a lion's fore-paw below the bar, I had laid my hand on its soft velvet, so as to boast that I had shaken hands with a lion. He told me I almost deserved to lose it; he had known such an instance, and the lion, quick as lightning, had turned round and torn the hand to pieces. Then I, in my turn, asked of the keeper his experiences; whether they ever became alarmed when at night the beasts roared very fiercely? whether they used much opium with them? whether they often had an accident, and if an accident happened, whether they did not hush it up as soon as they could? whether there was any truth in such or such a rumour I had heard? To such interrogatories the keeper gave but short answers, and to some answers vouchsafed me none.

It is quite worth while at Midsummer to grow familiar with Epping Forest. In the social sack we are shaken down and all angles smoothed, till we turn out smooth and rounded as marbles. It is as well to try and obviate this occasionally. You may still have a touch of adventures in the forest such as may break the monotony of civilized life. You are reminded of Ardennes, with Celia and Rosalind; and at all events you have the level woodland glades, and the vast dome of sky, which is the great compensating feature of the flat eastern counties landscape.



THE ENVIRONS OF BRIGHTON.

TO a very large number of persons there are no environs to Brighton. To use philosophical language, Brighton is an End-in-Itself. When they have exhausted Brighton they profess their willingness to explore the neighbourhood; but as a matter of fact they are never able to exhaust Brighton. They are quite satisfied with its promenades and its parties, and take the environs for granted. Riding parties and determined pedestrians constitute a very numerous body of exceptions. That hot glare on the proud terraces of Brighton becomes insupportable, and, like decrepit Falstaff, they begin to 'babble of green fields.' Some sapient editor of Shakespeare—and no one knew Nature better than Shakespeare and none worse than most of his editors—has altered this into 'babbled of *green baize*.' The want of turf and foliage at Brighton is more conspicuous than at any watering-place in the south. There are people who have been ordered by their medical men to leave Brighton because their eye had no grateful or refreshing green whereon to rest. Now at Worthing you have lawns that stretch down almost to the sea, and at Eastbourne you have tall shadowing elms that almost give a boulevard appearance to its marine streets. At Brighton you have neither, but for all that the Brightonian is thankful that Brighton is not as Worthing or Eastbourne. But the equestrian can soon take an easy gallop that will bring him into the open country. As soon as he gets to the race-course he is on the downs, and, as a rule, it is to be hoped that, unlike Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, he does not 'come a cropper' on the race-course. The pedestrian, who prefers caution to speed, does not fall much behind. He soon understands the nature of the country. Eastward, beyond Kemp Town, and by way of Ovingdean and Rottingdean, you pass along fine cliffs till you come to vast Beachy Head itself. West-

ward, on the contrary, you have a long, flat coast, with at times its almost lagoon-like appearance, the vast tracts of sand, and the trim, neat watering-places. Northward you have the downs, the richer woods and more fertile pasturages, the thoroughly English landscape and the stolid simplicity of Boetian Sussex.

My own rule is, when coming to a watering-place for a time, and none the less when coming to Brighton, carefully to study the map of the country and the general character of a district. You want an intellectual pleasure, and especially you want that sort of intellectual pleasure which will bring your active faculties into play. I know nothing better in this way than the careful study of the environs of your locality. If you wish thoroughly to understand this great England of ours you ought carefully to investigate, from time to time, some section of the topography. Local history makes part of general history, and in this way you often discover many interesting isolated facts which do not find their way into the books. You want a pursuit, too, that will keep you moving about and give you as much as possible of the fresh air and sunshine. The plan of working up a locality gives to the most commonplace life some sparkle of romance and adds to the most conventional mind a measure of originality.

Now how can we apply all this aphoristic wisdom to the case of Brighton and its environs? We will work it up first in its nearer and then in its remoter aspects. The most striking natural feature of the neighbourhood is the Downs, which have now scattered through all England the famous breed of Southdown mutton. There is a measure of disappointment in comparing this range with such a district as the Devonian country. For in Devonshire you have the soft shadowed combes and dales, and you cannot wander far without

being refreshed by the musical rill of some living stream. But there is nothing of the kind in the chalk country, no beck or tarn or fountain. Yet the scenery of the downs has immense compensating features. Fold after fold they fade away into immeasurable distance, with undulations that form 'lines of beauty unequalled except in some island group in the Pacific.' Only thoroughly to appreciate these downs you must extend your expedition far beyond the nearer points known to the Brighton resident, and wander in solitary freedom over the unenclosed summits. There are scenes which, if they were to be found on the Continent, would be proclaimed as being excellently worthy of the attention of all tourists. These great chalk sweeps, if you are learned in geology, in their disclosures of shells, zoophytes, and fishes, will read you off many a splendid page of primeval history. Then the bits of the picturesque are exceedingly numerous and beautiful. Our artists know and love them well, and Copley Fielding has made the region peculiarly his own. In the combs of the downs you come on little groves or 'holts' of ash, hazel, and oak, which climb the hill-side. Most pleasant it is to wander in their shadow, or recline on the short thin herbage, or have a free gallop across the country. The flora of the district presents a great variety of simple wild flowers that will not fail to awake an enthusiastic interest in many a gentle bosom. There are regular gatherings among the rustics for hunting the primrose and cowslip, the harebell, violet and orchis, and wild anemones. Then the coloured fringe of sea in the distance, described from many an eminence bounds the prospect which from one or two of the loftier eminences commands nearly the whole of Sussex. The great country seats, and none the less the lowly habitations of the poor, with antique gables and vast heaps of thatched roof, centuries old, give an intense human interest to the panorama, recalling the vague tender recollection of the multitudinous hopes, hearts, and inte-

rests that belong to all those scattered habitations.

It will perhaps hardly do to preach any doctrine of rusticity in Brighton, which is the Pompeii of England, as gay and splendid a city as ever fronted the sweet Campanian shore; but in close contact with this maritime suburb of London is some of the most primitive life that England can furnish. And to my mind, believing firmly in the uses and healthfulness of contrasts, this is one great use of the environs of Brighton. Try, benevolent reader, once in a way, to be 'truly rural!' Wander about the woods, the seaboard, and the down, and not only investigate the scenes but condescend to men of low estate. You will find the seamen harder to get on with, as a rule, than the bucolic portion; and, indeed, it requires some happy knack to render them propitious. For the most part they are concerned in coaling and fishing, but sometimes you meet sailors who take larger views and longer travels, if it has only been to take a turn at the flat-fishing of the far West, and these are much more companionable. The South Sussex rivers—the Arun, the Adur, and the Ouse—well deserve studying, and have been repeatedly commemorated both in poetry and art. The Arun is famous for the 'Arundel mullet,' a fish that brings the osprey, or 'mullet hawk,' after it. The shepherds on the downs will sometimes tell you stories of the old smuggling days when, while they were tending their flocks, a procession of a hundred men with cutlasses, passed by with led horses loaded with tobacco and kegs of spirits. The sailors will tell you how sometimes these cutlasses would be drawn in their narrow little towns and something almost approaching to a battle would come off. An honest race are the shepherds—simple, harmless, and certainly a little superstitious; the modern race deviating much from the older race, but with some rare old specimens remaining still. They used to 'abide by night' in caves dug in the sides of a bank, and lined with heath or straw. 'It was in my cave,' said one

of them, 'that I first read about Moses and his shepherding life, and about David's killing the lion and the bear. Ah! how glad I felt that we hadn't such wild beasts to frighten, and may be, kill our sheep and us.' They will tell you of the simple sport that is open to them, and in which you may, if you like, have a share. There is a vast amount of fish in the fresh-water streams, and if you go out at night, you may very easily fill a large basket with eels and other fish. They will tell you, if you choose to credit it, how the eels in quiet nights will migrate across the grass from stream to stream. Then they lay traps for the delicious summer bird, the wheatear, called the English ortolan. There was a shepherd some time back who caught some eighty dozen in a single day, and it is to be feared that the bird will be exterminated like the bustard. Sussex folk are essentially a pudding-eating people, a process that appears to have a craniological results. They will tell you of the 'fairy rings' on the downs, and you will find superstitious remnants of a nether world with a somewhat complicated demonology. The people who were born 'in the sevens,' that is in '777, the remembrance of whom is still fresh, are considered, like the conies, to be a cunning folk. The horse-shoe is still at times nailed up for luck. The caul is believed in; at least the rustie, though he will not argue against your denunciation of his superstition, will profess to take it with him, saying 'it can do no harm, *howsomever*.' They will avoid the neighbourhood of any cross-road where a suicide has been buried, the site of which is carefully retained in memory, and they will still resort to the wise man and the wise woman. And if these wiseacres could for a moment be supposed to be ordered to be burnt, like the Jacobin witches, they would die acknowledging the justice of their sentence. In fact, there is a genuine Doric element discoverable in close proximity to Corinthian Brighton well worthy of attention by any painter of contemporary manners.

We are on ground, probably, more

familiar to our readers, when we turn to cities. Brighton visitors ought really to visit Lewes, which is close to their doors, and Chichester, which is the cathedral city of the diocese. Hundreds of people know Chichester, who take it on their way to Goodwood, aristocratic beyond Ascot as Ascot beyond Epsom. Our ordinary Brightonian will not confine his visit to the race-week. He will desire to see the houses crowded with pictures, and the grounds with cedars of Lebanon more numerous than on Mount Lebanon itself. The celebrated kennels have been converted into cottages, of which we are glad, for it is not right that dogs should be housed more comfortably than Christians. The noble spire of Chichester Cathedral, a landmark far and wide, having fallen, within a few years a sum of seventy thousand pounds was raised for rebuilding the spire and renovating the cathedral. The accident happened, we are informed, through alterations in the staircase, effected by the zeal of a novice dean. The work of restoration now painfully lags. But notice in Chichester, the dullest of all cathedral towns—which is saying much, for cathedral towns are not generally lively—the Museum, and more especially the central cross of that city.

It is rather stretching a point to include Chichester in the environs of Brighton, but still so many Brightonians go there through the rival and conflicting charms of the race-course and Cathedral. Lewes, only seven miles from Brighton, is perhaps the most picturesquely situated town in the south of England. A good deal of English history may be picked out of Lewes, and a whole book has been written about the place, which it well deserves. There are a good many bits of English history to be picked out of the environs of Brighton. At Brighton itself Charles the Second stayed in his flight after Worcester; at Shoreham, hard by, and now principally noted for oysters, he took shipping for France. Lewes is famous for the great battle that went so far towards the consolidation of English liberties. Hither went the knights after their slaughter

of Becket. I must, however, disavow any intention of improving the reader's mind, a liberty which he would, not unnaturally, resent. Only at Lewes let him climb the hill, in the very centre of the downs, and the ancient castle which still lords it over the landscape; and the interesting walks in the neighbourhood are simply endless. The baron and the prior once divided between them the broad lands here, and both have left massive remnants of their pristine magnificence. There is a very quaint little town in a maritime corner called Seaford, with a bay that is a favourite haunt of the mackerel and much used by vessels that can't make their way round Beachy Head, which, on all accounts, is well worth visiting. One day a quiet old gentleman came to the place and took a prow about and then had a bed at the inn. He was discovered to be the Duke of Wellington, who seems to have entertained the highly-correct idea that a harbour of refuge might be constructed here. That bedroom in the inn is still known as 'the Duke's room.' A number of years back there was a violent incursion of the sea here at high tide. The water was six feet in many of the houses, and the frightened inhabitants had to get out of their bedroom windows into small boats. But the sea is very much eating away the south coast. It has destroyed the old village of Bright-helmstone that used to nestle beneath the cliffs, and may sweep away the east point of Worthing unless the ratepayers look closely to their groynes. At Seaford it was thought some years ago that if they blew away a portion of the cliff, this would form a natural groyne that would prevent the wasting of the beach. So a company of Sappers and Miners fired twelve tons of gunpowder and blew away three hundred thousand tons of chalk into the sea. But old Ocean took the matter very calmly. With a few high tides he took away all the chalk and resumed his nibblings at the land as vigorously as ever.

There is no environ of Brighton more familiar to the general public than Newhaven, a few miles from here.

It is the natural outlet of Brighton to the Continent. Most people see nothing here and report that there is nothing to see. Yet something may be found out by those who timorously wait on at the hotel day after day until they find a fine day wherein to cross. I know a person who stayed on a year and a half at a seaport town until it should be a fine day for passing. And if it is not a fine day, oh the delusion of the smooth passage, until you make that sudden dip at the harbour bar which brings you into conflict with what a local writer justly calls 'the liquid element.' From here to Paris is a direct line, pretty and picturesque, if only the sea is 'as a mill pond,' a kind of comparison which it is by no means anxious to obtain permanently.

Westward of Brighton there is a cluster of little watering-places which may be classified as of the 'quiet' genus, and to lovers of quiet must present all the charms that imagination can conceive. Bognor and Littlehampton may permanently retain the undisturbed possession of the honorific epithet, but, on the other hand, in the full season, Worthing may aspire to the glories of dissipation. That which has been attributed to some watering-places, we know as a matter of fact to have happened to Worthing in the season: that visitors have been obliged to take lodgings in bathing-machines. Of late years a splendid west-end suburb has been erected in Worthing by a joint-stock company, which has hardly escaped the dull fate which belongs to all connected with that disastrous doctrine of Limited Liability. The Brighton people wonder at the impudence of Worthing, in professing to be a watering-place; but, as a matter of fact, Worthing was discovered before Brighton was invented. The climatological question here crops up for discussion. Had Worthing a rampart of rocks, like Hastings, or screens of hills, like Torquay, its climate would be every whit as good. But it may be also questioned whether it has not a climate of its own of great and special value. Considering that there are only a dozen miles between

Worthing and Brighton, the difference in climate is very remarkable. On the whole Brighton approximates to the Scarborough climate, and Worthing to Torquay. In Brighton, the air is clear, bracing, and of fluctuating temperature; while in Worthing it is soft, mild, and equable. An interesting series of differences may be drawn out. Brighton, at least Brighton on the cliff, is really upon the South Downs; Worthing is just below, and to the south of them. At a distance those hills curtain the town to the south and south-west, diminishing the force of the winds in those quarters, it is calculated, to the extent of at least one half. Brighton is situated within a bay; whereas Worthing is generally spoken of by sailors as Worthing Point. This confers on it the marine atmosphere loaded with ozone and chloroform, whose action may be as difficult to explain as electricity, and which is hardly less certain in its effects. The soil of Brighton is mainly chalk, largely reflecting light and heat; that of Worthing a light loam, with layers below of sand and pebbles. In a season of violent winds at Brighton, a migration to Worthing might be judicious; and while for the healthy, Brighton may truly be called the metropolitan sanatorium, it may be said, that, in case of long delicacy or the early stage of illness, this is the best climate within an easy distance of London. In bronchial cases I have found it is less humid, less enervating: in other words, more dry and bracing than South Devon.

So much for Worthing as the chief health resort for weak-chested people in the neighbourhood of Brighton. Pleasure-seekers should be told that, with a few exceptions, the places best worth visiting in the environs of Brighton lie westward. On the other hand, to the east of Brighton, you have a walk or drive which cannot be surpassed by the flat western side, with its dull backwater. You cannot have a walk or drive more beautiful than from Brighton to Newhaven, keeping close to the coast. 'Fine turf, which need never be quitted, is to be found

the whole way. A little to the west of Rottingdean the cliffs form a natural terrace carpeted with sod as smooth as velvet, redolent of wild thyme and other fragrant herbs, and commanding splendid sea views; but indeed nearly the same thing may be said of eight miles out of the nine.'—(*W. H. Ainsworth.*) In the west country, however, you have the larger amount of positive attractions.

The Devil's Dyke, or the Dyke, as it is more euphoniously called by decent people, is best investigated from Brighton itself, and by means of a coach that regularly runs out there. The Sussex people quaintly use an euphemism by ascribing the 'Dyke' to 'the poor man.' This ill-disposed 'poor man' conceived the idea of drowning a lot of churches by letting the sea in upon them. But an old woman, hearing the noise of a good deal of digging, put a candle in a sieve and looked out of the window. The 'poor man' mistook the light for the sunrise, and decamped before his work was half finished. In triumphant corroboration of this legend you will be pointed to his footprints, burnt in the turf, on the edge of the dyke. The origin of the dyke is probably British; with less probability it is sometimes assigned to the Romans. The views commanded from the summit of the sharp, steep declivity are, in every quarter, magnificent, and this is one of the finest points of the Downs.

Otherwise Worthing forms the most convenient spot for investigating the shows of the Brighton country-side, and you cannot have more comfortable quarters than at the Marine. Most of the western environs of Brighton are best visited from Worthing. There are a group of churches near here of high archaeological interest: Broadwater, Sompington, Shoreham. Close by is Tarring, whose vicar, the son-in-law of Southey, has written the 'Seaboard and the Down,' with much of Southey's learning and opinions. There is here a wondrous orchard of a hundred fig-trees, whither tourists resort industriously to eat figs. Hither, too resort, in the fig

season, the Italian beccaficos (fig-eaters), and after visiting this one spot in Sussex for five or six weeks, take flight seawards. Here, too, is the Miller's Tomb, which a contemplative miller built thirty years before his death, and at his cottage there is an abundant supply of tea, shrimps, and boiling water, for those who come hither to moralize. At Cissbury are the remains of some Roman earthworks, and some fine views are attainable—views that are still striking even when a marine mist overspreads the landscape. 'In the distance was Worthing, like a ruined city, Balbec or Palmyra, on the edge of the sea; but it might as well have been a desert; for it was so variegated with streaks of sunshine and of shade, that no one ignorant of the place could have determined whether it were sea or sky that lay before us.'—('Southey's Life,' vol. vi.) Still vaster is the view that is obtained from Chancetonbury. It was an old encampment, and is now crowned by a plantation of trees, but the view there brings out all the peculiarities of the formation of the Downs.

The great show-houses of the country-side are Arundel Castle, Petworth, and Parham. Goodwood has been already mentioned. No Brightonian ever thinks of missing Arundel, which is very accessible, and Petworth, the farthest of the three, is, for its art-treasures, the most noteworthy private residence in the kingdom. I am sorry to hear that the solemn senatorial conclave of owls that used to hold a sort of parliamentary sitting in the Arundel keep, has disappeared. The private rooms are not shown; the cluster of watering-places would make not so much an invasion of them as a permanent occupation. The park has, of course, to be explored, and you picnic within sight of the lake, and you visit the old ecclesiastical ruins that now form the most beautiful dairy, that is a great favourite with excursionists. The great landlords of this division of the country are the Duke of Norfolk—who only came of age the other day, with mighty rejoicings at Arundel; Lord Leconfield, who, only the other day, suc-

ceeded his father the first lord, a most excellent country gentleman, and the Duke of Richmond, who, since he has ceased to be a Cabinet minister, has betaken himself vigorously to county business. Bognor, some miles off, is famous for its view over the Weald, and a Roman villa, the largest and most perfect in England, though not the finest. The Elizabethan mansion of Parham, in its fine old wooded chase, is famous for its pictures, plate, and armouries. We especially recall a glorious Claude, in the drawing-room. The son of the Baroness de la Zouch, Mr. Curzon, so widely and favourably known by his 'Monasteries of the Levant,' has enriched Parham by his splendid collection, which he made chiefly during his residence in the East. You should first read his book, and then inspect his collection. Some miles off are the decadent towers of old Amberley Castle.

But Petworth, take it all in all, is the gem of Sussex, which it chiefly behoves the visitor to see. From basement to roof it is crowded with the finest possible paintings; even the very panels of the drawing-rooms are adorned with the magic of Turner's art. Turner would come and paint here for months together. The pictures are described in Leslie's 'Handbook,' and also in Waagen's great work. Living landscapes of the highest beauty are to be found in the vast park; wide, watered, with frequent deer clustered beneath the old oaks and beech-clumps.

Such environs as these—using the word in a liberal sense—are surely well worthy of investigation by the visitor or resident of Brighton. If he be of a literary or artistic turn, he will find many an association in the neighbourhood. There is the little village where good Archbishop Leighton lived for many years, preaching in the Sussex churches, and never was there a wandering eye. Here again, there is the place where Shelley's early days were cast, and the pond where he was so passionately fond of boating. Here is the country which Horace Walpole so well describes, and the roads of which he complained so bitterly.

Here are the streams, and manors, and woods where the scenes of various English poems and romances have been laid. And do not forget that the mightiest of the Brighton environs is, after all, the ocean. I will hardly counsel you to go out with the fishermen, for, unless you are well trained to it, a night on the water, after a roughish fashion, is hardly desirable. But yacht, or go out in a rowing-boat, or try a sail; and wipe away the aspersions of boatmen, in various

quarters of the country, that tourists do not now care for the sea. A maritime taste, everywhere diffused, is the best guarantee of the continuance of our maritime superiority. Brighton is, indeed, as Thackeray calls it, London-super-Mare, which may also be something more and something better. Grow familiar with the seaboard, the cliffs, and the inland places, and let no view of Brighton be a greater favourite with you than that noblest of all, the view of Brighton from the sea.

FOAM OF THE SEA!

IN Lemprière's classical pages,
Of Cupid's mamma we have read—
Fair Venus, whom poets for ages
Have called Aphrodite instead.
No matter what scandal has wrung from
Her name; even cynics agree,
There's truth in the story she sprung from
The foam of the sea!

Such fanciful fables no longer
Are whispered to sweeten or sell,
Though fiction is certainly stronger
Since Venus stept out of her shell;
If poets exist they must sing to
The sweethearts, and many there be
Who sigh for the syrens who cling to
The foam of the sea!

When summer is wrapt in her roses,
And love is let loose in the land,
The prettiest flow'ret that grows is
The sweet one that springs from the sand;
Though many be richer and taller,
None bloom of such rareness! ah me!
Why wonder I sing of, and call her
The foam of the sea?

My yellow-haired maiden! the June of
Young lovers who long to repeat
Their lesson of love to the tune of
These wavelets that wash to your feet,
Alone! with your fancies remember
The leaf turns to gold on the tree;
June changes too soon to December,
Sweet foam of the sea!



Drawn by Horace Stanton.]

FOAM OF THE SEA.

[See the Verses.

can be brought to look fairly at it, and consider thoroughly the work before him, will say, and with reason too, that it seems almost beyond the powers of human endurance.

Perhaps it was the knowledge of the perils of the expedition, and of the difficulties to be encountered, that led Captain Barclay to make the match. Be this as it may, negotiations were entered upon in October, 1808, Mr. Wedderburn Webster, a gentleman well known in sporting circles, being the backer of time for a stake of 1000 guineas. Barclay immediately took up his quarters at Owston, in Yorkshire, under old Smith, a thorough sportsman, and began training for the work. Early in the following year he visited Brighton and underwent a course of bathing, and finally reached Newmarket on 30th May, 1809, in the perfection of condition, his weight being 13 st. 4 lb. Lodgings had been taken for him in the house of Buckle, the famous jockey, and a path of half a mile out and home was marked out on the public road leading to it. Just after twelve o'clock at night on the 1st of June, with the odds at 2 to 1 on him, the captain commenced his task, doing the first mile in twelve minutes, and the second in fourteen minutes and a half. After this he stripped off his clothes and went to bed, but did not sleep, and perspired profusely, the weather being very hot. The longest time occupied in covering a mile during the first day was sixteen minutes, the average on the day fifteen minutes fifteen seconds per mile, and the total time occupied in walking twenty-five miles was five hours fifty-six minutes. His dress throughout the match varied with the weather. Sometimes he wore a flannel jacket, sometimes a loose dark grey coat, and walked in strong shoes and two pairs of coarse stockings, the outer pair being those known as boot stockings, without feet, to keep his legs dry. He paced along at a sort of lounging gait without any apparent extraordinary exertion, scarcely raising his feet two inches above the ground. He breakfasted after returning from his walk at five A.M., when he ate a roast

fowl and drank a pint of strong ale, then two cups of tea with bread and butter. His luncheon hour was noon, when, on alternate days, he partook of mutton-chops and beef-steaks, and drank porter and two or three glasses of port wine. At six P.M. he dined on roast beef or mutton, and a small quantity of such vegetables as were to be had. Supper-time arrived with eleven o'clock, a cold fowl being his usual food. His four meals were always eaten with good relish, and it is computed that he consumed from 5 lb. to 6 lb. of animal food per twenty-four hours. During the earlier days he often did not go to bed between the miles but strolled about the streets of Newmarket or reclined on a sofa in his resting apartment on the ground floor of the house. On the fourth day he was greatly incommoded by the dust, and on the tenth seemed fatigued, owing to the high wind and rain. He was, however, still in good health and spirits, and started as soon as called. On the twelfth day he rested often and slept well, but complained of pains in his neck and shoulders, caused by not wearing clothes enough during the night, and by sitting, when in a state of perspiration, with his back towards an open window. Up to this day his walking had been very regular, his longest mile having occupied but seventeen and a half minutes, and the greatest time taken in covering the daily twenty-four miles being six hours and twenty-four and a half minutes. Early on the thirteenth day he was attacked by a soreness in the back tendons of his legs. Next morning it increased, and then went off, but reappeared the following day, and seized him almost every time he started. No remedy appears to have been applied, though one of the miles occupied twenty minutes. At noon, on the sixteenth, he removed to new lodgings near the 'Horse and Jockey,' and shifted his ground, walking across the Norwich road up the Heath and back. The change proved advantageous, as he felt more comfortable, and his food was not cooked in the house.

After this time the pain in his legs and thighs impeded him at starting, but wore off after going three hundred or four hundred yards. Curiously enough, it was always worst about three A.M., and gradually decreased as the day advanced. On the nineteenth morning he had some difficulty in walking, and lay down frequently and slept. Still his appetite continued unimpaired, though his spirits were occasionally depressed. Next day his legs were bathed in vinegar, and, on the following morning, complaining of soreness in the tread of his right foot, vinegar was applied to that also. Rain had fallen nearly every day up to the twentieth, but from that time to the twenty-seventh the heat continued very great, and no moisture softened the path, which remained hard, notwithstanding that a water cart went over the ground once a day. On the twenty-second, Dr. Sandiver was called in, and recommended a warm bath, besides sending a liquid to be rubbed on the painful parts. Next day Captain Barclay was unfortunately attacked by toothache, and became feverish and fretful, complaining often of his legs and feet. He felt much distressed through want of sleep, but on the twenty-fourth the toothache ceased, and after an hour's rest he awoke much refreshed. Finding, however, that the warm bath made his feet tender, he ordered a flannel to be soaked in boiling water and wrung dry, then applied, but without permanent relief. On the twenty-sixth he was sometimes dressed and out before fully awake, and experienced difficulty in moving at starting. The flannel applications, however, began to effect some good, also the oil and camphor, which was rubbed on the painful parts. These remedies were therefore used night and day, and on the twenty-seventh the pain moved towards the ankles, causing him to suffer much and walk heavily. He was also very weak, and as the rain now began to fall in large quantities again, it became necessary that he should wear his great coat, which fatigued him so much, that at four A.M., the

mile occupied thirty-six and a half minutes, his average per mile on the day having now increased to nineteen minutes and thirty-six and a quarter seconds, while the total time occupied by the twenty-four miles was seven hours and fifty and a half minutes. About this period it was reported that Captain Barclay's legs were swollen. The statement is denied on authority; they never swelled during the performance of the feat. On the twenty-ninth the pain in his calves increased, but he improved so surprisingly during the day that no one who saw him had any idea of his debilitated state at night, whilst those who then accompanied him were equally deceived as to his appearance in the daytime. He was often so stiff in a morning that he could scarcely rise, and when up could hardly stand. On the thirty-second, whenever he rested, the back tendons of his legs shrunk, and the pain was so excessive when they relaxed that he could not get up without help. His courage, however, was unconquerable. Next morning it was some time after rising before he got the use of his limbs, and he appeared completely exhausted. The rain, too, was much against him, as his overcoat became soaked every time he went out. He now began to 'shuffle' in his walk, and after resting on the thirty-fourth day, was compelled to cry out when moved. He however continued determined to complete the task at all risks, and notwithstanding that he grew weaker every hour, displayed remarkable resolution. One of the chief difficulties now was to manage his time, especially in the wet weather. He did not seem, on the thirty-eighth day, to relish his food as usual, and had become so much exhausted, that when lifted up he could not stand without assistance. It became quite apparent that he could not have held out much longer, but the end was now drawing near, and he gained fresh courage as the days grew fewer. The spectators were so numerous on the thirty-ninth day (Sunday), that it was suggested to rope the ground in. Captain Barclay objected to this,

saying he did not like such parade, but the crowd grew immense on Monday, and on the following morning the track was enclosed. So great was the confidence expressed at Tattersall's and other sporting resorts, that almost any odds were offered on his completing the match. On Tuesday night not a bed could be procured in Newmarket or Cambridge or any of the towns and villages in the vicinity, and every horse and vehicle were engaged. On the last day (Wednesday, July 12th) several noblemen and gentlemen were present, including the Dukes of Argyle and St. Albans; Earls Grosvenor, Besborough, and Jersey; Lords Foley and Somerville; Sir John Lade and Sir F. Standish. At length the finishing mile was entered upon at a quarter past three p.m., and completed, amidst the ringing cheers of his supporters, at thirty-seven minutes past three, fifteen miles only having to be walked on the last day. He was then placed in a hot bath for a few minutes, well dried with flannels, and put to bed at four o'clock. He slept well until midnight, when he was awaked and had some water-gruel administered to him. Directly after he sank to sleep again, and arose at nine next morning, without pain and in perfect health, so completely recovered, in fact, that four days afterwards he joined the Walcheren Expedition, and acted as aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Huntly. During the performance of his herculean feat, Captain Barclay lost 2 st. 4 lb. in weight, but never felt any ill effects afterwards. It is supposed that in bets alone upwards of 100,000*l.* was speculated, and that Barclay had 16,000*l.* depending on the issue. He of course arranged his time well throughout, and often gained as much as between eighty and ninety minutes' sleep at a time. As a rule, for the first twenty days, he started at half-past one hour, and finished about a quarter to the next, starting again at forty minutes past. Later on, however, he started at forty minutes past one hour and at one minute past the next, sometimes only resting two minutes, but, of

course, getting nearly eighty minutes prior to the succeeding mile. Altogether twelve days (of twenty-four hours per diem) and eight hours were occupied in walking alone, so that the one thousand miles were covered at the rate of 81 miles and 142 yards per twenty-four hours. The average time for the miles during each week was—

	min.	sec.
First . . .	14	54
Second . . .	16	0
Third . . .	16	41
Fourth . . .	18	36
Fifth . . .	19	41
Sixth . . .	21	4

The longest mile occupied 36½ minutes, the shortest 12 minutes; the longest 24 miles 8 hours 39½ minutes, and the shortest 5 hours 40 minutes.

Several other persons afterwards attempted the 'Barclay feat,' but all failed. Mr. Howe started at Cliffe Common, Somerset, and gave up after fifteen days, his health being much impaired. Mr. Blackie walked on for twenty-three days, when, having lost 3 st. 6 lb., he also stopped. In May, 1812, Mr. Martingale made an attempt, but after thirty days was obliged to succumb, nature refusing to carry him further. Of the numerous reported successes on running grounds of late years we take no heed. The pedestrians were never very carefully looked after, and, no doubt, though they paced the track diligently in open day, they took their proper rest at night or during intervals when there were no lookers on. In this opinion we are upheld by the best sporting authorities, including the editors of 'Bell's Life in London,' and of 'Wilkes' New York Spirit of the Times,' both of whom give it as their firm opinion that Captain Barclay, and no one else, either before or since, can claim to have accomplished this, the greatest pedestrian feat, so far as stamina, courage, and human endurance are concerned, on record. About his performance there can be no doubt whatever. The large sums of money speculated, both by the supporters of the walker and of

time, rendered it certain that he would be shown no favour. On both sides were witnesses, armed with accurate watches. At certain hours they were relieved, and others paced the track alongside the Captain, who, at the end of each half-mile, was compelled to cross a certain

mark, so that he did not receive the benefit of a single yard. A lengthy journal was kept throughout, and from it we have given the chief features of the match, which created a more profound sensation in the sporting world than any similar incident that ever occurred.

H. B.

SEA AND SKY.

An Omen.

SURELY Endymion leaves his flock
 Untended on the mountain side,
 And, plunging from these towers of rock,
 Bathes his lithe form within the tide.
 For lo! how lovingly the moon,
 Leaving half heaven in shade and sleep,
 Scatters o'er earth a mimic noon,
 And pours her glory on the deep!

With face upturned the shepherd rests,
 Save that his round arm to and fro
 Blanches the smitten sea with crests
 Of snow that into silver glow.
 It is not water where he floats,
 But one broad trail of liquid light,
 Where fancy sails her fairy boats
 Across the shining breast of night.

I watch, entranced upon the strand,
 The dalliance of the sea and skies;
 How each meets other, lip and hand,
 And with a myriad mutual eyes.
 Nought comes between their happy love;
 They mingle in a bliss so rare
 I know not depth from height above,
 Nor which is ocean, which is air.

I gaze, and sadden as I gaze,
 On intermingling heaven and sea,
 Till my lone heart with envy prays
 It were so with thyself and me.
 Fain would I be the wave below;
 Fain would I be the sky above;
 If, lady, thou wouldst have it so,
 And wouldst or rise or stoop to love.

I curse the blight of hasty vows
 That bind thee to a buried heart :
 A dead hand willow-wreathes thy brows,
 And warns our leaping lives apart.
 Yet when, as now, I feel the night
 With beauty fascinates thine eyes
 As mine, I dream of union bright
 And close as this 'twixt sea and skies.

Though distance sever, yet we gaze
 At once upon the self-same sea ;
 Though vows dispart, the self-same rays
 And splendours fall on thee and me.
 I seize the omen ; and my strength
 Thrives on the hope it may be given
 To our twin souls to clasp at length,
 Content, upon the slopes of heaven.

A. H. G.

THE SUMMER JAUNT.

A WAY for a summer jaunt,
 ‘Je suis gêné, moi.’ Dit on ;
 To the lakes, to the sea, to the mermaids’ haunt,
Anywhere, save the world of ton !

‘Dust-grimed are the Hyde Park leaves,
Such leaves ! And even the throat
 Of the sparrow beneath the eaves
 Is too parched to utter a note.

‘I am weary of gas and glare,
 Sweet Kellogg warbles in vain ;
 I am weary of princely fare,
 And sick of soup *à la Reine !*

‘I could roam the pools with a fly,
 Where the trout and the salmon dwell ;
 My *chef* might grumble and sigh,
 But I’d eat ‘em *au naturel*.

‘I *could* whistle, “A straw for Reform,”
 Leave “Foreign Affairs” in the lurch.
 To debate, it is much too warm,
 And we’ve shunted the “Irish Church.”

'A glove on my arm! *Who's* that?
 Oh, Nell, is it *you*, my life;
More cheques? Where, *where* is my hat?
 What a costly thing is a wife!

'I have got to be off to the "House,"
 And 'tis half-past five, and more,
 I shall sit there, and dream of the grouse,
 And listen to L——, the *bore*!

'Well, Nellie, my pet, *don't* cry,
 This weather my temper floors—
 Come, little one, *there's* the cheque,
 And to-morrow we're off to the moors!'

A. H. B.

MY LONG VACATIONS.

I CAN remember them so well now, my Long Vacations, the most adventurous of my days that soon ceased to have much adventure about them; vacations that are certainly the picture part of my life; large, long pictures in many compartments; dissolving views, with glories, mysteries, infinite changes about them. I had gone up to the University with a rich scholastic halo about my Athenian brow. I had been the head boy of a big school in the provinces. Multitudes of various-sized boys there were in this school, but I knew them not; only the boys of the Upper Sixth, of whom I was *facile princeps*. Don't I remember the last half-year at our college—the half-years are now broken up into the more fashionable terms—when all the beauty and fashion of our city were gathered together, and I, happily or unhappily, altogether ignorant of beauty and fashion, was the hero of the occasion. The head master pronounced, amid tremendous cheering, that I, Harry Bobus, had obtained First Prizes for Greek, Latin, Logic, Mathematics, and, save the mark! Theology; that I had been awarded the one College exhibition to the University; that my moral powers were as remarkable as my intellectual

gifts; and from that University I was infallibly destined to carry away immortal honours. I have no doubt but all kind and admiring glances were levelled at me, poor unappreciating dog! and even then my happiness was somewhat marred by hearing some of my beaten competitors call me a 'beastly swot,' whatever that truly disgusting expression may denote. As it was resolved by my father that my commanding intellect and much-vaunted acquirements should be developed to the highest possible pitch, I was not allowed to enjoy the sweet and well-earned summer holidays, like the vulgar mob of boys, but was promptly despatched into the country to a Clerical Grinder, who had instructions to turn me out in the brightest-brushed state of intellectual brilliancy for the ensuing October term. He was resolved from my earliest days that I was to accomplish the traditional feat of setting the Thames on fire.

The clerical grinder did not need much oburgation in order to push me on as far as possible. He used to publish periodically, for private circulation, a 'List of Honours obtained by Pupils,' and he explained to me that to figure on that list was, in truth, the sublimest of earthly distinctions. So absorbed was he in

that list, and so anxious to elongate it, that his whole mind was wrapped up in the subject. Punctually every morning, at a quarter to seven, did he rap at my door; and he would insist that the whole day was clouded and blighted unless I got an hour and a half's work before breakfast. The ablutions might suffer, but in no case must the paper-work. He was a bachelor, in his pretty vicarage, patiently waiting for some intellectual woman to marry him, who could understand the differential calculus. A chop and an egg always adorned the breakfast-table with mathematical regularity. A little dialogue would then recur like a recurring decimal. 'Now, Mr. Bobus, will you take the chop, and I'll take the egg?—or suppose you take the egg, and I'll take the chop?' In my modesty I uniformly preferred the egg, but my worthy tutor would insist on 'fighting fair,' and constantly endowed me with that most familiar mutton-bone. But I have never seen a man more moved than when he caught me one morning, just after breakfast, lolling back in a chair and looking at 'The Times.' Tears started into his eyes, and I thought one was going to roll down his rectangular nose. He took me into his study and gave me one of the severest lectures which I had ever received. If he had detected me in gambling he could not have been more impressive. He told me that this was a kind of intellectual dissipation that must most infallibly blight all my University prospects; and he laid it down as a general rule, that no young man who read 'The Times' at breakfast ever attained a first class. He assured me that a man with care and diligence might be able to manage ten hours' a day reading, and that if I did so, I should obtain a conspicuous place on his glorious roll of successful pupils. He recommended me, if I should ever feel giddy, to run three times round the garden, and afterwards wash my hands and face. Eventually my name figured in his list, which by this time must be as long as *Leporello's*; and I think my college scholarship gave him as

pure a draught of pleasure as might be.

I believe that no undergrad. worked harder than I did my freshman's year. I only gave one wine-party all that time, and that was at the request of my father, lest I should appear singular. There is a story told of an undergraduate who invited a lot of men to wine with him, and produced a single bottle of sherry. He locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and declared that 'not a man should leave the room until that bottle was floored.' I do not say that I was the original of that wild youngster; but I was not very remote from that type. I boiled my egg every morning, took my run afterwards, never missed chapel, lecture, or hall; had my constitutional, and consumed a pretty fair amount of the midnight oil. I met with a few cronies with whom I sympathized; and our favourite subjects of conversation were anecdotes of examinations, the chances of the class list, and the value of fellowships.

My first year ended, not indeed in a blaze of triumph, but still very creditably. There were lots of provincial youths, the ornaments of their respective circles, who, like myself, had intended to paralyse the University with admiration. The number of Senior Wranglers and First-class men who come up every October term is incalculable. Still I did very well—so well, indeed, that my name was mentioned very freely in the Halls as being the coming man of some sort or other. Before I went down, my private tutor told me that he was going to form a reading-party to the Lakes, and asked me to join it, and my father gave me a ready assent, and also, what was equally necessary, the ready money.

Shall I ever forget my first knowledge of the English lakes? I had never seen a lake before, if you don't admit duck-ponds into the calculation. Indubitably flat was the country about mine University; flat the paternal acres and the region round about, and flat the country that was spread out in the midland shires between the two. We had

arrived in the dusk of evening, and I could hardly believe my eyes the first sweet morning, when I saw a vast huge terrene cloud before me, and instinctively understood that, for the first time, I beheld a veritable mountain. Something spread large and silvery at its base—and this, methought, must be a lake. I rushed towards it—how inviting was that cool, translucent, mirroring wave!—and took my first impetuous bath in those refreshing waters. For the first time I began to understand that there were things in Nature as beautiful and wonderful as in the most learned of books. The lake and the mountain had touched chords in my nature whose existence I had previously never suspected. That mountain was a great possessing thought, and I had no peace till I had scaled the very topmost ridge; and thence I beheld other mountains and other lakes far outspread. Then I took to boating. Boating on the river at the University had never attracted me; but boating on Derwentwater, whether with sail or oar, now pleased me greatly. One day some audacious spirit among us proposed that we should fling our books to limbo, and walk about over the hills for a week. I remember the time when such a proposal would have blanched my face and kindled all my languid powers of indignation. But I hurled my Colenso, whose trigonometry now appeared to me as the most heretical of all his writings, into a corner, and uproariously voted for the proposal. The coach thought himself in duty bound to put in a protest, but he did not appear to me to be very sorry that his protesting voice was suffocated at once. We made the week ten days, and what a glorious Decameron that was! I ripened more in mental stature, and in bodily health, than in the ten months past. What grand walks we took, five-and-thirty miles, one day over mountain and fell. I think we did the whole of the Lake country pretty thoroughly; and how we enjoyed the dales and the dalesmen, the mountains which we climbed, and on the loftiest of which, one divine

summer night, we bivouacked; the mountain tarns on which we would suddenly come; the waterfalls, or ‘forces,’ the delicious, delicate surprises in the effects of shadow and sunbright spaces; then the chance homely fare, for which the keen mountain air furnished us with so good an appetite. We, the team, quite took the reins into our teeth and ran away from Coachy. And the reverend coach said it was quite as well that we did, for he knew we should never settle into harness until we had had a scamper across country.

But we settled into our work again, at least I did or thought I did. But it was a trial to me, I admit it, though I kept the trial a deep secret in my profoundest nature, to see the sunlight aslant the green leaves, to hear the wind gently move amid the foliage of the casement or amid the trees in the lane, to see the gleams of that silver lake, the shadows of that soaring mountain, and to drill and drone beneath that grinding coach. To some of the men reading became utterly repulsive, and a weariness to flesh and spirit. Jones openly declared this, but then Jones was not a man of much repute—Jones, a fellow who smoked a cutty pipe and would go into a public-house to get shandy-gaff. The coach, a fellow of a vigorous sort, threatened if Jones wouldn’t work to return his father his cheque, and ask him to take his son away. The coach had a conscientious notion that he oughtn’t to take money for which he couldn’t show value. Jones professed that he would work hard, and promised many promises. But I heard him mutter, *sotto voce*, that he would have a different kind of coach next Long, and I am afraid my yielding heart echoed the treacherous suggestion.

There were some pretty villas in the immediate neighbourhood of our ‘location’ and one or two hotels, which were quite full at this season of the year. There was an elegantly-attired and very young lady, who, I presumed, belonged to one of these abodes of civilization, who, about this time, began to pervade the

neighbourhood. She was only a child, hardly more than fourteen or fifteen at the utmost, rather pretty and elegant, and I used to call her the Happy Child. She seemed happy because she was free while I was tugging at the oar. She seemed to me so cool and nice in her fresh muslin, going about as she listed, sometimes sitting in my favourite nook, beneath a projecting rock of the mountain by the lake-side, while I, according to my stern traditions of hard work, pegged away alternately on Thicksides (*vulgo* Thucydides) and Colenso, for I was aspiring to double honours. One morning, I was left reading, in the position of the last rose of summer, for all my lovely companions were faded and gone—out smoking, and then I sallied down to the water-side and got into a boat which I had hired unto myself. I had not been boating about more than half an hour, when I came to the rock shadowing the lake, and there, sitting on the grass with a book in her hand, was the Happy Child.

I do not know what the impulse was but I spoke to her as I should speak to a younger sister, or as I, when a big boy, would speak to a little boy, or as I, a scholar of my college, would speak to an insignificant outsider, like Jones.

'Would you like, little girl,' I said, 'to have a row in my boat?'

I think there never was a proposition made in a more kindly and innocent spirit.

Her eyes sparkled and she coloured up, and then she said, very simply—

'I should like to do so very much, but I do not know if I may.'

'Oh, ask your governess, or your uncle, or your aunt—or some of that sort of people, whom I suppose you have got about you.'

'Miss Simcox said I might stay out till two.'

'And it's only just twelve,' I said.

The breeze was cool, the water bright, and, without much more persuasion, the Happy Child entered my little skiff.

Then I rowed her down against

the wind which dishevelled her lovely locks, and she sat, the very picture of childish enjoyment, giving very little of her attention to me, but much to the clouds and the waters, and the rocks and the woods. Presently I asked her if she would let me put a sail up. The wind seemed very favourable, but I told her, sometimes on a lake like that we were liable to catch a sudden gust.

'That's what used to be on the Sea of Galilee,' she said, opening her wide solemn eyes.

'I shouldn't wonder, my child,' I said, grandly. 'Being a lake, most likely it's got big hills about it.'

'Of course it has,' she said.

'And if we get a sudden gust, you won't be frightened?'

'Oh no; I am never frightened.'

'And why not?' I asked.

'Because there's an angel who looks after me.'

'How do you make that out, my pretty maid?'

'We are told in the good book that people should not offend the little ones, on account of their angels.'

'Oh! you mean a guardian angel,' I said. 'But you forget that the angels have to look after the little ones. Now you are hardly a little girl now; you are getting on to be quite a big girl.'

'But it doesn't say,' she replied, argumentatively, 'that when the little one becomes a big one, the angel doesn't look after it any more. I should think the bigger the child grows, the more busy the guardian angel will have to be, perhaps: especially if there is any danger on the lake.'

This was putting the doctrine in a new point of view, and I began meditatively to chew the cud of reflection thereon.

Presently I asked her what was the book she had by her, and which I had seen her reading, though I did not tell her so, several times.

'It is Wordsworth. When we came into the Lake country, papa made me a present of the poems of the Lake poets.'

I knew a great deal about the Latin poets and the Greek poets; but I really did not know whom she

meant by the Lake poets, but I was too proud to tell her so.

'Shall I read you a little?' she said.

As I assented, she read to me some little poems, which interested me very much, as I discovered that they had something to do with the very lakes which I was beginning to know so well. A very sweet, clear musical voice it was.

She passed the book on to me to look at.

So the hours passed away, as in a delightful dream, and, alas! it was half-past two P.M., and there was a figure on the shore wildly gesticulating at us.

'Oh dear! oh dear! it's Miss Simcox,' said the Happy Child, evidently hardly regarding that lady as a guardian angel, and, in spite of her theory, looking a little afraid.

I saw Miss Simcox make a clutch at her. I heard the high tone of a shrill voice. I thought also that I witnessed a positive shake. I had not heard of that great modern institution, the 'Birch in the Boudoir,' but the remorseful thought passed my mind that the Happy Child might be let in for a severe scolding.

However, from this time I had three new ideas in my mind—the Sea of Galilee, which wouldn't be, perhaps, altogether so unlike Windermere, the guardian angel, the Lake poets. I had to comfort myself with these thoughts, for never more that summer did I see the Happy Child again. She came and went so suddenly that the curious idea came into my mind whether she might not be the avater of my own guardian angel, who had visited the earth to give beautiful ideas to a lone, stupid boy who was fast grubbing into a bookworm, and had afterwards melted away into the thin white mist that, dawn and sunset, crept up yonder mountain.

But I had her volume of Wordsworth with me. In the quick parting she had altogether forgotten to reclaim and I to return the book. On the fly-leaf was written, in a large girlish hand, 'Eveline.' I made inquiries everywhere, that I might return the book, but she and

her belongings had mysteriously flitted. But, from her introduction, I became a diligent reader of the Lake poets. Eveline was to me even as the Christabel and Geneviève of Coleridge, the Louisa or Lucy of Wordsworth; and before that Long Vacation terminated I had produced my first sonnet. Not when I had solved the neatest possible quadratic equation respecting x and y : not when I had turned off the most metrically-correct iambics; not when I had produced a most triumphant Q.E.D.; not when I had neatly turned a crabbedest bit in a speech of Thicksides, did I have such enjoyment as when I elaborated my primal sonnet. I forget it now, only I remember that it took me back to that day on the Lake of Derwentwater. One line was—

'I am the mountain, child, and thou the lake;'

and the idea was that I was the mountain—strong, rough, immovable, and she the lake, weak, bright, glancing, inconstant: which were, however, hardly fair epithets for my guardian angel.

I got back to college, no longer a hobbledohoy, but a society-man.

I shaved; I rowed in the Torpids; I made a speech at the Union on the 'Rights of Poland'; I read an essay at the Æsthetic Society on 'Beauty being Innate in the Object'; I wrote for the Chancellor's English Poem; I chaffed a proctor and outran his bulldog; I punched a town snob's head; I ran up a tailor's bill to the tune of a hundred pounds. I may also add that I still studied, but now gave a decided preference to classics, among the Greek poets preferring Anacreon, and among the Latin, Catullus.

The Long Vacation came again, but I was no longer that *ingenui vultus puer ingenique pudoris* who had staggered beneath his prizes at the last Midsummer Half, and had read himself half blind at the clerical grinder's, until he ran three times round the garden and put his head into cold water.

I had gone to my first Derby and had lost money. But still it was

something to lose money on the Derby.

I had gone to my first opera and fallen desperately in love with Mademoiselle Patti, towards whom I began to meditate the most honourable intentions.

I had been for the first time to the Star and Garter to dinner, and had had my first 'splitting headache.'

I had gone to Rotten Row for the first time, sucked my cane, and lolled on a cane chair.

But presently I verily believe the vision of the Happy Child swept past me, tall and beautiful, but still a child in expression.

I was directly beneath the horses' hoofs—much objugation—and, being collared by a policeman, had no chance of coming up to her.

After that I went down to Scarborough—with a reading party—expressly constructed on the free-and-easy system. The coach thought himself lucky if we turned up every second day on an average.

In that Long Vacation of four months I believe I studied just for four days.

We had made abundance of acquaintances. We boated, we picnicked, we promenaded, we went to concerts, we flirted, we went, generally speaking, to the utmost length of our tether. All the time I had the uneasy consciousness that there would be something heavy to pay at the end, not alone the hotel bill, though that was heavy, but those final examinations, when one was expected to do so much, but when I shrewdly suspected I should do so little.

What a glorious county is Yorkshire! A European kingdom, and hardly a second-rate one, could be formed out of Yorkshire alone. The men so honest and so hospitable, and, withal, so able and masterly. And for moors and hills, for fresh waters and salt, for castles and abbeys, for haunts of fashion and marts of trade, commend me to Yorkshire—kingly, unequalled Yorkshire. And as for the women—all that subject is comprehended in the single expression that we flirted. It's a way they have in Yorkshire.

You couldn't help it and didn't want to. All the girls came down to Scarborough with that express object in view, and to refuse to promote that little game would be in the highest degree unsocial. I am sure it was very kind of the rosy maidens to flirt with us, unbearded undergraduates as we were, with no chance of settling for any number of years. There was one delicious little thing who coaxed me into being her cavalier all the time she was at Scarborough, and then led me a pretty dance, across country, first to Harrogate, and then to some big manufacturing town where she lived; but when I saw her big begrimed home, with huge iron portals before it, and a whirling, dusty, stony, hundred-windowed factory, which I told myself would probably be her dower, beyond sending her some verses vowing undying attachment, I never thought of her any more.

But looking back I declare that Yorkshire is a most wonderful and enjoyable county, and if it were not for those examinations, which I was now fast beginning to regard as the bane of a University career, it might be recommended to all undergraduates as an appropriate arena wherein to exercise their holiday energies. I was sorry when the shortening days and watery sunsets sent me back to the University, to be aroused by the heathen scout, to be 'sat upon' by the donnish tutor, and to be hunted down by the remorseless proctor. The next academic year passed by pleasantly, and vacation came as usual at Christmas and Eastertide, and far be it from me to speak disparagingly of any vacations, however brief, but these were brief, and I was now beginning to concentrate my main hopes of enjoyment on the summer months and the Long Vacation. Oh, why couldn't we make the summer and the vacation last all the year round?

But things were now looking serious. The great University examination was to come off after the end of this vacation, and a little reflection told me that my reading was in a deplorable condition, and

I must put the steam on if I was in any degree to save myself from utter ignominy. At the vociferous Union or at noisy wine parties I often used to cast over in my mind how I might best free myself from riotous companions, and secure some quiet nook, whither I might convey a quantity of books and read myself almost blind to recover lost ground. To me, much musing, it seemed that the coach and reading party was a mockery, a delusion, a snare. A plan occurred to me, characterised, as I humbly thought, by much boldness and originality. I made up my mind to go off to some quiet place in Switzerland, where all the surrounding influences might be supposed to move me to study and reflection. The Long Vacation ought to be a season of holiday, and therefore it shall be spent in Switzerland, the great playground of the world. It ought also to be spent in study, and therefore it should be in some secluded Swiss nook.

Such a nook I thought I had found by the margin of a subalpine lake, which politically might be in Switzerland, but according to all true geography belonged to North Italy. The reason I went there was because I was told that the great mob of tourists did not cross the passes and come down so far. Here, then, I fixed myself for a couple of months *en pension*. I had a bedroom, which, according to the fashion of the place, I was to use as a sitting-room. It had a lovely aspect, and the outward scene framed in the large window might have been a picture by Salvator. Here I improvised bookshelves, and brought all my books which had come, with considerable cost and botheration. But I hardly settled pleasantly into the idea of making a study of my bedroom, although it possessed the obvious advantage in hot weather that I was able to study in my night-dress, the nearest approximation to taking off my skin and sitting in my bones. I roamed about the huge hotel, seeking where I might set up my tent. In course of time I discovered that the *salon* would suit me very well. As a rule

the people in the hotel showed very little in the public rooms, being out of doors or in their own rooms, or if they did, the vast palatial *salle à manger* was the favourite resort. Now this *salon*, much used after dinner, was almost deserted through the morning hours. It was a room much shaded, and with painted glass, and there was a recess in it which was almost as snug as a study. Here I used often to come when I did not feel inclined to read in my own room. And for the first three weeks I was there I used to read prodigiously. The love of reading is innate to a fellow, and I hold that if a fellow gets ever so idle, a fellow can at any time settle down into his reading ways again if he wants to do so. I used to get a plunge in the lake before breakfast and a run round the grounds, and then read away till six o'clock, when, with sensations of virtuous satisfaction, I used to repair to my well-earned dinner. That *table d'hôte* meal, with absolute uniformity, lasted exactly for an hour. The guests varied exceedingly in number; sometimes only the upper part of the long table was spread, and now and then we overflowed to every table that could be found. But if I said that the love of reading was innate to a man, I might have also said that the love of enjoyment was also an innate quality of the human mind. At the end of a few weeks I began to think that Virtue ought to be rewarded, and Virtue's notions of reward were exceedingly liberal. I began to make excursions to famous summits in our neighbourhood, join our jovial host when he made a select party to the cool wine-cellars where he had formed a cave in the mountain, and, worst of all, would sometimes play at cards with some Frenchmen in the twilight, and, I blush to confess it, even till the twilight became the dawn.

But one day I was sitting in the *salon*, reading that blessed Thicksides (*vulgo* Thucydides), which I always had to begin again as often as I finished him; reading him rather lazily too and closing my eyes at times in a half slumber.

I must have done so indeed, for suddenly, as if it had been an apparition, there was a young lady sitting at the piano and carolling forth a fresh happy English song, which, even amid that almost Eden beauty of scenery, set me longing for the paternal halls. As I mentioned, I was sitting in my usual recess, where my presence could hardly be observed by one sitting at the piano. I caught a glance at the free delicate hand sweeping the notes, and the perfect face. It was the Happy Child.

Hardly a child now, you will say. Since I saw her last it was two years ago, at that age when two years make all the difference. The tall, slender form was rounded with budding womanliness, the eyes sweeter and deeper than before, and on the lips a settled sunny smile. But assuredly she was still the Happy Child. Even then she could not be seventeen—and the expression of child-like happiness and purity was as definitely marked as ever. I have never seen elsewhere such an expression of heavenly goodness, of lilled candour and grace. And I—I thought remorsefully myself—in my zeal for knowledge and in my first love of Nature was a Happy Child, too, in that freshman's year, which seemed eternities away. I think that at that moment I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself. I thought of my wasted time, my frittered energies, all my deteriorated ways. But still I had enough grace left in me to recognise innocence and beauty, and I recognised them now. I closed my eyes, and sank back on the cushions, drinking in beautiful music, which I now recognised, almost with awe, was from an anthem of Mendelssohn's. I was pondering whether a poor hardened worldling like myself might venture to claim her as an old acquaintance, but suddenly the music ceased and she was gone.

I went to my room, and from the shelf I took down that volume of Wordsworth which had never left me long. When it was dinner time, my eye ranged eagerly over the long line—that day a very long line—of guests. Far away, among the very

last, as new arrivals, I saw her by the side of an elderly, military-looking man, with whom she frequently conversed. I watched what they might do after dinner. They stepped into the garden, and after wandering about the grounds for some little time they paused by the side of a fountain. I advanced towards them, and, as one tourist might venture to speak to another, I pointed out to the old man the distant peak of Monte Rosa faintly visible in the pure evening air.

As the gentleman went a little farther to attain a better point of view, I turned towards the young lady.

'Unless I am very greatly mistaken I have a book in my possession which belongs to you.' And I held out the Wordsworth.

The snow on Monte Rosa was never more exquisitely flushed by morning hues than for a moment were her cheeks and brow.

'And are you the young gentleman who was so kind and took me out in your boat? But wasn't Miss Simcox angry with me? She shook me and gave such a scolding! How very kind of you to have taken care of my book all this time! But I dare say we shall see you again.'

And then she hurriedly stepped forward to join her father, and I did not know whether she told him of our youthful escapade on Derwentwater. I did not have much difficulty in ascertaining that they were a Colonel and Miss Johnstone, that they had been wandering about Italy for nearly a year, and would stay for weeks or months together in any locality that they liked.

The next day, with some moral courage, I executed a remarkable strategical operation. I took myself off for two days to the Hospice at the top of the Pass. This, I thought, might operate beneficially in two ways. If there was any feeling of awkwardness, my absence might smooth this and perhaps cause them to make arrangements for prolonging their stay. Again, when I got back to the hotel I should have vacated my odious seat near the head of the table, and by the law of the room I should have to begin

again at the bottom of the table close to the other recent arrivals. To my great satisfaction—there had been no arrivals in the interim—when I returned I found myself seated very near to the young lady. Apparently also, by the leisurely way in which they took things, they were purposing some little stay. And now I began to work once more in real earnestness. I registered a vow that I would never touch a card again. I almost insulted the Frenchmen, and gave them looks of hatred, until, to my great satisfaction, they went home, where I hope they'll stay.

With Colonel Johnstone I got on exceedingly well. He was, albeit decidedly aristocratic, a simple-minded, simple-mannered old soldier, who was good enough to be pleased with my empty rattling talk, and with the constant attention I paid him—I fear from an interested motive. The few English staying at the hotel made quite a pleasant party. Together we rode, boated, and mountaineered. This gave me many a pleasant chat with my Lady of the Lake, as I called her; and my university career had not so far dulled my finer sense that I could not perceive that her rare culture and fine intellect corresponded with the characteristics I had noticed in the Happy Child. I think she was pleased with my keeping her Wordsworth; and one day I ventured to show her the sonnet I had made, saying that I would now try and do something better. I saw that both the old gentleman and the young lady were very favourably impressed with my apparently most studious habits.

One day I was sitting in the *salon*, about three o'clock in the afternoon, reading. I had been there since the morning, not taking lunch, for I thought that luncheon spoilt the reading, and I jealously kept the evenings for a stroll or a sail with the Johnstones.

Then there came a tap at the door.

'Come in,' I said. 'Who's there?'

'It's I. It's Eveline,' came back a voice that I knew well and was beginning to love so dearly.

'Come in, Eveline,' I answered, seizing the advantage thus offered.

To my surprise, she offered me a plate of fruit: grapes and peaches, with some biscuits. I almost smiled, thinking of the childish frankness of that day on the Westmoreland lake.

'Papa sent me,' she added, quickly. 'We were having some of this for lunch in the *salle à manger*, and he said to me, "That poor fellow in the next room is so busy with his books, that he forgets to eat. Take him some fruit, Eveline."'

'Ah, Eveline,' I said, 'you and your father are too good. But I am a great impostor.'

She opened her innocent eyes widely.

'You think I am reading hard, but I am only reading hard now because I have been a sad scamp in neglecting all my work for the last year or two. I was beginning to neglect it even here, but when I saw you again I tried to be good.'

'And why?' she said.

'I do not know, Eveline, but I cannot help thinking that you are my guardian angel. If there is an angel that does good to you, as you once said, I think that you must be an angel that does good to me. When I am with you, I always seem quiet, and safe, and happy, and try to go on doing what I think is right.'

The rosebud lips gave a sensitive, tremulous quiver. Oh! are not most women angels? The more you confess yourself to be a scamp the more ready are they to compassionate and forgive, and if they only think they are influencing you for good, they become perfectly happy and half in love with you.

That Swiss summer was a perfect idyll. I hardly know how it came to pass, but before many days were passed Eveline and I were engaged lovers with the good old man's consent.

I gained honours. I will not say what they were. Some will say they were more than I deserved, and others that, after all, they were not much. They did not get me a fellowship, but, after all, I had quite

settled on a fellowship of another and a very superior description. I don't think the Clerical Grinder had made such a happy thing of his swell degree; neither do I think that the popular coach is to be envied, though they say he is fast investing money from the long teams that he takes in hand. Much pleasanter than to take pupils it was to take Eveline to the lakes once more—where Miss Simcox was married and settled—and to Scarborough, where that flirtation

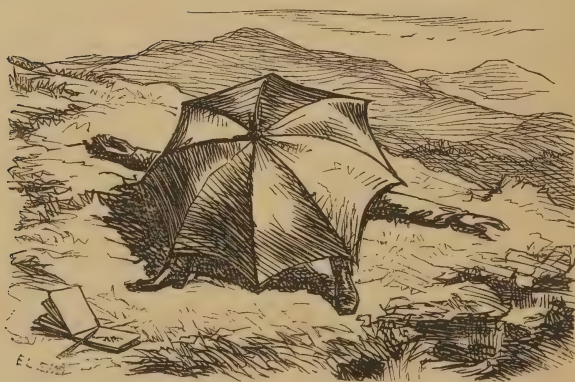
‘In the light of deeper eyes,
Were matter for a passing smile;’

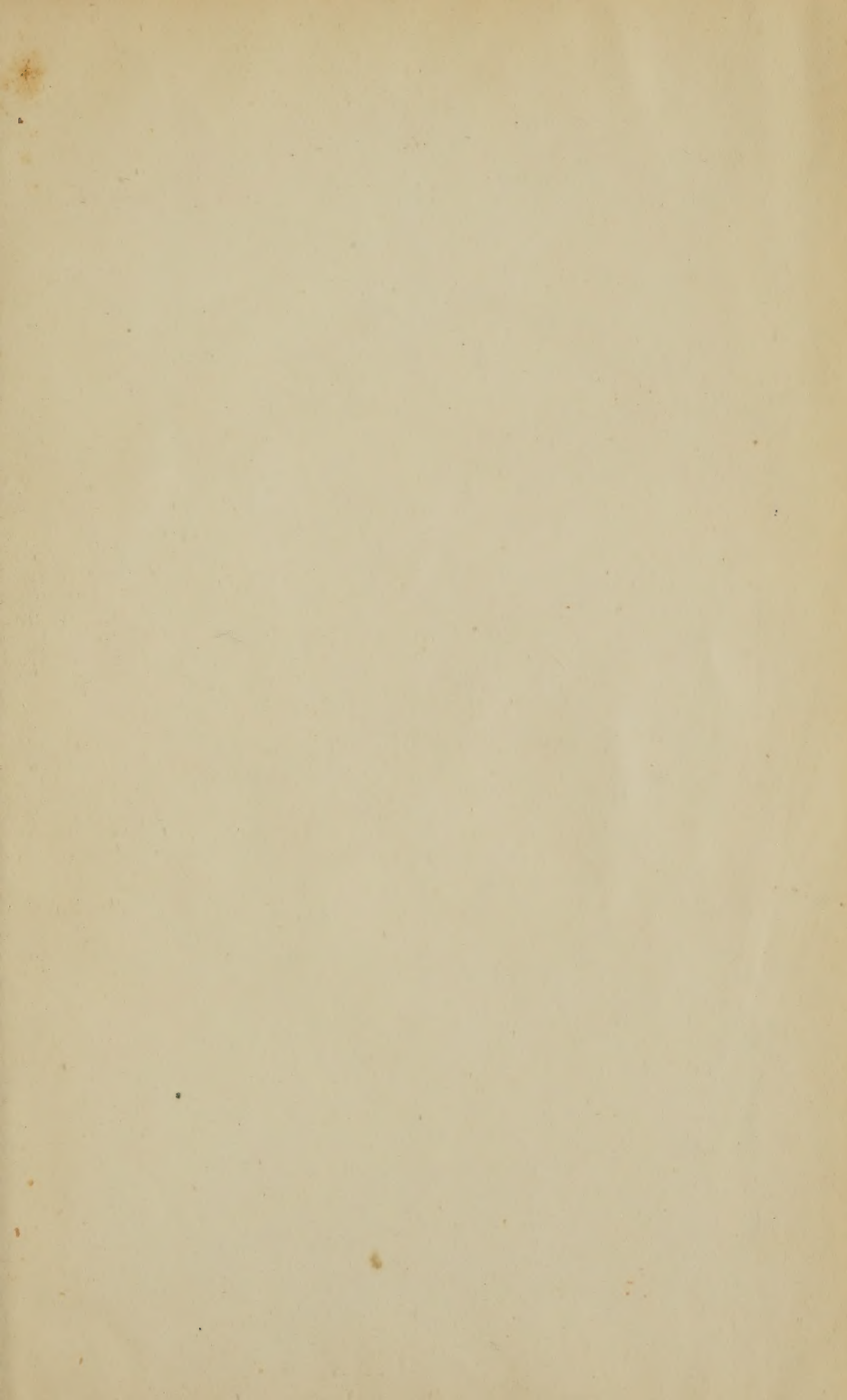
and to the Swiss-Italian lakes again. My father did not do much for me,

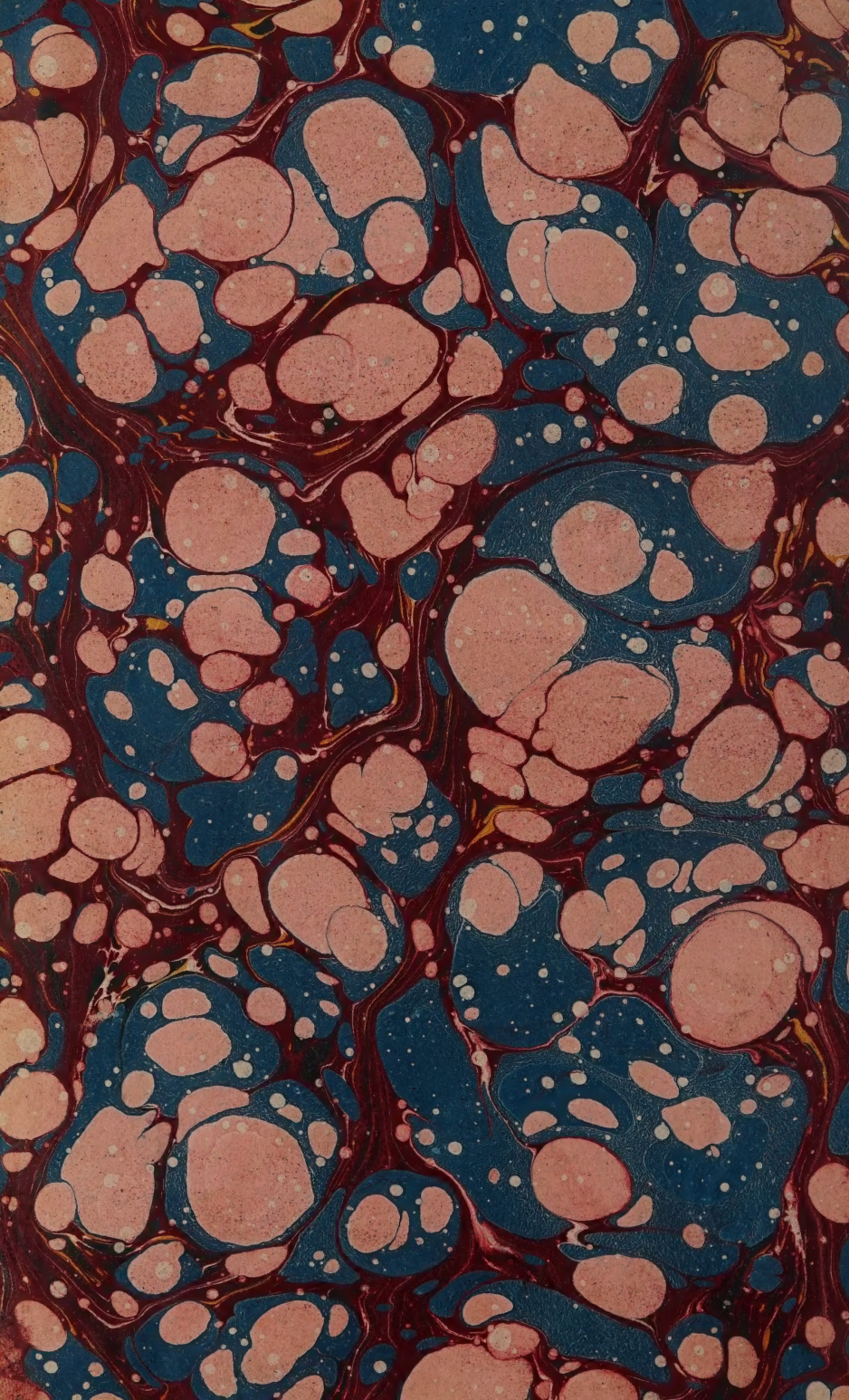
for he said he had his younger children to bring on. So I became one of the masters of a great public school. I whisper to my wife, who is indeed the Angel of the House, those lines—

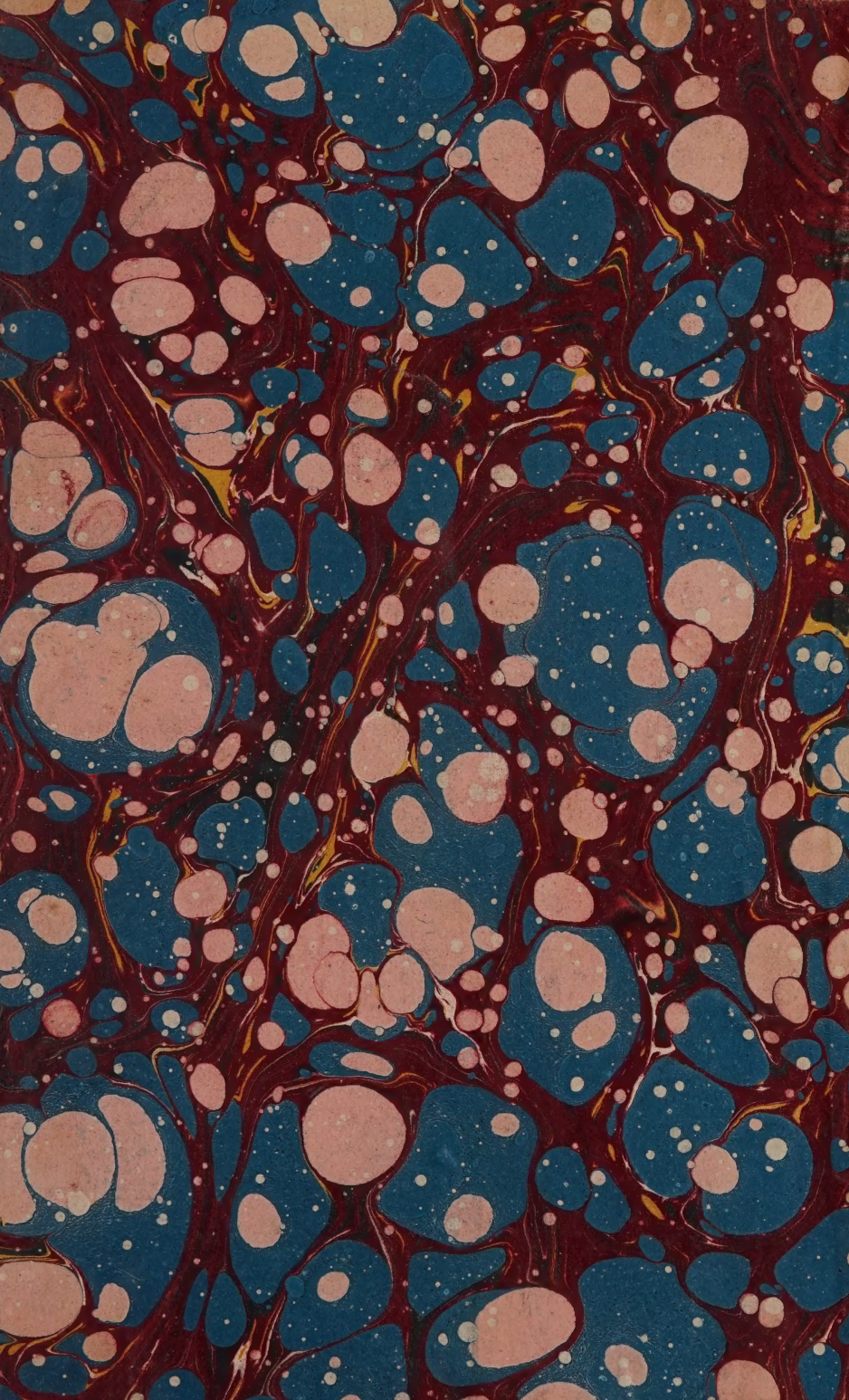
‘Love, you and I shall go no longer
To lands of summer beyond the sea,
So dear a life your arms enfold,
Whose crying is a cry for gold.’

One day, I suppose, we shall be quite rich, through the good old soldier; but our greatest desire is that that day may be very far off. And though I am beginning to take severe views of things, I always look back with infinite indulgence on my own Long Vacations.









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